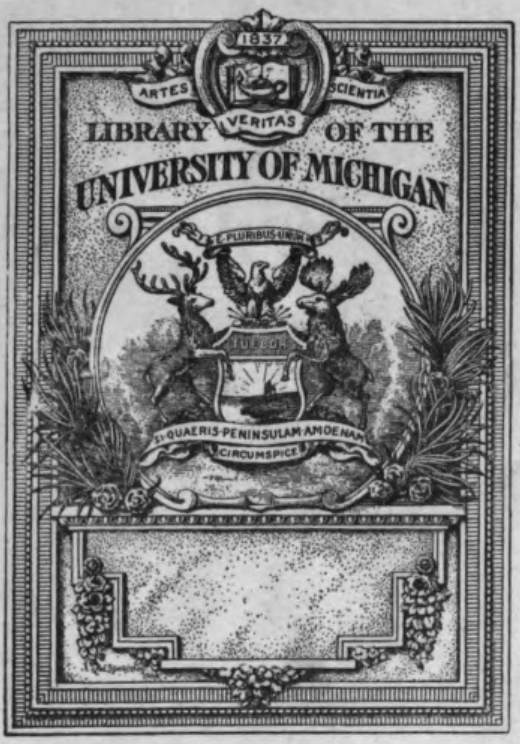
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"HE TOOK UP THE BUREAU AND WALKED BACK TO THE HOUSE WITH IT."

(*See page* 7.)

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THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

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HEAD OF THE FAMILY



BY

W. W. JACOBS

MR. LETTS had left his ship by mutual arrangement, and the whole of the crew had mustered to see him off and to express their sense of relief at his departure. After some years spent in long voyages, he had fancied a trip on a coaster as a change, and, the schooner *Curlew* having no use for a ship's carpenter, had shipped as cook. He had done his best, and the unpleasant epithets that followed him along the quay at Dunchurch as he followed in the wake of his sea-chest were the result. Master and mate nodded in grim appreciation of the crew's efforts.

He put his chest up at a seamen's lodging-house, and, by no means perturbed at this sudden change in his fortunes, sat on a seat overlooking the sea, with a cigarette between his lips, forming plans for his future. His eyes closed, and he opened them with a start to find that a middle-aged woman of pleasant but careworn appearance had taken the other end of the bench.

"Fine day," said Mr. Letts, lighting another cigarette.

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The woman assented and sat looking over the sea.

"Ever done any cooking?" asked Mr. Letts, presently.

"Plenty," was the surprised reply. "Why?"

"I just wanted to ask you how long you would boil a bit o' beef," said Mr. Letts. "Only from curiosity; I should never ship as cook again."

He narrated his experience of the last few days, and, finding the listener sympathetic, talked at some length about himself and his voyages; also of his plans for the future.

"I lost my son at sea," said the woman, with a sigh. "You favour him rather."

Mr. Letts's face softened. "Sorry," he said. "Sorry you lost him, I mean."

"At least, I suppose he would have been like you," said the other; "but it's nine years ago now. He was just sixteen."

Mr. Letts—after a calculation—nodded. "Just my age," he said. "I was twenty-five last March."

"Sailed for Melbourne," said the woman. "My only boy."

Mr. Letts cleared his throat, sympathetically.

"His father died a week after he sailed," continued the other, "and three months afterwards my boy's ship went down. Two years ago, like a fool, I married again. I don't know why I'm talking to you like this. I suppose it is because you remind me of him."

"You talk away as much as you like," said Mr. Letts, kindly. "I've got nothing to do."

He lit another cigarette, and, sitting in an attitude of attention, listened to a recital of domestic trouble that made him congratulate himself upon remaining single.

"Since I married Mr. Green I can't call my soul my own," said the victim of matrimony as she rose to depart. "If my poor boy had lived things would have been different. His father left the house and furniture to him, and that's all my second married me for, I'm sure. That and the bit o' money that was left to me. He's selling some of my boy's furniture at this very moment. That's why I came out; I couldn't bear it."

"P'r'aps he'll turn up after all," said Mr. Letts. "Never say die."

Mrs. Green shook her head.

"I s'pose," said Mr. Letts, regarding her—"I s'pose you don't let lodgings for a night or two?"

Mrs. Green shook her head again.

"It don't matter," said the young man. "Only I would sooner stay with you than at a lodging-house. I've taken a fancy to you. I say, it would be a lark if you did, and I went there and your husband thought I was your son, wouldn't it?"

Mrs. Green caught her breath, and sitting down again took his arm in her trembling fingers.

"Suppose," she said, unsteadily—"suppose you came round and pretended to be my son—pretended to be my son, and stood up for me?"

Mr. Letts stared at her in amazement, and then began to laugh.

"Nobody would know," continued the other, quickly. "We only came to this place just before he sailed, and his sister was only ten at the time. She wouldn't remember."

Mr. Letts said he couldn't think of it, and sat staring, with an air of great determination, at the sea. Arguments and entreaties left him unmoved, and he was just about to express his sorrow for her troubles and leave, when she gave a sudden start and put her arm through his.

"Here comes your sister!" she exclaimed.

Mr. Letts started in his turn.

"She has seen me holding your arm," continued Mrs. Green, in a tense whisper. "It's the only way I can explain it. Mind, your name is Jack Foster and hers is Betty."

Mr. Letts gazed at her in consternation, and then, raising his eyes, regarded with much approval the girl who was approaching. It seemed impossible that she could be Mrs. Green's daughter, and in the excitement of the moment he nearly said so.

"Betty," said Mrs. Green, in a voice to which nervousness had imparted almost the correct note—"Betty, this is your brother Jack!"

Mr. Letts rose sheepishly, and then to his great amazement a pair of strong young arms were flung round his neck, and a pair of warm lips—after but slight trouble—found his. Then and there Mr. Letts's mind was made up.

"Oh, Jack!" said Miss Foster, and began to cry softly.

"Oh, Jack!" said Mrs. Green, and, moved by thoughts, perhaps, of what might have been, began to cry too.

"There, there!" said Mr. Letts.

He drew Miss Foster to the seat, and, sitting between them, sat with an arm round each. There was nothing in sight but a sail or two in the far distance, and he allowed

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Miss Foster's head to lie upon his shoulder undisturbed. An only child, and an orphan, he felt for the first time the blessing of a sister's love.

"Why didn't you come home before?" murmured the girl.

Mr. Letts started and squinted reproachfully at the top of her hat. Then he turned and kissed it. Mr. Letts coloured, and squeezed her convulsively.

Assisted by Mrs. Green he became reminiscent, and, in a low voice, narrated such incidents of his career as had escaped the assaults of the brain-fever. That his head was not permanently injured was proved by the perfect manner in which he remembered



"THEN AND THERE MR. LETTS'S MIND WAS MADE UP."

and looked at Mrs. Green in search of the required information.

"He was shipwrecked," said Mrs. Green.

"I was shipwrecked," repeated Mr. Letts, nodding.

"And had brain-fever after it through being in the water so long, and lost his memory," continued Mrs. Green.

"It's wonderful what water will do—salt water," said Mr. Letts, in confirmation.

Miss Foster sighed, and, raising the hand which was round her waist, bent her head

incidents of his childhood narrated by his newly-found mother and sister. He even volunteered one or two himself which had happened when the latter was a year or two old.

"And now," said Mrs. Green, in a somewhat trembling voice, "we must go and tell your stepfather."

Mr. Letts responded, but without briskness, and, with such moral support as an arm of each could afford, walked slowly back. Arrived at a road of substantial cottages at

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the back of the town, Mrs. Green gasped, and, coming to a standstill, nodded at a van that stood half-way up the road.

"There it is," she exclaimed.

"What?" demanded Mr. Letts.

"The furniture I told you about," said Mrs. Green. "The furniture that your poor father thought such a lot of, because it used to belong to his grandfather. He's selling it to Simpson, though I begged and prayed him not to."

Mr. Letts encouraged himself with a deep cough. "My furniture?" he demanded.

Mrs. Green took courage. "Yes," she said, hopefully; "your father left it to you."



"A DISAGREEABLE-LOOKING MAN WAS EYEING THEM IN SOME ASTONISHMENT FROM THE DOORWAY."

Mr. Letts, carrying his head very erect, took a firmer grip of their arms and gazed steadily at a disagreeable-looking man who was eyeing

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them in some astonishment from the doorway. With arms still linked they found the narrow gateway somewhat difficult, but they negotiated it by a turning movement, and, standing in the front garden, waited while Mrs. Green tried to find her voice.

"Jack," she said at last, "this is your stepfather."

Mr. Letts, in some difficulty as to the etiquette on such occasions, released his right arm and extended his hand.

"Good evening, stepfather," he said, cheerfully.

Mr. Green drew back a little and regarded him unfavourably.

"We—we thought you was drownded," he said at last.

"I was nearly," said Mr. Letts.

"We all thought so," pursued Mr. Green, grudgingly. "Everybody thought so."

He stood aside, as a short, hot-faced man, with a small bureau clasped in his arms and supported on his knees, emerged from the house and staggered towards the gate. Mr. Letts reflected.

"Halloa!" he said, suddenly. "Why, are you moving, mother?"

Mrs. Green sniffed sadly and shook her head.

"Well," said Mr. Letts, with an admirable stare, "what's that chap doing with my furniture?"

"Eh?" spluttered Mr. Green. "What?"

"I say, what's he doing with my furniture?" repeated Mr. Letts, sternly.

Mr. Green waved his arm. "That's all right," he said, conclusively; "he's bought it. Your mother knows."

"But it ain't all right," said Mr. Letts. "Here! bring that back, and those chairs too."

The dealer, who had just placed the bureau on the tail-board of the van, came back wiping his brow with his sleeve.

"Wot's the little game?" he demanded.

Mr. Letts left the answer to Mr. Green, and going to the van took up the bureau and walked back to the house with it. Mr. Green and the dealer parted a little at his approach, and after widening the parting with the bureau he placed it in the front room while he went back for the chairs. He came back with three of them, and was, not without reason, called a porcupine by the indignant dealer.

He was relieved to find, after Mr. Simpson had taken his departure, that Mr. Green was in no mood for catechizing him, and had evidently accepted the story of his escape and return as a particularly disagreeable fact. So disagreeable that the less he heard of it the better.

"I hope you've not come home after all these years to make things unpleasant?" he remarked presently, as they sat at tea.

"I couldn't be unpleasant if I tried," said Mr. Letts.

"We've been very happy and comfortable here—me and your mother and sister," continued Mr. Green. "Haven't we, Emily?"

"Yes," said his wife, with nervous quickness.

"And I hope you'll be the same," said Mr. Green. "It's my wish that you should make yourself quite comfortable here—till you go to sea again."

"Thankee," said Mr. Letts; "but I don't think I shall go to sea any more. Ship's carpenter is my trade, and I've been told more than once that I should do better ashore. Besides, I don't want to lose mother and Betty again."

He placed his arm round the girl's waist, and, drawing her head on to his shoulder, met with a blank stare the troubled gaze of Mrs. Green.

"I'm told there's wonderful openings for carpenters in Australia," said Mr. Green, trying to speak in level tones. "Wonderful! A good carpenter can make a fortune there in ten years, so I'm told."

Mr. Letts, with a slight wink at Mrs. Green and a reassuring squeeze with his left arm, turned an attentive ear.

"O' course, there's a difficulty," he said, slowly, as Mr. Green finished a vivid picture of the joys of carpentering in Australia.

"Difficulty?" said the other.

"Money to start with," explained Mr. Letts. "It's no good starting without money. I wonder how much this house and furniture would fetch? Is it all mine, mother?"

"M-m-most of it," stammered Mrs. Green, gazing in a fascinated fashion at the contorted visage of her husband.

"All except a chair in the kitchen and three stair-rods," said Betty.

"Speak when you're spoke to, miss!" snarled her stepfather. "When we married we mixed our furniture up together—mixed it up so that it would be impossible to tell which is which. Nobody could"

"For the matter o' that, you could have all the kitchen chairs and all the stair-rods." said Mr. Letts, generously. "However, I don't want to do anything in a hurry, and I shouldn't dream of going to Australia without Betty. It rests with her."

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"She's going to be married," said Mr. Green, hastily; "and if she wasn't *she* wouldn't turn her poor, ailing mother out of house and home, that I'm certain of. She's not that sort. We've had a word or two at times—me and her—but I know a good daughter when I see one."

"Married?" echoed Mr. Letts, as his left arm relaxed its pressure. "Who to?"

"Young fellow o' the name of Henry Widden," replied Mr. Green, "a very steady young fellow; a great friend of mine."

"Oh!" said Mr. Letts, blankly.

"I'd got an idea, which I've been keeping as a little surprise," continued Mr. Green, speaking very rapidly, "of them living here with us, and saving house-rent and furniture."

Mr. Letts surveyed him with a dejected eye.

"It would be a fine start for them," continued the benevolent Mr. Green.

Mr. Letts, by a strong effort, regained his composure.

"I must have a look at him first," he said, briskly. "He mightn't meet with my approval."

"Eh?" said Mr. Green, starting. "Why, if Betty——"

"I must think it over," interrupted Mr. Letts, with a wave of his hand. "Betty is only nineteen, and, as head of the family, I don't think she can marry without my consent. I'm not sure, but I don't think so. Anyway, if she does, I won't have her husband here sitting in my chairs, eating off of my tables, sleeping in my beds, wearing out my stair-rods, helping himself——"

"Stow it," said Miss Foster, calmly.

Mr. Letts started, and lost the thread of his discourse. "I must have a look at him," he concluded, lamely; "he may be all right, but then, again, he mightn't."

He finished his tea almost in silence, and, the meal over, emphasized his position as head of the family by taking the easy-chair, a piece of furniture sacred to Mr. Green, and subjecting that injured man to a catechism which strained his powers of endurance almost to breaking-point.

"Well, I sha'n't make any change at present," said Mr. Letts, when the task was finished. "There's plenty of room here for us all, and, so long as you and me agree, things can go on as they are. To-morrow morning I shall go out and look for a job."

He found a temporary one almost at once, and, determined to make a favourable impression, worked hard all day. He came home tired and dirty, and was about to go straight to the wash-house to make his toilet when Mr. Green called him in.

"My friend, Mr. Widden," he said, with a satisfied air, as he pointed to a slight, fair young man with a well-trimmed moustache.

Mr. Letts shook hands.

"Fine day," said Mr. Widden.

"Beautiful," said the other. "I'll come in and have a talk about it when I've had a wash."

"Me and Miss Foster are going out for a bit of a stroll," said Mr. Widden.

"Quite right," agreed Mr. Letts. "Much more healthy than staying indoors all the evening. If you just wait while I have a wash and a bit o' something to eat I'll come with you."

"Co-come with us!" said Mr. Widden, after an astonished pause.

Mr. Letts nodded. "You see, I don't know you yet," he explained, "and as head of the family I want to see how you behave yourself. Properly speaking, my consent ought to have been asked before you walked out with her; still, as everybody thought I was drowned, I'll say no more about it."

"Mr. Green knows all about me," said Mr. Widden, rebelliously.

"It's nothing to do with him," declared Mr. Letts. "And, besides, he's not what I should call a judge of character. I dare say you are all right, but I'm going to see for myself. You go on in the ordinary way with your love-making, without taking any notice of me. Try and forget I'm watching you. Be as natural as you can be, and if you do anything I don't like I'll soon tell you of it."

The bewildered Mr. Widden turned, but, reading no hope of assistance in the infuriated eyes of Mr. Green, appealed in despair to Betty.

"I don't mind," she said. "Why should I?"

Mr. Widden could have supplied her with many reasons, but he refrained, and sat in sulky silence while Mr. Letts got ready. From his point of view the experiment was by no means a success, his efforts to be natural being met with amazed glances from Mr. Letts and disdainful requests from Miss Foster to go home if he couldn't behave himself. When he relapsed into moody silence Mr. Letts cleared his throat and spoke.

"There's no need to be like a monkey-on-a-stick, and at the same time there's no need to be sulky," he pointed out; "there's a happy medium."

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"Like you, I s'pose?" said the frantic suitor.

"Like me," said the other, gravely. "Now, you watch; fall in behind and watch."

He drew Miss Foster's arm through his and, leaning towards her with tender deference, began a long conversation. At the end of ten minutes Mr. Widden intimated that he thought he had learned enough to go on with.

"Ah! that's only your conceit," said Mr. Letts over his shoulder. "I was afraid you was conceited."

He turned to Miss Foster again, and Mr. Widden, with a despairing gesture, abandoned himself to gloom. He made no further interruptions, but at the conclusion of the walk hesitated so long on the doorstep that Mr. Letts had to take the initiative.

"Good night," he said, shaking hands. "Come round to-morrow night and I'll give you another lesson. You're a slow learner, that's what you are; a slow learner."

He gave Mr. Widden a lesson on the following evening, but cautioned him sternly against imitating the display of brotherly fondness of which, in a secluded lane, he had been a wide-eyed observer.

"When you've known her as long as I have—nineteen years," said Mr. Letts, as the other protested, "things'll be a bit different. I might not be here, for one thing."

By exercise of great self-control Mr. Widden checked the obvious retort and walked doggedly in the rear of Miss Foster. Then, hardly able to believe his ears, he heard her say something to Mr. Letts.

"Eh?" said that gentleman, in amazed accents.

"You fall behind," said Miss Foster.

"That—that's not the way to talk to the head of the family," said Mr. Letts, feebly.

"It's the way I talk to him," rejoined the girl.

It was a position for which Mr. Letts was totally unprepared, and the satisfied smile of Mr. Widden as he took the vacant place by no means improved matters. In a state of considerable dismay Mr. Letts dropped farther and farther behind until, looking up, he saw Miss Foster, attended by her restive escort, quietly waiting for him. An odd look in her eyes as they met his gave him food for thought for the rest of the evening.

At the end of what Mr. Letts was pleased to term a month's trial, Mr. Widden was still unable to satisfy him as to his fitness for the position of brother-in-law. In a spirit of gloom he made suggestions of a mutinous nature to Mr. Green, but that gentleman, who had returned one day pale and furious, but tamed, from an interview that related to his treatment of his wife, held out no hopes of assistance.

"I wash my hands of him," he said, bitterly. "You stick to it; that's all you can do."

"They lost me last night," said the unfortunate. "I stayed behind just to take a stone out of my shoe, and the earth seemed to swallow them up. He's so strong. That's the worst of it."

"Strong?" said Mr. Green.

Mr. Widden nodded. "Tuesday evening he showed her how he upset a man once and stood him on his head," he said, irritably. "I was what he showed her with."

"Stick to it!" counselled Mr. Green again. "A brother and sister are bound to get tired of each other before long; it's nature."

Mr. Widden sighed and obeyed. But brother and sister showed no signs of tiring of each other's company, while they displayed unmistakable signs of weariness with his. And three weeks later Mr. Letts, in a few well-chosen words, kindly but firmly dismissed him.

"I should never give my consent," he said, gravely, "so it's only wasting your time. You run off and play."

Mr. Widden ran off to Mr. Green, but before he could get a word out discovered that something unusual had happened. Mrs. Green, a picture of distress, sat at one end of the room with a handkerchief to her eyes; Mr. Green, in a condition compounded of joy and rage, was striding violently up and down the room.

"He's a fraud!" he shouted. "A fraud! I've had my suspicions for some time, and this evening I got it out of her."

Mr. Widden stared in amazement.

"I got it out of her," repeated Mr. Green, pointing at the trembling woman. "He's no more her son than what you are."

"*What?*" said the amazed listener.

"She's been deceiving me," said Mr. Green, with a scowl, "but I don't think she'll do it again in a hurry. You stay here," he shouted, as his wife rose to leave the room. "I want you to be here when he comes in."

Mrs. Green stayed, and the other two, heedless of her presence, discussed the situation until the front door was heard to open, and Mr. Letts and Betty came into the room. With a little cry the girl ran to her mother.

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"What's the matter?" she cried.

"She's lost another son," said Mr. Green, with a ferocious sneer—"a flash, bullying, ugly chap of the name o' Letts."

"Halloa!" said Mr. Letts, starting.

"A chap she picked up out of the street, and tried to pass off on me as her son," continued Mr. Green, raising his voice. "She ain't heard the end of it yet, I can tell you."

Mr. Letts fidgeted. "You leave her alone," he said, mildly. "It's true I'm not her son, but it don't matter, because I've been to see a lawyer about her, and he told me that this house and half the furniture belongs by law to Betty. It's got nothing to do with you."

"In-deed!" said Mr. Green. "Now you take yourself off before I put the police on to you. Take your face off these premises."

Mr. Letts, scratching his head, looked vaguely round the room.

"Go on," vociferated Mr. Green. "Or will you have the police to put you out?"

Mr. Letts cleared his throat and moved towards the door. "You stick up for your rights, my girl," he said, turning to Betty. "If he don't treat your mother well, give him back his kitchen chair and his three stair-rods and pack him off."

"Henry," said Mr. Green, with dangerous calm, "go and fetch a policeman."

"I'm going," said Mr. Letts, hastily. "Good-bye, Betty; good-bye, mother. I sha'n't be long. I'm only going as far as the post-office. And that reminds me. I've been talking so much that I quite forgot to tell you that Betty and me were married yesterday morning."

He nodded pleasantly at the stupefied Mr. Green, and, turning to Mr. Widden, gave him a friendly dig in the ribs with his finger.

"What's mine is Betty's," he said, in a clear voice, "and what's Betty's is MINE! D'ye understand, stepfather?"

He stepped over to Mrs. Green, and putting a strong arm round her raised her to her feet. "And what's mine is mother's," he concluded, and, helping her across the room, placed her in the best arm-chair.



"'WHAT'S MINE IS MOTHER'S,' HE CONCLUDED, HELPING HER ACROSS THE ROOM."

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MR. LOUIS N. PARKER IN HIS STUDY.
From a Photo. by Geo. Newnes, Ltd.

"My Reminiscences."

VIII.

By LOUIS N. PARKER.

"*Grand Pageant Master Extraordinary to the British Nation.*"—PUNCH

I HOPE the fact that I am jotting down "Reminiscences" in no way suggests to the reader that I consider I have come to the end of my tether. "Var vrom," as they say in Dorset. I have a pleasant theory that we begin a new life every morning, and that we do not so much grow old as grow different. If a cat has nine lives, why should not I? Grouping my daily beginnings into larger divisions, I have now had four long lives, and I look forward to the remaining five with as much pleasure as I look back upon the past.

My first life was spent as a small wanderer on the face of the earth. I was born travelling, given up for as good as dead, and christened in a violent hurry by the first name that suggested itself. This has been of great service to the cheap humorist. I commenced my travels when I was six weeks old, picking up languages as soon as I could talk at all; picking up Italian, French, and German without knowing I was picking up treasures; drifting from one school to another, till I landed at last in the arms of the Royal Academy of Music and became a musician without knowing quite why.

These early days of travel in Italy, France, and Germany are so far away that they seem mediæval. Railways were infrequent, and, at the best, barbarous. You still travelled by *diligence*, for *choice*. Hotels were inns. The landlord was a real personage, not a mere manager. He took a personal interest in his guests; sat at the head of what was literally the host's table; was full of good stories, and made you feel you had at least one true friend in the town. And there were adventures. In Italy you had to have a military escort when you drove from Rome to Naples, to protect you against banditti; but it was a mere toss-up whether the escort were not banditti themselves.

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Rome was the Rome of Hans Christian Andersen's "Improvisatore." The Cardinals drove about in red coaches, and the Pope—Pope Nono of the angelic face—blessed you. Venice was Austrian, and there were no filthy penny steamers on the Grand Canal, and no horrible steam flour-mills on the Giudecca. Germany was split up into innumerable little States, each no bigger than a table-cloth, each with its ridiculous little Court and its own incomprehensive coinage; so that in a day's journey you changed your money six times and were cheated as often. Every German had a title.

My first lessons on the piano were given me by a baroness who appeared to subsist on onions, and there is a tradition that at Dresden another baroness did our washing. You did not travel all over the world on a Cook ticket. By no manner of means. You were stopped every few miles to be identified and examined, and generally hauled over the coals. Oh, the passports! How they were *visé* and signed and countersigned and counter-countersigned, and you had to sit in ante-chambers and wait the great man's leisure while this was being done; and how you had to pay the great man's understrappers to get him to do it! Days, and sometimes weeks, were wasted over these formalities, and in the meantime the police came every morning to see you were still there and still corresponded with your description.



MR. PARKER AT THE AGE OF TWELVE.
From a Photograph.

And the luggage examinations! We grumble now if a civil Custom-house officer politely asks us if we have anything to declare and believes our bland denial, but in those days every solitary thing in your boxes was turned out and overhauled and argued about. My mother and I were left disconsolate on the quay at Civita Vecchia while my father was haled to prison for having a pair of ancient pistols—unloaded and unloadable—in his valise. One never really knew what might be going to happen next.

Among the many schools at which I learnt the least possible amount, the Gymnasium at Freiburg in Breisgau—then, and now, one of the pleasantest towns in Germany—remains in my memory as the most delightful. There, too, what may be called my sentimental education was begun. The forest, running right down to the gates of the town, the crystal streams running through all the streets, the magnificent cathedral, the ancient monastery in which the school was in those days lodged, and the funny old theatre in which I heard all the operas and all the great plays, left an impression on me far stronger, I fear, than any I got from actual school work.

Some of my holidays were spent in London, which I then visited for the first time. London was just as mediæval as the rest of the world. Robson was playing. You ate oysters at a shilling a hundred in Hungerford Market, where Charing Cross Station now stands (when it isn't falling). Temple Bar was *in situ*. The Thames Tunnel was the wonder of the world. The great excitement was to stand in front of Northumberland House and wait for the lion on the summit to wag its tail.

Presently my parents became aware that I was working too hard in Germany—a conviction I encouraged—and brought me to Devonshire for a year's rest. We lived at a little village with the improbable name of Ipplepen. I bicycled to it only the other day and found it restored and polished up out of all knowledge. Then I had a splendid time exploring Dartmoor on an aged pony whose name was Bob. There also—or, rather, at Newton Abbot—I very nearly got drowned, because I thought Devonshire ice must be the same as German ice, which is solid.

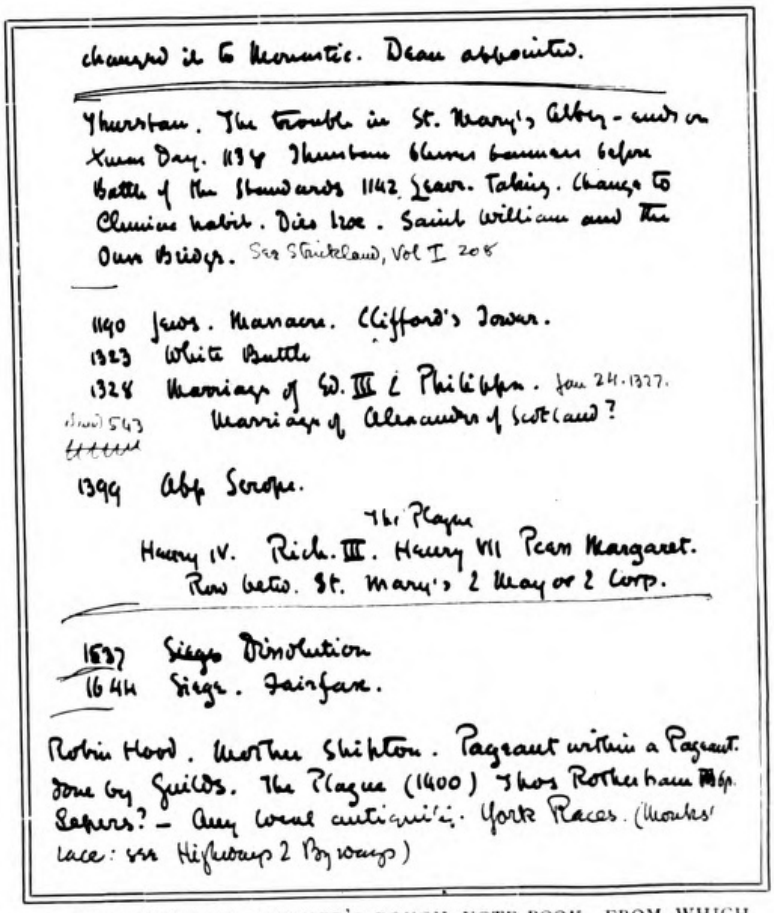
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MR. PARKER IN "DUX REDUX," IN 1886, AT SHERBORNE.

From Ipplepen I was taken to Norfolk, and became the last pupil of the old North Walsham Grammar School, under that magnificent old gentleman, the Rev. John Dry. We lived at Worstead, close by, and there I made my first public appearance. I played the organ in the parish church, and sang comic songs—"Not for Joe" and "Champagne Charlie"—at penny readings. Also, I caught pike in the Broads, which had not yet been discovered by the week-ender.

During a holiday in London a prospectus of the Royal Academy of Music fell into my father's hands. "Why not become a great composer?" said he. I could see no objection. Had I not played the organ and sung "Not for Joe"? So, by impudence and a miracle, I got into the Academy, and there I stayed three years. Walter Lacy had an elocution class there, for which his extraordinary flow of language admirably fitted him. This inspired me with the idea of writing a play. All I remember of it is the title, "Family Jars." Lacy said he would read it. Said he had read it, and it was with the hall-porter of the Garrick Club, where I could fetch it. I walked up and



changed it to Romantic. Dean appointed.

Thurstan. The trouble in St. Mary's Abbey - ends on Xmas Day. 1134 Thurstan blames bowmen before Battle of the Standards 1142 Leave. Taking. Change to Cluniac habit. Dies 1201. Saint William and the Ouse Bridge. See Strickland, Vol I 208

1190 Jews. Massacre. Clifford's Tower.
1323 White Battle
1328 Marriage of Ed. III & Philippa. Jan 24. 1327.
Marriage of Alexander of Scotland?
1399 Abp Scrope.

The Plague
Henry IV. Rich. III. Henry VII Peace Margaret.
Row betw. St. Mary's & Mayor & Corp.

1537 Siege Dissolution
1644 Siege. Fairfax.

Robin Hood. Mother Shipton. Pageant within a Pageant. done by Guilds. The Plague (1400) Thos Rotherham Abp. Lepers? — Any local antiquities. York Races. (Monks' Race: see Histories & Biographies)

A PAGE FROM MR. PARKER'S ROUGH NOTE-BOOK, FROM WHICH A PAGEANT IS BUILT UP.

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down outside that club for hours, trying to summon up courage to ask for it. I have not succeeded yet.

One day Sterndale Bennett, into whose class for composition I had, somehow, wormed myself, said: "They want a temporary music-master at Sherborne for six weeks; why not go?" So I went, and I stayed there nineteen very happy years. I think I can honestly say—and am sure my pupils will corroborate me—I was the very worst music-master ever created, as I hated teaching; but I organized musical societies, composed cantatas, conducted, and generally engaged myself.

Presently I moved into a house to which a large barn was attached. With my own hands I turned that into a theatre—such a beautiful theatre that no play hitherto written was quite good enough to inaugurate it with. So I wrote a play—"A Buried Talent"—on purpose. This the local stationer printed for me. A travelling manager came along, saw a copy on the stationer's counter, called on me, and said, "Why not let me produce it in the Assembly Rooms here? It will mean fame and fortune." Four days later he produced it, borrowed ten pounds and a velvet coat, and I have never heard of him since.

But that fine actor, Louis Calvert, was a member of the company. He carried the playlet to Mr. Ben Greet, and the latter gave a *matinée* performance of it at the Vaudeville Theatre, with Mrs. Patrick Campbell—her first appearance in London—in the principal part. The Press was extraordinarily kind.

Next Miss Alma Murray played a one-act play, "The Sequel," which had quite a little vogue; and presently a three-act play, "The Bohemians," was accepted and in rehearsal. Simultaneously a change of head masters took place at Sherborne, and so this was obviously the time to come to London. It was obviously the gate to that fame and fortune which my friend of the velvet coat had foretold. So I packed up my belongings—including the cat—and arrived in town on the day of the production of "The Bohemians," and without having been able to see one rehearsal. I had no misgivings, bless you. Play-writing had shown itself to



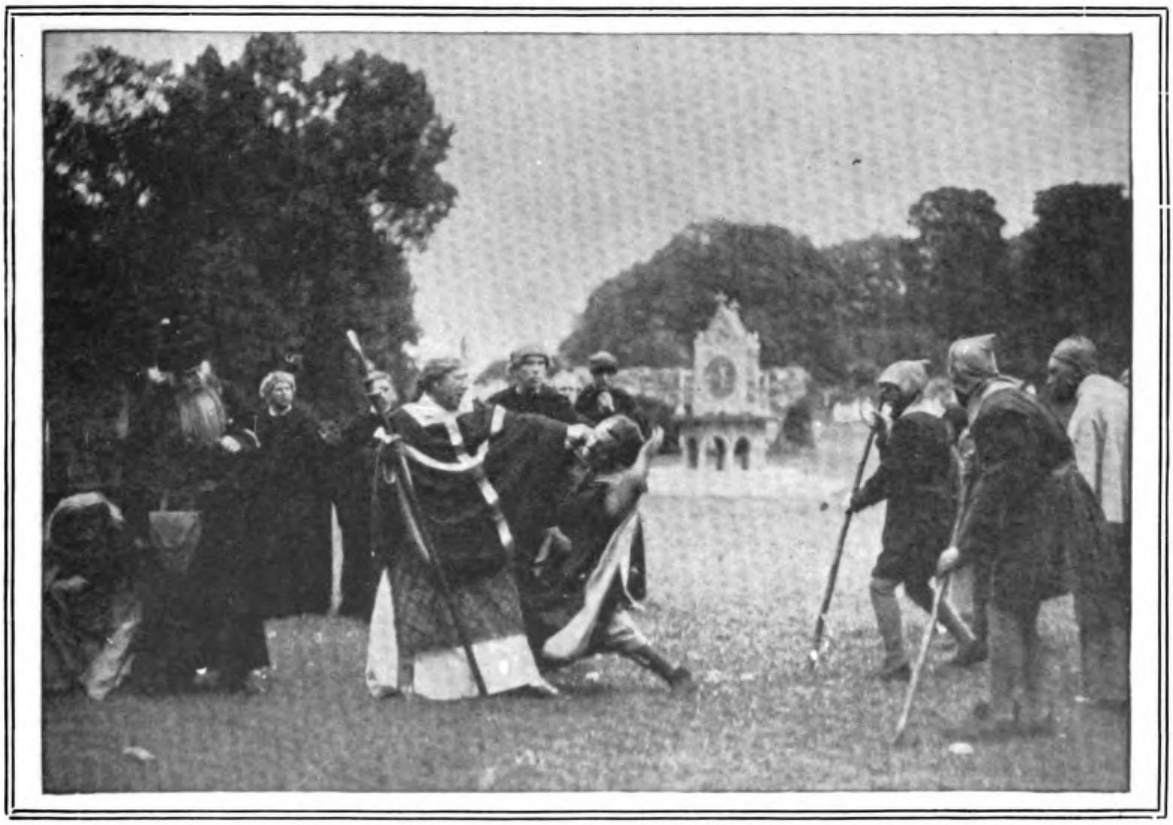
REHEARSING FOR THE YORK PAGEANT.
From a Photo. by Lane Smith, York.

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be child's play. "The Bohemians," however, was uncompromisingly "slated"—and there we were. But Mr. Murray Carson was in the cast, and he and I established a collaboration.

In rapid succession came "David," "Gudgeons," "The Blue Boar," and "Rosemary." The story of "Rosemary," so far as its authors are concerned, is little short of a tragedy, and will be told in another place. I blame nobody, but let me here give inexperienced authors a word of solemn advice. Never, under any circumstances—although you may be reduced to your last crust—*never* sell anything outright.

their foundation by St. Ealdhelm, and suggesting a folk-play as a novel means to this effect. I leapt at the idea; with the result that June, 1905, saw the Sherborne Pageant, the first of the series of great pageants with which I have been connected, the first spectacle of precisely that kind which has ever been seen anywhere. How the idea of pageants caught on is a matter of recent history. Before Sherborne was over I was invited to Warwick; before Warwick was begun I was booked for Bury St. Edmunds and Dover; and in this present year I am doing Colchester and York.



ABBOT SAMSON EXPELLING THE USURERS FROM THE MONASTERY—THE PAGEANT AT BURY ST. EDMUNDS.
From a Photo. by G. S. Cousins. Bury St. Edmunds.

"Rosemary" was succeeded, in collaboration with Murray Carson, by "Change Alley," "The Termagant," and "The Jest"; but I was writing plays alone at the same time, of which "The Mayflower," and especially "The Happy Life," "The Swashbuckler," and "The Cardinal," are to me the pleasantest memories. I may say that "The Cardinal" has been played in Italy uninterruptedly during the last five years.

One day I received a letter from an old Shirburnian, the Rev. Arthur Field, telling me that the town and school proposed to celebrate the twelve-hundredth anniversary of

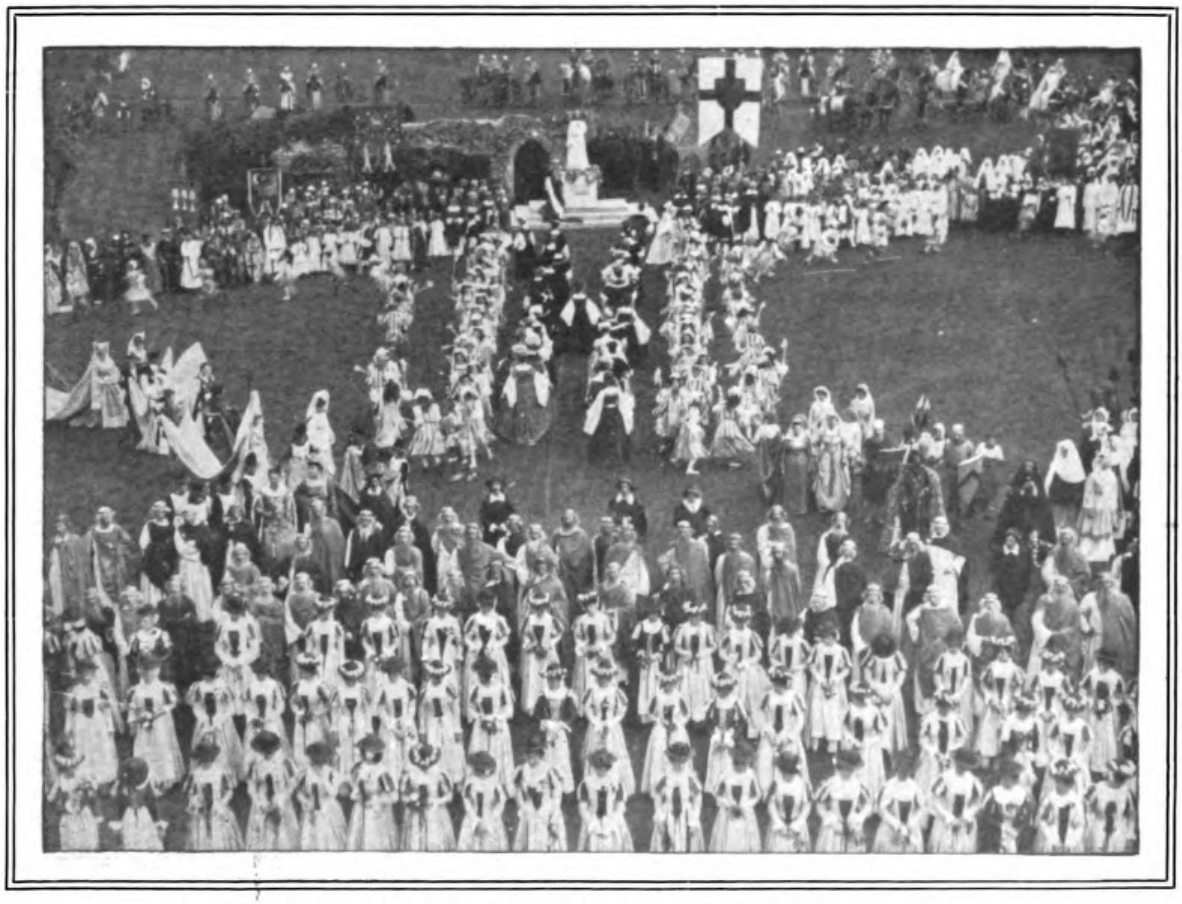
In the Bury St. Edmunds pageant an interesting episode was that of Abbot Samson and the history of his monastery. The story forms the most picturesque part of Carlyle's "Past and Present." The monks, who, deeply in debt to the Jews, were released by Samson's economies, and their creditors were expelled.

I confess I am very proud of the invention of modern pageantry. I am very proud of, and grateful for, the friendship and sympathy it has brought me. I am proud of the enormous amount of local talent, whether in acting or in any of the arts, which these pageants have called forth.

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I am proud, too, of having been the first to reawaken among the English people that ancient love of mirth and jollity for which they used to be famous. I am proud of having brought all classes together in these pageants, to work and to play in perfect harmony and goodwill without distinction of creed, politics, or position. I am proud of having found a vehicle for the display of the right kind of patriotism, whether local or national. I can hardly trust myself to speak of the personal kindness displayed towards me. Let me only say that, although more than twelve thousand performers have already passed through my hands, not one cross word has ever been exchanged between us. Very much to the contrary, as the illustration on the next page of one of the many souvenirs I have received from them bears eloquent testimony; and not one of all that vast crowd has ever thrown up his or her part. This, I think, is a record.

What the future of pageantry is to be I cannot say. I think it has been overdone, and sometimes been done without thought or understanding. I think pageants should be reserved for great historical anniversaries, and I am convinced they should invariably be strictly confined to local talent, whether in the performance itself or in the preparation of costumes and armories. Above all, they should never be allowed to lapse from dignity. When they have sunk to the level of the ordinary denominational bazaar, and are organized for the benefit of "causes" or in any way with the primary object of making money, their day will be over.



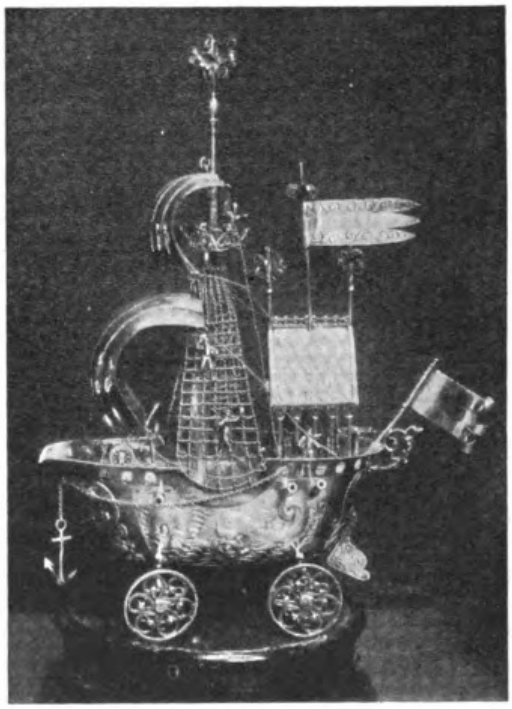
THE FINAL TABLEAU OF THE PAGEANT AT BURY ST. EDMUNDS.
From a Photo. by G. S. Cousins, Bury St. Edmunds.

A pageant, according to the true conception, is merely an incident in a great festival of thanksgiving to Almighty God for the blessings He has conferred on a town during the past, and for its present prosperity. Accordingly, there should be joyous services every day, if possible, but certainly on the opening and closing Sundays, not in one place of worship only, but in all; or, if in one, then attended by the entire population. For a pageant should be a festival of brotherhood, of homecoming, of reunion, and of hope. Also it should be a great educational force, teaching the young by living example

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the continuity and ruthless logic of history, teaching them patriotism and loyalty, teaching them to "fear God and honour the King."

For myself, the present will see the close of my activity in this direction. I write those words with deep regret, but a pageant absorbs one's time, and there are several plays I want to write — although the public may not want to see them. As I said at the beginning, this is by no means to be read as an auto-obituary notice. I hope to break out in several fresh places—perhaps to-morrow.



A SOUVENIR OF THE DOVER PAGEANT PRESENTED TO MR. PARKER.
From a Photo. by Geo. Newnes, Ltd.

As I do not intend to run any more big pageants in England after those of the current year at Colchester and York, it may, perhaps, be of interest if I jot down a few rough notes concerning the purely mechanical side of them. By-and-by I propose to write a little handbook on the subject.

In dealing with large masses of people, one must, of course, avoid anything which might lead to confusion, and simplicity and breadth must be the chief aims of the pageant-maker.

The component parts of a pageant may be roughly set down as follows (Fig. I. next page).

1. Orchestra.
2. Narrative chorus.
3. Dramatic chorus.
4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9. Episodes — that is, complete groups of performers, each group playing an independent section of the pageant.
10. Morris dancers.
11. Stately dancers.
12. Children dancers.

The pageant ground—the arena—is always mapped out according to the following plan (Fig. II.):—

D is the grand stand; roofed, and with every seat numbered and reserved.

A is the orchestra, covered with an open roof (louvred), under which the players and the conductor are entirely out of sight of the audience.

B is the Royal enclosure.



MR. PARKER AS SEEN BY "MAX."

CC are the seats for the narrative chorus. When they sing they step forward and face the audience.

E is the arena.

F is either the natural background, or an imaginary boundary to the arena. The dotted line in front of the grand stand is the limit within which speakers must not advance. The figures at the side are the "wings," formed either by natural cover or by temporary screens of foliage. I tolerate no artificial scenery. Of course, there may be entrances much farther away. At

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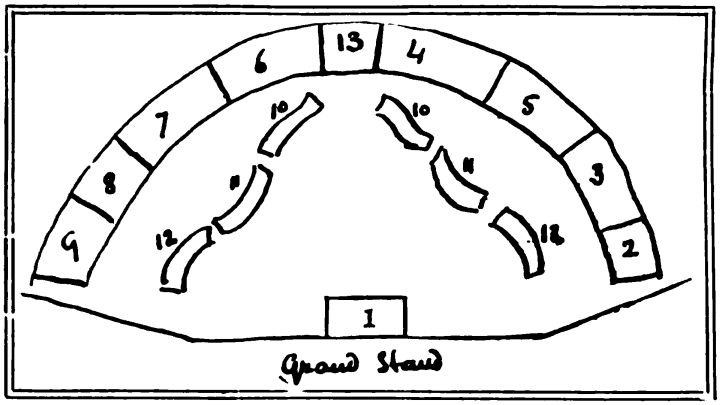


FIG. I.—GROUND PLAN OF A PAGEANT.

Warwick one such entrance was a quarter of a mile from the grand stand, and the effect was superb. At each entrance there is an electric bell worked from the "master's" box. The performers assemble at their respective bells and enter at a preconcerted signal on the bell. It is the "master's" business to time the entrances, and that is no joke. His box is on the roof of the grand stand—again entirely out of sight of the audience. This is shown in Fig. III.

A is the grand stand.

B is the orchestra.

C is the "master's" box.

D is the desk for the prompt-book and the control of the electric bells.

The "master" is also armed with a very large megaphone, through which he can address remarks—complimentary or otherwise—to the performers, unheard by the audience. Also he uses flags for controlling cheers, laughter, groans, etc., etc.

The formation of the final tableau and march-past has always aroused interest.

Referring back to Fig. I., and keeping to the figures already allotted to the separate groups, the tableau is formed thus, each number entering separately after its predecessor has fallen into place.

No. 13 we will suppose to be an allegorical figure representing the town. This tableau is formed and controlled by corresponding figures on a roller blind in the "master's" box. There are a great many more figures than are shown here, which cause seemingly elaborate movements and evolutions on the part of the performers. For instance, all the principal characters step forward and form an inner ring. They then resolve themselves into groups of kings and queens; bishops, priests, monks, etc.; barons and warriors; lord mayors, bailiffs, etc.; and take up entirely new positions. Then the National Anthem is sung by the entire crowd, and lastly begins the march-past. This is an elaborate and very intricate "follow my leader," and I am sorry I have not sufficient skill to illustrate it even in a rudimentary manner. It starts at 2, follows the inner line of the semicircle (which is moving in the opposite direction), comes down to 9 (the outstanding groups falling into their appointed places), then passes the grand stand, out at 2, according to the nature of the arena, ultimately disappearing, so that the whole pageant fades away like a beautiful dream.

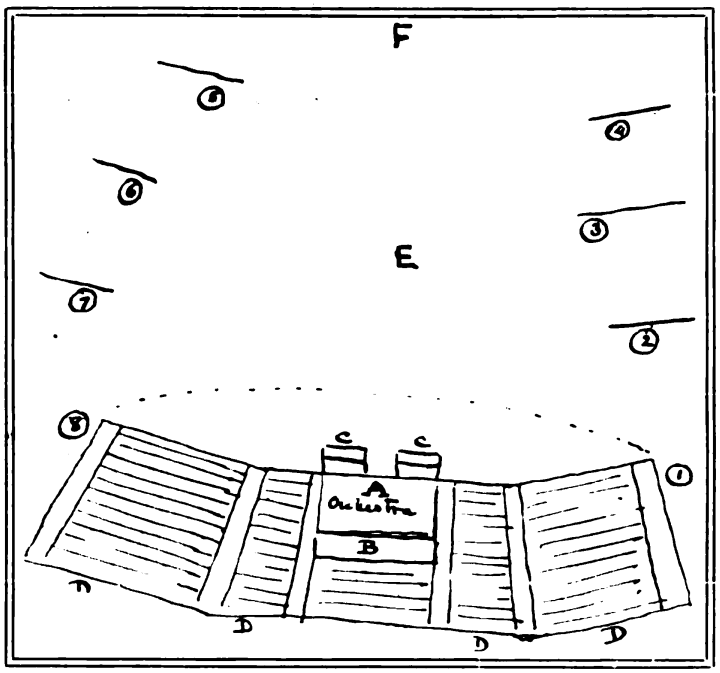


FIG. II.—THE ARENA OF A PAGEANT.

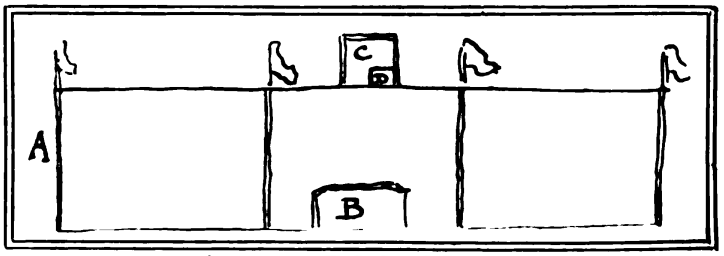


FIG. III.—MASTER'S BOX ON THE ROOF OF THE GRAND STAND.

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THE LOSING of JASPER VIREL.

BY BECKLES WILLSON.



JASPER VIREL.
From a Portrait taken in Montreal in 1887.



ARTHUR BARTLETT.
From a Photo. taken in Bordeaux in 1899.

I.

IT was an evening in early September. From the heat, intense, almost unbearable, during the day a welcome change had set in, and the mercury in my thermometer marked sixty-five degrees. Another week of *dolce far niente* existence on Helen's Island remained; another week of fishing, novel reading, and a pleasing desultory dabbling in chemistry; then would come the beginning of the University term. I would resume my duties as professor in anatomy and surgery, and embark on an arduous course of clinical lectures and demonstrations.

Lighting a fresh cigar I swung myself gently to and fro in the hammock. I was quite alone in the cottage, my wife being on a visit to Tadoussac. Jeannette, our housekeeper and factotum, had been released from duty for the evening. Before me on the veranda swept the broad St. Lawrence, lit by a high-riding moon, and on its far edge the coloured lights of Longueuil. My ear caught the strains of male and female voices, accompanied by a banjo. At my back, as I swung in the hammock, streamed the deep yellow glow of my study lamp, which the faithful Jeannette had lit ere she went out.

From this delicious reverie I was suddenly aroused by the barking of my dog, a mastiff I kept chained to the other side of my summer cottage—which was, by the way, the entrance for visitors. The barking continued, nobody appeared, and I grumblingly recognised the necessity of getting out of the hammock to see what was amiss, calling out as I did so to my dog.

"Lie down, Corporal! Be quiet!" But I had not taken three reluctant steps before the figure of a man sprang over the railings of the veranda and a voice called out huskily, "All right, Norland. It's I—Jasper Virel."

It was lucky Virel spoke when he did, for moonlight is not daylight, and one does not relish people jumping over veranda railings so unceremoniously.

"Virel!" I exclaimed. "What in the world are you doing here?"

He was breathing heavily and beads of perspiration shone on his forehead.

"Oh, I'll tell you all about it, old man," he answered, hurriedly. "I suppose I'm a little winded. And that dog of yours—I'd forgotten you kept a dog. Are you all alone?"

"Yes. But what brings you here, Virel? You're as white as a ghost. Is anything wrong?"

As I spoke I ushered him into the study and pointed to a chair.

"Have a drop of brandy," I added. "You look knocked up."

"Do I? Thanks—if it's handy." He took the tumbler from my hands and gulped down the liquor. "You see, I had nothing to do this evening. Time hung heavily on my hands, and it occurred to me to paddle over to the island. I thought you'd be glad to see me. But the truth is I'm out of canoe practice. The current was a bit strong. At one time I fancied I should go to the bottom; at another I should drift over the rapids."

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He looked at his watch. "I've been just fifty minutes in transit."

I offered him a cigar, and in a few minutes all trace of his discomposure had completely vanished.

The only son of Sir Hector Virel, a well-known provincial judge, Jasper had been my fellow-student at the University. He had taken up medicine, pursued it for awhile, and finally abandoned it in favour of his father's profession. Not without gifts, possessed of a comfortable fortune on Sir Hector's death, Virel had been urged into politics. His friends flattered him that he had the makings of a successful politician.

Young as he was, he had managed easily to obtain a seat as representative of the district where his paternal property lay. Virel's style of oratory was rather vehement than subtle; but I always supposed that he took the measure of his audience, and in his sounding phrases and plentiful clap-trap he gave the good-natured habitants what they wanted. His tall figure and curly, reddish hair showed the influence of an English strain on the maternal side, Sir Hector having been somewhat short and dark, albeit with little of the French vivacity. Virel and I had seen less and less of each other since he left the University. We had slowly drifted apart—and, I am bound to add, to my relief. For which there was reason, as will later become manifest.

Meanwhile, if I had, in the back chambers of my mind, harboured any suspicions concerning Virel's unheralded nocturnal visit, they became gradually extruded under the influence of his subsequent manner.

"I hope, my dear Norland, you've no work to do or calls to make, or anything of that sort to-night," he said. "For I want to have a little chat and smoke with you. The fact is, I was feeling rather blue at my lodgings, and this visit to you was a sudden inspiration. I would have looked you up sooner, but I've been away at Murray Bay. I never could understand your aversion to holiday resorts, Norland. Such a manner of life is quite inexcusable for a man with your distinguished future. A seaside watering-place has often laid the foundation of a doctor's fortune."

We both laughed, and Virel puffed humorously at his cigar. Seeing him so placid and self-possessed, I could not help an allusion to the slight shock he had given my nervous system a quarter of an hour before.

"One would have thought you were the most desperate criminal in the world," I observed, in a spirit of raillery. "Jean Valjean couldn't have been more completely dramatic than you were."

He started and stared at me.

"When?"

"Just now. When you called out my name on the veranda."

Virel poured out some more brandy and helped himself to another cigar.

"By the by," he ejaculated, smiling, knocking the ashes into the silver tray I placed at his elbow, "what an infernal dunderhead I am! It has all but slipped my mind."

"What?"

"The thing I came to chat with you about. I should like to know your opinion of Doyen's paper in the *Scientific Review*."

"The *Scientific Review*? Doyen? Impossible! He never writes for the *Scientific*."

"I stand corrected. It was not the *Scientific Review*, of course. It must have been the *Journal of Science*. The title was 'Modern Surgical Advance.' I have only seen extracts from it myself, and from what I read one would call it visionary."

"I must postpone my judgment until I have seen the article. Odd that I should have missed all mention of it. Yet that's how it often is—one escapes just the very best things."

"He cites the case of a patient at the Hôpital du Midi whose entire digestive apparatus was removed and replaced to such excellent purpose that in a few days he walked out of the hospital as compact as ever. He goes on to say that surgery as now practised can alter, supplement, and restore Nature in almost every physical detail. Now, if I am not mistaken, you yourself had a quaint surgical conceit at college, Norland. You cannot have forgotten it! Did you not say that a man's whole identity might, in the hands of a skilful surgeon, be effaced for ever?"

At the memory of this conceit I felt—I cannot say why—slightly uncomfortable. Instantly recollecting myself, however, I lightly replied:—

"Yes, my dear Virel. I remember it perfectly."

"Do you remember when the Montreal police were engaged in tracking Jacques Leloir?"

"The brute who killed a woman in Cathcart Street?"

It may have been only a flicker of the lamp; but I thought I saw Virel turn pale.

"Precisely. You said to me then, 'Jasper, what fools these fellows are! No criminal

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need be caught if he or his friends had merely extended the range of their studies.'

"I distinctly recall it," said I, feeling still more uncomfortable.

"And you still hold seriously that identity may be annihilated?"

"I do. Time was when a wig and a pair of spectacles sufficed for a disguise. How much more circumspect the world is growing! A more complete self-effacement is now necessary to avoid the consequences of recognition. Take, for example, your own person, Virel." I continued speaking rapidly, and, although smiling, yet with seriousness. "Years ago I pursued my investigations into this department so far that I gleaned sufficient knowledge wherewith to change the size, shape, and colour of your eye; to metamorphose the contour and expression of your face by subcutaneous treatment of the flesh and bone and muscles; to destroy, by aid of electrolysis, the hair follicles, and thereby widen your temples; to substitute Roman for Celtic in the shape of your nose—not only to do all this, but to do it without a single noticeable scar."

"Ha, ha!" chuckled Virel. "Your old hobby again with a vengeance!"

The fumes of an unwonted potation ascending to my brain, I grew somewhat reckless and more vehement.

"Another process," I continued, "which you must admit would baffle the most astute, for, by sawing out, say, a two-inch section of the femur and similar sections of the tibia and fibula, your present height would diminish in proportion. Come, come, confess that Vidocq himself could not stand out against the loss of four inches of stature, eh? Only I'm afraid there would be difficulty in finding a subject willing to undergo such a metamorphosis."

Virel's manner scarcely changed. The tones of his voice were unaltered as he said slowly, "Don't despair, my dear Norland—not yet. How would I do? For this evening I have been unfortunate enough to commit that which goes, among outspoken folk, by an ugly term. They call it murder."

Virel made this horrible declaration in a voice so calm—a calmness strangely allied in my mind to aberration of the mental faculties—and averted his gaze towards a landscape sketch on the wall so steadily, that I, too, sat for several moments, silent and riveted in my chair, mechanically puffing at the cigar I held in my fingers.

Irritated, perhaps, by my apparent composure, Virel leapt to his feet. Throwing to the winds his former affected nonchalance, he leaned over to me and whispered hoarsely:—

"Do you hear me, Norland? Murder! But, mark me, I was driven to it—as true as that heaven is above us, I was driven to it. As you may have suspected, there was a woman in my life—fiend, let me rather say—her name Louise Perrot. I broke with Louise weeks, months ago. I did everything in my power to get rid of her by fair means. I did everything I could to lead a decent life. But when this creature learnt of my engagement to Edith Dartwood, she was like a caged animal. She threatened, not once, but many times, to expose me to Edith and the Dartwoods, who have not been over-keen about the match. She swore to make it public that I had promised to marry her—*her*, Louise Perrot! By all that's accursed," cried Virel, launching his arms wildly into space, "this was going too far! As if I could have ever brought myself to wed one of her infernal species. But who knows? The Dartwoods, Edith, the world, might have believed this woman. Norland, I felt I must stop those foul lips, or social and political ruin stared me in the face. I would bribe her. She came daily to my chambers. She blackmailed me, insulted me, tormented me until existence became the most intolerable anguish.

"To-night, Norland, not two hours ago, I recognised her voice at the door of my chambers. My instructions to my servant not to admit her had been of no avail; she flung herself past him. I tried vainly to secrete myself. She approached nearer. What was there left for me to do? I wished to fly. She opened out upon me, and in a fit of desperation I caught up my dumb-bells from the floor. And——"

Virel sat down again.

My dizziness fled, and as he sat down I rose to my feet. The brutality of the murder no less than the utter recklessness of its narration; the motion of Virel's arms as he described the fatal impact of the iron dumb-bells chilled my blood, and at the same time cooled my brain.

"At last!" I said. "You have come to me at last."

II.

COMPLETE as I wish this confession to be, I cannot bring myself to narrate the nature of the claim Virel had upon me.

Enough that to Jasper Virel I, although innocent, owed my immunity from certain punishment; to him, guilty or innocent, I was indebted for security from public or

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private reproach. Never once had this thing, in the course of all the years, been mentioned between us; never on those rare occasions Virel had hinted at, especially since my marriage, that we two met in the flesh. Virel's memory was tenacious; it was impossible that Virel's magnanimity could have constrained him to forget the debt.

Why may I not speak on? Why may I not confess that for some years there had not been a day, an hour, a moment when the dread of being called upon to render Virel a sinister service in return for his own would not have affected me? In vain I reproached myself with a lack of the common instincts of gratitude. I was unable to banish from my mind the notion that his dissipations and his amours would yet lead to a fatal reckoning between us.

Virel seemed to read my thoughts and echoed my words.

"At last! Is it shabby of me to crave a return for so old a service? So be it. Call it base—call it cowardly, if you will, but"—here Virel paused and his eyes blazed out at me—"but, Norland, *you* must stand between me and man's judgment!"

He drew forth his watch.

"Good God!" he cried. "We have wasted three-quarters of an hour. My escape was noticed directly the thing was done. After that, a half an hour of conjecture and the police will—but no, I have made that impossible; but should I now attempt to go abroad—that is another matter. I am too well known. Escape in the ordinary sense of the term has become out of the question. My identity must be lost—lost—lost! Do you hesitate, Norland? You have only one servant in the house. The risk to you is almost nothing. The operations may consume a week. At its expiration I must be transferred to a private hospital in Montreal. I put myself in your hands. Use the proper local anæsthetics and I shall not feel the pain. I shall not take chloroform unless absolutely necessary."

Virel strode to the window and drew in the shutters. He likewise turned up the wicks of the lamp.

"Not enough light, Norland," he said. "It will not do."

"It will answer to begin with," I replied.

Meanwhile, in a state which I can only feebly describe in Hegelian terms as "not me," I occupied myself in first locking the door and then bolting and screening the windows. This action exhibited the first steps in my guilty complicity in what was about to take place. You, reader, who do not understand the fascination exerted by my profession—a fascination which impels even its youngest votaries to become heartless grave-ghouls, leads them not to shrink from inflicting pain if some hidden truth can be wrung therefrom or some fresh postulate put to the proof—cannot, perhaps, understand fully my spirit of acquiescence in that which Virel proposed. You cannot fathom the full extent of my temptation.

When I turned round again Virel's coat was off. With the lighted lamp in his hand, he approached the cheval mirror which stood in a corner of the room and turned the rays full upon his figure.

"Jasper Virel, age twenty-seven, height five feet ten and a half inches, slender in build, hair and beard brown inclined to auburn, straight; eyes—ah! eyes a bluish grey, complexion fair, cheeks ruddy, nose slightly tilted, chin rather prominent, mole on left cheek. Jasper Virel, adieu! We are now, if Norland's hand be steady, seeing each other for the last time on earth."

"Cut short this mummery," I cried, testily.

"Mummery," echoed Virel, with a leer, as he set down the lamp. "I actually see those cursed police placards already. I can see the hounds of the law on my track. How they would like to nab me, eh? What a feather it would be in their caps. But stay one moment, Norland."

With a composure that was maddening, Virel seated himself before me and extracted a small morocco note-book from his pocket. He then read out a series of notes jotted down, I was disconcerted to observe, in my own handwriting:—

The Eye.—Palpebral cartilage: by taking out a small section of the palpebral cartilage of the eye, lenticular, of course, carefully suture the edges. Antiseptic bandaging—blind for a fortnight.

Nose.—A slight incision down the bridge to the bone; remove the nasal spine and transplant this to the prominence. To make the chip adhere, create a raw surface. Cut the nasal branch of the facial nerve! Alters the whole facial expression, and no scar.

"Pardieu! what is this? Another ingenious stroke, or I am Jasper Virel for ever!"

Sever the deep branches of the infraorbital nerve. Muscles of the larynx—involves a dropping of the glottis and stretches the membrane.

"Excellent, Norland!"

Habitual contraction of the forehead—

"Will tell against me anywhere—must be obliterated."

Cut *corrugator supercilii*—the *supra hyoid* also will require cutting. Chin too small and pointed: Dissect back the muscles covering the tip and saw away the prominence.

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"JASPER VIREL, ADIEU! WE ARE NOW, IF NORLAND'S HAND BE STEADY, SEEING EACH OTHER FOR THE LAST TIME."

"Enough!" I cried. "Surgery has moved since then. Leave this devil's business to me. I shall use paraffin injections for your nose and chin."

"Paraffin injections!" cried Virel. "I never heard of them."

"No matter. It is the latest method. Paraffin injected subcutaneously is moulded into shape."

Laughing fiercely, he shut up the book and told me to get to work. Glancing on a level with his eye, he perceived a pair of scissors. When I returned with my case of instruments the steel blades were upraised and his hand was clutching at the fibres of his beard.

He then demanded a razor and shaved himself.

I will draw a veil over the experiences of the next few hours.

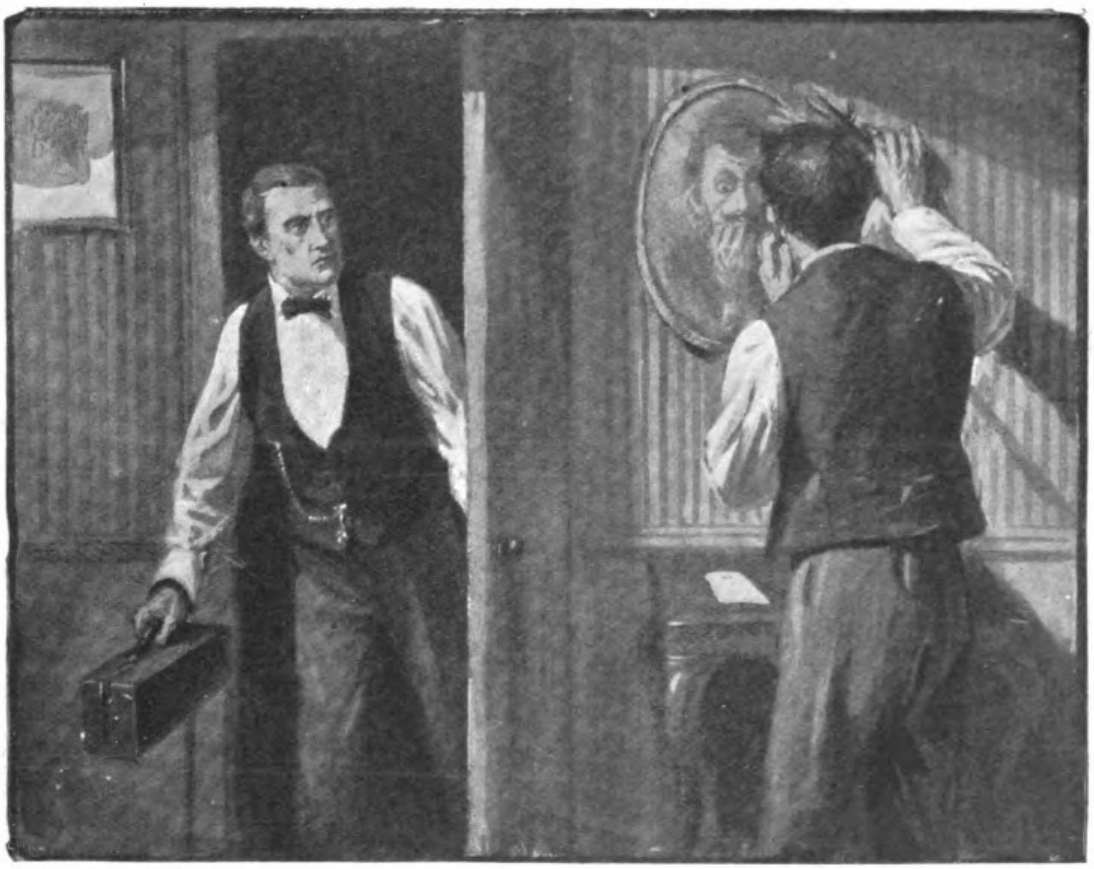
Morning dawned. Virel had lost the use of sight and speech. He demanded, by signs, a pad and pencil, and not without considerable difficulty traced these words:—

"I can safely pose as a lupus patient."

For six days and nights the murderer of Louise Perrot remained securely locked in my study. Everything moved to Virel's advantage. I retained but a single servant in the house, my housekeeper, well on in years, highly attached to me and deaf into the bargain. Under the circumstances neither of us felt cause for the least perturbation. The exigencies of my profession would have tended readily to explain the presence of a patient beneath my own roof.

At my club in Montreal I read the accounts of the murder which appeared in the newspapers. I read of the discovery of the body — of the arraignment of Virel as the man who had done the deed, together with the usual theories as to motive and the present whereabouts of the murderer. Daily thereafter I perused the detailed accounts of his person in the possession of the authorities and gazed upon the portraits of Virel published far and wide in the newspapers. A sensation of malicious triumph, which my better instincts were unable to suppress, crept over me. I participated, in short, in the precise emotions which commonly characterize the criminal. When, day succeeding day, the citizens cried, "Where is Jasper Virel?" so I, day by day, secretly answered them, "Safe! Shut out from the knowledge of every living, breathing thing except us two. Where is Virel? He is alive, but where the clutches of the law will never reach him!"

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"WHEN I RETURNED WITH MY CASE OF INSTRUMENTS THE STEEL BLADES WERE UPRAISED AND HIS HAND WAS CLUTCHING AT THE FIBRES OF HIS BEARD."

At dusk on Saturday evening—the murder had been committed on the preceding Monday—Virel was removed in my brougham to an address he had given me. I caused him to be entered on the books under a false name as a sufferer from an incurable disease. My own name and professional status being well known to the matron in charge of the private hospital, no further questions were asked. When he entered, both lower limbs in mock splints and swathed in bandages from head to foot, I had taken the further precaution of charging Virel's hair with a solution of peroxide of hydrogen. At this retreat I instantly resumed my operations.

If my task was brought to a successful termination, according to the methods I intended to employ, Virel would retain both limbs normal and active, coincident with the loss of four inches of stature. This much accomplished, I said to myself, "he will be as free as the air."

On the day when I first removed the bandages from his face I sent the nurse out of the room. I then unwound the linen and suddenly confronted my handiwork. For the first time in my professional experience my nerve forsook me. Yet it was not more than I had expected. The countenance exposed was not that of Jasper Virel. There was a jug of water at hand. I turned aside and bathed my temples before I could resume my task. The white, altered face beneath mine filled me with nausea.

Virel did not at all relish my evidences of disgust.

"It's not *all* your work, Norland," he said between his clenched teeth. "I have added a little recipe of my own. The skull has a yellow, corpse-like appearance, has it not? It's the effect of chemical action on the corpuscles, and will soon wear away. Are you satisfied?"

He asked for a mirror. It chanced there was none in the chamber.

"Just as well," said he, still without any movement of the lips; "I want to kill two birds with one stone. Bandage my eyes again. You will find the memorandum-book under my pillow. Turn to the top of the leaf folded over in the middle."

I followed his directions, and read my own memorandum as follows:—

"Belladonna, althus, atropine, and brown aniline dye. Inject into punctures at the

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edge of the cornea. Direct the needle towards the iris. Two drops will suffice."

"I shall use esserine," I said.

I had devoted no little time to ascertaining and analyzing the requisite ingredients. That it would alter the hue of the iris as surely as my knife could puncture successfully an optic artery, I had little doubt. While warning Virel of the danger, I proceeded to procure the drugs to accomplish the result he desired.

Despite all the emotions I sustained in solitude, and occasionally in the presence of Virel, during the whole course of these criminal operations, I evinced any but a commonplace demeanour towards my family, friends, or regular patients. I spent at least four hours daily at my office, as the special nature of my surgical pursuit commanded for the most part a visiting clientèle. On the whole I averaged two hours' daily attendance upon Virel. A nurse, specially allotted to him, administered his food in a condensed form and read to him books and newspapers in his waking hours.



"THE COUNTENANCE EXPOSED WAS NOT THAT OF JASPER VIREL."

Virel manifested at first a keen, insatiable curiosity as to what the newspapers had to say on the subject of his crime. Latterly, however, this trait vanished completely, and a phlegmatic reticence on his part succeeded. The silence which marked our latter interviews I attributed partially to remorse and partly to his exhausted physical state, as well as to a certain powerful drug he still persisted in taking.

Details surrounding the tragedy hitherto hidden even from me became public property now. Virel's engagement to Miss Dartwood, the only daughter of a prosperous banker, became freely discussed. In every quarter this young lady was described in the highest terms of commendation, and her situation evoked the most unaffected sympathy. Miss Dartwood had been engaged to Jasper Virel for barely two months.

On their part, the police had traced a fact bearing no little significance in estimating the character of the crime. Two days prior to the murder Virel had drawn from the bank, of which his *fiancée's* father was the chairman, no less a sum than twenty-one thousand dollars in gold and bills. This revelation struck me at once, as it did the police, as proof of the premeditation of Virel's crime, this sum Virel having doubtless removed to some secure spot in anticipation of the crime itself.

One evening —I find by my diary it was the nineteenth of September — I admitted myself to the premises where Virel was confined, with the aid of a key in my possession. His room was on the second floor, there being at that time some half-dozen other occupants of the establishment. Half-way up the stairs I met the nurse, who, suddenly turning back, preceded me and, without giving vent to a syllable, threw open the door of Virel's chamber. Brushing past her, I gave a quick, keen glance around me. Virel's bed was empty. The thousand fragments of a hand mirror lay strewn upon the floor.

III.

NINETEEN years after the disappearance of Jasper Virel, in the summer of 1908, I

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happened to be at Bordeaux. Entering a restaurant about noon, I ordered *dèjeuner*. In the middle of the repast my eyes fell upon a middle-aged man, of striking appearance, exactly opposite me. I especially noted his steel-grey hair, high forehead, with black arching brows and prominent chin. There was no previous thought of anyone in my mind, but almost before I had time to connect this man's appearance with the transient vision I had had of the murderer of Louise Perrot nineteen years before I felt instinctively that I looked once again upon Jasper Virel!

For a moment my heart stopped beating. Nineteen years—yes, but I would have wagered a thousand pounds upon it. There was no mistake; I even noted the exact spot on his cheek where I had severed the infraorbital nerve.

My appetite deserted me: my only thought was to escape from the place without observation. To the query I addressed the waiter, that functionary replied:—

"Ce monsieur là? Oh, that is Monsieur Bartlett. An Englishman—agent of a steamship line to the Congo. He has lived much in Africa, monsieur."

At that moment the *soi-disant* Mr. Bartlett's eye caught mine. His pupils dilated; he half rose, as if involuntarily, and sank down again.

As for me, I paid my bill and departed hurriedly. Scarce twenty yards had I gone on my way to the steamer which was to bear me to England when I was conscious of being followed. I wheeled about on the instant and recognised my *vis-à-vis* in the restaurant—the man who had mysteriously fled from Montreal nineteen years before. Deeply moved, irritated, resentful, "Jasper Virel!" I burst forth.

The man's face went ashen.

"Excuse me—my name is Bartlett," he stammered.

"Very well, Mr. Bartlett," I flung out, abruptly. "Adieu!"

But his hand was on my arm—a hand I knew so well.

"Virel!" he stammered. "You said Jasper Virel!"

He bent an earnest, pleading, almost piteous face towards mine. I gazed upon him in utter amazement. And then a hint of some great, unfathomable mystery, of a psychical process never to be revealed until the Day of Judgment, came over me—an inkling of a metamorphosis complete and appalling indeed. The change in the body had, indeed, resulted in as complete a change in the mind. The occult altering wand had passed over *memory itself!* I tried to disengage my arm.



"DEEPLY MOVED, IRRITATED, RESENTFUL, 'JASPER VIREL!' I BURST FORTH."

"Stop! Who is Jasper Virel?" he whispered, hoarsely.

There was no escape. The man's sincerity was transparent.

"*He was a man I knew*," I made answer. "He is dead now; and may Heaven have mercy on his soul!"

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Feet and Hands.





By E. H. Aitken.

Illustrated by J. A. Shepherd.

IT is evident that, in what is called the evolution of animal forms, the foot came in suddenly when the backboned creatures began to live on the dry land — that is, with the frogs. How it came in is a question which still puzzles the phylogenists, who cannot find a sure pedigree for the frog. There it is, anyhow, and the remarkable point about it is that the foot of a frog is not a rudimentary thing, but an authentic standard foot, like the yard measure kept in the Tower of London, of which all other feet are copies or adaptations. This instrument, as part of the original outfit given to the pioneers of the brainy, backboned, and four-limbed races, when they were sent out to multiply and replenish the earth, is surely worth considering well. It consists essentially of a sole, or palm, made up of small bones, and of *five* separate digits, each with several joints.

In the hind foot of a frog the toes are very long and webbed from point to point. In this it differs a good deal from the toad, and there is significance in the difference. The "heavy-gaited toad," satisfied with sour ants, hard beetles, and such other fare as it can easily pick up, and grown nasty in consequence, so that nothing seeks to eat it, has hobbled through life, like a plethoric old gentleman, until the present day, on its original feet. The more versatile and nimble-witted frog, seeking better diet and



"AN AUTHENTIC STANDARD FOOT."

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greater security of life, went back to the element in which it was bred and, swimming much, became better fitted for swimming. The soft elastic skin between the fingers or toes is just the sort of tissue which responds most readily to inward impulses, and we find that the very same change has come about in those birds and beasts which live much in water. I know that this is not the accepted theory of evolution, but I am waiting till it shall become so. We all develop in the direction of our tendencies, and shall, I doubt not, be wise enough some day to give animals leave to do the same.

It seems strange that any creature, furnished with such tricky and adaptable instruments to go about the world with, should tire of them and wish to get rid of them, but so it happened at a very early stage. It must have been a consequence, I think, of growing too fast. Mark Twain remarked about a dachshund that it seemed to want another pair of legs in the middle to prevent it sagging. Now, some lizards are so long that they cannot keep from sagging and their progress becomes a painful wriggle. But if you must go by wriggling, then what is the use of legs to knock against stems and stones? So some lizards have discarded two of their legs and some all four. Zoologically they are not snakes, but snakes are only a further advance in the same direction. That snakes did not start fair without legs is clear, for the python has to this day two tell-tale leg-bones buried in its flesh.

When we pass from reptiles to birds, lo! an astounding thing has happened. That there were flying reptiles in the fossil ages we know, and there are flying beasts in our own. But the wings of these are simple mechanical alterations, which the imagination of a child, or a savage, could explain.

The hands of a bat are hands still, and, though the fingers are hampered by their awkward gloves, the thumbs are free. The giant fruit bats of the tropics clamber about the trees quite acrobatically with their thumbs and feet.

That Apollyonic monster of the prime, the pterodactyl, did even better. Stretching on each little finger a lateen sail that would have served to waft a skiff across the Thames, it kept the rest of its hands for other uses. But what bearing has all this on the case of birds? Here is a whole sub-kingdom, as they call it, of the animal world which has unreservedly and irrevocably bartered one pair of its limbs for a flying-machine. The apparatus is made of feathers—a new invention, unknown to amphibian or saurian, whence obtained nobody can say—and these are grafted into the transformed frame of the old limbs. The bargain was worth making, for the winged bird at once soared away in all senses from the creeping things of earth and became a more ethereal being; "like a blown flame, it rests upon the air, subdues it, surpasses it, outraces it; it is the air, conscious of itself, conquering itself, ruling itself." But the price was heavy. The bird must get through life with one pair of feet and its mouth. But this was all the bodily furniture of Charles François Felu, who, without arms, became a famous artist.

A friend of mine, standing behind him in a *salon* and watching him at work, saw him lay down his brush and, raising his foot to his head, take off his hat and scratch his crown with his great toe. My friend was nearly hypnotized by the sight, yet it scarcely strikes us as a wonder when a parrot, standing on one foot, takes its meals with the other. It is a wonder, and stamps the parrot as a bird of talent. A mine of hidden possibilities is in us all, but those who dig resolutely into it and bring out treasure are few.

And let us note that the art of standing began with birds. Frogs sit, and, as far as I know, every reptile, be it lizard, crocodile, alligator, or tortoise, lays its body on the ground when not actually carrying it. And these have each four fat legs. Contrast the flamingo, which, having only two, and those like willow wands, tucks up one of them and sleeps poised high on the other, like a tulip on its stem.

Note also that one toe has been altogether discarded by birds as superfluous. The germ, or bud, must be there, for the Dorking fowl has produced a fifth toe under some influence of the poultry-yard, but no natural bird has more than four. Except in swifts, which never perch, but cling to rocks and walls, one is turned backwards, and, by a cunning contrivance, the act of bending the leg draws them all automatically together. So a hen closes its toes at every step it takes, as if it grasped something, and, of course, when it settles down on its roost, they grasp that tight and hold it fast till morning. But to birds that do not perch this mechanism is only an encumbrance, so many of them, like the plovers, abolish the hind toe entirely, and the prince of all two-legged runners, the ostrich, has got rid of one of the front toes also, retaining only two.

To a man who thinks, it is very interesting

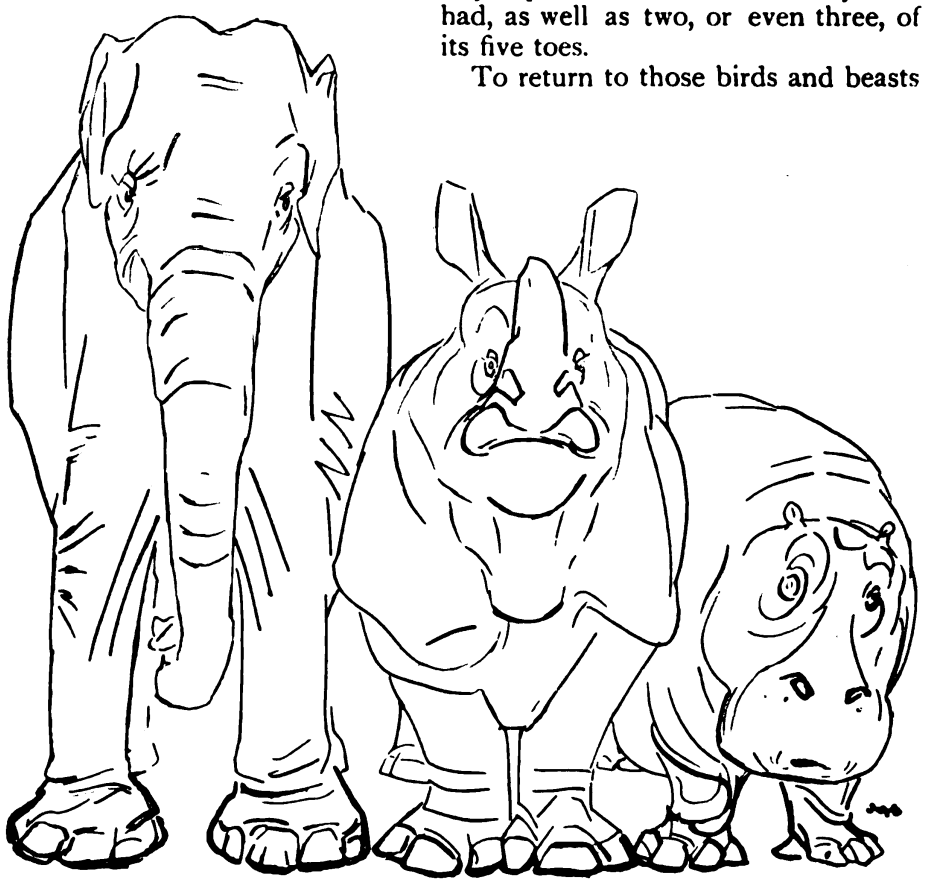
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to observe that beasts have been led along gradually in the very same direction. All the common beasts, such as cats, dogs, rats, stoats, and so on, have five ordinary toes. On the hind feet there may be only four. But as soon as we come to those that feed on grass and leaves, standing or walking all the while, we find that the feet are shod with hoofs instead of being tipped with claws. First the five toes, though clubbed together, have each a separate hoof, as in the elephant; then the hippopotamus follows with four toes, and the rhinoceros with practically three. These beasts are all clodhoppers, and their feet are hobnailed boots. The more active deer and all cattle keep only two toes for practical purposes, though stumps of two more remain. Finally, the horse gathers all its foot into one boot and becomes the champion runner of the world.

It is not without significance that this degeneracy of the feet goes with a decline in the brain, whether as cause or effect I will not pretend to know. These hoofed beasts have shallow natures and live shallow lives. They eat what is spread by Nature before their noses, have no homes, and do nothing but feed and fight with each other. The elephant is a notable exception, but then the nose of the elephant, becoming a hand, has redeemed its mind. As for the horse, whatever its admirers may say, it is just a great ass. There is a lesson in all this: "from him that hath not shall be taken even that which he hath."

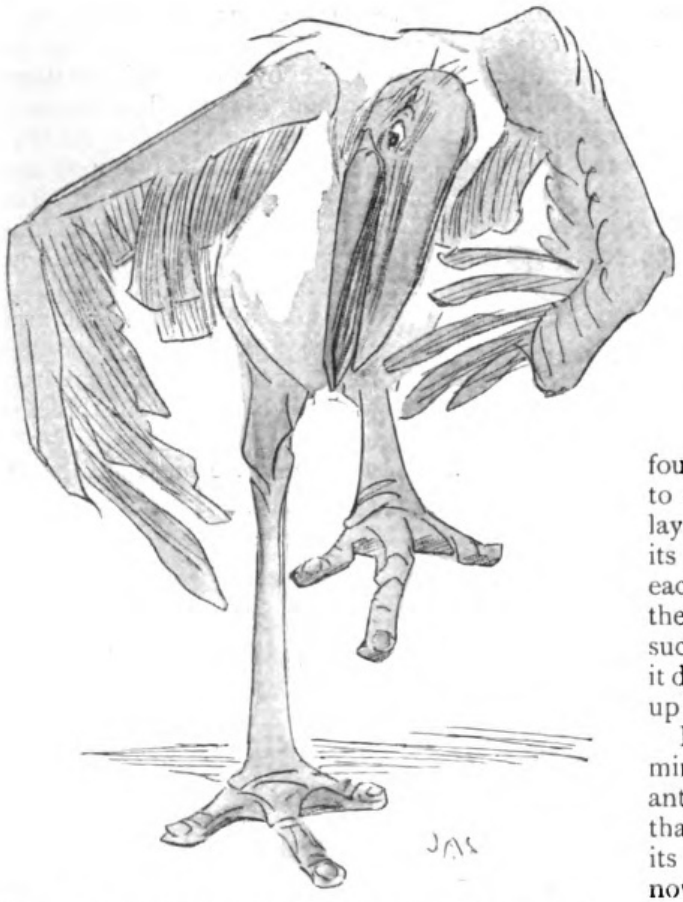
There is another dull beast which, from the point of view of the mere systematist, seems as far removed from those that wear hoofs as it could be, but the philosopher, considering the point at which it has arrived, rather than the route by which it got there, will class it with them, for its idea of life is just theirs turned topsy-turvy. The nails of the sloth, instead of being hammered into hoofs on the hard ground, have grown long and curved, like those of a caged bird, and become hooks by which it can hang, without effort, in the midst of the leaves on which it feeds. A minimum of intellect is required for such an existence, and the sloth has lost any superfluous brain that it may have had, as well as two, or even three, of its five toes.

To return to those birds and beasts with standard feet, I find that the first outside purpose for which they find them serviceable is to scratch themselves. This is a universal need. But a foot is handy in many other ways. A hen and chickens, getting into my garden, transferred a whole flower-bed to the walk in half an hour. Yet a bird trying to do anything with its foot is like a man putting on his socks standing, and birds as a race have turned their feet to very little account outside of their original purpose. Such a simple thing as holding down its food with one foot scarcely occurs to an ordinary bird. A hen will pull about a cabbage leaf and



"THESE BEASTS ARE ALL CLODHOPPERS, AND THEIR FEET ARE HOBNAILED BOOTS."

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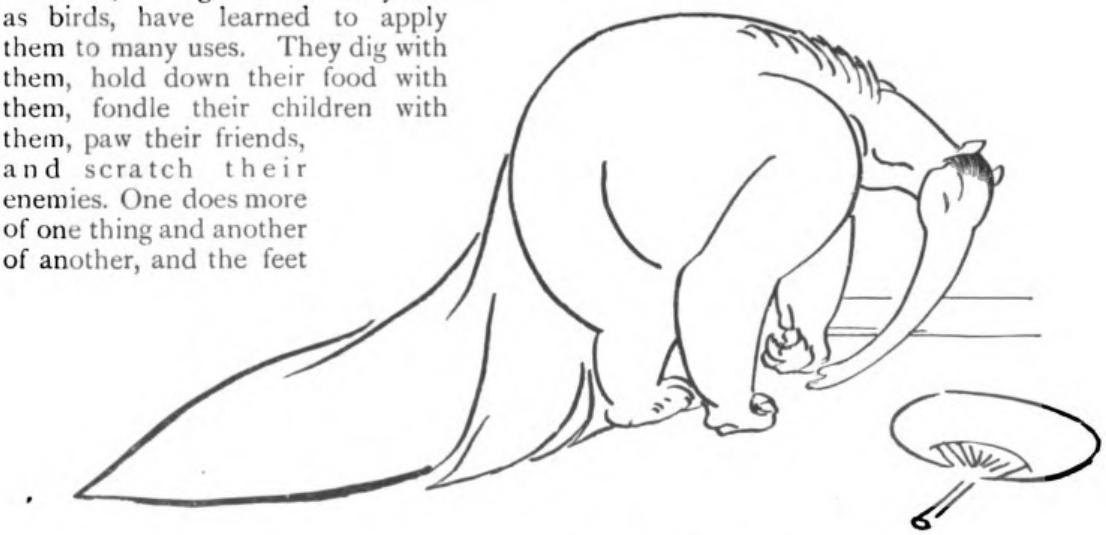
"A BIRD TRYING TO DO ANYTHING WITH ITS FOOT IS LIKE A MAN PUTTING ON HIS SOCKS STANDING."

shake it in the hope that a small piece may come away, but it never enters her head to put her foot on it. In this and other matters the parrot stands apart, and also the hawk, eagle, and owl; but these are not ordinary birds.

Beasts, having twice as many feet as birds, have learned to apply them to many uses. They dig with them, hold down their food with them, fondle their children with them, paw their friends, and scratch their enemies. One does more of one thing and another of another, and the feet soon show the effects of the occupation, the claws first, then the muscles, and even the bones dwindling by disuse, or waxing stout and strong. Then the joy of doing what it can do well impels the beast further on the same path, and its offspring after it.

And this leads at last to specialism. The Indian black bear is a "handy man," like the British Tar—good all round. Its great soft paw is a very serviceable tool and weapon, armed with claws which will take the face off a man or grub up a root with equal ease. When a black bear has found an ant-hill it takes but a few minutes to tear up the hard, cemented clay and lay the deep galleries bare; then, putting its gutta-percha muzzle to the mouth of each, it draws such a blast of air through them that the industrious labourers are sucked into its gullet in drifts. Afterwards it digs right down to the royal chamber, licks up the bloated queen, and goes its way.

But there is another worker in the same mine which does not go to work its way. The ant-eater found fat termites so satisfying that it left all other things and devoted its life to the exploiting of ant-hills, and now it has no rival at that business, but it is fit for nothing else. Its awkward digging tools will not allow it to put the sole of its foot to the ground, so it has to double them under and hobble about like a Chinese lady. It has no teeth, and stupidity is the most prominent feature of its character. It has become that poor thing, a man of one idea.



"IT HAS TO DOUBLE THEM UNDER AND HOBBLE ABOUT LIKE A CHINESE LADY."

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But the bear is like a sign-post at a parting of the ways. If you compare a brown bear with the black Indian, or sloth bear, as it is sometimes called, you may detect a small but pregnant difference. When the former walks, its claws are lifted, so that their points do not touch the ground. Why? I have no information, but I know that it is not content with a vegetarian diet, like its black relative, but hankers after sheep and goats, and I guess that its murderous thoughts flow down its nerves to those keen claws. It reminds me of a man clenching his fist unconsciously when he thinks of the liar who has slandered him.

But what ages of concentration on the thought and practice of assassination must have been required to perfect that most awful weapon in Nature, the paw of a tiger, or, indeed, of any cat, for they are all of one pattern. The sharpened flint of the savage has become the scimitar of Saladin, keeping the keenness of its edge in a velvet sheath and flashing out only on the field of battle. Compare that paw with the foot of a dog and you will, perhaps, see with me that the servility and pliancy of the slave of man has usurped a place in his esteem which is not its due. The cat is much the nobler animal. Dogs, with wolves, jackals, and all of their kin, love to fall upon their victim in overwhelming force, like a rascally mob, and bite, tear, and worry until the life has gone out of it; the tiger, rushing single-handed, with a fearful challenge, on the gigantic buffalo, grasps its nose with one paw and its shoulder with the other, and has broken its massive neck in a manner so dexterous and instantaneous that scarcely two sportsmen can agree about how the thing is done.

I have said that the foot first appeared when the backboned creatures came out of the waters to live upon the dry land. But all mundane things (not excepting politics) tend to move in circles, ending where they began; and so the foot, if we follow it far enough, will take us back into water. See how the rat—I mean our common, omnivorous, scavenging, thieving, poaching brown rat—when it lives near a pond or stream, learns to swim and dive as naturally as a duck. Next comes the vole, or water-rat, which will not live away from water. Then there are water shrews, the beaver, otter, duck-billed platypus, and a host of others, not related, just as, among birds, there are water ousels, moorhens, ducks, divers, etc., which have permanently made the water their home and seek their living in it. All these have attained to web-footedness in a greater or less degree.

That this has occurred among reptiles, beasts, and birds alike shows what an easy, or natural, or obvious (put it as you will) modification it is. And it has a consequence not to be escaped. Just as a man who rides a great deal and never walks acquires a certain indirectness of the legs, and you never mistake a jockey for a drill-sergeant, so the web-footed beasts are not among the things that are "comely in going."

Following this road you arrive at the seal and sea-lion. Of all the feet that I have looked at I know only one more utterly ridiculous than the twisted flipper on which the sea-lion props his great bulk in front, and that is the forked fly-flap which extends from the hinder parts of the same. How can it be worth any beast's while to carry such an absurd apparatus with it just for the sake of getting out into the air sometimes and pushing oneself about on the ice and being eaten by Polar bears? The porpoise has discarded one pair, turned the other into decent fins, and recovered a grace and power of motion in water which is not equalled by the greyhound on land. Why have the seals hung back? I believe I know the secret. It is the baby! No one knows where the porpoise and the whale cradle their new-born infants—it is so difficult to pry into the domestic ways of these sea people—but evidently the seals cannot manage it, so they are forced to return to the land when the cares of maternity are on them.

I have called the feet of these sea beasts ridiculous things, and so they are as we see them; but strip off the skin, and lo! there appears a plain foot, with its five digits, each of several joints, tipped with claws—nowise essentially different, in short, from that with which the toad, or frog, first set out in a past too distant for our infirm imagination. Admiration itself is paralyzed by a contrivance so simple, so transmutable, and so sufficient for every need that time and change could bring.

There remains yet one transformation which seems simple compared with some that I have noticed, but is more full of fate than they all; for by it the foot becomes a hand. This comes about by easy stages. The reason why one of a bird's four toes is turned back is quite plain: trees are the proper home of birds, and they require feet that will grasp branches. So those beasts also that have taken to living in trees have got one toe detached more or less from the rest and arranged so that it can co-operate

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"STRIP OFF THE SKIN, AND THERE APPEARS A PLAIN FOOT, WITH FIVE DIGITS."

with them to catch hold of a thing. Then other changes quickly follow. For, in judging whether you have got hold of a thing and how much force you must put forth to keep hold of it, you are guided entirely by the pressure on the finger-points, and to gauge this pressure nicely the nerves must be refined and educated. In fact, the exercise itself, with the intent direction of the mind to the finger-points, brings about the refinement and education in accordance with Sandow's principle of muscle culture.

For an example of the result do not look at the gross paw of any so called anthropoid ape, gorilla, orang-outang, or chimpanzee, but study the gentle lemur. At the point of each digit is a broad elastic pad, plentifully supplied with delicate nerves, and the vital energy which has been directed into them appears to have been withdrawn from the growth of the claws, which have shrunk into fine nails just shielding the fleshy tips. In short, the lemur has a hand on each of its four limbs, and no feet at all. And as it goes about its cage—I am at the Zoo in spirit—with a silent wonder shining out of its great eyes, it examines things by *feeling* them with its hands.

How plainly a new avenue from the outer world into its mind has been opened by those fingers! But how about scratching? What would be the gain of having higher susceptibilities and keener perceptions if they only aggravated the triumph of the insulting flea? Nay, this disaster has been averted by reserving a good, sharp claw on the forefinger (not the thumb) of each hind hand.

The old naturalists called the apes and lemurs Quadrumana, the "four-handed," and separated the Bimana, with one species—namely, *Homo sapiens*. Now we have anatomy cited to belittle the difference between a hand and a foot, and geology importuned to show us the missing link, pending which an order has been instituted roomy enough to hold monkeys, gorillas, and men. It is a strange perversity. How much more fitting it were to bow in reverent ignorance before the perfect hand, taken up from the ground, no more to dull its percipient surfaces on earth and stones and bark, but to minister to its lord's expanding mind and obey his creative will, while his frame stands upright and firm upon a single pair of true feet, with their toes all in one rank.

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The White Prophet.

By HALL CAINE.

[The reader who has not followed the previous portions of this story can readily understand and enjoy the following chapters by simply bearing in mind that Colonel Gordon Lord, who is in love with Helena, the daughter of the General of the British Army of Occupation in Egypt, has been ordered to arrest Ishmael Ameer, known as the "White Prophet," and to close the University of El Azhar (the greatest seat of Mohammedan learning in the world), and, after a terrific struggle between his conscience and his duty as a soldier, has refused to carry out his commands, which are transferred to Colonel Macfarlane. In consequence of this refusal his decorations have been stripped from him and his sword broken by the father of the girl he loves. Subsequently, in a stormy interview, the General attacks him in a fit of fury, and in the ensuing struggle falls dead, while the Colonel believes that he is himself guilty of his murder. Colonel Macfarlane, while carrying out his orders, is assaulted by Colonel Lord, who, feeling his reputation ruined, remains in hiding. Shortly after, in the disguise of a Bedouin, he decides to go to Khartoum, to which place Ishmael Ameer is also on his way, leaving Helena under the impression that her father has been murdered by the "White Prophet." In the dress of a Parsee lady Helena, for purposes of revenge, also goes to Khartoum, where she encounters Ishmael Ameer, and while acting as his secretary becomes his betrothed. In pursuance of her plan, Helena advises the Consul-General (Gordon Lord's father) of Ishmael Ameer's forthcoming return to Cairo. Subsequently she has a dramatic meeting with Gordon Lord, who confesses, to her consternation, that he, and not Ishmael Ameer, killed her father.]

SECOND BOOK :—The Light of the World.

CHAPTER XIV.

THAT day the Sirdar had held his secret meeting of the Ulema, the sheikhs, and notables of Khartoum. Into a room on the ground floor of the Palace, down a dark, arched corridor in which British soldiers stood on guard, they had been introduced one by one—a group of six or eight unkempt creatures of varying ages and of differing degrees of intelligence—nearly all wearing the farageeyeh, the loose grey robe as of a Moslem monk.

They sat awkwardly on the chairs which had been ranged for them about a mahogany table, and while they waited they talked in whispers. There was a tense, electrical atmosphere among them, as of internal dissension—the rumbling of a sort of subterranean thunder.

But this subsided instantly when the voice of the sergeant outside, and the clash of saluting arms, announced the coming of the Sirdar. The Governor-General, who was in uniform and booted and spurred, as if returning from a ride, was accompanied by his Inspector-General, his Financial Secretary, the Governor of the town, and various minor officers.

He was received by the sheikhs, all standing, with sweeping salaams from floor to forehead, a circle of smiles, and looks of complete accord.

The Sirdar, with his ruddy and cheerful face, took his seat at the head of the table and began by asking, as if casually, who was the stranger that had arrived that day in Khartoum.

"A Bedouin," said the Cadi. "One whom Ishmael Ameer loves and who loves him."

"Yet a *Bedouin*, you say?" asked the Sirdar, in an incredulous tone, and with a certain elevation of the eyebrows.

"A Bedouin, O Excellency!" repeated the Cadi, whereupon the others, without a word of further explanation, bent their turbaned heads in assent.

Then the Sirdar explained the reason for which he had called them together.

"I am given to understand," he said, "that the idea is abroad that the Government has been trying to introduce changes into the immutable law of Islam, which forms an integral part of your Moslem religion, and is, therefore, rightly regarded with a high degree of veneration by all followers of the Prophet. If anybody is telling you this, or if anyone is saying that there is any prejudice against you because you are Mohammedans, he is a wicked and mischievous person, and I beg of you to tell me who he is."

Saying this, the Sirdar looked sharply round the table, but met nothing there but blank and expressionless faces. Then, turning to the Cadi, who, as Chief Judge of the Mohammedan Law Courts, had been constituted spokesman, he asked pointedly what Ishmael Ameer was saying.

"Nothing, O Excellency," said the Cadi;

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"nothing that is contrary to the Sharia—the religious law of Islam."

"Is he telling the people to resist the Government?"

The grave company about the table silently shook their heads.

"Do you know if he has anything to do with a conspiracy to resist the payment of taxes?"

The grave company knew nothing.

"Then what is he doing, and why has he come to Khartoum? Pasha, have *you* no explanation to make to me?" asked the Sirdar, singling out a vivacious old gentleman, with a short, white, carefully-oiled beard—a person of doubtful repute, who had once been a slave-dealer, and was now living patriarchally, under the protection of the Government, with his many wives and concubines.

The old black sinner cast his little glittering eyes around the room, and then said:—

"If you ask me, O master, I say Ishmael Ameer is putting down polygamy and divorce, and ought himself to be put down."

At that there was some clamour among the Ulema, and the Sirdar thought he saw a rift through which he might discover the truth; but the Pasha was soon silenced, and in a moment there was the same unanimity as before.

"Then *what* is he?" asked the Sirdar, whereupon a venerable old sheikh, after the usual Arabic compliments and apologies, said that, having seen the new teacher with his own eyes and talked with him, he had now not the slightest doubt that Ishmael was a man sent from God, and, therefore, that all who resisted him, all who tried to put him down, would perish miserably.



"ONE SHEIKH, WITH WILD EYES, TOLD OF ISHMAEL'S INTERCOURSE WITH ANGELS."

At these words the electrical atmosphere, which had been held in subjection, seemed to burst into flame. In a moment six tongues were talking together. One sheikh, with wild eyes, told of Ishmael's intercourse with angels. Another knew a man who had seen him riding with the Prophet in the desert. A third had spoken to somebody who had seen angels, in the form of doves, descending upon him from the skies, and a fourth was ready to swear that one day while Ishmael was preaching in the mosque people heard a voice from heaven crying, "Hear him! He is My messenger!"

"What was he preaching about?" said the Sirdar.

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"The last days, the coming of the Deliverer," said the sheikh with the wild eyes, in an awesome whisper.

"What Deliverer?"

"The Shaidna Isa—the Lord Jesus—the White Christ that is to come."

"Is this to be soon?"

"Soon, O Excellency, very soon."

After this outburst there was a moment of tense and breathless silence, during which the Sirdar sat with his serious eyes fixed on the table, and his officers, standing behind, glanced at each other and smiled.

A moment afterwards the Sirdar put an end to the interview.

"Tell your people," he said, "that the Government have no wish to interfere with your religious beliefs and feelings, whatever they may be; but tell them also that it intends to have its orders obeyed, and that any suspicion of conspiracy, still more rebellion, will be instantly put down."

The group of unkempt creatures went off with sweeping salaams, and then the Sirdar dismissed his officers also.

"Bear in mind," he said, "that you are the recognised agents of a just and merciful Government, and whatever your personal opinions may be of these Arabs and their superstitions, please understand that you are to give no anti-Islamic colour to your British feelings. At the same time remember that we have worked for the redemption of the Soudan from a state of savagery, and we cannot allow it to be turned back to barbarism in the name of religion."

Both the Ulema and the other British officials being gone, the Sirdar was alone with his Inspector-General.

"Well?" he said.

"Well?" repeated the Inspector-General, biting the ends of his close-cropped moustache. "What more did you expect, sir? Naturally the man's own people were not going to give him away. They nearly did so, though. You heard what old Zewar said?"

"Tut! I take no account of that," said the Sirdar. "The brothers of Christ Himself would have put Him down, too—locked Him up in an asylum, I dare say."

"That's exactly what I would do with Ishmael Ameer, anyway," said the Inspector-General. "Of course, he performs no miracles, and is attended by no angels. His removal to Halfa, and his inability to free himself from a Government jail, would soon dispel the belief in his supernatural agencies."

"But how can we do it? Under what pretext? We can't imprison a man for preaching the second coming of Christ. If we did our jails would be pretty full at home, I'm thinking."

The Inspector-General laughed. "Your old error, dear Sirdar. You can't apply the same principles to East and West."

"And your old Parliamentary cant, dear friend! I'm sick to death of it."

There was a moment of strained silence, and then the Inspector-General said:—

"Ah, well, I know these holy men, with their fake inspirations and their so-called heavenly messages. They develop by degrees, sir. This one has begun by proclaiming the advent of the Lord Jesus, and he will end by hoisting a flag and claiming to be the Lord Jesus himself."

"When he does that, Colonel, we'll consider our position afresh. Meantime it may do us no mischief to remember that, if the family of Jesus could have dealt with the founder of our own religion as you would deal with this olive-faced Arab, there would probably be no Christianity in the world to-day."

The Inspector-General shrugged his shoulders and rose to go.

"Good night, sir."

"Good night, Colonel," said the Sirdar, and then he sat down to draft a despatch to the Consul-General:—

"Nothing to report since the marriage, betrothal, or whatever it was, of the 'Rani' to the man in question. Undoubtedly he is laying a strong hold on the imagination of the natives and acquiring the allegiance of large bodies of workers; but I cannot connect him with any conspiracy to persuade people not to pay taxes or with any organized scheme that is frankly hostile to the continuance of British rule.

"Will continue to watch him, but find myself at fearful odds owing to difference of faith. It is one of the disadvantages of Christian Governments among people of alien race and religion that methods of revolt are not always visible to the naked eye, and God knows what is going on in the sealed chambers of the mosque.

"That only shows the danger of curtailing the liberty of the vernacular Press, whatever the violence of its sporadic and muddled anarchy. Leave the Press alone, I say. Instead of chloroforming it into silence give it a tonic if need be, or you drive your trouble underground. Such is the common sense and practical wisdom of how to deal with sedition in a Mohammedan country, let some of the logger-headed dunces who write leading articles in England say what they will.

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"If this man should develop supernatural pretensions I shall know what to do. And without that, whether he claim divine inspiration or not, if his people should come to regard him as divine, the very name and idea of his divinity may become a danger and I suppose I shall have to put him under arrest."

Then remembering that he was addressing not only the Consul-General but the friend, the Sirdar wrote: "'Art thou a king?' Strange that the question of Pontius Pilate is precisely what we may find in our own mouths soon! And stranger still, almost ludicrous, even farcical and hideously ironical, that though for two thousand years Christendom has been spitting on the pusillanimity of the old pagan, the representative of a Christian Empire will have to do precisely what he did.

"Short of Pilate's situation, though, I see no right to take this man, so I am not taking him. Sorry to tell you so, but I cannot help it.

"Our love from both to both. Trust Janet is feeling better. No news of our poor boy, I suppose?"

"Our boy" had for thirty years been another name for Gordon.

CHAPTER XV.

GRAVE as was the gathering in the Sirdar's Palace at Khartoum, there was a still graver gathering that day in the British Agency at Cairo—the gathering of the wings of Death.

Lady Nuneham was nearing her end. Since Gordon's disgrace and disappearance she had been visibly fading away under a burden too heavy for her to bear.

The Consul-General had been trying hard to shut his eyes to this fact. More than ever before he had immersed himself in his work, being plainly impelled to fresh effort by hatred of the man who had robbed him of his son.

Through the Soudan Intelligence Department in Cairo he had watched Ishmael's movements in Khartoum, expecting him to develop the traits of the Mahdi and thus throw himself into the hands of the Sirdar.

It was a deep disappointment to the Consul-General that this did not occur. The same report came to him again and again. The man was doing nothing to justify his arrest. Although surrounded by fanatical folk, whose minds were easily inflamed, he was not trying to upset governors or giving divine sanction for the removal of officials.

But meantime some mischief was manifestly at work all over the country. From day to day inspectors had been coming in to say that the people were not paying their taxes. Convinced that this was the result of conspiracy, the Consul-General had shown no mercy.

"Sell them up," he had said, and the inspectors, taking their cue from his own spirit, but exceeding his orders, had done his work without remorse.

Week by week the trouble had deepened, and when disturbances had been threatened he had asked the British Army of Occupation, meaning no violence, to go out into the country and show the people England's power.

Then grumblings had come down on him from the representatives of foreign nations. If the people were so discontented with British rule that they were refusing to pay their taxes there would be a deficit in the Egyptian Treasury. How then were Egypt's creditors to be paid?

"Time enough to cross the bridge when you come to it, gentlemen," said the Consul-General, in his stinging tone, and with a curl of his iron lip.

If the worst came to the worst England would pay, but England should not be asked to do so, because Egypt must meet the cost of her own government. Hence, more distraining and some inevitable violence in suppressing the riots that resulted on evictions.

Finally came a hubbub in Parliament, with the customary "Christian" prattlers prating again. Fools! They did not know what a subtle and secret conspiracy he had to deal with while they were crying out against his means of killing it.

He *must* kill it! This form of passive resistance, this attack on the Treasury, was the deadliest blow that had ever yet been aimed at England's power in Egypt.

But he must not let Europe see it! He must make believe that nothing was happening to occasion the least alarm. Therefore, to drown the cries of the people who were suffering—not because they were poor and could not pay, but because they were perverse and would not—he must organize some immense demonstration.

Thus came to the Consul-General the scheme of the combined festival of the King's Birthday and the ——th anniversary of the British occupation of Egypt. It would do good to foreign Powers, for it would make them feel that, not for the first time, England had been the torch-bearer of light in a dark country. It would do good to the Egyptians, too, for it would force their youngsters (born since Tel-el-Kebir) to realize the strength of England's arm.

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Thus had the Consul-General occupied himself while his wife had faded away. But at length he had been compelled to see that the end was near, and towards the close of every day he had gone to her room and sat almost in silence, with bowed head, in the chair by her side.

The great man who for forty years had been the virtual ruler of millions had no wisdom that told him what to say to a dying woman; but at last, seeing that her pallor had become whiteness, and that she was sinking rapidly and hungering for the consolations of her religion, he asked her if she would like to take the sacrament.

"It is just what I wish, dear," she answered, with the nervous smile of one who had been afraid to ask.

At heart the Consul-General had been an Agnostic all his life, looking upon religion as no better than a civilizing superstition; but all the same he went downstairs and sent one of his secretaries for the chaplain of St. Mary's—the English church.

The moment he had gone out of the door Fatimah, under the direction of the dying woman, began to prepare the bedroom for the reception of the clergyman by laying a side-table with a fair white cloth, a large Prayer Book, and two silver candlesticks containing new candles.

While the Egyptian nurse did this the old lady looked on with her deep, slow, weary eyes, and talked in whispers, as if the wings of the august Presence that was soon to come were already rustling in the room. When all was done she looked very happy.

"Everything is nice and comfortable now," she said, as she lay back to wait for the clergyman.

But even then she could not help thinking the one thought that made a tug at her resignation. It was about Gordon.

"I am quite ready to die, Fatimah," she said, "but I should have loved to see my dear Gordon once more."

This was what she had been waiting for, praying for, eating her heart and her life out for.

"Only to see and kiss my boy! It would have been so easy to go then."

Fatimah, who was snuffling audibly, as she straightened the eiderdown coverlet over the bed, began to hint that if her "sweet eyes" could not see her son she could send him a message.

"Perhaps I know somebody who could see it reaches him, too," said Fatimah, in a husky whisper.

The old lady understood her instantly.

"You mean Hafiz! I always thought as much. Bring me my writing-case, quick!"

The writing-case was brought and laid open before her, and she made some effort to write a letter, but the power of life was low in her, and after a moment the shaking pen dropped from her fingers.

"*Ma'aleysh*, my lady!" said Fatimah, soothingly. "Tell me what you wish to say. I will remember everything."

Then the dying mother sent a few touching words as her last message to her beloved son.

"Wait! Let me think. My head is a little . . . just a little . . . Yes, this is what I wish to say, Fatimah. Tell my boy that my last thoughts were about him. Though I am sorry he took the side of the false Prophet, say I am certain he did what he thought was right. Be sure you tell him I die happy, because I know I shall see him again. If I am never to see him in this world I will do so in the world to come. Say I shall be waiting for him there. And tell him it will not seem long."

"Could you sign your name for him, my heart?" said Fatimah, in her husky voice.

"Yes, oh, yes, easily," said the old lady, and then with an awful effort she wrote:—

"Your ever-loving mother."

At that moment Ibrahim in his green caftan, carrying a small black bag, brought the English chaplain into the room.

"Peace be to this house," said the clergyman, using the words of his Church ritual, and the Egyptian nurse, thinking it was an Eastern salutation, answered, "Peace!"

The chaplain went into the "boys' room" to put on his surplice, and when he came out of it robed in white, and began to light the candles and prepare the vessels which he placed on the side-table, the old lady was talking to Fatimah in nervous whispers.

"His lordship?" "Yes!" "Do you think, my lady . . ."

She wanted the Consul-General to be present and was half afraid to send for him; but just at that instant the door opened again, and her pale, spiritual face lit up with a smile as she saw her husband come into the room.

The clergyman was now ready to begin, and the old lady looked timidly across the bed at the Consul-General, as if there were something she wished to ask and dare not.

"Yes, I will take the sacrament with you, Janet," said the old man, and then the old lady's face shone like the face of an angel.

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The Consul-General took the chair by the side of the bed and the chaplain began the service :—

"'Almighty, ever-living God, Maker of mankind, Who dost correct those whom Thou dost love . . . '"

All the time the triumphant words reverberated through the room the dying woman was praying fervently, her lips moving to her unspoken words and her eyes shining as if the Lord of Life she had always loved was with her now and she was giving herself to Him—her soul, her all.

The Consul-General was praying, too—praying for the first time to the God he did not know and had never looked to :—

"If Thou art God, let her die in peace. It is all I ask—all I wish."

Thus the two old people took the sacrament together, and when the Communion Service came to a close the old lady looked again at the Consul-General and asked, with a little confusion, if they might sing a hymn.

The old man bent his head, and a moment later the chaplain, after a whispered word from the dying woman, began to sing—

Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near . . .

At the second bar the old lady joined him in her breaking, cracking voice, and then the Consul-General too, albeit his throat was choking him, forced himself to sing with her—

When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep . . .

It was as much as the Consul-General could do to sing of a faith he did not feel, but he felt tenderly to it for his wife's sake now, and with a great effort he went on with her to the end.

If some poor wandering child of thine
Have spurn'd to-day the voice divine . . .

The light of another world was in the old lady's eyes when all was over, and she seemed to be already half-way to heaven.



"THE DYING WOMAN WAS PRAYING FERVENTLY."

CHAPTER XVI.

ALL the same there was a sweet humanity left in her, too, and when the chaplain was

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gone and the side-table had been cleared, and she was left alone with her old husband, there came little gleams of the woman who wanted to be loved to the last.

"How are you now?" he asked.

"Better, so much better," she said, smiling upon him, and caressing with her wrinkled hand the other wrinkled hand that lay on the eiderdown quilt.

The great Consul-General, sitting on the chair by the side of the bed, felt as helpless as before, as ignorant as ever of what millions of simple people know—how to talk to those they love when the wings of death are hovering over them. But the sweet old lady, with the wisdom and the courage which God gives to His own on the verge of eternity, began to speak in a lively and natural voice of the end that was coming, and what was to follow it.

He was not to allow any of his arrangements to be interfered with, and, above all, the festivities appointed for the King's birthday were not to be disturbed.

"They must be necessary, or you would not have them, especially now," she said. "And I shall not be happy if I know that on my account they are not coming off."

And then, with the sweet childishness which the feebleness of illness brings, she talked of the last King's birthday, and of the ball they had given in honour of it.

That had been in their own house, and the dancing had been in the drawing-room, and the Consul-General had told Ibrahim to set the big green arm-chair for her in the alcove, and sitting there she had seen everything. What a spectacle! Such gorgeous uniforms! Such glittering orders! Such beautiful toilettes! Ministers Plenipotentiary, Egyptian Ministers, ladies, soldiers!

The old lady's pale face filled with light as she thought of all this, but the Consul-General dropped his head, for he knew well what was coming next.

"And, John, don't you remember? Gordon was there that night, and Helena—dear Helena! How lovely they looked! Among all those lovely people, dear . . . He was wearing every one of his medals that night, you know. So tall, so brave-looking, a soldier every inch of him, and such a perfect English gentleman! Was there ever anything in the world so beautiful? And Helena, too! She wore a silver silk, and a kind of coif on her beautiful black hair. Oh, she was the loveliest thing in all the room, I thought! And when they led the cotillon—don't you remember they led the cotillon, dear?—I could have cried, I was so proud of them."

The Consul-General continued to sit with his head down, listening to the old lady and saying nothing, yet seeing the scene as she depicted it and feeling again the tingling pride which he, too, had felt but permitted nobody that night to know.

After a moment the beaming face on the bed became clouded over as if that memory had brought other memories less easy to bear—dreams of happy days to come, of honours and of children.

"Ah, well, God knows best," she said in a tremulous voice, releasing the Consul-General's hand and ceasing to speak.

The old man felt as if he would have to hurry out of the room without uttering another word, but as well as he could he controlled himself and said:—

"You are agitating yourself, Janet. You must lie quiet now."

"Yes, I must lie quiet now, and think of . . . of other things," she answered.

He was stepping away when she called on him to turn her on her right side, for that was how she always slept, and upon the Egyptian nurse coming hurrying up to help, she said:—

"No, no, not you, Fatimah—his lordship."

Then the Consul-General put his arms about her—feeling how thin and wasted she was and how little of her was left to die—and turning her gently round he laid her back on the pillow which Fatimah had in the meantime shaken out.

While he did so her dim eyes brightened again, and stretching her white hands out of her silk nightdress she clasped them about his neck with the last tender effort of the woman who wanted to be fondled to the end.

The strain of talking had been too much for her, and after a few minutes she sank into a restless doze, in which the perspiration broke out on her forehead and her face acquired an expression of pain, for sleep knows no pretences. But at length her features became more composed and her breathing more regular, and then the Consul-General, who had been standing aside, mute with anguish, said in a low tone to Fatimah:—

"She is sleeping quietly now," and then he turned to go.

Fatimah followed him to the head of the stairs, and said, in her husky whisper:—

"It will be all over to-night, though—you'll see it will."

For a moment he looked steadfastly into

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the woman's eyes, and then, without answering her, he walked heavily down the stairs.

Back in the library, he stood for some time with his face to the empty fireplace. Over the mantelpiece there hung a little picture, in a black-and-gilt frame, of a bright-faced boy in an Arab fez. It was more than he could do to look at that portrait now, so he took it off its brass nail and laid it face-down on the marble mantelshelf.

Just at that moment one of his secretaries brought in a despatch. It was the despatch from the Sirdar, sent in cipher but now written out at length. The Consul-General read it without any apparent emotion and put it aside without a word.

The hours passed slowly; the night was very long; the old man did not go to bed. Not for the first time he was asking himself searching questions about the mystery of life and death, but the great enigma was still baffling him. Could it be possible that while he had occupied himself with the mere shows and semblance of things, calling them by great names, Civilization and Progress, that simple soul upstairs had been grasping the eternal realities?

There were questions that cut deeper even than that, and now they faced him one by one. Was it true that he had married merely in the hope of having someone to carry on his name, and thus fulfil the aspirations of his pride? Had he for nearly forty years locked his heart away from the woman who had been starving for his love, and was it only by the loss of the son who was to have been the crown of his life that they were brought together in the end?

Thus the hoofs of the dark hours beat heavily on the great Proconsul's brain, and in the awful light that came to him from an open grave the triumphs of the life behind him looked poor and small.

But, meantime, the palpitating air of the room upstairs was full of a different spirit. The old lady had apparently awakened from her restless sleep, for she had opened her eyes and was talking in a bright and happy voice. Her cheeks were tinged with the glow of health, and her whole face was filled with light.

"I knew I should see them," she said.

"See whom, my heart?" asked Fatimah, but, without answering her, the old lady, with the same rapturous expression, went on talking.

"I knew I should, and I have! I have seen both of them!"

"Whom have you seen, my lady?" asked Fatimah again, but once more the dying woman paid no heed to her.

"I saw them as plainly as I see you now, dear. It was in a place I did not know. The sun was so hot, and the room was so close. There was a rush roof and divans all round the walls. But Gordon and Helena were there together, sitting at opposite sides of a table and holding each other's hands."

"Allah! Allah!" muttered Fatimah, with upraised hands.

The old lady seemed to hear her, for an indulgent smile passed over her radiant face, and she said in a tone of tender remonstrance:—

"Don't be foolish, Fatimah! *Of course* I saw him. The Lord said I should, and He never breaks His promises. 'Help me, O God, for Christ's sake,' I said. 'Shall I see my dear son again? O God, give me a sign.' And He did! Yes, it was in the middle of the night. 'Janet,' said a voice, and I was not afraid. 'Be patient, Janet. You shall see your dear boy before you die'"

Her face was full of happy visions. The life of this world seemed to be no longer there. A kind of life from the other world appeared to reanimate the sinking woman. The near approach of eternity illumined her whole being with a supernatural light. She was dying in a flood of joy.

"Oh, how good the Lord is! It is so easy to go now! . . . John, you must not think I suffer any longer, because I don't. I have no pain now, dear—none whatever."

Then she clasped her wasted hands together in the attitude of prayer, and said in a rustling whisper:—

"To-night, Lord Jesus! Let it be to-night!"

After that her rapturous voice died down and her ecstatic eyes gently closed, but an ineffable smile continued to play on her faintly-tinted face, as if she were looking on the wings that were waiting to bear her away.

The doctor came in at that moment, and was told what had occurred.

"Delirium, of course," he said. A change had come; the crisis was approaching. If the same thing happened at the supreme moment the patient was not to be contradicted; her delusion was to be indulged.

It did not happen.

In the early hours of the morning the Consul-General was called upstairs. There was a deep silence in the bedroom, as if the air had suddenly become empty and void. The day was breaking, and through the

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windows that looked over to the Nile the white sails of a line of boats that were gliding by seemed like the passing of angels' wings. Sparrows were twittering in the eaves, and through the windows to the east the first streamers of the sunrise were rising in the sky.

The Consul-General approached the bed and looked down at the pallid face on the pillow. He wanted to stoop and kiss it, but he felt as if it would be a profanation to do so now. His own face was full of suffering, for the sealed chambers of his iron soul had been broken open at last.

With his hands clasped behind his back he stood for some minutes quite motionless. Then, laying one hand on the brass head-rail of the bed, he leaned over his dead wife and spoke to her as if she could hear.

"Forgive me, Janet! Forgive me," he said in a low voice that was like a sob.

Did she hear him? Who can say she did not? Was it only a ray from the sunrise that made the Egyptian woman think that over the dead face of the careworn and weary one, whose sweet soul was even then winging its way to heaven, there passed the light of a loving smile?

CHAPTER XVII.

WITHIN three days the softening effects on the Consul-General of Lady Nuneham's death were lost. Out of his very bereavement and the sense of being left friendless and alone he became a harder and severer man than before. His secretaries were more than ever afraid of him, and his servants trembled as they entered his room.

It heightened his anger against Gordon to believe that by his conduct he had hastened his mother's end. In his absolute self-abasement there were moments when he would have found it easier to forgive Gordon if he had been a prodigal, a wastrel, prompted to do what he had done by the grossest selfishness; but deep down in some obscure depths of the father's heart the worst suffering came of the certainty that his son had been moved by that tragic earnestness which belongs only to the greatest and noblest souls.

Still more hardening and embittering to the Consul-General than the memory of Gordon was the thought of Ishmael. It intensified his anger against the Egyptian to feel that having first by his "visionary mummery," by his "manœuvring and quackery," robbed him of his son, he had now, by direct consequence, robbed him of his wife also.

All the Consul-General's bull-necked strength, all his force of soul, was roused to fury when he thought of that. He was old and tired and he needed rest, but before he permitted himself to think of retirement he must crush Ishmael Ameer.

Not that he allowed himself to recognise his vindictiveness. Shutting his eyes to his personal motive, he believed he was thinking of England only. Ishmael was the head-centre of an anarchical conspiracy which was using secret and stealthy weapons that were more deadly than bombs; therefore Ishmael must be put down, he must be trampled into the earth, and his movement must be destroyed.

But how?

Within a few hours after Lady Nuneham's funeral the Grand Cadi came by night and, with many vague accusations against "the Arab innovator," repeated his former warning:—

"I tell you again, O Excellency, if you permit that man to go on, it will be death to the rule of England in Egypt."

"Then prove what you say—prove it, prove it!" cried the Consul-General, raising his impatient voice.

But the suave old Moslem judge either could not or would not do so. Indeed, being a Turkish official, accustomed to quite different procedure, he was at a loss to understand why the Consul-General wanted proof.

"Arrest the offender first, and you'll find evidence enough afterwards," he said.

An English statesman could not act on lines like those, so the Consul-General turned back to the despatches of the Sirdar. The last of them—the one received during the dark hours preceding his wife's death—contained significant passages:—

"If this man should develop supernatural pretensions I shall know what to do."

Ha! There was hope in that! The charlatan element in Ishmael Ameer might carry him far if only the temptation of popular idolatry were strong enough.

Once let a man deceive himself with the idea that he was divine—nay, once let his followers delude themselves with the notion of his divinity, and a civilized Government would be bound to make short work of him. Whosoever and whatsoever he might be, that man must die!

A sudden cloud passed over the face of the Consul-General as he glanced again at the Sirdar's despatch and saw its references to Christ.

"How senseless everybody is becoming in this world!" he thought.

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"'ARREST THE OFFENDER FIRST, AND YOU'LL FIND EVIDENCE ENOUGH AFTERWARDS,' HE SAID.'

Pontius Pilate! Pshaw! When would religious hypocrisy open its eyes and see that, according to all the laws of civilized States, the Roman Governor had done right? Jesus claimed to be divine, His people were ready to recognise Him as King; and whether His kingdom was of this world or another, what did it matter? If His pretensions had been permitted they would have led to wild, chaotic, shapeless anarchy. Therefore Pilate crucified Jesus, and, scorned though he had been through all the ages, he had done no more than any so-called "Christian" governor would be compelled to do to-day.

"Jesus of Nazareth, the King of the Jews." Why would not people understand that these words were written not in derision but in self-defence? There could have been only one authority in Palestine then, and there could be only one authority in Egypt now.

"If this visionary mummer, with his empty quackeries, should develop the idea that he is divine, or yet the messenger of divinity, I will hang him like a dog!" thought the Consul-General.

CHAPTER XVIII.

FIVE days after the death of Lady Nuneham the Consul-General was reading at his breakfast the last copy of the *Times* to arrive in Cairo. It contained an anticipatory announcement of a forthcoming Mansion House banquet in honour of the King's birthday. The Foreign Minister was expected to speak on the "unrest in the East, with special reference to the affair of El Azhar."

The Consul-General's face frowned darkly, and he began to picture the scene as it would occur. The gilded hall, the crowd of distinguished persons eating in public, the mixed odours of many dishes, the pop of champagne corks, the smoke of cigars, the buzz of chatter like the gobbling of geese on a green, and then the Minister, with his hand on his heart, uttering timorous apologies for his Proconsul's policy, and pouring out pompous platitudes as if he had newly discovered the decalogue.

The Consul-General's gorge rose at the thought. Oh, when would these people, who stayed comfortably at home and lived by the votes of the factory-hands of Lancashire and Yorkshire and hungered for the shouts of the mob, understand the position of men like himself who, in foreign lands among alien races, encompassed by secret conspiracies, were spending their strength in holding high the banner of Empire?

"Having chosen a good man, why can't they leave him alone?" thought the Consul-General.

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And then, his personal feelings getting the better of his patriotism, he almost wished that the charlatan element in Ishmael Ameer might develop speedily; that he might draw off the allegiance of the native soldiers in the Soudan and break out, like the Mahdi, into open rebellion. That would bring the Secretary of State to his senses, make him realize a real danger, and see in the everlasting "affair of El Azhar," if not light, then lightning.

The door of the breakfast-room opened and Ibrahim entered.

"Well, what is it?" demanded the Consul-General, with a frown.

Ibrahim answered in some confusion that a small boy was in the hall asking to see the English lord. He said he brought an urgent message, but would not tell what it was or where it came from. Had been there three times before, slept last night on the ground outside the gate, and could not be driven away—would his lordship see the lad?

"What is his race? Egyptian?"

"Nubian, my lord."

"Ever seen the boy before?"

"No . . . yes . . . that is to say . . . well, now that your lordship mentions it, I think . . . yes, I think he came here once with Miss Hel . . . I mean General Graves's daughter."

"Bring him up immediately," said the Consul-General.

At the next moment a black boy stepped boldly into the room. It was Mosie. His clothes were dirty, and his pudgy face was like a block of dark soap splashed with stale lather, but his eyes were clear and alert and his manner was eager.

"Well, my boy, what do you want?" asked the Consul-General.

Mosie looked fearlessly up into the stern face with its iron jaw, and tipped his black thumb over his shoulder to where Ibrahim, in his gorgeous green caftan, stood timidly behind him.

At a sign from the Consul-General the Egyptian servant left the room, and then, quick as light, Mosie slipped off his sandal, ripped open its inner sole, and plucked out a letter stained with grease.

It was the letter which Helena had written in Khartoum.

The Consul-General read it rapidly, with an eagerness which even he could not conceal. So great, indeed, was his excitement that he did not see that a second paper (Ishmael's letter to the Sheikh el Islam) had fallen to the floor until Mosie picked it up and held it out to him.

"Good boy," said the Consul-General. The cloud had passed, and his face bore an expression of joy.

Instantly apprehending the dim purport of Helena's hasty letter, the Consul-General saw that what he had predicted and half hoped for was already coming to pass. It was to be open conspiracy now, not passive conspiracy any longer. The man Ishmael was falling a victim to the most fatal of all mental maladies. The Mahdist delusion was taking possession of him and he was throwing himself into the Government's hands.



"IT WAS THE LETTER WHICH HELENA HAD WRITTEN IN KHARTOUM."

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Hurriedly ringing his bell, the Consul-General committed Mosie to Ibrahim's care, whereupon the small black boy in his soiled clothes, with his dirty face and hands, strutted out of the room in front of the Egyptian servant, looking as proud as a peacock and feeling like sixteen feet tall. Then the Consul-General called for one of his secretaries, and sent him for the Commandant of Police.

The Commandant came in hot haste. He was a big and rather corpulent Englishman, wearing a blue-braided uniform and a fez—naturally a blusterous person with his own people, but as soft-voiced as a woman and as obsequious as a slave before his chief.

"Draw up your chair, Commandant—closer—now listen," said the Consul-General.

And then in a low tone he repeated what he had already learned from Helena's letter, and added what he had instantly divined from it—that Ishmael Ameer was to return to Cairo; that he was to come back in the disguise of a Bedouin sheikh; that his object was to draw off the allegiance of the Egyptian Army in order that a vast horde of his followers might take possession of the city; that this was to be done during the period of the forthcoming festivities, while the British Army were still in the provinces, and that the conspiracy was to reach its treacherous climax on the night of the King's birthday.

The Commandant listened with a gloomy face, and, looking timidly into the flashing eyes before him, he asked if His Excellency could rely on the source of his information.

"Absolutely! Infallibly!" said the Consul-General.

"Then," said the Commandant, nervously, "I presume the festivities must be postponed?"

"Certainly not, sir."

"Or perhaps your Excellency intends to have the British Army called back to Cairo?"

"Not that either."

"At least you will arrest the 'Bedouin.'"

"Not yet, at all events."

The policy to be pursued was to be something quite different.

Everything was to go on as usual. Sports, golf, cricket, croquet, tennis tournaments, polo matches, race meetings, automobile meetings, "all the usual fooleries and frivolities"—with crowds of sightseers, men in flannels and ladies in beautiful toilettes—were to be encouraged to proceed. The police bands were to play in the public gardens, the squares, the streets, everywhere.

"Say nothing to anybody. Give no sign of any kind. Let the conspiracy go on as if we knew nothing about it. But . . ."

"Yes, my lord? Yes?"

"Keep an eye on the 'Bedouin.' Let every train that arrives at the railway-station and every boat that comes down the river be watched. As soon as you have spotted your man, see where he goes to. He may be a fanatical fool, miscounting his 'divine' influence with the native soldier, but he cannot be working alone. Therefore, find out who visits him, learn all their movements, let their plans come to a head, and, when the proper time arrives, in one hour, at one blow, we will crush their conspiracy and clap our hands upon the whole of them."

"Splendid! An inspiration, my lord!"

"I've always said it would some day be necessary to forge a special weapon to meet special needs, and the time has come to forge it. Meantime, undertake nothing hurriedly. Make no mistakes, and see that your men make none."

"Certainly, my lord."

"Investigate every detail for yourself, and above all hold your tongue and guard your information with inviolable secrecy."

"Surely, my lord."

"You can go now. I'm busy. Good morning!"

"Wonderful man!" thought the Commandant, as he went out at the porch. "Seems to have taken a new lease of life! Wonderful!"

The Consul-General spent the whole of that day in thinking out his scheme for a "special weapon," and when night came and he went upstairs—through the great echoing house that was like the bureau of a department of State now, being so empty and so cheerless, and past the dark and silent room whereof the door was always closed—he felt conscious of a firmer and lighter step than he had known for years.

Fatimah was in his bedroom, for she had constituted herself his own nurse since his wife's death. She was nailing up on the wall the picture of the little boy in the Arab fez, and, having her own theory about why he had taken it down in the library, she said:—

"There! It will be company for your lordship, and nobody will ask questions about it here."

When Fatimah had gone, the Consul-General could not but think of Gordon.

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He always thought of him at that hour of the night, and the picture of his son that rose in his mind's eye was always the same. It was a picture of Gordon's deadly white face and trembling lower lip as he stood bolt upright while his medals were being torn from his breast, and then said, in that voice which his father could never forget, "General, the time may come when it will be even more painful to you to remember all this than it has been to me to bear it."

Oh, that Gordon could be here now and see for himself what a sorry charlatan, what a self-deceived quack and conspirator, was the man in whose defence he had allowed his own valuable life to rush down to a confused welter of wreck and ruin!

As the Consul-General got into bed he was thinking of Helena. What a glorious, courageous, resourceful woman she was! It carried his mind back to Biblical days to find anything equal to her daring and her success. But what was the price she had paid for them? He remembered something the Sirdar had said of "a marriage, a sort of betrothal," and then he recalled the words of her own first letter: "I know exactly how far I intend to go and I shall go no farther. I also know exactly what I intend to do, and I shall do it without fear or remorse."

What had happened in the Soudan? What was happening there now? In what battle-whirlwind had that splendid girl's magnificent victory been won?

CHAPTER XIX.

MEANTIME Helena in Khartoum was feeling like a miserable traitress.

She had condemned an innocent man to death! Ishmael had *not* killed her father, yet she had taken such steps that the moment he entered Cairo he would be walking to his doom!

One after another sweet and cruel memories crowded upon her, and in the light of the awful truth as Gordon had revealed it she began to see Ishmael with quite different eyes. All she had hitherto thought evil in his character now looked like good; what she had taken for hypocrisy was sincerity; what she had supposed to be subtlety was simplicity. His real nature was a rebuke to every one of her preconceived ideas. The thought of his tenderness, his modesty, his devotion, and even the unselfishness which had led to their betrothal cut her to the quick. Yet she had doomed him to destruction. The letter she had written to the Consul-General was his death-warrant.

That night she could fix her mind on nothing except the horror of her position, but next morning she set herself to think out schemes for stopping the consequences of her own act.

The black boy was gone; it was not possible to overtake him; there was no other train to Egypt for four days, but there was the telegraph—she could make use of that.

"I'll telegraph to the Consul-General to pay no attention to my letter," she thought.

Useless! The Consul-General would ask himself searching questions, and take his precautions just the same.

"I'll telegraph that my letter is a forgery," she thought.

Madness! The Consul-General would ask himself how, if it was a forgery, she could know anything about it.

"I'll go across to the Sirdar and tell him everything, and leave him to act for both of us as he thinks best!"

Impossible! How could she explain her position to the Sirdar without betraying Gordon's identity and thereby leading to his arrest?

That settled everything. There was no escape from the consequences of her conduct, no way to put an end to the network of dangers by which she had surrounded Ishmael. Mosie was now far on his way to Cairo; he carried to the Consul-General her own letter, but also the original of Ishmael's letter to the Chancellor of El Azhar. The hideous work was done.

Two days passed, during which her over-excited feelings seemed to paralyze all her powers of thought. Then a new idea took possession of her, and she set herself to undo what she had done with Ishmael himself. Little by little, in tremulous tones, and with a still deeper sense of duplicity than before, she began to express halting doubts of the success of their enterprise.

"I have been thinking about it," she said, nervously, "and now I fear . . ."

"What do you fear, O Rani?" asked Ishmael.

"I fear," said Helena, trembling visibly, "that the moment the Government learn from the Sirdar, as they needs must, that the great body of your people have left Khartoum and are travelling north, they will recall the British Army to protect the capital, and thus . . ."

But Ishmael interrupted her with a laugh.

"If the day of the Redeemer has come,"

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he said, "will human armies hinder Him? No!"

It was useless! Ishmael was now more than ever an enthusiast, a fanatic, a visionary. His spiritual ecstasy swept away every obstacle and made him blind to every danger.

Helena felt like a witch who was trying to undo the effects of her charm. She could not undo them. She could not destroy the potency of the spell she herself had raised, and the effort to do so put her into a fever of excitement.

Two days more passed like this, and still Helena was in the toils of her own actions. From time to time she saw Gordon as he sat at meals or moved about the house. He did not speak to her, and she dropped her head in shame as often as they came close together. But at length she caught a look in his face which seemed to her to say, "Are you really going to let an innocent man walk into the jaws of death?"

That brought her wavering mind to a quick conclusion. Gordon was waiting for her to speak. She must speak! She must confess everything! She must tell Ishmael what she had done, and by what tragic tangle of error she had done it. At any cost, no matter what, she must put an end to the false situation in which she lived, and thus redeem herself in Gordon's eyes and in her own.

At noon that day, being Friday, Ishmael preached in the mosque, delivering a still more fervent and passionate message. The kingdom of heaven which the Lord Isa had foretold was soon to come! When it came God would lend them legions of angels, if need be, to protect the oppressed and to uphold the downtrodden! Therefore, let the children of God fear nothing from the Powers and Principalities of the world! Their pilgrimage was safe! No harm could come to them, for, however their feet might slip, the arms of the Compassionate would bear them up!

As Ishmael's ecstasy had increased so had the devotion of his people, and when he returned home they followed him in a dense crowd through the streets, shouting the wildest acclamations.

"Out of the way! The Master is coming! The Messenger is here! Allah! El Hamdullillah!"

Helena heard them, but she did not hear Ishmael reprove them, as in earlier days he had been wont to do.

She was standing in the salamlik, and the noise of the approaching crowd had brought Gordon from his bedroom at the moment when Ishmael, surrounded by a group of his people, stepped into the house.

Ishmael was in a state of excitement amounting to exaltation, and after holding out hands both to Helena and Gordon he turned to his followers to dismiss them.

"Go back now," he said, "and to-night, two hours after sunset, let the Ulema and the notables come to me that we may decide on the details of our pilgrimage."

"Allah! El Hamdullillah!" cried the people.

More than ever they were like creatures possessed. Hungry and ragged as many of them were, the new magnificence that was to be given to their lives appeared to be already shining in their eyes.

Helena saw this and her heart was smitten with remorse at thought of the cruel confession she had decided to make. She could not make it in sight of the hopes it must destroy. But neither could she look into Gordon's searching face and remain silent, and as soon as the crowd had gone she made an effort to speak.

"Ishmael," she said, trembling all over, "there is something I wish to say—if it will not displease you."

"Nothing the Rani can say will displease me," said Ishmael.

He was looking at her with the expression of enthusiastic admiration which she had seen in his eyes before. It was hard to go on.

"Your intentions are now known to everybody," she said. "You have not hidden them from any of your own people. That has been very trustful, very noble, but still . . ."

"Still—what, my sister?"

"If somebody . . . should betray your scheme to the Government, and . . . and the moment you set foot in Cairo . . ."

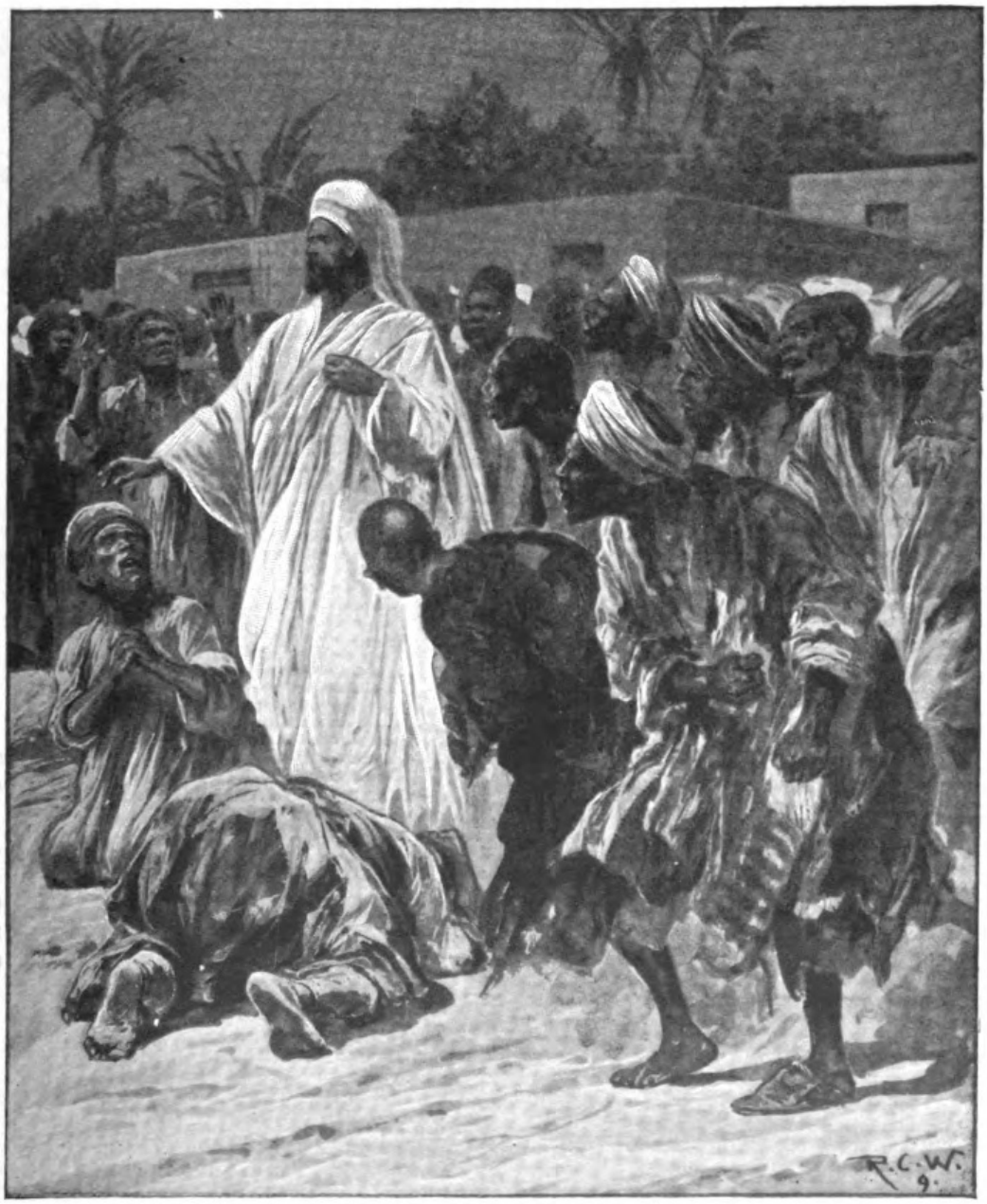
Again Ishmael interrupted her with a laugh.

"Impossible!" he said, smiling upon her with his bright and joyous eyes. "Islam has only one heart, one soul, one mind."

And then, taking her quivering hand and leading her to the door, he pointed to the camp outside and said:—

"Look! Ten thousand of our poor, unhappy people are there. They have come to me from the tyrannies of cruel taskmasters and been true to me through the temptations of hunger and thirst. Some of them are from Cairo and are waiting to return home. All are the children of Islam and are looking for the coming of the Expected, who brings

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"WHEN HE RETURNED HOME THEY FOLLOWED HIM IN A DENSE CROWD THROUGH THE STREETS."

peace and joy. Is there one of them who will betray me now? Not one! Treachery would injure me, but it would hurt the betrayer more."

Then, with the same expression of enthusiastic admiration and in a still tenderer and softer voice, he began to laugh and to rally her, saying he knew well what was going on in his sweet sister's mind—that though her brave spirit had devised the plan they had adopted, yet now that the time was near for carrying it into execution her womanly heart was failing her, and affectionate anxiety for his own safety was making her afraid.

"But have no fear at all," he said, standing behind her and smoothing her cheek with a light touch of his tapering fingers. "If this is God's work, will God forget me? No!"

With a sense of stifling duplicity Helena made one more effort and said:—

"Still, who knows, there may be someone . . ."

"None, O Rani!"

"But don't you know . . ."

"I don't want to know anything except one thing—that God guides and directs me."

Again he laughed and asked where was the farda—the Bedouin head-dress—which she had promised to make for his disguise.

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"Get to work at it quick," he said; "it will be wanted soon, my sister."

And then clapping his hands for the midday meal he went into his room to prepare for it, leaving Gordon and Helena for some moments alone together.

Gordon had been standing aside in the torment of a hundred mixed emotions, and now he and Helena spoke in whispers.

"He is determined to go into Cairo," she said.

"Quite determined."

"Oh, is there *no* way to prevent him?"

"None now—unless . . ."

"Unless—what?" she asked, eagerly.

"Let us . . . let us wait and see," said Gordon, and then Abdullah came in to lay the table.

CHAPTER XX.

As soon as the midday meal was over Gordon escaped to his own room, the room he shared with Ishmael, and, throwing himself down on the angerib with his hands clasped across his face, he tried to think out the situation in which he found himself, to gaze into the depths of his conscience, and to see where he was and what he ought to do.

So violent was the state of his soul that he sat there a long time before he could link together his memories of what had happened since he arrived in Khartoum.

"Am I dreaming?" he asked himself again and again, as one by one his thoughts rolled over him like tempestuous waves.

The first thing he saw clearly was that Ishmael was not now the same man that he had seen at Alexandria; that the anxieties, responsibilities, and sufferings he had gone through as a religious leader had dissipated his strong commonsense; and that as a consequence the caution whereby men guard their conduct had gone.

He also saw that Ishmael's spiritual ecstasy had reached a point not far removed from madness; that his faith in divine guidance, divine guardianship, divine intervention had become an absolute obsession.

Therefore it was hopeless to try to move him from his purpose by any appeals on the score of danger to himself or to his people.

"He is determined to go into Cairo," thought Gordon, "and into Cairo he will go."

The next thing Gordon saw, as he examined the situation before him, was that Helena was powerless to undo the work which by the cruel error of fate she had been led to do; that her act was irrevocable; that there was no calling it back, and that it would go from its consequences to the consequences of its consequences.

Helena's face appeared before him, and his heart bled for her as he thought of how she passed before him — she, who had always been so bold and gay—with her once proud head bent low. He remembered her former strength and self-reliance; her natural force and grace; her fearless daring, and that dash of devilry which had been for him one of her greatest charms; and then he thought of her false position in that house, brought there by her own will, held there by her own act—a tragic figure of a woman in the meshes of her own net.

"She cannot continue to live like this. It is impossible. Yet what can the end be?" he asked himself.

Hours passed like this. His head, under his hot hands, burned, and his temples throbbed, yet no ray of light emerged from the darkness surrounding him.

But at length the man in him, the soldier and the lover, swept down every obstacle, and he told himself that he must save Helena from the consequences of her own conduct, whatever the result might be.

"I must! I must!" he kept on repeating as Helena's face rose before him; and after a while this blind resolution brought him at one stride to a new idea.

Ishmael was determined to go into Cairo, but there was one way to prevent him doing so—that he, Gordon himself, should go instead.

When he first thought of that his temples beat so violently that it seemed as if they would burst, and he felt as if he had been brought to the very brink of despair. Seeing nothing before him but instant arrest the moment he entered the city, it seemed to be a pitiful end to his long journey across the desert, a poor sequel to his fierce struggle with himself, and to the mystic hopes with which he had buoyed up his heart, that immediately after he had reached Khartoum he should turn back to his death.

Work, mission, redemption—all that had so recently had a meaning for him, had disappeared. But his heart rose when he remembered that, if he did what he had determined to do, the cruel error of fate would be broken whereby Ishmael had been doomed to die for an offence he did not commit.

What was the first fact of this cruel situation? That Helena had believed Ishmael to be guilty of the death of her father. But

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Ishmael was innocent, whereas he, Gordon, was guilty! Could he allow an innocent man to die for his crime?

That brought him to the crisis of his conscience. It settled everything. Destiny, acting under the blind force of a poor girl's love for her father, was sending Ishmael to his death. But destiny should be defeated! He should pay his own penalty! Ishmael should be snatched from the doom that threatened him, and Helena should be saved from lifelong remorse.

"Yes, yes, I must go into Cairo instead," he told himself.

It had grown late by this time, and the bedroom had become dark when Abdullah knocked at the door and said that the sheikhs were in the salamlik and Ishmael was asking for Omar.

Under its roof, thatched with stalks of durah, lit by lamps suspended from its rafters, the Ulema and notables of Khartoum—the same that visited the Sirdar—had gathered in the guest-room soon after sunset, and squatting on the divans, covered by carpets and cushions, had drunk their coffee from small cups and talked in their winding, circuitous Eastern way of the business before them, and particularly of the White Lady's part in it, while they waited for Ishmael, who was still at the mosque.

"Yes," the vivacious old Pasha had said, "no matter how great a man may be, when he undertakes an enterprise like this he should always consult ten of his friends."

"But great ones are not great in friends," said a younger sheikh. "What if he has not got ten?"

"Then let him consult one friend ten times over."

"Nay, but if he stands so high that he has not got even one friend?"

"Then," said the old man, with a sly look over his shoulder towards the women's side of the house, "let him consult his wife, and whatever she advises let him do the contrary."

When Gordon in his Bedouin dress entered the guest-room, Ishmael was sitting in the midst of his people, and he called to him to take the seat by his right side.

"But where is the Rani?" he asked, looking round, whereupon Abdullah answered that she was still in her room, and the old Pasha hinted that in the emancipation of the Eastern woman perhaps women themselves would be the chief impediment.

"I know! I know!" said Ishmael. "But, all the same, we must turn our backs on the madness of a bygone age that woman is inferior to man, and her counsel is not to be trusted. Bring her, Abdullah."

A few minutes afterwards Helena, wearing her Indian veil, but with her face uncovered, entered the guest-room with downcast eyes, followed by the Arab woman and the child.

It cut Gordon to the heart to see her look of shame and of confusion, but Ishmael saw nothing in Helena's manner except maidenly modesty under the eyes of so many men, and, making a place for her on his left, he began without further delay on the business that had brought them together.

They were about to win a dear victory for God, but it was to be a white war, a bloodless revolution. The heartless festivities that were to be held in honour of the birthday of the King who lived across the seas, while people perished in Egypt, were to reach their climax something more than a month hence. Therefore, the great caravan of God's children, who were to cross the desert by camel and horse and ass, in order that they might meet the Expected One when he appeared in Cairo, should start within a week. But the messenger of God who had to prepare the path before them must go by train, and he ought to leave Khartoum in four days.

Other preliminaries of the pilgrimage there were to arrange, and after the manner of their kind the sheikhs talked long and leisurely, agreeing finally that Ishmael should go first into Cairo in the disguise of a Bedouin sheikh to make sure of the success of their mission, and that Omar (Gordon) should follow him in command of the body of the people.

At length there was silence for a moment, and then Ishmael said:—

"Is there anything else, my brothers?"

And at that Gordon, who had not spoken before, turned to him and answered in the style as well as the language of the Arabs:—

"Listen, I beg of you, to my words, and forgive me if what I say is not pleasing to you or yours."

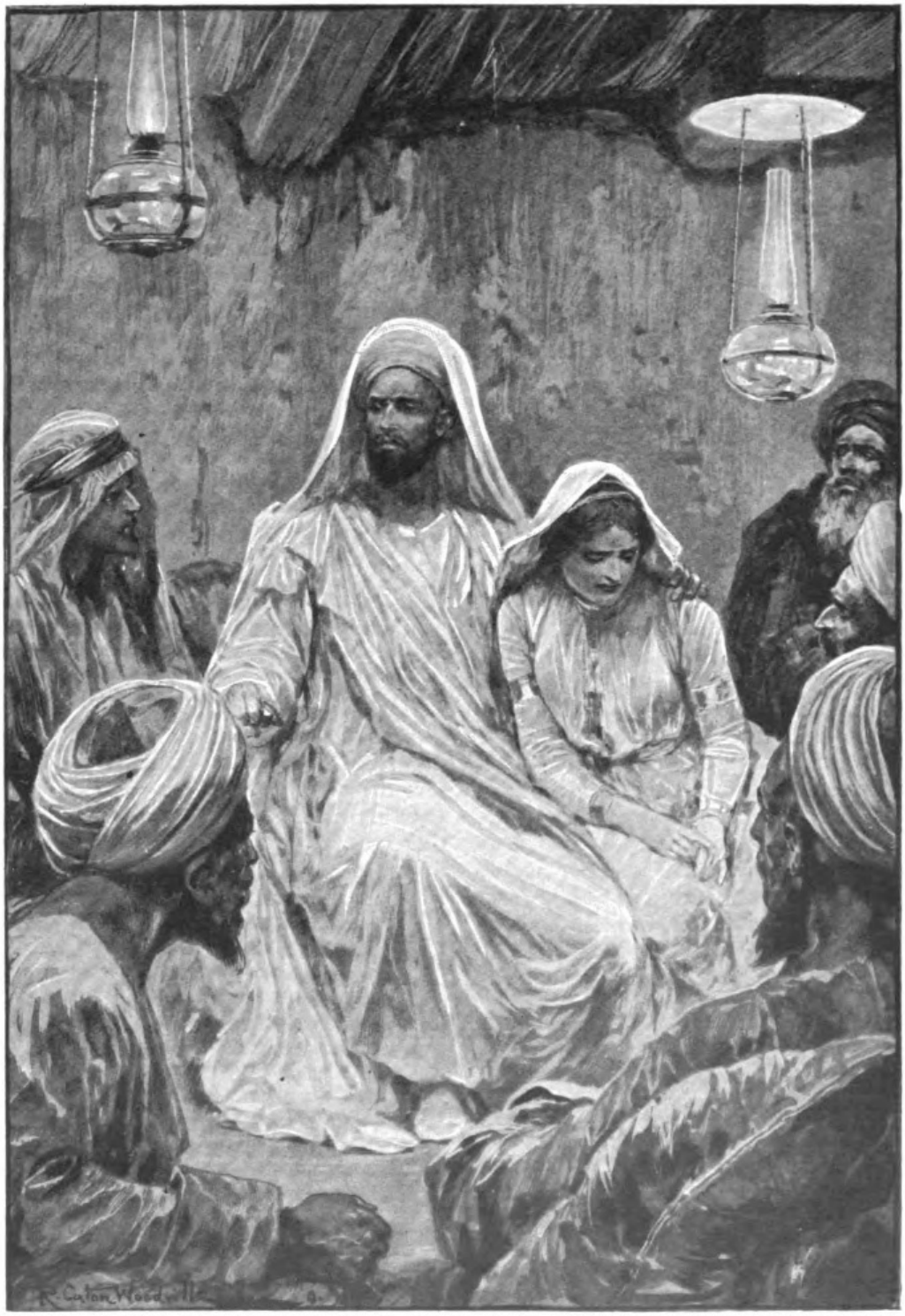
"Speak, Omar Benani, speak," said Ishmael, laying his right hand with an affectionate gesture on Gordon's left.

There was a moment of silence, in which Gordon could distinctly hear the sound of Helena's breathing. Then he said:—

"Reverse your order, O my brother, and let me go first into Cairo."

A tingling electrical current seemed to pass through the air of the room, and again Gordon heard the sound of Helena's laboured

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"TAKING GORDON BY THE RIGHT HAND, WHILE WITH HIS LEFT HE WAS HOLDING HELENA, HE SAID, 'OMAR, MY FRIEND, MY BROTHER!'"

breathing, but no one spoke except Ishmael, who said in a soft voice:—

"But why, Omar, why?"

Gordon braced himself up and answered:—

"First, because it best becomes a messenger of God to enter Cairo in the company of his people, not alone and in disguise."

"And next?"

"Next, because I know Cairo better than Ishmael, and all that he can do I can do, and more."

There was another moment of tense silence, and then Ishmael said:—

"I listen to your sincere proposal, O my brother, but before I answer it I ask for the counsel of my friends."

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Then, raising his voice, he cried, "Companions, you have heard what Omar Benani has said—which of us is it to be?"

At that the electrical atmosphere in the room broke into eager and impetuous speech. First came, as needs must in an Eastern conclave, some gusts of questions, then certain breezes of protest, but finally a strong and unbroken current of assent.

"Master," said one of the sheikhs, "I have eaten bread and salt with you, therefore I will not deceive you. Let Omar go first. He can do all that Ishmael can do and run no risk."

"Messenger of the Merciful," said another, "neither will I deceive you. Omar knows Cairo best. Therefore let him go first."

After others had answered in the same way Ishmael turned to Mahmud, his uncle, whereupon the old man wiped his rheumy eyes and said:—

"Your life is in God's hands, O son of my brother, and man cannot escape his destiny. If it is God's will that you should be the first to go into Cairo, you will go and God will protect you. But, speaking for myself, I should think it a shame and a humiliation that the father of his people should not enter the city with his children. If Omar says he can do as much as you, believe him—the white man does not lie."

No sooner had the old man concluded than the whole company with one voice shouted that they were all of the same opinion, whereupon Ishmael cried:—

"So be it, then! Omar it shall be! And do not think for one moment that I grudge your choice."

"El Hamdullillah!" shouted the company, as from a sense of otherwise inexpressible relief.

Meantime, Gordon was conscious only of Helena's violent agitation. Though he dare not look at her, he seemed to see her feverish face and the expression of terror in her lustrous eyes. At length, when the shouts of the sheikhs had subsided, he heard her tremulous voice saying hurriedly to Ishmael:—

"Do not listen to them."

"But why, my Rani?" Ishmael asked, in a whisper.

She tried to answer him and could not. "Because . . . because . . . "

"Because—what?" asked Ishmael again.

"Oh, I don't know—I can't think—but I beg you, I entreat you, not to let Omar go into Cairo."

Her agitated voice made another moment of silence, and then Ishmael said in a soft, indulgent tone:—

"I understand you, O my Rani. This may be the task of greatest danger, but it is the place of highest honour, too, and you would fain see no man except your husband assigned to it. But Omar is of me and I am of him, and there can be no pride or jealousy between us."

And then, taking Gordon by the right hand, while with his left he was holding Helena, he said:—

"Omar, my friend, my brother!"

"El Hamdullillah!" cried the sheikhs again, and then one by one they rose to go.

Helena arose too, and with her face aflame and her breath coming in gusts she hurried back to her room. The Arab woman followed her in a moment, and with a mocking smile in her glinting eyes she said:—

"How happy you must be, O lady, that someone else than your husband is to go into that place of danger!"

But Helena could bear no more.

"Go out of the room this moment! I cannot endure you! I hate you! Go, woman, go!" she cried.

Zenoab fled before the fury in her lady's face, but the next moment Helena had dropped to the floor and burst into a flood of tears.

When she gained possession of herself again the child, Ayesha, was embracing her, and, without knowing why, was weeping over her wet cheeks.

CHAPTER XXI.

Now that Gordon was to take Ishmael's place, Helena found herself deeper than ever in the toils of her own plot. She could see nothing but death before him as the result of his return to Cairo. If his identity were discovered he would die for his own offences as a soldier. If it were not discovered he would be executed for Ishmael's conspiracies as she had made them known.

"Oh, it cannot be! It must not be! It shall not be!" she continued to say to herself, but without seeing a way to prevent it.

Never for a moment in her anxiety to save Gordon from stepping into the pit she had dug for Ishmael did she allow herself to think that, being the real cause of her father's death, he deserved the penalty she had prepared for the guilty man. Her mind had altered towards that event since the man concerned in it had changed. The more she thought of it the more sure she became that it was a totally different thing, and in the strict sense hardly a crime at all.

In the first place she reminded herself that

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her father had suffered from an affection of the heart which must have contributed to his death, even if it had not been the principal cause of it. How could she have forgotten that fact until now?

Remembering her father's excitement and exhaustion when she saw him last, she could see for the first time by the light of Gordon's story what had afterwards occurred—the burst of ungovernable passion, the struggle, the fall, the death.

Then she told herself that Gordon had not intended to kill her father, and whatever he did had been done for love of her. "Helena was mine, and you have separated her from me, and broken her heart as well as my own." Yes, love for her and the torment of losing her had brought Gordon back to the Citadel after he had been ordered to return to his quarters. Love for her and the delirium of a broken heart had wrung out of him the insults which had led to the quarrel which resulted in her father's death.

In spite of her lingering tenderness for the memory of her father, she began to see how much he had been to blame for what had happened—to think of the gross indignity, the frightful shame, the unmerciful and even unlawful degradation to which in his towering rage he had subjected Gordon. The scene came back to her with horrible distinctness now—her father crying in a half-stifled voice, "You are a traitor! A traitor who has consorted with the enemies of his country," and then ripping Gordon's sword from its scabbard and breaking it across his knee.

But, seeing this, she also saw her own share in what had occurred. At the moment of Gordon's deepest humiliation she had driven him away from her. Her pride had conquered her love, and instead of flinging herself into his arms as she ought to have done, whether he was in the right or in the wrong, when everybody else was trampling upon him, she had insulted him with reproaches and turned her back upon him in his disgrace.

That scene came back to her, too—Gordon at the door of the General's house, with his deadly white face and trembling lips, stammering out, "I couldn't help it, Helena—it was impossible for me to act otherwise," and then, bareheaded as he was, and with every badge of rank and honour gone, staggering across the garden to the gate.

When she thought of all this now it seemed to her that if anybody had been to blame for her father's death it was not Gordon but herself. His had been the hand, the blind hand only, but the heart that had wrought the evil had been hers.

"Oh, it cannot be, it shall not be!" she continued to say to herself, and just as she had tried to undo her work with Ishmael when he was bent on going into Cairo, so she determined to do the same with Gordon, now that he had stepped into Ishmael's place.

Her opportunity came soon.

A little before midday of the day following the meeting of the sheikhs she was alone in the guest-room, sitting at the brass table that served her as a desk—Ishmael being in the camp, Zenoab and the child in the town, and old Mahmud still in bed—when Gordon came out of the men's quarter and walked towards the door as if intending to pass out of the house.

He had seen her as he came from his bedroom, with one of her hands pressed to her brow, and a feeling of inexpressible pity and unutterable longing had so taken possession of him, with the thought that he was soon to lose her—the most precious gift life had given him—that he had tried to steal away.

But instinctively she felt his approach, and with a trembling voice she called to him, so he returned and stood by her side.

"Why are you doing this?" she said. "You know what I mean. Why are you doing it?"

"You know quite well why I am doing it, Helena. Ishmael was determined to go to his death. There was only one way to prevent him. I had to take it."

"But you are going to death yourself—isn't that so?"

He did not answer. He was trying not to look at her.

"Or perhaps you see some way of escape—do you?"

Still he did not speak—he was even trying not to hear her.

"If not, why are you going into Cairo instead of Ishmael?"

"Don't ask me that, Helena. I would rather not answer you."

Suddenly the tears came into her eyes, and after a moment's silence she said:—

"I know! I understand! But remember your father. He loves you. You may not think it, but he does. I am sure he does. Yet if you go into Cairo you know quite well what he will do."

"My father is a great man, Helena. He will do his duty whatever happens—what he believes to be his duty."

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"Certainly he will; but, all the same, do you think he will not suffer? And do you wish to put him into the position of being compelled to cut off his own son? Is that right? Can anything—anything in the world—make it necessary?"

Gordon did not answer her, but under the strain of his emotion he tightened his lips and his pinched nostrils began to dilate like the nostrils of a horse.

"Then remember your mother, too," said Helena. "She is weak and ill. It breaks my heart to think of her as I saw her last. She believes that you have fled away to some foreign country, but she is living in the hope that time will justify you, and then you will be reconciled to your father and come back to her again. Is this how you would come back? . . . Oh, it will kill her! I'm sure it will!"

She saw that Gordon's strong and manly face was now utterly discomposed, and she could not help but follow up her advantage.

"Then think a little of me, too, Gordon. This is all my fault, and if anything is done to you in Cairo it will be just the same to me as if I had done it. Do you wish me to die of remorse?"

She saw that he was struggling to restrain himself, and, turning her beautiful wet eyes upon him and laying her hand on his arm, she said:—

"Don't go back to Cairo, Gordon! For my sake, for your own sake, for our love's sake . . . "

But Gordon could bear no more, and he cried in a low, hoarse whisper:—

"Helena, for Heaven's sake, don't speak so. I knew it wouldn't be easy to do what I intended to do, and it isn't easy. But don't make it harder for me than it is, I beg, I pray."

She tried to speak again, but he would not listen.

"When you sent the message into Cairo that doomed Ishmael to death, you thought he had killed your father. If he had really done so he would have deserved all you did to him. But he hadn't, whereas I had. Do you think I can let an innocent man die for my crime?"

"But, Gordon . . . " she began, and again he stopped her.

"Don't speak about it, Helena. For Heaven's sake, don't! I've fought this battle with myself before, and I can't fight it over again. With your eyes upon me, too, your voice in my ears, and your presence by my side."

He was trying to move away, and she was still clinging to his arm.

"Don't speak about our love, either. All that is over now. You must know it is. There is a barrier between us that can never . . . "

His voice was breaking, and he was struggling to tear himself away from her, but she leaped to her feet and cried:—

"Gordon, you *shall* hear me, you *must!*" and then he stopped short and looked at her.

"You think you were the cause of my father's death, but you were not," she said.

His mouth opened, his lips trembled, he grew deadly pale.

"You think, too, that there is a barrier of blood between us, but there is no such thing."

"Take care of what you are saying, Helena."

"What I am saying is the truth, Gordon—it is God's truth."

He looked blankly at her for a moment in silence; then laid hold of her violently by both arms, gazed closely into her face, and said in a low, trembling voice:—

"Helena, if you knew what it is to live for months under the shadow of a sin—an awful sin—an unpardonable sin—surely you wouldn't . . . But why don't you speak? Speak, girl, speak!"

Then Helena looked fearlessly back into his excited face and said:—

"Gordon, do you remember that you came to my room in the Citadel before you went in to that . . . that fatal interview?"

"Yes, yes! How can I forget it?"

"Do you also remember that I told you then that whatever happened that day I could never leave my father?"

"Yes, certainly, yes."

"Do you remember that you asked me why, and I said I couldn't tell you because it was a secret—somebody else's secret?"

"Well?" His pulses were beating violently; she could feel them throbbing on her arms.

"Gordon," she said, "do you know what that secret was? I can tell you now. Do you know what it was?"

"What?"

"That my father was suffering from heart-disease, and had already received his death-warrant."

She waited for Gordon to speak, but he was almost afraid to breathe.

"He didn't know his condition until we arrived in Egypt, and then perhaps he ought

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to have resigned his commission, but he had been out of the service for two years, and the temptation to remain was too much for him, so he asked me to promise to say nothing about it."

Gordon released her arms and she sat down again. He stood over her breathing fast and painfully.

"I thought you ought to have been told at the time when we became engaged, but my father said, 'No! Why put him in a false position and burden him with responsibilities he ought not to bear?'"

Helena's own voice was breaking now, and as Gordon listened to it he was looking down at her flushed face, which was thinner than before, but more beautiful than ever in his eyes, and a hundredfold more touching than when it first won his heart.

"I tried to tell you that day, too, before you went into the General's office, so that you might see for yourself, dear, that if you separated yourself from my father I . . . I couldn't possibly follow you, but there was my promise, and then . . . then my pride and . . . and something you said that pained and wounded me . . ."
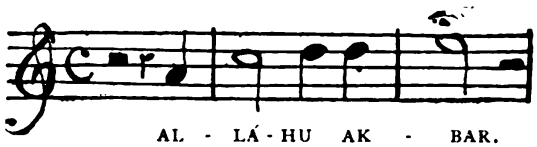
"I know, I know, I know," he said.

"But now," she continued, rising to her feet again, "now," she repeated, in the same trembling voice, but with a look of joy and triumph, "now that you have told me what happened after your return to the Citadel, I see quite clearly, I am sure, perfectly sure, that my dear father died not by your hand at all, but by the hand and the will of God."
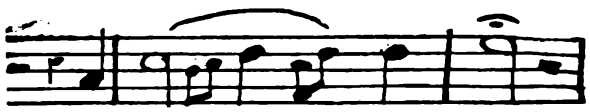
"Helena! Helena!" cried Gordon, and in the tempest of his love and the overwhelming sense of boundless relief he flung his arms about her and covered her face with kisses.

One long moment of immeasurable joy they were permitted to know, and then the hand of fate snatched at them again.

From their intoxicating happiness they were awakened by a voice. It was only the voice of the mueddin calling to midday prayers, but it seemed to be reproaching them, separating them, tearing them asunder, reminding them of where they were now and what they were and that God was over them.



(God is most great!)



(God is most great!)

Their lips parted, their arms fell away from each other, and irresistibly, simultaneously, as if by an impulse of the same heart, they dropped to their knees to pray for pardon.

The voice of the mueddin ceased, and in the silence of the following moment they heard a soft footstep coming behind.

It was Ishmael. He did not speak to either of them, but seeing them on their knees, at the hour of midday prayers, he stepped up and knelt between.

CHAPTER XXII.

WHEN Gordon had time to examine the new situation in which he found himself, he saw that he was now in a worse case than before.

It had been an inexpressible relief to realize that he was not the first cause of the General's death, and therefore that conscience did not require him to go into Cairo in order to protect Ishmael from the consequences of a crime he did not commit. But no sooner had he passed this great crisis than he was brought up against a great test. What was it to him that he could save his life if he had to lose Helena?

Helena was now Ishmael's wife—betrothed to him by the most sacred pledges of Mohammedan law. If the barrier of blood which had kept him from Helena had been removed, the barrier of marriage which kept Helena from him remained.

"What can we do?" he asked himself, and for a long time he saw no answer.

In the fierce struggle that followed honour and duty seemed to say that inasmuch as Helena had entered into this union of her own free will—however passively acquiescing in its strange conditions—she must abide by it, and he must leave her where she was and crush down his consuming passion, which was an unholy passion now. But honour and duty are halting and timorous guides in the presence of love, and when Gordon came to think of Helena as the actual wife of Ishmael he was conscious of nothing but the flame that was burning at his heart's core.

Remembering what Helena had told him, and what he had seen since he came to that house, he reminded himself that after all the marriage was only a marriage *pro forma*, a

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promise made under the mysterious compulsion of fate, a contract of convenience and perhaps generosity on the one side, and on the other side of dark and calculating designs which would not bear to be thought of any longer, being a result of the blind leading of awful passions under circumstances of the most irresistible provocation.

When he came to think of love he was dead to everything else. Ishmael did not love Helena, whereas he, Gordon, loved her with all his heart and soul and strength. She was everything in life to him, and though he might have gone to his death without her it was impossible to live and leave her behind him.

Thinking so, he began to conjure up the picture of a time when Ishmael, under the influence of Helena's beauty and charm, might perhaps forget the bargain between them and claim his rights as a husband; and then the thought of her beautiful head with its dark curling locks, as it lay in his arms that day, lying in the arms of the Arab, with Ishmael's swarthy face above her, so tortured him that it swept away every other consideration.

"It must not, shall not, cannot be," he told himself.

And that brought him to the final thought that since he loved Helena, and since Helena loved him and not her husband, their position in Ishmael's house was utterly false and wrong and could not possibly continue.

"It is not fair even to Ishmael himself," he thought.

And when, struggling with his conscience, he asked himself how he was to put an end to the odious and miserable situation, he concluded at once that he would go boldly to Ishmael and tell him the whole story of Helena's error and temptation, thereby securing his sympathy and extricating all of them from the position in which they were placed.

"Anything will be better than the present state of things," he thought, as he reflected upon the difficult and delicate task he intended to undertake.

But, after a moment, he saw that while it would be hard to explain Helena's impulse of vengeance to the man who had been the object of it, to tell him of the message she had sent into Cairo would be utterly impossible.

"I cannot say anything to Ishmael about that," he thought, and the only logical sequence of ideas was that he could not say anything to Ishmael at all.

This left him with only one conclusion—that, inasmuch as it was impossible that he and Helena could remain any longer in that house, and equally impossible that they could leave it with Ishmael's knowledge and consent, there was nothing for them to do but to fly away.

He found it hard to reconcile himself to the idea of a secret flight. The very thought of it seemed to put them into the position of adulterers, deceiving an unsuspecting husband. But when he remembered the scene in the guest-room that day, the moment of overpowering love, the irresistible kiss, and then the crushing sense of duplicity as Ishmael entered and without a thought of treachery knelt between them, he told himself that at any cost whatsoever he must put an end to the false position in which they lived.

"We must do it soon—the sooner the better," he thought.

Though he had lived so long with the thought of losing Helena, that kiss had in a moment put his soul and body into a flame. He knew that his love was blinding him to certain serious considerations, and that some of these would rise up later on and perhaps accuse him of selfishness, or disloyalty, or worse. But he could only think of Helena now, and his longing to possess her made him dead to everything else.

In a fever of excitement he began to think out plans for their escape, and, reflecting that two days had still to pass before the train left Khartoum by which it had been intended that he should travel in his character as Ishmael's messenger, he decided that it was impossible for them to wait for that.

They must get away at once by camel and desert if not by rail. And remembering Osman, his former guide and companion, he concluded to go over to the Gordon College and secure his aid.

Having reached this point, he asked himself if he ought not to obtain Helena's consent before going any farther; but no, he would not wait even for that. And then, remembering how utterly crushed she was, a victim of storm and tempest, a bird with a broken wing, he assumed the attitude of strength towards her, telling himself she was a woman after all and it was his duty as a man to think and to act for her.

So he set out in haste to see Osman, and when, on his way through the town, he passed (without being recognised) a former comrade in khaki, a colonel of Lancers whose life had been darkened by the loss of his wife through the treachery

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of a brother officer, he felt no qualms at all at the thought of taking Helena from Ishmael.

"Ours is a different case altogether," he said, and then he told himself that their life would be all the brighter in the future because it had had this terrible event in it.

It was late and dark when he returned from the Gordon College, and then old Mahmud's house was as busy as a fair, with people coming and going on errands relating to the impending pilgrimage; but he watched his opportunity to speak to Helena, and as soon as Ishmael, who was more than commonly animated and excited that night, had dismissed his followers and gone to the door to drive them home, he approached her and whispered in her ear:—

"Helena!"

"Yes?"

"Can you be ready to leave Khartoum at four o'clock in the morning?"

For a moment she made no reply. It seemed to her an incredible happiness that they were really to go away together. But, quickly collecting her wandering thoughts, she answered:—

"Yes, I can be ready."

"Then go down to the Post Landing. I shall be there with a launch."

"Yes, yes!" Her heart was beating furiously.

"Osman, the guide who brought me here, will be waiting with camels on the other side of the river."

"Yes, yes, yes!"

"We are to ride as far as Atbara, and take train from there to the Red Sea."

"And what then?"

"God knows what then. We must wait for the direction of fate. America, perhaps, as we always hoped and intended."



"SHE TOOK HIS FACE BETWEEN HER HANDS AND KISSED HIM."

She looked quickly round, then took his face between her hands and kissed him.

"To-morrow morning at four o'clock," she whispered.

"At four," he answered.

A thousand thoughts were flashing through her mind, but she asked no further questions, and at the next moment she went off to her own quarters.

The door of her room was ajar, and the face of the Arab woman, who was within, doing something with the clothes of the child, seemed to wear the same mocking smile as before; but Helena was neither angry nor alarmed. When she asked herself if the woman had seen or heard what had taken place between Gordon and herself, no dangers loomed before her in relation to their flight.

Her confidence in Gordon—his strength, his courage, his power to protect her—was absolute. If he intended to take her away he would do so, and not Ishmael or all the Arabs on earth would stop him.

(*To be continued.*)

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Style in Comic Art.

AS no man tells a joke exactly as he has heard it, but gives it a twist peculiar to himself, not always to the joke's prosperity, so no two artists will draw a joke the same way. If no two draughtsmen even so much as see a given incident alike, one that had actually happened, it is not to be expected that they would portray an imaginary one with any uniformity. A brilliant idea recently occurred to the Chairman of the Strand Club, the reports of whose proceedings will not have been forgotten by our readers, to ascertain how a single joke imparted separately to the members would be treated by them. Here was a chance to exhibit the individual style of some of the leading artists of the kingdom. A joke was accordingly carefully compounded — or, rather, a touching episode of child life (to say nothing of the dog) transcribed — and this was entrusted in turn to the tender mercies of eleven professional humorists. Their illustrations reveal, as was expected, the very qualities which have made their work famous. In no single case has the notion struck them in the same way.

But first let us relate the incident.

A large dog of fearsome aspect dashes through a crowded thoroughfare. Pedestrians are panic-stricken and seek safety. Presently it is observed that a small boy is being whirled along at the other end of the dog's chain. The small boy does not apparently share the general fears either for his own safety or that of the public. "What are you frightened for?" he pipes out cheerily; "can't you see I've got hold of the dog?"

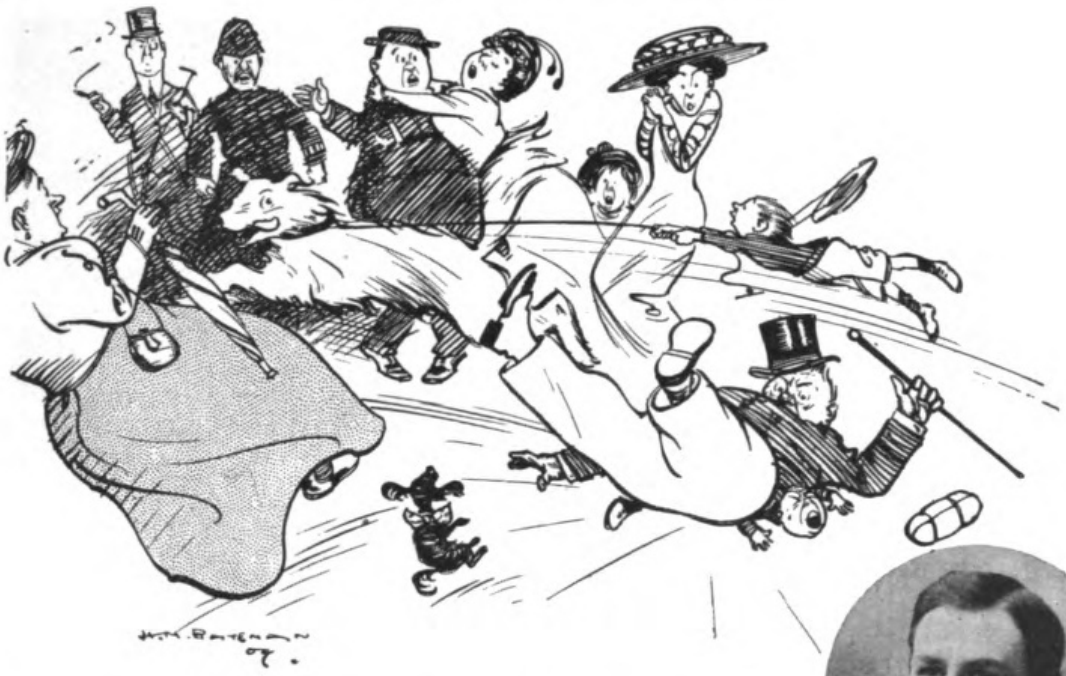




MR. LAWSON WOOD.

One's first curiosity is as to the breed of the dog, and secondly as to the aspect of the boy. Mr. Lawson Wood seems to have no doubt in the former detail. He unhesitatingly rejects bloodhounds and mastiffs and plumps for a sheep-dog. His rendering of the

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MR. H. M. BATEMAN.

adventure is peculiarly his own. As a draughtsman he gets his effects by a bold, dashing treatment, ignoring detail in the rollicking rush of his pencil.

The antithesis of this is Mr. H. M. Bateman, who aims at a great deal of elaboration in his humorous designs, following Mr. Heath Robinson's example. Here we see a numerous *dramatis personæ*, drawn from various ranks and callings. The dog's speed



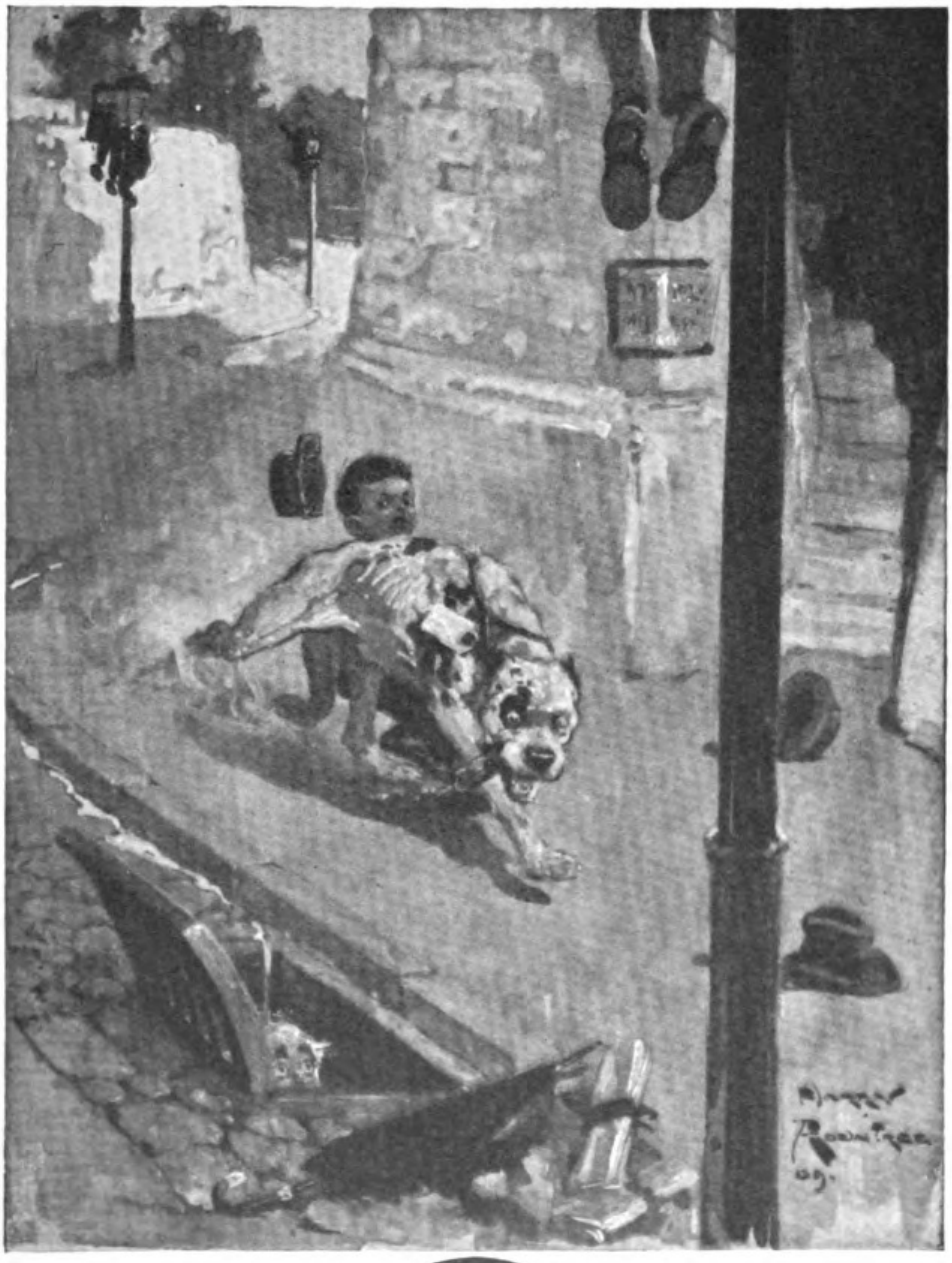
MR. RENÉ BULL.

and bulk are sufficient to knock down an innocent old gentleman, while a tender-hearted and timorous old maid seizes the opportunity of flying to the manly bosom of an adjacent curate. In the foreground a small terrier watches the achievements of

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this member of his own species with pride and charm.

A touch of Gallic draughtsmanship as illustrated by Guillaume is seen in Mr. René Bull's representation. A cloud of dust and the remnant of a torn garment illustrate impression on this artist's mind, and terror is depicted lavishly. One wonders at the agility of the pedestrians, even of middle-age, who are able, at so little warning, to mount lamp-posts and become interned in manholes; but, of course, swift movement is of the



the speed and ferocity of the canine monster who is running amok with such absolute obliviousness to the sensibilities of the bystanders.

We get an awe-inspiring animal at the hands of Mr. Harry Rountree, who has also given us a cherubic infant. The incident has made its due



MR. H. ROUNTREE.

very essence of Mr. Rountree's humour.

A good deal could be written on the subject of "acrobatic humour," either as depicted on the stage or in art and literature. It is, of course, elemental as appealing to the natural risible emotions in man, and philosophers are supposed to

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grow out of the taste for it in time. But we have only to recall the sedate figure of the great painter, Burne-Jones, roaring consumedly at



the contortions of the "Two Macs" to perceive the permanence of what is often called "vulgar" humour. We all think we are proof against the soda-water siphon until it is turned on in the next farce, when our sides ache with the excruciating wit of it. Man is a laughing animal, and he never becomes so dignified as not to laugh at the spectacle of a fellow-mortal trying to recover his hat in a gale of wind.



MR. J. A. SHEPHERD.

Mr. J. A. Shepherd has made a considerable reputation as an animal delineator, and his version of the incident has an additional interest. Here a St. Bernard dog is making towards a man's leg. The boy hangs on to a rather thick chain, and is apparently in a very uncomfortable position. An old gentleman has placed his opened umbrella in front of him, and a fat policeman and another man are trying to hide behind it, while a third old gentleman is running away at a great pace. Hats and umbrellas are not considered when there is any danger, judged by those strewn in the roadway.

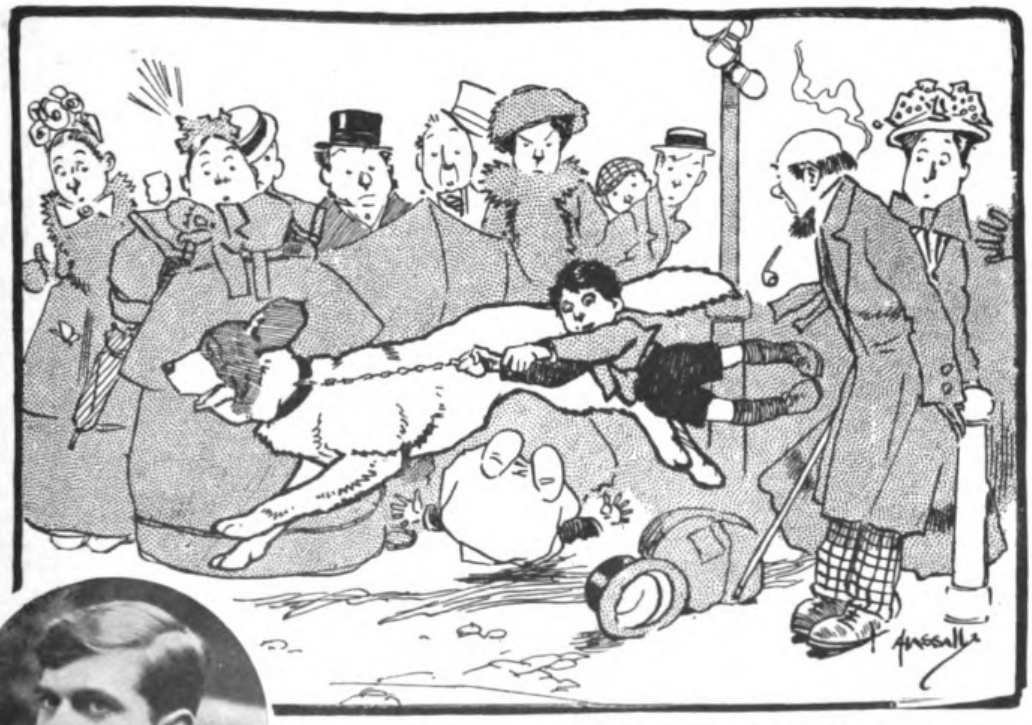
Mr. George Morrow's work is always

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MR. GEORGE MORROW

whimsically funny. It amuses by its very directness. He places the terrifying episode at the seaside, which, when one comes to think of it, is plausible enough. A large collie dog forms his

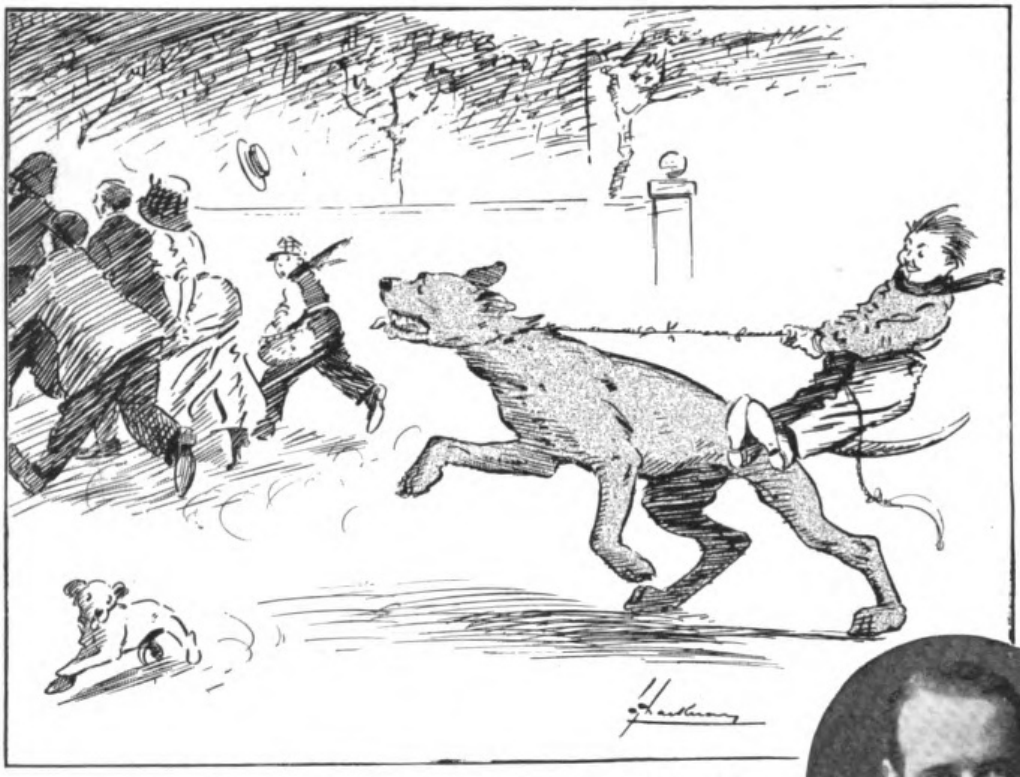




MR. JOHN HASSALL.

conception, while as to the attitude of the dog's companion, it resembles that in Mr. Will Owen's drawing, another point in which the two pictures are similar being that the stocking-cap in the one and the sailor-hat in the other have both just left the head. There is a whole crowd of spectators, but, with the exception of the policeman who is making towards the dog,

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MR. LANCE THACKERAY.

none are moving. In this point it will be noticed that Mr. Morrow's drawing differs from the others. The various kinds of people one meets at the seaside have been well depicted.



MR. WILL OWEN.

As might be expected, Mr. Hassall's mastiff is a comic animal—as comic as Mr. Hassall's very broad treatment can make him. As for the boy, it would not do to split hairs about his position in the wake of the dog, and accordingly, as will be noticed in several of the other drawings, he is made horizontal. Our artist never indulges in subtleties, but there are few who are more expert in broad pictorial comedy.

Mr. Lance Thackeray depicts a ferocious nondescript making



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towards a little crowd of people all running in the same direction. The prudent policeman is disappearing, and a fashionably-dressed lady and an errand-boy are to be seen among those eager to escape. The little boy appears to be sitting on the dog's tail, and, from his genial smile, it would seem that he is enjoying the fun.



A large St. Bernard dog is Mr. Will Owen's conception. The boy, whose stocking-cap has just fallen off, is holding on to the chain with both hands and has been completely dragged off his feet. The leg of a man can just be seen after he has scaled a high wall, while the terrified face of another, who is apparently looking to see what is happening after he has sought safety, is seen just glancing over the wall. There are no other people visible, but a couple of hats and sticks and an umbrella are lying about, indicating that their owners have vanished.



MR. HEATH ROBINSON.

Detail of the most fantastic,

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even grotesque, description is Mr. Heath Robinson's strong point. He interprets the story in his own quaint fashion. The dog, which with other artists darts with lightning haste, here takes things leisurely. A poet, greatly impressed with his large, inexorable

the foot of an old lady indicates her imperious desire to be elsewhere. Here, too, the boy has been completely taken off his feet.

On the whole, we have in the foregoing not merely eleven versions of the same joke; we have eleven different jokes. No artist



movement, tosses an ode after him. The whole composition is full of quiet drollery.

Mr. Robinson has already explained in the pages of this Magazine how he produces his diverting pictorial comedy. The first principle with him is to be amused himself, and then to work at his drawing with a seriousness which provokes belief in the artist's belief. He thinks the elaboration of a joke does not spoil it: it may not be better than spontaneity—it is different.



MR. STARR WOOD.

In Mr. Starr Wood's version a mongrel with collie tendencies is running along at top speed, scattering the people on both sides. A nurse falls into the arms of a policeman, leaving her charge, a little boy, to escape the best way it can. A stout old gentleman is seen running in the opposite direction, and has conjured up for us the incident in the same way. It takes on a new aspect under each pencil. That is not all. The same result might conceivably have been reached had the eleven artists actually beheld the scene with their own eyes. No man is responsible for his impressions: he translates them according to his temperament. A young French painter drew Napoleon six feet high. When one who had frequently seen the Emperor remonstrated, he replied: "I have only seen him once: when he was ordering me to charge. He was then six feet tall." So by the same analogy Messrs. Hassall, or Shepherd, or Rountree might have been so alarmed at the spirit of the dog as to mistake his breed and proportions. It may have been only a good-sized fox-terrier after all.

Mr. Lawson Wood: Photograph by Flett's Studios. Mr. H. M. Bateman: Photograph by the Melita Studio. Mr. René Bull: Photograph by J. Russell & Sons. Mr. Harry Rountree: Photograph by J. Russell and Sons. Mr. J. A. Shepherd: Photograph by E. H. Mills. Mr. Geo. Morrow: Photograph by Geo. Newnes, Ltd. Mr. John Hassall: Photograph by Geo. Newnes, Ltd. Mr. W. W. Owen: Photograph by Elliott & Fry. Mr. L. Thackeray: Photograph by Mark Mitchell & Co. Mr. Starr Wood: Photograph by Moyse. Mr. Heath Robinson: Photograph by Geo. Newnes, Ltd.

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"SENSATION" PICTURES.

"DO you ever," asked an admirer of the late Lord Leighton, "grow weary of painting classical subjects?"

"Often. Every painter is tempted now and then to abandon his province and do something startlingly unlike himself."

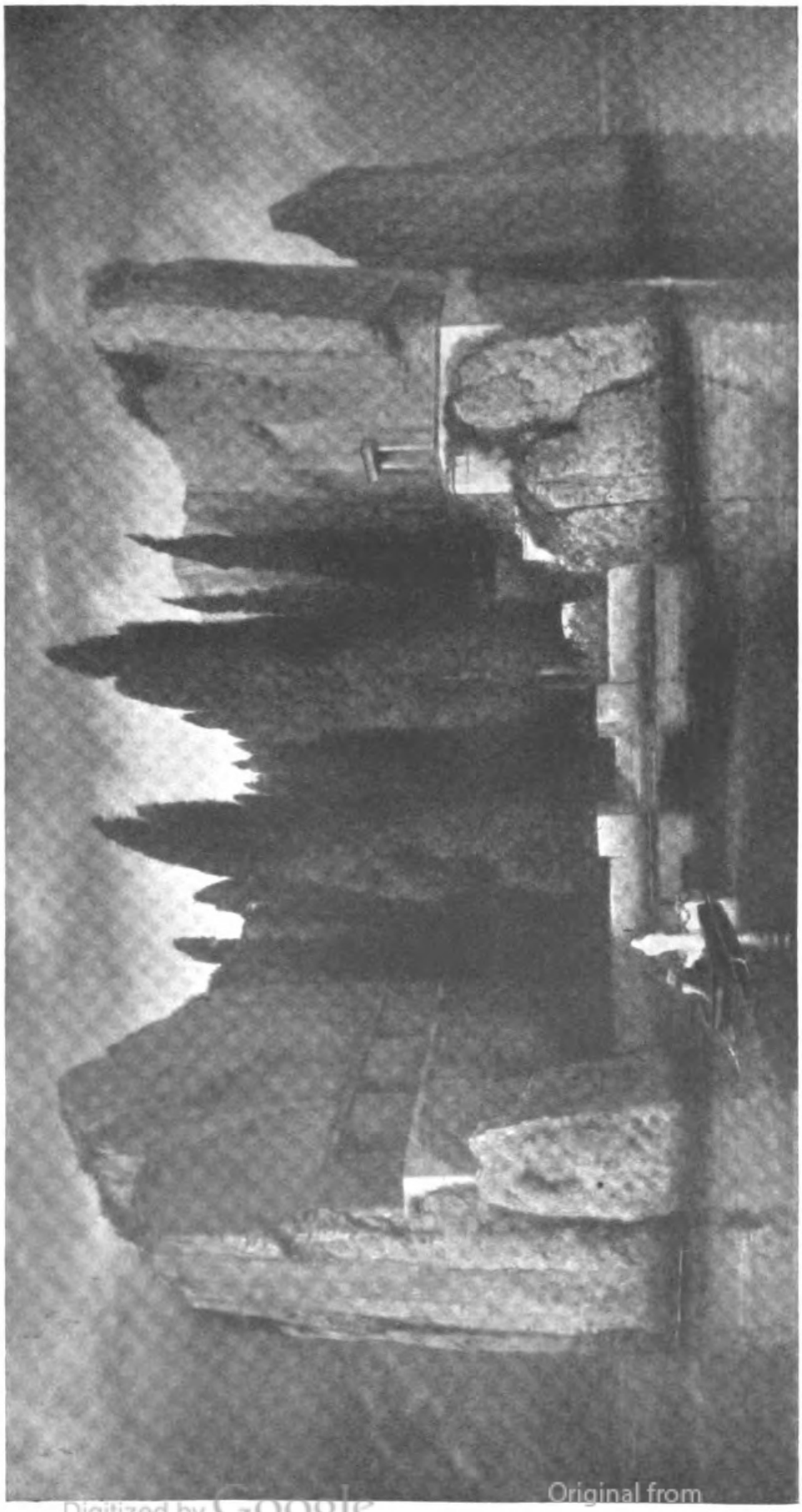
Once when the Academy was filled with "sensational" canvases Millais said he awoke in the middle of the night after dreaming he was painting a picture, "which even now makes my pulses thrill. It had something to do with a crazy canon and the dome of St. Paul's, but I don't dare describe it."

Probably, if the truth were known, every artist has felt a craving to break away from convention and portray something either melodramatic, unreal, or astonishing. If one casts an eye upon the accumulated products of art for the past century a large number of canvases stand out as being frankly an appeal to the love of the marvellous, if not, indeed, of the impossible. Certain painters, too, have long figured as the exponents of that species of art which, as Whistler said, "hits you in the eye," which is odd, bizarre, or thrilling, whether in landscape or allegory, or the representation of human life and incident. One of the most famous a century ago was John Martin, whose pictures, remarked Macaulay, "overwhelmed the spectator." When he showed you a landscape it was such a one as fairly took your breath away, full of immeasurable spaces, gorgeous prodigies of architecture, blazing skies, and impossible monsters. Then there came the pictures of Blake, which were of another order of sensationalism. He was gruesome, symbolical, mysterious. Watts was under the influence of Blake when he painted such works as "Cruel Avarice," a man with an eagle's head, "Mammon," and other weird and somewhat disagreeable productions.

Perhaps no man was ever a greater master of pictorial sensationalism than Gustave Doré, for whom "mountains and mirages, monsters and murderers" seemed to possess a charm. But for downright blood-curdling art the Belgian painter Wiertz is unapproached, and doubtless unapproachable. There is a museum at Brussels entirely devoted to his works, most of which are literally too horrible for reproduction.

Fortunately, pictorial sensationalism is of many kinds. It is not necessary to curdle our blood in order to command, even imperiously, our instant attention. Let them speak—but they need not shriek. Take such an extraordinary picture as "The Island of the Dead," by the famous German painter Böcklin. Its large and quiet majesty, the overpowering gloom of it, arrests the eye instantly. We are told that when it was first exhibited it made all the other pictures in the room look tawdry and commonplace, which one can well believe. Von Uhde called it the "most amazing landscape that ever was, or ever will be, wrought by any painter's hand." The idea of "The Island of the Dead" flashed across Böcklin one summer morning; a black shower was impending, and the clouds took awesome shapes. But it was also, perhaps, a reminiscence of readings in Virgil and Dante. When he came to put it on canvas the vision eluded

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"THE ISLAND OF THE DEAD." By A. BÖCKLIN.

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"THE RAFT OF THE MEDUSA." By JEAN GERICAULT.
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"THE WAY OF THE CROSS." By JEAN BÉRAUD.

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"THE PLAGUE" By A. BÖCKLIN.

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him. He made numerous attempts before he succeeded to his satisfaction, and even now there is more than one version of the picture. No such island, it is safe to say, exists, or has ever existed, on the surface of the globe; it is a composite, of which every detail, however, has its counterpart in Nature. The white-robed figure, lately sailing over the waters of life, is about to pass through the portals and vanish for ever into the gloom beyond.

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"THE EVER-OPEN DOOR." By SIGISMUND GOETZE.

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Sensationalism sometimes deals in incident which, inherently probable, is rendered striking and poignant by the painter's art. But fact hampers the imagination, and the painter who seeks a striking effect usually resorts to the imagination either of himself or of others. Géricault's "The Raft of the Medusa" has always been considered one of the most striking pictures ever painted in France. "It will always remain," says one leading critic, "an admirable and moving creation, a masterpiece of dramatic vigour and vivid characterization and wide and deep human interest and truly panoramic grandeur, long after its

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"LOVE THE CONQUEROR." By BYAM SHAW.

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contemporary interest and historic importance have ceased to be thought of except by the æsthetic antiquarian."

When Böcklin's terrible picture, "The Plague," appeared Europe was visited by the cholera, and in many places there was a panic of fear. As a consequence the production created a powerful impression, and in its grim symbolism it will, perhaps, never be surpassed. Pictures like this which coincide with some popular emotion may boast an added intensity.

There is another large and numerous class of "sensation" pictures—those dealing in moral or religious allegory. Few painters have attained such a reputation for this kind of work as M. Jean Béraud, who first startled Paris with a Gallic variant of Mr. Stead's theme, "If Christ came to Chicago." M. Béraud has made up his mind to preach as well as to paint, and his canvases have evoked much religious emotion. "The Way of the Cross," reproduced in this article, is one of his most celebrated pictures of this kind. The effect of the painting is obtained by making the spectators representatives of the present day. We see a typical Parisian crowd stoning and reviling the patient, bending figure of the Saviour, just as the Jerusalem mob did nearly twenty centuries ago. On the right the sight of the Cross and its bearer inspires totally different feelings—feelings of reverence and adoration in a group of unfortunates. Note the couple—the man about town and the lady of pleasure—on the extreme left.

In England the leading follower of M. Béraud, so far as religious allegory is concerned, is unquestionably Mr. Sigismund Goetze. Yet, technically, Mr. Goetze is probably superior to the Frenchman. He set out to employ his brush as writers employ their pen in teaching a lesson, in appealing to the depths of man's religious nature, and the success with which his works have been rewarded is not likely to cause him to alter his principles. He, too, has introduced the Saviour amidst modern surroundings, with a wealth of colouring and invention which transfixes the spectator. "The Ever-Open Door" is one of the most famous of his works.

Here it is the threshold leading to eternal salvation which is depicted, when all must cast off the garments of unrighteousness and all—the warrior, the merchant, the statesman, and the priest — divest themselves of all earthly vanities. Two angels stand before the narrow passage, one of whom comforts and assists an exhausted Highlander. On the other hand is a prince of the Holy Church, beside whom sits an innocent babe, gazing upon the surrounding marvels with rapturous eyes. Yet, in spite of all this amazing elaboration, Mr. Goetze assures us that no sooner is one of his canvases painted than he promptly proceeds to forget all about it, passing on to his next creation.

We have enumerated several varieties of what has been termed the "sensation" picture, which, after all, so far as popularity is concerned, may be said to rule in the domain of art to-day. There is still another sort, and that is that which arrests by its wealth of detail, incident, or portraiture. A famous modern artist recently exhibited a work in which there were no fewer than seven hundred figures; but these were not portraits, nor was the theme an allegory.

In his celebrated picture, "Love the Conqueror," Mr. Byam Shaw hit upon the novel idea of introducing the likenesses of all the great ones of the earth—poets, statesmen, soldiers, and painters—since Homer's day into one vast procession—captives of unconquerable Love.

Here Love is represented in the upper left-hand portion of the picture mounted on horseback, while before him march his captives, beginning with Venus, behind whom stalk Dante, Michael Angelo, Shakespeare, Mary Queen of Scots, Beethoven, Lohengrin, Semiramis, and others. After an interval come Robert Bruce, the Black Prince, and Henry VIII. We can just see Nelson's cocked hat at the margin to the right, and in the diminishing train many other figures may be distinguished, as of Napoleon, Raphael, Queen Elizabeth, and Boccaccio. These are of the living, but there are a host who have died at Love's hands, and of these are Sappho, Paola and Francesca, Juliet, Ophelia, and Leander. Some of these we see, their forms lying prostrate, at the base of the eminence upon which Love's charger champs his bit of gold. Nor must we overlook the beauty of the background in this striking piece of symbolism.

Of Mr. Shaw it has been said that "he owes most to the extraordinary fertility of his imagination; to the power, of which he has consistently proved himself possessed, of embodying in his pictures a great variety of fanciful suggestions."

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Yellowhammer.

By EVELYNE E. RYND.

"THUS IS IT SEEN HOW CHARACTER SHAPETH COURSE."

I.

HE had a string of names that had been given him when he renounced all the works of the world and the devil through the lips of his godfather, an old soldier who had never renounced anything until he found himself unable to keep hold of it, and of his godmother, who was his spinster aunt, and had seldom had much to renounce. These names doubtless belonged to him, but that he belonged to them or to the serious obligations he had undertaken in the moment of their being bestowed upon him, nobody could seriously maintain. He pursued with ardour all the works of the world and the devil from the moment that he was steady enough on his feet to pursue anything; and his name, as far as this earth was concerned, grew out of two attributes which became so manifest as he himself grew into life that the arbitrary syllables fastened to him before he was old enough to manifest any attributes at all dropped into oblivion before they had been remembered. His head was golden, his will was extraordinarily pertinacious, and his name was Yellowhammer.

It was his aunt who gave him the name. He lived with her, having been left to her by his parents when they went to a station in India too unhealthy for a white baby even to try to live in. When they went to a better station society claimed his mother and a successful career his father; and the years went by, and his aunt still kept Yellowhammer and wrote books to help keep both herself and him.

She loved him dearly — the more so because there seemed very little prospect of her ever having anything else to love; and sometimes at night, when she came to "hear me my prayers, aunt," and to receive his solemn confession of all the sins he had committed during the day, she called him Barnabas—a son of consolation. That was when she was alone with him, and when there was nobody present but Barnabas himself to infer from her remarks that she admitted any need of a consolation. All Barnabas ever inferred was that she loved him, a fact he accepted as highly natural; and the conversation, therefore, when it took this turn, was satisfactory to them both. Only on Sundays were his official names remembered, and that of necessity, when Yellowhammer and his aunt together made that official recognition of the ancient rules of life which she considered good for his soul in despite of the many new creeds and fads with which she saw life filling.

"If you're coming to new things, Yellowhammer," she would remark with firmness, "you shall come through the old ways. They may not be wide enough to develop natures, but they were narrow enough to mould characters, and I confess that the natures of most of these sentimentalists do not appear to me to have been at all worth the developing. Your end will be your own business, but your road I can give you, please God. Attend to me, Yellowhammer. What is your name?"

"ArferMarwyanMaffewJohn," Yellowhammer would reply with rapidity, and at an early age could depart from that point—successfully, if with several interpellations of his own—to the moment when he vowed to love as himself his neighbour, Reggie Roberts of the Vicarage; to order himself lowly and reverently even to Mrs. Gorger, the charwoman, who walked the earth in loud complaint of him and all his doings; and to learn and labour truly to get his own living like the butcher-boy down to Smifsis.

Thus Yellowhammer had many names, but Yellowhammer was the one he went by. *Where* he went was another matter. It was almost always whither he should not have gone, but under these trying circumstances

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it somewhat comforted his aunt to observe that, even when he departed from her precepts to a degree of distance that left her aghast, Yellowhammer himself was invariably aghast also, and wept over the tale of his misdoings with a surprise and remorse that never prevented him from absorbedly hurrying after the chance of fresh ones at the first opportunity. Once he thought of something to do, he did it, and there was the mischief.

"If you only didn't *stick* to things so, Yellowhammer," his aunt would say, despairingly, as on the occasion when Yellowhammer burst forth into an escapade connected with Mr. Smith's young horse that nearly cost Yellowhammer his life and Mr. Smith his reason.

"I didn't stick to him, aunt," explained Yellowhammer; "that was it. I came off and I came off, and at last I came off into the pond."

Yellowhammer and his aunt lived in a little house on a lane up in the hills off the London road to Brighton, and on high days and holidays in summer the boom of the motors down in the valley was as loud as the boom of the bees in his aunt's garden. The village schoolmaster came at five-thirty every night to teach Yellowhammer and his friend Reggie Roberts the things his aunt did not teach him in the mornings, and all the long afternoons Yellowhammer had to himself.

"If I were to forbid you to go where you could get into mischief, Yellowhammer," said his aunt, "I should have to put the whole earth out of bounds. All I can beg you to do is to go where you wish, but to exercise your sense when you get there."

"I don't seem to *have* much sense, aunt," said Yellowhammer, with a sigh; "but I promise I'll exercise as much of it as there is, if only I can remember."

There were hairs turning white in his aunt's brown head the summer that Yellowhammer turned eight, and the latter—sitting with Reggie Roberts in the hedge in the valley on the look-out for a motor that should be going sufficiently slowly for them to climb up behind it, and journey thus criminally to the top of Page Hill—confided to his friend that he feared it was his own propensity to get into scrapes that was turning his aunt's hair white. He added that Mrs. Gorger had said so that morning.

"'Tisn't that," said Roberts of the Vicarage; "you get grey hairs when you get old."

"Who's old?" said Yellowhammer; ruffling.

"Your aunt's old," said Roberts, kindly.

"She's not," said Yellowhammer.

"She is," replied Reggie Roberts. "My mother said so yesterday."

"She isn't," said Yellowhammer, in a loud voice, turning scarlet. "You say it again an' I'll hit you."

"Well, my mother says so," said Reggie Roberts, in injured accents. "You needn't hit *me* about it, young Yellowhammer. My mother said so yesterday at tea. She'll never marry now, your aunt won't, my mother says. She's had a cross in life, and she isn't married, and she's getting on in years, my mother says, and that means she's old."

"It doesn't—she isn't—she will," said Yellowhammer, enraged at this repeated and authenticated insult; and as it was clearly impossible to fall upon Reggie Roberts's mother, he forthwith fell upon Reggie Roberts himself. Thus there arose, with dreadful and unexpected suddenness, a fight of the worst description upon the London and Brighton road; and just at the moment when Yellowhammer, with his usual regrettable pertinacity, was bumping his friend's head in the dust and saying with each bump, "She doesn't—she isn't—she will," a large white car rushed up within two yards of them and stopped, with a terrible jar and a loud shout from its irate occupant. The two small boys separated involuntarily, but were far too much absorbed to notice anything but each other.

"I'll give it you, young Yellowhammer," said Reggie Roberts, bitterly, arising with a countenance entirely obliterated by dust.

"Come on, then!" said Yellowhammer, dancing backwards and forwards, and sparring in a manner nicely calculated to inspire the most intense aggravation. "Come on, then! Come on! Come on!"

"Get out of the road, you two young idiots!" said a voice from the car. "Do you know you were both jolly well nearly run over?"

Reggie Roberts walked away with dignity, and Yellowhammer danced round him, still sparring and taunting. "You say she's old again, an' I'll lick you worse'n I ever licked you before!" he cried.

"Did he say she was old?" demanded the voice from the car.

This surprised Yellowhammer, and he paused to look at his questioner and answer him.

"Yes, he did."

"Then he deserved all he got; only next time give it him elsewhere than on the

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"'GET OUT OF THE ROAD, YOU TWO YOUNG IDIOTS!' SAID A VOICE FROM THE CAR."

London and Brighton highway," said the voice. And the car rolled off in a cloud of dust.

That night Yellowhammer, lying in his bed in the circle of his aunt's arm, his prayers heard, his sins forgiven, and the moon shining down on them both, said :—

"Are you a single woman, aunt?"

"Yes," said aunt.

"Mrs. Gorger said you were," said Yellowhammer, meditatively. "Myself, I don't quite see how you could be two."

"Most of us are fifty," said aunt; "but that wasn't what Mrs. Gorger meant."

"Well, Mrs. Gorger said a greater trial to a single woman could hardly be," said Yellowhammer. "She said it this morning when I made a mark on the polish of the parlour floor. I suppose she meant that if you were two women instead of one you could help each other bear it."

"No; what she meant was that I wasn't married," said aunt.

This brought Yellowhammer up against another memory; and he pondered.

"I hit Reggie Roberts this afternoon because he said his mother said you weren't married," he remarked.

"I don't see why you should have hit him because his mother stated a simple truth," said aunt, reproachfully.

"I don't see either," said Yellowhammer, truthfully. "But I did, and I would again. I will too, what's more."

"Why?" said his aunt.

"Well, I don't know," said Yellowhammer.

His aunt laughed.

"Anyway, what Mrs. *Gorger* meant," she said, moving her head on the pillow so as to bring it nearer Yellowhammer's, which was reposing reflectively, "was that married women have so many trials they are accustomed to them, and unmarried women haven't and so they aren't."

"And am I a trial to you, aunt?" said Yellowhammer, solemnly, as he lay in his bed.

"No," said his aunt; "you are not. You're

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the joy that makes all trials dust in the sunshine. You're the one thing that makes all the other things things that don't matter. You're the darling of my heart and the point of my life. You're not my trial—you're my mercy."

They hugged each other in the moonlight.

"And if Reggie Roberts dares say again that you're not married, aunt," said Yellowhammer, fervently, returning as usual to his first resolution, "I'll *thump* him again. I'll thump him till he squeals at it."

"I can't have you thumping Reggie Roberts so much," said aunt, firmly, "and it won't make me any more married if you do."

"What *would* make you more married, aunt?" said Yellowhammer, earnestly.

"Oh, goodness knows," said his aunt, with a laugh. "It's time you went to sleep, Yellowhammer. Good night." She kissed him.

"Reggie Roberts's mother said you'd had a cross in life," remarked Yellowhammer, turning over resignedly and preparing for slumber. "I thumped him for that, too."

His aunt stood still a moment and then went away.

By Monday afternoon Yellowhammer and Reggie Roberts were once more seated in the closest friendship on the London and Brighton road. The dire events of Friday were obliterated from the minds of both, chiefly because they had happened on Friday, which was so long a time ago. They were sitting, therefore, in the same united purpose, hoping to catch a car going sufficiently slowly up Page Hill to suit the pace of their short legs. But car after car went by too fast for them to get anywhere near, and time after time they returned disconsolate to their post in the hedge.

"Oh, it's no go," said Reggie Roberts. "Let's give up. Let's go home."

"*Any* moment," said Yellowhammer, firmly, "there might come along an old car that would simply *crawl* up."

"But it's getting long past tea-time," said Reggie Roberts.

"Let it get," said Yellowhammer, seated immovably with his hands round his knees and gazing intently across the commons. "I don't want any."

"I don't believe my mother would *like* me to hang on a motor," remarked Reggie Roberts, virtuously.

"Then go home and don't," said Yellowhammer.

Reggie Roberts sighed and remained where he was, and the next moment Yellowhammer cried: "There's another!" and far along the white ribbon of the road appeared a white car.

"It's going slow," said Yellowhammer, excitedly.

"So it is," said Reggie Roberts, catching fire. They watched breathlessly.

"It's the same white car that nearly ran us over the day I licked you," said Yellowhammer.

"You mean the day I jolly well nearly licked *you*, young Yellowhammer," said Reggie Roberts, hastily. They continued to gaze.

"It's the car of the man who lives at the Park at Grow Cross," said Reggie Roberts. "I've often seen him turn in there when I was out driving with my mother."

"It's going jolly slow whose ever it is," remarked Yellowhammer, tense with hope.

It was. Its solitary occupant came driving across the commons through the lovely spring weather as though he had eternity before him, and the small boys slipped out behind him the instant he had passed. The car felt the rise of the hill and began to slacken, and before its idle driver had stooped to his levers Yellowhammer and Reggie Roberts were up behind, hanging on to the empty luggage-carrier. Up they went, higher and higher. Yellowhammer's eyes were shining.

"Isn't this awful luck?" he gasped, clinging on for dear life.

"Awful," hissed Reggie Roberts in return. Another moment elapsed, and for that one moment longer Reggie Roberts succeeded in thinking it luck. Then, choked with dust, shaken to pieces, and filled with unnamable fears, he gasped, "I don't like it—I shall drop off"—and dropped. He did it so unskilfully that he fell flat, but scrambled up unhurt in time to see Yellowhammer twist himself dexterously right up on to the luggage-carrier and wave an exultant hand. At the same instant the unconscious driver in front took out his watch, glanced at it, and stooped again. The car, with a sudden spring, shot forward up the hill and over the brow, and was gone.

When Reggie Roberts reached the top himself his mouth fell open. The long highway stretched on for miles across the commons, and far away a tiny car shot Londonwards at the rate of over twenty miles an hour. There was no sign anywhere of the reckless Yellowhammer.

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"HE SCRAMBLED UP UNHURT IN TIME TO SEE YELLOWHAMMER TWIST HIMSELF DEXTEROUSLY RIGHT UP ON TO THE LUGGAGE-CARRIER AND WAVE AN EXULTANT HAND."

II.

"I BELONG to Page-in-the-Hill," said Yellowhammer.

"The deuce you do," said the man who stood surveying him. "I belong to Grow Cross myself, and that's only five miles beyond it."

"I know you do," said Yellowhammer.

"I must have seen you somewhere about the place," said the man, reflectively. "I seem to remember your face."

As, on the occasion when he had seen Yellowhammer's face, Yellowhammer had been rubbing Reggie Roberts's face in the dust, it seemed wiser not to stimulate his memory further. Yellowhammer sat silent on his chair and looked at him with a courageous and polite demeanour. An hour before he had been lifted from the luggage-carrier outside a small house in Stratton Street by three astounded men—the driver of the car, his butler, and his chauffeur. Sick and half unconscious, Yellowhammer was still clinging on with such tenacity that his fingers had to be unfastened one by one, but brandy and milk and much rubbing had brought him round, and in the bath which completed his cure, he and his yellow head, to the heart's undoing of the butler, had finally emerged from the obscurity of dust which had veiled them. Now he had been brought up to judgment and deposited on a chair in the smoking-room for that purpose by the same secretly sympathetic and anxious functionary. But no one but Yellowhammer himself knew the appalling sensation of despair and horror that was settling on his small soul at the realization of the situation in which his last failure to exercise sense had plunged him.

"And do you mean to tell me, you young rascal," said the man of the car, "that you were on that carrier behind me the whole way up?"

"I wanted to go to the top of the hill," said Yellowhammer.

"You went a good bit farther than the top of the hill," said the man.

"Well, you went so fast," said Yellowhammer, with bitter reproach. "You went so fast I couldn't drop off when we did get to

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the top of the hill. You never once went slow enough again for me to drop off that *I* remember the whole way here."

"Well, of all the cool hands!" ejaculated the man, with a sudden laugh, and at that moment the door opened and another man came in, wearing a top-coat over his evening clothes.

"Look here, Gilson," said the first man, glancing round. "Look at this, I ask you. Look at this young scoundrel, who has come up to London on my car without being asked, and now sits in my house rebuking me because I didn't regulate my pace to suit his nefarious schemes."

he sat and stared at the two men, who regarded him with a mingling of amusement and sternness.

"What's your name, my boy, eh?" said the new-comer.

"Arthur Maryan Matthew John," said Yellowhammer.

"And what on the top of all that?"

"Borde," said Yellowhammer.

"And whom do you live with?" went on the new-comer.

"Aunt," said Yellowhammer, briefly. But at the mention of the word which his heart was crying his heart overflowed. He continued to sit still, but he turned scarlet to



"HE SAT AND STARED AT THE TWO MEN, WHO REGARDED HIM WITH A MINGLING OF AMUSEMENT AND STERNNESS."

The new-comer was put in full possession of Yellowhammer's story, and Yellowhammer heard the recital with a shaking soul. He gathered from it the distance he had come, the lateness of the hour. Sick with dismay, the roots of his hair and the tears welled slowly out of his eyes and rolled down his cheeks. Both men made a hasty movement towards him, but the second reached him first.

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"Don't cry, my boy. It's all right. You shall go back to her in a jiffy. Tell us her name and address, and we'll try and get a wire through to-night."

"She's my Aunt Magdalene, and her name's Miss Magdalene Maryan Maitland, and we live in the cottage with a red wall round it at Page-in-the-Hill," said Yellowhammer.

Neither of the men said anything for a moment. The second gave a rapid glance at the first and then looked away. The first gazed fixedly at Yellowhammer.

"Well, that's very plain and precise," said the second man, with great cheerfulness. "Now we know exactly where we are. The next thing to be done, young man, is to put you to bed, and meanwhile someone had better go off to the Central and wire to Miss Maitland."

"She wouldn't get a wire till to-morrow morning if you sent it from a thousand Centrals," said the man of the car, shortly. "It's long past eight."

"Well, it can't be helped," said Gilson.

Silence fell again.

"Anyway, the boy ought to be put to bed somewhere, and we ought to be off," said Gilson. The other silently pressed the bell, and the butler appeared.

But Yellowhammer slipped from Gilson's knee and stood.

"Thank you very much," he said, breathlessly, fear struggling with politeness on his tongue, "but I'm afraid I must go back to aunt. I can't sleep in this house."

"You shall go back first thing to-morrow, sir," whispered the butler, hastily.

"I'm afraid I must go back to-night," said Yellowhammer, politely.

"Now, my boy, you must just be sensible," said Gilson, impatiently. "You've given everybody quite enough trouble as it is."

"I won't give anyone any more trouble," said Yellowhammer. "I will go in a train. If you'll lend me some money, my aunt will pay you back. I am afraid I must go back to her to-night."

"You can't do anything of the sort," said Gilson. "Henry, take him off. Harmer, it's time we went."

"You come alonger me, sir," said the butler, persuasively.

Yellowhammer stood immovable, and explained again.

"Aunt doesn't know where I am," he said. "I'm afraid I must go back to her to-night."

"Unless she was a clairvoyante," said Gilson, "it's not likely she could know where you are. She'll know to-morrow, and I hope she'll deal with you as you deserve. Go off at once with Henry, and do as you are told. Do you hear?"

Yellowhammer looked round. His lips trembled. Three grown men against one small boy made odds too heavy for defiance to be thought of. Neither was yielding to be thought of. He looked at each in turn; the man of the car had taken no part in the discussion. He stood silent; and Yellowhammer met his glance.

"Aunt will be frightened," said Yellowhammer, addressing him. His breast heaved at the thought of her fear. "She can't go on being frightened as long as all that. I must go back to her to-night."

"Of all the pertinacious little fools!" ejaculated Gilson. "Won't you understand that you *can't* get back to her to-night?"

"Yes, he can," said the first man, shortly. "He can go down with Wilkins in the car at once. That will save her some hours of it, anyhow."

Gilson gave him the same rapid glance as before, and then said:—

"Well, that's not a bad idea. Perhaps it *would* be the best plan; much the simplest, anyway. Shall we go, then, Harmer? We're very late already. Your men can get the boy off."

"Oh, I think I'll see him start," said the other. "Don't you wait for me, Gilson. I'll follow you."

"I'll wait if you do," said Gilson, curtly. "It's no good my going alone."

Some time later Yellowhammer was seated in the car outside the house in Stratton Street. He sat alone behind, very small and very silent; and the chauffeur, ready and equipped, sat in his place in front. Gilson and Harmer stood on the doorstep, but Yellowhammer looked beyond them to where the butler smiled and smiled in the background. In the presence of his master he could do no more in the way of encouragement, but Yellowhammer knew him for a friend and had kissed him fervently at the doorstep.

"Well, now, off you go," said Gilson, impatiently. "What are you waiting for?"

"They're waiting for *me*," said the man of the car, suddenly. "Henry, get me a coat and cap; I think I'll go down, too."

"Nonsense, Harmer," said his friend, sharply.

"Yes, I think I will," said the first man, pleasantly.

"You can't. It's madness. What are

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you thinking of?" cried Gilson, unable to conceal his vexation.

"I believe that's what I'm going down to find out. Henry, where's my scarf?"

"You can't disappoint people like this; you're expected. I swear I won't make excuses for you."

"You needn't," said the first man. He buttoned his coat. His good temper had returned; that of the other had vanished.

"If you don't turn up to-night, I suppose you know what will be understood?" he said, angrily, in a low voice.

"It's clear *you* know," said Harmer, with a laugh. "I didn't know you were counsel for the prosecution, old fellow. Good night. It's a shame to leave you in the lurch."

"I'm not thinking of myself," said Gilson. "To chuck such a chance for an old affair——"

"I know you aren't," said the other, affectionately; "you're thinking chiefly of me—and a little of your own *rôle* in the young woman's house as *ami de famille*. You're the best of good chaps, Gilson."

He climbed into the car and in a business-like manner took Yellowhammer on his knee and wrapped a rug round him. "I don't doubt I'm an ass."

"Neither do I doubt it," said Gilson, bitterly. "I wash my hands of you."

"Don't be so final," said the first man, laughing. "I shall probably merely go on to my own place and spend the night there. Lay you fifty to one I'm back in town to-morrow, and you shall come with me and help me make my peace."

"I'll do nothing of the sort," said Gilson.

"Then I'll do it without you—if I want to. Right, Wilkins; off you go." The car rolled out into the roar of Piccadilly on its second journey that day.

After a short silence Yellowhammer remarked, with forethought, "When you get to the foot of Page Hill you turn to the right and you go far up the hill, and you come to the village and you——"

"——turn to the left and you go past the Green, and you see a low white house with an old red wall round it," said the man, with a laugh.

"Have you *been* there?" said Yellowhammer, in astonishment.

"And you go in—at least, you do if you have any luck," said the other; "there are lavender clumps all the way up the path and a beech like a watch-tower by the house."

"You've *been* there," said Yellowhammer, with conviction.

"Yes, I've been there," said Harmer.

"I've never seen you there," said Yellowhammer.

"No, you never have," said the man.

When the car at last left London and issued into the peace of the country Yellowhammer was at peace also and sound asleep, and his companion was staring abstractedly over his head into the night, looking past Yellowhammer's lifetime to a distant date in his own.

The meeting between Yellowhammer and his aunt took place between the lavender clumps, and Harmer watched it from the shadow of the red wall. Neither remembered him for some minutes, and when Yellowhammer's aunt at last did so, and attempted to rise from her knees, Yellowhammer, with his usual pertinacity, held so closely to her, and continued to kiss her so vigorously in his passion of relief and remorse, that she could not manage it.

She said between laughter and tears, "I beg your pardon. Yellowhammer, tell me who this is, that I may thank him properly."

"He's been here before, aunt," said Yellowhammer.

"Yes, I've been here before," said Harmer.

The car and the chauffeur went on to Grow Cross alone. Aunt, self-collected, dignified, and gracious, refused to accept any other suggestion. Ever since Reggie Roberts had been found distraught at a late hour in a turnip-field and his dreadful tale elicited from him, there had been food and fires ready, in preparation for what the night might bring forth. His room was ready—he must be hungry after his long run down—she would come and give him some supper if he would wait a minute while she put Yellowhammer to bed.

He walked up and down the little dining-room and waited; and she came at last, apologizing for her delay.

He guessed that when she was alone with Yellowhammer she had forgotten everything but that Yellowhammer was with her.

"I did not know your sister had married," he said.

"She married in India and sent me the baby," she said, smiling through the traces of tears on her lashes; and added, cheerfully, "He's a great comfort to me in spite of his wickedness—now that I'm growing so old and grey-haired." She went to the table. "Won't you come and sit down?" she said.

"No," said the man. He stood still at the other end of the room, and added, "Magdalene!"

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She started in astonishment.

"If I break bread in this house," said the man, with deliberation, "it means one thing only."

"It means that I am deeply grateful to you for coming—for bringing——" she said, after a moment, gazing at him with reproachful, half-terrified eyes.

"If that's what it means, I'm going on to Grow Cross," he said, and looked round as if for his cap.

"Your car's gone," she said, taken aback.



"'YOU HAD NO RIGHT TO PUNISH ME SO,' HE SAID."

"I once went eight thousand miles because you sent me away. I can walk five now," he said, with great effect; and continued searching the dining-room for his cap, oblivious of the fact that it was quite the last place where he was likely to find it.

"I never sent you away," she said, with an effort. "You weren't there to send—and that was it."

"I was. I always was. I swear I always was," said the man, with vehemence. "A woman can't understand—no woman can. Where have I been since?"

"I don't know," she said.

"Where you sent me," he said, curtly. "Alone."

That was convincing. He had put no one in her place. Yet loneliness was the last thing she had thought she was sending him to. She gazed at him—mute. He lifted a salt-cellar and looked underneath it with a stern countenance, apparently for his cap.

"You had no right to punish me so," he said, and went to the door. He stumbled over a chair as he went, and she saw he could not see.

"I never knew it *was* a punishment," she said, faintly.

"Then you should be ashamed of yourself," he replied, with all the loftiness of a sinner who sees where another has erred.

He opened the door, but turned to deliver one more Parthian shot ere he departed.

"If *you* had amused yourself with *fifty* other men, do you think I should have done anything but understand you and laugh at you and know you loved me best? Good night." He took a step out into the hall.

"Oh, don't go away again—oh, don't go away like that!" she said, incoherently. "I did—I do—I would. Come back—I will."

"So now I hope you see, young Roberts," said Yellowhammer, firmly and with much clearness of language, "why I hit you when you told those lies about my aunt."

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The Best Puzzles With Coins.

By HENRY E. DUDENEY,

Author of "The Canterbury Puzzles: and Other Curious Problems."

IT is a common saying that "puzzles can be made out of anything," which means that the simplest and most familiar materials, such as coins, matches, pieces of string or wire, letters of the alphabet, the nine digits, counters, dominoes, pieces of sugar, beans or pebbles, singly or combined, will readily lend themselves to the illustration of puzzle ideas. In the present article it is proposed to consider a selection of posers, some old and others new, in which coins alone are employed. There is no reason why we should be too rigid in our selection, by excluding those examples where marked counters or even plain pebbles would suit our purpose just as well as coins; but, after all, it is safe to say that wherever two or three persons are gathered together, in the home, the club, the railway-carriage, the house-boat, or on the sands at the seaside, nothing is more easy to produce at any moment than a few coins. And for the most part it will be found quite immaterial for our purpose whether these be sovereigns, shillings, or halfpence.

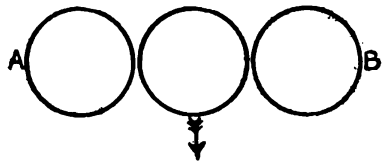


FIG. 1.—JUDGING DISTANCES.

A well-known little puzzle is to place four pennies so that they are all equidistant from one another. This is, of course, quite easy. Arrange three of them flat on the table so that they touch one another in the form of a triangle, and then place the fourth on the top in the centre. Then, as every penny touches every other penny, they are all at equal distances from one another. Now try to do the same thing with five pennies, and you will discover that it is a more difficult matter.

We know, from the various optical illusions that are from time to time published, how easily the eye is deceived in such matters as direction, relative distances, and parallel lines. The following generally produces surprising results. Place three pennies in a row, as shown in the diagram (Fig. 1). Now slide the middle penny towards you until the distance between it and each of the other two coins is exactly equal to the distance from A to B. This should be attempted quickly and entirely by the eye. Then measure the distances, and you will perhaps find that you are an astonishingly long way out.

Our observation of little things is also frequently defective and our memories very liable to lapse. A certain judge recently remarked in a case that he had no recollection whatever of putting the wedding-ring on his wife's finger. Can you correctly answer these questions without having the coins in sight? On which side of a penny is the date given? Some people are so unobservant that, although they are handling the coin nearly every day of their lives, they are at a loss to answer this simple question. If I lay a penny flat on the table, how many other pennies can I place around it, every one also lying flat on the table, so that they all touch the first one? The geometrician will, of course, give the answer at once, and not need to make any experiment. He will also know that, since all circles are similar, the same answer will necessarily apply to any coin. The next question is a most interesting one to ask a company, each person writing down his answer on a slip of paper, so that no one shall be helped by the answers of others. What is the greatest number of threepenny-pieces that may be laid flat on the surface of a half-crown, so that no piece lies on another or overlaps the surface of the half-crown? It is amazing what a variety of different answers one gets to this question. Very few people will be found to give the correct number.



FIG. 2.—THE ELEPHANT PUZZLE.

Here is a puzzle of another kind. Take one of the earlier Queen Victoria shillings, on which her late Majesty is depicted as a young woman (Fig. 2), as here shown

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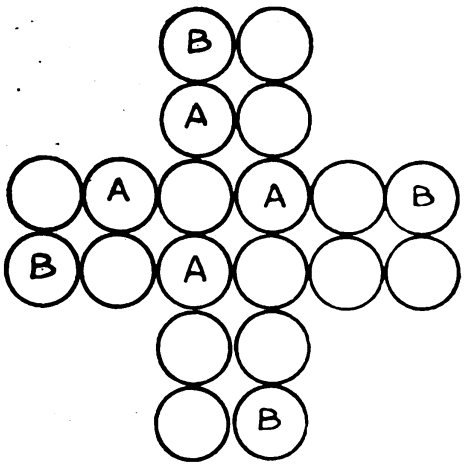


FIG. 3.—THE CROSS PUZZLE.

(these are, of course, still in extensive circulation), and on the side we have represented try to find an elephant, symbolizing the Indian Empire. When you have succeeded in doing this, try to find one on the other side of the coin.

Arrange twenty pence in the form of a cross, in the manner shown in Fig. 3. Now, in how many different ways can you point out four pennies that will form a perfect square if considered alone? Thus, the four coins composing each arm of the cross, and also the four in the centre, form squares. Squares are also formed by the four coins marked A, the four marked B, and so on. And how may you remove six coins so that not a single square can be so indicated from those that remain?

If sixteen pennies are arranged in the form of a square there will be the same number of pennies in every row, every column, and each of the two long diagonals. Can you do the same with twenty pennies?

A little puzzle that I first gave in this Magazine in December, 1896, appears to have become widely known, but it may be well to reproduce it here (Fig. 4). It is required to place the fewest possible current English coins in the seven empty divisions of the diagram so that each of the three rows, three columns, and two diagonals shall add up fifteen shillings. No division may be

If we place sixty-four pennies in the form of a square, it is not a difficult matter to remove six coins so that there shall remain an even number of coins in every row and column. That is, so that no row or column ever contains an odd number of coins. For example, we may remove the first and second in the first row, the first and third in the second row, and the second and third in the third row. Every row and column will then contain an even number. But it is an entertaining puzzle to discover in just how many different ways the six coins may be removed. In this puzzle we do not take the diagonals into consideration.

Place sixteen pennies in a straight row, as shown in the illustration (Fig. 5). The point in this puzzle is to make these sixteen coins into four piles, with four coins in every pile, by always passing a coin over four others. Thus,

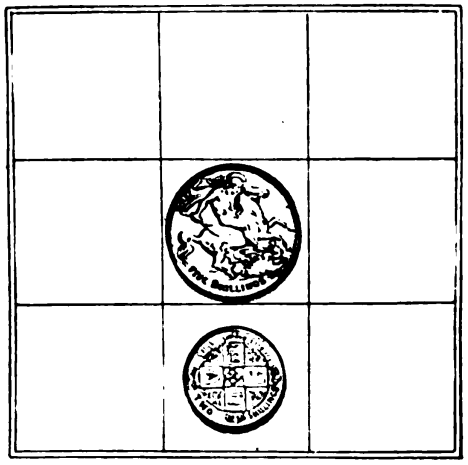


FIG. 4.—THE MAGIC SQUARE WITH COINS.

you may place 1 on 6, 11 on 1 (resting on 6), 7 on 4, and so on, until there are four in every pile. It will be understood that it does not matter whether the four passed over are standing alone or piled—they count just the same—and you can always carry a coin in either direction. There are a great many ways of doing it in twelve moves, so it makes a good game of "patience" to try to solve it so that the four piles shall be left in different

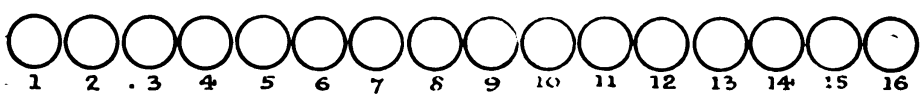


FIG. 5.—THE PILE PUZZLE.

without at least one coin, and no two divisions may contain the same value. The two coins that are already placed may not be removed from their present positions.

stipulated places. For example, try to leave the piles at the extreme ends of the row, on Nos. 1, 2, 15, and 16; this is quite easy. Then try to leave three of the piles together

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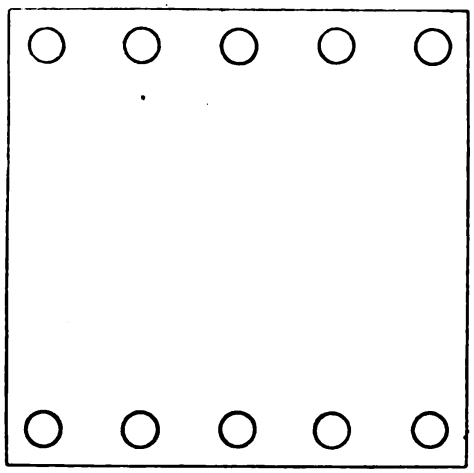


FIG. 6.—THE TEN COINS.

on Nos. 13, 14, and 15. Then again play so that they shall be left on Nos. 3, 5, 12, and 14.

Place ten pennies on a large sheet of paper or cardboard (Fig. 6), as shown in the diagram, five on each edge. Now remove four of the coins, without disturbing the others, and replace them on the paper so that the ten shall form five straight lines with four coins in every line. This in itself is not difficult, but you should try to discover in how many different ways the puzzle may be solved, assuming that in every case the two rows at starting are exactly the same.

Here is a little puzzle that first appeared, so far as I have been able to discover, in a book published in Brussels in 1789, "Les Petites Aventures de Jerome Sharp." First draw the diagram as illustrated (Fig. 7). The puzzle is to place seven pennies on seven of the eight points in the following manner. You must always touch a point that is vacant with a coin, and then move it along a line leading from that point to the next vacant point (in either direction), where you deposit the penny. You proceed in the same way until all the seven coins are placed. Remember you always touch a vacant place and slide the coin from it to the next place, which must be also vacant. Obviously you cannot place the eighth coin, because after placing the seventh there will be only one vacant point available, and you must have two—one to touch and its neighbour on which you leave the coin. Many people at first find themselves perplexed by this little poser, but it is ridiculously easy when you discover the rule. Can you find it?

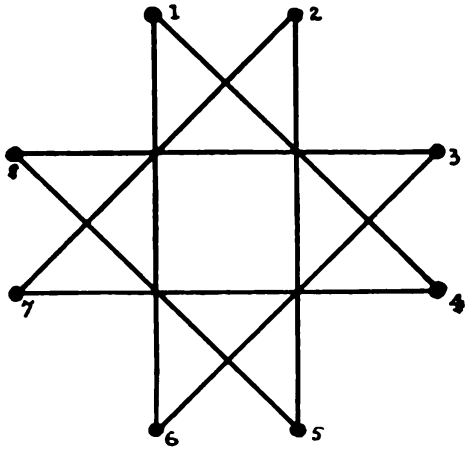


FIG. 7.—SHARP'S PUZZLE.

Place twelve plates, as shown, on a round table, with a penny in every plate (Fig. 8). Start from any plate you like and, always going in one direction round the table, take up one penny, pass it over two other pennies, and place it in the next plate. Go on again; take up another penny and, having passed it over two pennies, place it in a plate; and so continue your journey. Six

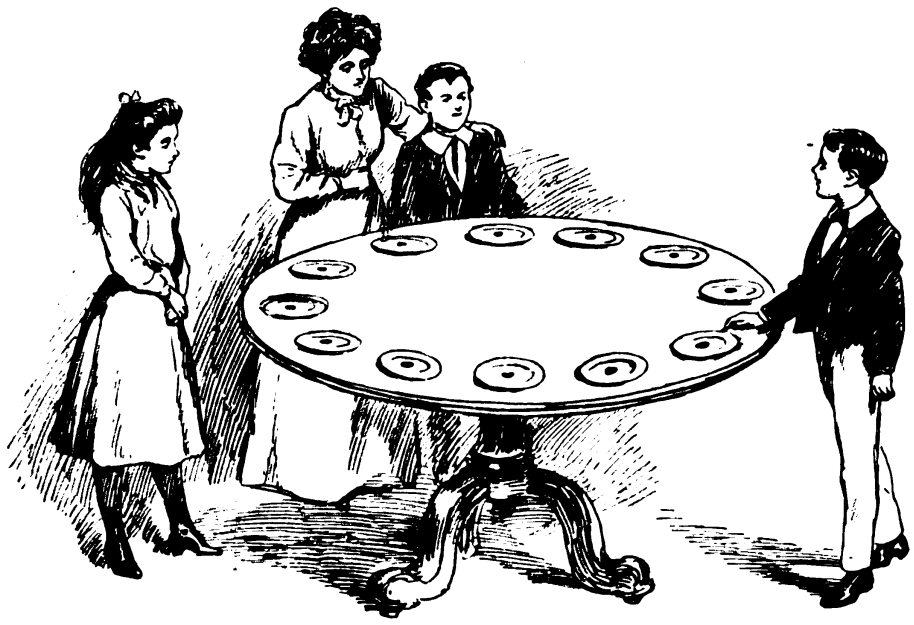


FIG. 8.—THE PLATE AND COINS.

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coins only are to be removed, and when these have been placed there should be two coins in each of six plates and six plates empty. An important point of the puzzle is to go round the table as few times as possible. It does not matter whether the two coins passed over are in one or two plates nor how many empty plates you pass a coin over. But you must always go in one direction round the table and end at the point from which you set out. Your hand, that is to say, goes steadily forward in one direction, without ever moving backwards. The analytical solver may be interested in comparing this with the "Pile Puzzle" previously given, and in discovering the general laws in the two cases of circles and rows.

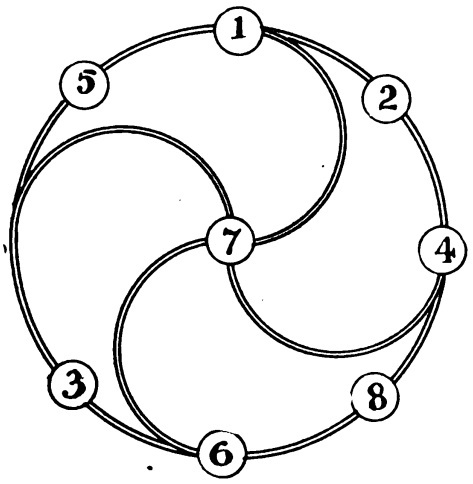


FIG. 9.—THE EIGHT ENGINES.

The above diagram (Fig. 9) represents the engine-yard of a railway company under eccentric management. The engines are allowed to be stationary only at the nine points indicated, one of which is at present vacant. It is required to move the engines, one at a time, from point to point, in seventeen moves, so that their numbers shall be in numerical order round the circle, with the central point left vacant. But one of the engines has had its fire drawn, and therefore cannot move. How is the thing to be done? And which engine remains stationary throughout? The coins can, of course, be easily numbered with little labels made from postage-stamp margin.

Take seven pennies in your hand in a pile. Now place the top coin on the table, carry the next coin to the bottom of the pile, place the next coin on the table to the right of the first, carry the next one to the bottom of the pile, place the next one on the table to the right of the last one, and so on until all the seven pennies have been placed on the table, like cards dealt in a row. They must then appear alternately — head, tail, head, tail, head, tail, head. The puzzle consists in finding the correct way of prearranging the seven coins in the pile. Of course, when carrying any coin from the top to the bottom of the pile, or to the table, you must never turn it over, but always keep it with the same side upwards.

Place eleven pennies on the table. Then request the company to remove five coins from the eleven, add four coins, and leave nine. It certainly looks as if there must be ten pennies left, but there is a catch in the puzzle. Can you find it?

Ask a friend to put a sovereign in one pocket and a crown in the opposite pocket. Tell him that the sovereign represents 20 and the crown 5. Now ask him to triple the coin that is in his right pocket and double that which is in his left pocket, and then add these two products together, simply telling you whether the result is odd or even. If it be even, then the sovereign is in his right pocket and the crown in the left; if it be odd, then the sovereign is in his left pocket and the crown in his right. You may give any values to the coin other than 20 and 5, provided that one number is odd and the other even, the even number being given to the gold. And you can, of course, use any other coins, so long as you give them odd and even values.

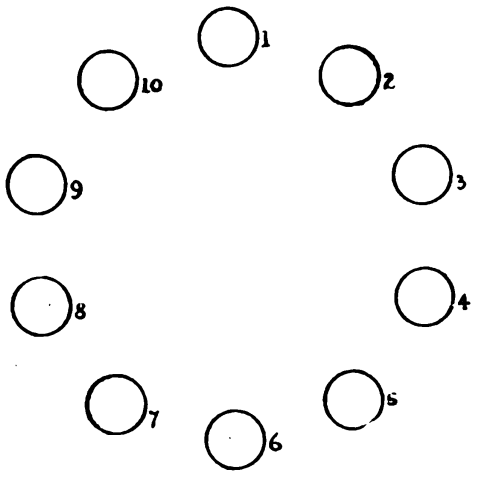


FIG. 10.—THE MYSTERIOUS COUNT.

Place ten pennies in a circle and number them 1 to 10 in order (Fig. 10). Then ask someone to select any one of the coins, without telling you which, and then touch any other coin. We will suppose that he secretly selected No. 7 and touched No. 5. You now tell him to count silently fifteen back-

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wards round the circle, starting at the coin he touched and calling that the number of the coin he secretly selected. Thus, starting at No. 5, he will count, 7, 8, 9, 10, etc. (touching in turn 5, 4, 3, 2, and so on), until he counts 15, which will land him on the coin he thought of. He is thus made to indicate his secretly-chosen coin, and the result is calculated to surprise the juvenile mind. The trick lies in giving the number 15, which you obtain by adding the number he touched, 5, to the total number of coins, 10. But any multiple of 10, added to his 5, would do equally well. Thus, if he touches 5 a second time, you can direct him to count 25 or 35, in order to put him off the scent.

It is an interesting puzzle to discover in just how many different ways change may be given for various coins of the realm. Obviously change for a halfpenny can only be given in one way, change for a penny in three ways (two halfpennies, or a halfpenny and two farthings, or four farthings), and change for a threepenny-piece in sixteen ways. Now, in how many ways is it possible to give change for a shilling, and also for a half-sovereign? I will give next month a table showing the number of ways of giving change for any current coin of the realm, merely saying here that a sovereign may actually be changed in over five hundred million different ways! The reader may like to discover for himself the exact number in this additional case.

Everyone is familiar with the difficulties that frequently arise over the giving of change, and how the assistance of a third person with a few coins in his pocket will sometimes help us to set the matter right. Here is an example. An Englishman went into a shop in New York and bought goods at a cost of thirty-four cents. The only money he had was a dollar, a three-cent piece, and a two-cent piece. The tradesman had only a half-dollar and a quarter-dollar. But another customer happened to be present, and when asked to help produced two dimes, a five-cent piece, a two-cent piece, and a one-cent piece. How did the tradesman manage to give change? For the benefit of those readers who are not familiar with the American coinage, it is only necessary to say that a dollar is a hundred cents and a dime ten cents. A puzzle of this kind should rarely cause any difficulty if attacked in a proper manner.

A man had three coins—a sovereign, a shilling, and a penny—as shown in the illustration (Fig. 11), and he found that exactly the same fraction of each coin had been broken away. Now, assuming that the original intrinsic value of these coins was the same as their nominal value—that is, that the sovereign was worth a pound, the shilling worth a shilling, and the penny worth a penny—what proportion of each coin has been lost if the value of the three remaining fragments is exactly one pound? This again is most simple.

There is perhaps no class of puzzle over which people so frequently blunder as that which involves what is called the theory of probabilities. I will give two simple examples of the sort of puzzle I mean. They are really quite easy, and yet many persons are tripped up by them. A friend recently produced five pennies and said to me: "In throwing these five pennies at the same time, what are the chances that at least four of the coins will turn up either all heads or all tails?" His own solution was quite wrong, but the correct answer ought not to be hard to discover. Another person got a wrong answer to the following little puzzle which I heard him propound: "A man placed three sovereigns and one shilling in a bag. How much should be paid for permission to draw one coin from it?" It is, of course, understood that you are as likely to draw any one of the four coins as another.

Then there are certain little puzzle games that can be played with a few coins. Here is a rather ancient one, and the discovery of the simple rule for winning is a good test of sharpness in a child. Place fifteen coins on



FIG. 11.—THE BROKEN COINS.

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the table. Two players play alternately, each taking away from the heap either one, two, or three coins at a time at his option. The player wins who forces his opponent to take the last coin. This is quite easy, yet an improvement is made by stipulating with your opponent that he may put as many coins as he likes on the table provided he allows you to decide who shall draw first. I gave a very difficult extension of this game in "The Thirty-one Puzzle" in this Magazine for March, 1908.

Though there is no essential difference between a puzzle and a conjuring trick, examples of the latter that depend on sleight of hand hardly come within the scope of this article. Yet there are many tricks with coins, adapted to the dinner-table during dessert, that might be included if space permitted. For example, there is "The Puzzling Sixpence" (Fig. 12). You support a tumbler on two pennies, with a sixpence placed underneath in the centre, as in the illustration. You are asked to remove the sixpence without touching the glass—that is, to bring the sixpence into such a position that it may be picked up with the fingers without touching the glass.

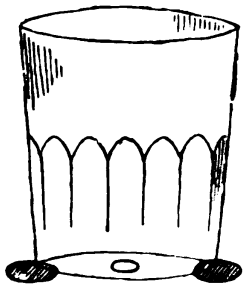


FIG. 12.—THE PUZZLING SIXPENCE.

In "The Marked Penny" you lay out a number of pence on a cold marble mantelpiece and hand round to the company another penny to be examined and carefully marked for identification. The longer they keep it in their hands the better, and you can retain it in your own palm while you are explaining what you propose to do. You then sweep the coins off the mantelpiece into a hat, throw in the marked coin, and after shaking them up undertake (while your hand is covered by a pocket-handkerchief) to pick out the marked coin. Of course, all you do is to throw on one side all the cold coins until you feel the warm one!

In solving a puzzle that appears to contain a trick, such as the last, it is well to always remember the fact that we have five senses—taste, smell, sight, hearing, and touch, the last-mentioned including the sense of temperature. I was once on a lawn when one of the company accidentally dropped a half-sovereign in the grass, and, after considerable search, nobody was successful in finding it. I undertook to do so blindfold within a few minutes. This challenge to perform what appeared to be a great feat naturally created a certain amount of interest, which turned to laughter when I obtained a fine garden-rake and proceeded to rake systematically across the lawn, while the company kept silence. In a very short time I heard the "chink" of metal against metal, and said that the coin would be found beside the rake—as it actually was. As the sense of sight had failed to discover the coin I at once thought that an application of the sense of hearing might be more successful. This trivial incident is merely given to illustrate the fact that, to a very large extent, the secret of puzzle-solving lies in common or garden sagacity—sometimes called low cunning.

Finally, to call into play the reasoning faculties of more juvenile readers, I will give the puzzle of "The Purse." What is the greatest number of pennies that you can place, one at a time, in an empty purse that will only hold twenty? The answer would appear to be twenty, but this is incorrect.

(The solutions to the puzzles contained in the above article will be given in the next issue of THE STRAND MAGAZINE.)

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THE TELEGRAM.

By AUSTIN PHILIPS.

MISS EARLE was sitting at the Murcester end of the London wire. Her left arm rested on the table; her chin lay cradled in her hand; and her eyes were glued to the crawling, moon-faced clock on the wall at her right-hand side.

Up and down the long room the keys of the sounders clicked and jabbered and called. Backwards and forwards boys in uniforms hurried, carrying baskets of messages from clerk to clerk. To and fro a superintendent stalked, like a shopwalker at a sale—wanting only the frock-coated hall-mark of the trade. From time to time he shouted instructions, or, stooping over a man's shoulder, said something that the din stifled a yard away. The great gallery was a seething whirlpool of noise. But its jangling, tuneless roar was a fit accompaniment to Florence Earle's thoughts. For she had something to think about that August afternoon!

In the bosom of her blouse the letter—*his* letter—burned. The laboured, printed, carefully disguised characters were written on her heart. The words were the supreme appeal to her infatuation—her mental state the proof of that appeal's success. Once more she would succumb to Harry Shelton's pleading.

Allured, intrigued, and caught by the bank clerk's charm, she had consented to the secret engagement upon which he had laid such stress. He had urged that publicity would spoil his prospects; the bank, he said, had strict, grandmotherly views, even rules, against improvident marriages by its staff. They must wait—wait until his talents, forcing him out of the ruck, had secured him the promotion his merit made his due. Shelton's manner and eloquence would have convinced a clever woman. Small wonder that Florence Earle, fair-haired, fluffy, and hardly out of her teens, believed and trusted him. She had told no one; not even her own folk. And for a whole year she had lived in the paradise of fools. Then had come the crash.

Two months back Harry Shelton had bolted—bolted with five hundred pounds of the bank's money. The evening he had spent in rowing Florence up the long-disused canal, that was more beautiful than the sleepy Severn it fed. He had made love to her as only he, in her imagination, could make it; had risen to heights which she, in her inexperience, had believed that no man living could attain. The next day the town rang with the news of his crime and flight.

For Florence the first weeks that followed Shelton's flight had been one ceaseless nightmare, with the same ever-recurring dream. She saw him captured, felt the cold clasp of the fetters on his wrists, endured the waiting in the cells, underwent the horror of the trial, heard the callous lips of the judge announce his sentence, and, finally, passed with him into the great prison where he must spend the best years of his life. Then, with sudden sharpness, had come the reaction. She began to believe that he had succeeded in evading pursuit; she even gloried in his cleverness; lost, at last, all sense of his wrong-doing. As her pride grew, so her confidence increased to quiet certainty. When he was safe he would send for her. He could not live without her. Had he not told her so a thousand beautiful times?

When, at the end of seven weeks, his letter came it found her calm. Quite simply, the expected had happened. He had need of her—she would go. That was all. "I am risking everything for your sake," it ran. "I am leaving London and coming to Murcester on Friday week by the train which

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arrives at two forty-five. Go to the boat-house on the canal, get out the boat, and I will join you there. I am penniless—so bring *all* the money you have, and all your valuables. We will row up to Fernhill Heath, catch a train for Birmingham, and then go to Southampton to take ship for Argentina. There we shall be able to get married. Don't fail me. But I know you won't do that." Then there was a post-script: "I wonder how my darling will like me in a beard?

collected her trinkets, had hidden in the boat-house such few clothes as she could take from home without exciting suspicion. That very day, in ten minutes, as soon as the clock-hands crawled to the hour of two, she would leave Murcester post-office for good and all. Going down to the boat-house she would see her Harry once more.

Lost in the superb ecstasy of her day-dream, she dwelt now in a fairyland of her own making. She was a thousand miles away from her surroundings. She did not



"'OH, HOW YOU STARTLED ME!' SHE SAID."

Shelton had known her only too well. Not for a moment did she hesitate. She had drawn all her money from the savings bank—the whole of her aunt's legacy of two hundred pounds, the nest-egg about which Shelton had so often rallied her. She had

hear the superintendent approaching; nor did she know that he stood beside her in silence for a while. But when he put his hand lightly on her shoulder she leapt from her seat with a cry of fear. "Oh, how you startled me!" she said.

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The man stared at her frightened face. The cheeks were drawn, there were lines about the mouth, the eyes were eloquent of want of sleep. He shook his head.

"You want a rest, Miss Earle," he said, kindly. "You'd better take some sick leave, I'm thinking."

"Oh, it's nothing," she brought out, hastily. "There's nothing the matter with me, really. It's only toothache that has kept me from sleeping lately. I shall be all right in a day or two. As there was a lull I thought I'd rest my face a little, and was half asleep when you came. That's why you startled me so." Then, before he could say anything, she went on, quickly, "It's curious how slack the work is on the London wire to-day!"

The words were hardly out of her mouth when the key before her began to click its contradiction. M.R., M.R., it called. (M.R. is the code for Murcester.) The superintendent laughed. "They mean to give you something to do now," he said. "But take my advice, and a little sick leave to cap it!" He patted her shoulder with his kind, fat hand, swung his heavy body slowly round, and began his sentry-like parade again.

Florence Earle took up her pencil, gave the answering signal, and began to take down the message. The operator at the London end was in a hurry and it came at lightning speed—so fast that, writing with mechanical precision, it was not until all of it was on the flimsy pink paper that she realized the purport of the words. Then, reading it over to see that it made sense, the full horror of what she saw mastered her and made her its own. With a hand on her pulsing, hammering heart, her silent lips mouthed the written words. It was as if she had signed and sealed the death-warrant of the man she loved. This was what the message said:—

"Chief Constable, Murcester. — Shelton believed to be on board London train due Murcester at two forty-five.—Travers, Paddington."

She sat staring before her for three priceless minutes, incapable of movement, utterly broken and crushed. Then the revulsion came, driving her into activity. Her brain galloped. A dozen useless plans had birth and death in vain. Suddenly, with a swift intaking of her breath, she seized the pad before her. Off it she ripped the two copies of the horrible message, thrust the carbon paper under the next page, and wrote the telegram afresh. But instead of two forty-five she put *five* forty-five. She flung the altered forms into a wicker basket at her side. A watchful messenger hastened up. He put them into a little pouch, set it in a pneumatic tube, and pulled a lever. The pouch went hurtling down to the delivery-room below. Five minutes later one of the copies would be in the chief constable's hands.

Florence Earle rose to her feet, walked across to the attendance-book, signed off duty, and went out of the door into the cloak-room immediately. A fine colour had conquered her pallor; a happy smile hid the tiredness of her eyes. She looked radiant, positively radiant, as she passed.

As she hurried through the narrow streets of the cathedral city she was the happiest woman alive. She was proud of her artifice; she gloried in the quick alertness of her scheme. But above all she was glad because she was no longer a useless, passive onlooker. She was an accomplice, she had helped Harry, she had done something which counted—something for which he would be grateful all the years of his life. Her strategy, and hers alone, had saved him. When the detectives met the slow train at a quarter to six she and Shelton would be speeding away in the opposite direction, winning on to the sea and the haven beyond. Oh, she had saved him—she had been of use! Without *her* . . . He would never, never forget the greatness of his debt.

She came hot-foot to the little stile at the side of the country road. Beyond it lay the path to the clump of beeches and the tiny boat-house where his skiff swung. It was solitary as ever; there was no sign of life about the deserted, long-disused canal.

She put the key into the door of the tumble-down boat-house, turned it, and went in. Out of a locker she took a little wicker basket. It held the few of her treasures that she had been able to bring without risk. From the bosom of her blouse she drew an envelope. It covered Shelton's letter and a number of folded bank-notes. Carefully she put it back again, reassured. Then she sat down on the locker and took her watch from her waistbelt. It was now nearly three. Harry would be with her almost any minute. With a sudden gasp of recollection, she snatched at the basket, set it on her knee, dived into it, and drew out a hand-glass. Her hair rebelled distractingly; impatience helped it to be stubborn. Her fingers were all thumbs; she could do nothing with them. Even when her hair was something like decent there were other troubles. Her

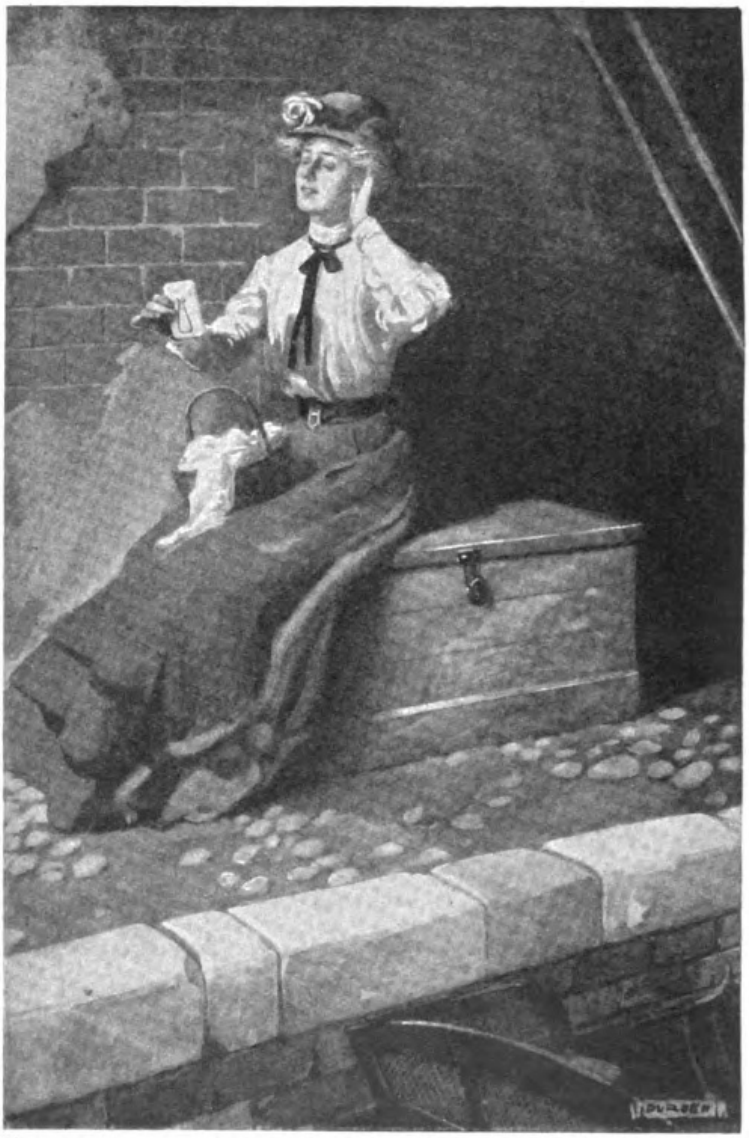
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blouse had lost a button at the back. Harry would notice it at once. He always hated untidiness. And, gracious heavens, the band of her skirt showed! The hurried walk had left her a bundle of untidiness. It took her a quarter of an hour to remedy all these trivial but important things. Even then she was only half satisfied. But impatience soon put everything else out of mind. For Shelton, long overdue, had not come.

The fifteen minutes grew to thirty, then won on to forty-five, and still there was no sign of him. She began to wonder if she had made a mistake. Her eager eyes searched the letter once more. No; he had said Friday. There was no mistake. Her nightmare began again, for all her wakefulness.

She gave his absence every cause but capture. That she absolutely refused to believe in, even to think of. He was too smart, too clever, too dexterous. He had thought it wise not to leave his hiding-place just yet. Yes; that must be it. To-morrow another letter would reach her, explaining everything. After all, it didn't matter. She had endured eight long weeks. She could afford to wait a little longer for her life's happiness. But oh! she had so wanted to see him, to feel herself held in his arms once more, to hear him call her all the old endearing names again. There in the darkness of the boat-house she wept out her disappointment, drawing relief from her tears. Then she forced herself into action. She must do nothing to-day which could by any chance jeopardize to-morrow.

She looked at her watch. It was after four. She was on duty at five. Though she had never meant to go back again, it was now the only thing to do. So she thrust the wicker basket into the locker, hurried out, and fastened the door. Breathless, half dead with disappointment and fatigue, she reached the post-office a couple of minutes before five. She passed into the telegraph gallery and sat down at her appointed place.



"IT TOOK HER A QUARTER OF AN HOUR TO REMEDY ALL THESE TRIVIAL BUT IMPORTANT THINGS."

Fate was kind to her there. The telegrams rolled in; a flood of Press work came. For nearly three hours she sat writing up news at express speed. A few minutes before eight there was a lull. Immediately her imagination, so long checked, began to riot. Then, tired out with work and worry, for the first time for weeks she lost courage. Her belief in Shelton's successful escape oozed out. She had no heart to hope. Depression, heavy and all-obsessing, gripped and held.

Suddenly (she had been resting her head on her hand) she sat bolt upright and listened. From far away the sound of shouting voices seemed to be carried along the street. The noise came closer, gathered strength, grew something like distinct. Outside, the road-

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way seemed alive. The pavements rang with the tread of running feet. The newsboys were shouting under the very windows now. They shouted all together and one cry mixed with another, indistinguishable still. Then, clear and shrill above them all, a voice came up to Florence as she sat:—

"Arrest of Harry Shelton! Capture of the bank thief! Speshul! Speshul edition!"

Duty, discipline, the habit of years, went from Florence in a flash. She tore across the long gallery, flew down the stone stairs, terror driving her with whips of fear. Out into the street she dashed, flung a boy a coin, snatched a still damp sheet from his hand. Every letter of the great headlines stabbed her heart. "Clever Capture by Belboro Detectives! Arrest of the Missing Bank Clerk!" These words, in huge, leaded type, dominated the first page.

Florence staggered; then nerved herself to read on.

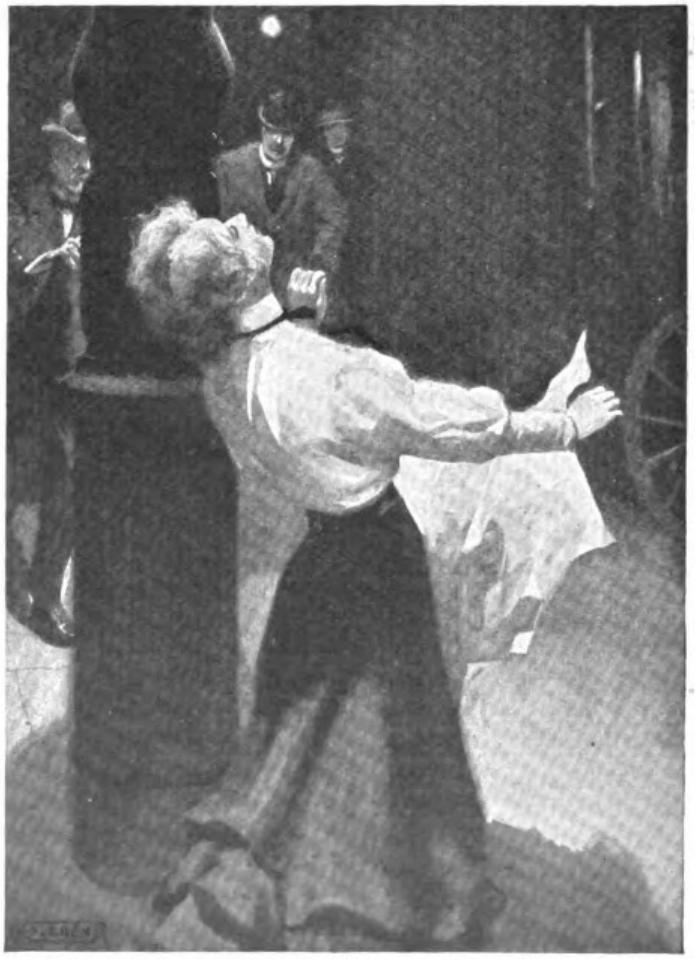
"Harry Shelton, the missing bank clerk, was arrested at Murcester this afternoon."

This afternoon? Then he had come after all. And she had failed him. She had made some awful mistake. It was her fault. She had misread his letter. Beside herself with despair, she read on to know the truth. But the worst was yet to come.

"The capture was effected on Shelton's arrival by the five forty-five train this afternoon. From a statement made to us by the guard, we understand that he left London by the express due at two forty-five, but for some reason or other (probably suspecting that he had been watched at Paddington) he changed into the slow train at Oxford, due here three hours later. The detectives were waiting for him on the platform."

Florence Earle stumbled forward with half-shut eyes. Her trembling, outstretched hands still held the paper close. She was hatless in the roadway; a gathering, curious crowd watched her as she went. There was a buzzing in her ears. Her head shook, her lips twitched. No sense of time and place remained. She only knew he was caught, and that it was her fault. Suddenly—perhaps because at times of greatest stress the human mind falls back on commonplaces, too tired to find new phrases for its grief—she lifted up her head, stared upwards, and whispered dully, "All is lost!" Then she collapsed in a heap.

But she was wrong. All was not lost. Fate, Providence, Kismet, or what you will, had intervened. Florence Earle was saved.



"SHE WHISPERED DULLY, 'ALL IS LOST!' THEN SHE COLLAPSED IN A HEAP."

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MULTUM IN PARVO.

A Compendium of Short Articles.

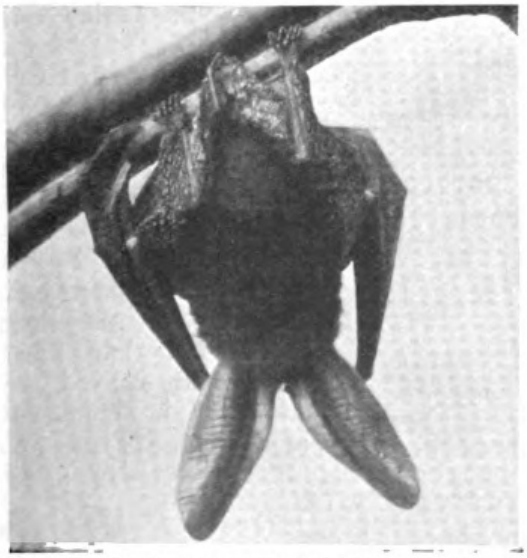
IX. — How a Bat Goes to Sleep.

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN J. WARD.

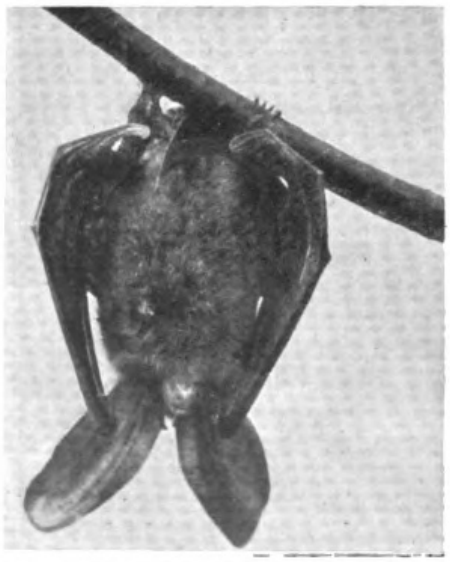
IN the natural order of things, the little, long-eared creature should not have commenced its rapid flittings over and around the pool, and under the trees, until twilight had been completely displaced by darkness; for, unlike some of its relatives, which fly only at dusk and dawn, this bat species loves the blackness and stillness of the night, and consequently it flies late.

On this particular afternoon in mid-May, however, the individual in question appeared between three and four o'clock, in bright sunlight.

The fact was, I think, that the few cold and frosty nights had prevented it from getting abroad, or, what is more probable, had made its insect prey so scarce that it had gone to bed hungry, and, being an extremely voracious little creature, rather than have another night without supper it had turned out in the sunlight where food would be certain.



THE LONG-EARED BAT SEEN FROM BEHIND JUST SUSPENDING ITSELF UPSIDE DOWN TO A BRANCH.



THE SAME SEEN FROM THE FRONT.

This fact has enabled me, by being ready with a camera when the little creature settled to rest again, to place before the readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE some pictures illustrating how carefully this, the prettiest of all British bats, protects its enormous and delicate ears when it settles down to sleep, by placing them under its wings. These photographs show this action, I have every reason to believe, for absolutely the first time, and the descriptions underneath them make the process perfectly clear.

Probably no animal that the world has seen has possessed proportionately larger ears than those of the long-eared bat, for they are little inferior in length to the head and body. Since all structures in the anatomy of an animal serve some function in their economy, the question arises: What advantage does this species of bat derive from the possession of such enormous ears?

I have previously stated that the bat normally seeks its insect prey late at night, but we have also learned that it occasionally feeds during daylight. It is obvious, therefore, that, unlike owls, moths, and similar nocturnal animals, it is not dazed by the light of day; indeed, its small eyes point to the fact that its powers of sight are very inefficient, and experiments have shown this to be the case.

An Italian physiologist named Spallanzani was the first to investigate in this direction. He took bats of the long-eared and other species, and glued over their eyes bits of leather, completely blinding them; in some cases, too, the eyes were entirely destroyed. These cruel experiments led to the discovery that, when so treated, they could without

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FIRST IT FOLDS UP ONE OF ITS HUGE SENSITIVE EARS.

hesitation fly along winding caverns, avoiding branches, cords, and other objects placed to obstruct them, even darting through a small hole in a curtain, and readily find their way back to their dwelling-holes.

These experiments have since been confirmed by other observers. There is, therefore, some reason to suppose that it is not the sense of sight which directs the long-eared bat to the small insects which serve it as prey.



THEN THE OTHER EAR FOLLOWS—ONE UNDER EACH WINGED ARM.

When the bat commences to fly it erects its large ears, and in flight it is continually twitching them about, and it is probable that they serve as huge ear-trumpets, enabling it to detect sounds that are quite beyond the range of the human sense of hearing. It therefore may be able to hear the approach of a flying insect as small as a gnat, or even smaller; while the movements of the disturbed air-currents caused by the wings of a moth of moderate size may be to it like the rush of a locomotive. It happens, too, that there is a little direct evidence which tends to show that this is the true function of these enormous and delicately sensitive ears.

That the sense of hearing of this bat is very acute is shown by the voice of the animal, which is a very razor's-edge of sound, many people being quite unable to hear its fine and high-pitched notes even though it may screech with terror while held in the hand. Since, then, it possesses a voice almost inaudible to human ears, but which doubtless its mate can hear from a distance, we may reasonably conclude that it is able to hear delicate sounds; and, by analogy, if the human ear can detect the sound of a bird flying close by, that the long-eared bat may likewise distinguish the flight of a moth or even a gnat. Also, there is the further evidence in the fact—which the photographs distinctly show—that when its feeding is done it folds up its delicate ears and puts them away—a most extraordinary action, yet a very natural one if the animal has to depend on these organs for its livelihood. Furthermore, it selects the stillness of the night for its wanderings abroad, when other bat species have largely ceased flight, probably that it may the more readily detect the almost silent movements of its quarry, and so pursue them in their flight.

These huge ears of the long-eared bat, then, point to the fact of an advanced evolution. While the night-flying moths have, like the owls, developed soft wings and a silent flight, the ears of the long-eared bat have kept pace, and evolved concurrently an acute sense of hearing.



FINALLY, THE WINGS ARE CLOSED TIGHTLY, AND THE BAT IS READY FOR SLEEP.

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X.—How We Tried the Daylight Saving Bill.

By Henry Franklin.

IT is the twenty-fifth of April, and, as I write, the clock points to nine. Breakfast is cleared away, the children are in their schoolroom at lessons, and in consequence, except for the pleasant noise of the sea breaking on the beach, there is quiet in our remote colony. At twelve, as it is a very warm morning, we shall make up a party bold enough to defy the proverbial wisdom, "Who bathes in May (or earlier) shall be laid in clay!" and refresh ourselves with a hasty dip. Then lunch at one o'clock, tea at five, and dinner at seven. Well, you will say, all this sounds very ordinary; why trouble to speak of it? Just for this one reason: we are "Daylight Savers." We shall have our dinner at seven o'clock, and afterwards we shall probably stroll about for an hour, pottering in our gardens or watching the sunset over the moor. For, you see, although the sun sets today at ten minutes past seven, and we don't finish dinner till eight, our clocks, as well as we, are early daylight converts, and are all put forward an hour. When dinner is over and they point to eight o'clock, it will "really" (as we still have to say) be seven; and so, instead of drawing the curtains, as you do, and lazing about indoors, we shall still enjoy another hour of health-giving sunshine and fresh air.

We call ourselves a colony, which, indeed, we practically are. And this colony is made up of three households, all related. One happy day we heard that a row of coastguards' cottages, with which we were well acquainted, was about to be vacated. Six miles from a railway station, a hundred miles from London, on the edge of a glorious moor, where the gorse in spring and summer and the long waves of purple heather later in the year make a vision of beauty absolutely enchanting; within a stone's throw of the yellow cliffs, and with miles of lonely beach such as is hard to find nowadays—there stood the long row of cottages, outwardly unattractive it is true, but cosy within and stoutly built to withstand the winter storms.

"An ideal spot!" was our verdict. "What a perfect place for doing what we like in!" The business part of the project was easily negotiated; we were soon installed, and here we are, for the second year in succession, arranging our time in accordance with the proposals of the Daylight Saving Bill.

When we started the experiment last year we wondered why we had never had the sense to think of it before. But we are only amateurs at "open-air fads," as our friends call them, not originators; and just as one of our colony discovered, by accident, the joys of "haystack bedrooms" (described in The Strand Magazine for July, 1904), so did we, after listening carelessly to the vague talk of Mr. Willett's proposal, gradually drift into this experiment. At first we followed the public discussion of the project with amusement only, but by degrees we got interested; the colony took sides, and for weeks we popped in and out of each other's cottages, firing off "pros" and "cons" until finally it was agreed that the "pros" had the advantage, and we found ourselves one fine morning getting up at six-thirty instead of seven-thirty — we had passed a Daylight Saving Bill on our own account! I myself was whole-heartedly with the "pros," and I have still to hear a good reason for lying in bed when the sun is shining, and then sitting up late with the aid of artificial light. If there are good reasons for special trades, we find there are none that apply to us out here, and we have never had occasion to regret our adoption of Mr. Willett's inspired common sense.



THE COLONY.

Last year, through sheer lack of initiative,

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possibly with the idea of not completely losing touch with the actual world, we kept our clocks according to Greenwich time; this year, however, we decided to do the thing thoroughly, and keep no reminders of the old style of sunlight wasting. The change naturally led to a few muddles, especially on the part of the servants, who, after receiving instructions, would ask, anxiously, "Do you mean *real* time or *daylight* time?" "Daylight time." Then they would profess to be clear on the point, and go away, evidently thoughtful, and the results were sometimes laughable.

On one occasion, in the absence of the authorities, the children were given their tea—their last meal for the day—at three ("daylight" time) instead of five! On another occasion my wife suddenly started laughing in the middle of dinner for no apparent reason — we were having dinner at five o'clock! And we had had tea at three! So we, too, were not impeccable. But this was sheer heedlessness, and with the clocks put forward an hour, and the servants instructed that they are to keep to their old time-tables, nothing of the sort has happened since. Of course our neighbours (there are none nearer than a mile and a half) profess to think us cranks, and the wit of the village has been exhausted in finding a title for us—"The Early Closing People!"—so that now we know the worst.



"EARLY BIRDS."

Heads of households ask us in amazement, "But how *do* you manage to get your servants up an hour earlier?" What an extraordinary question! They don't get up earlier. As a matter of fact, the time at which you rise is only early or late in relation to the time at which you go to bed. Time, as we try to explain to our wondering friends, is not something fixed and immutable, but a purely arbitrary division of our days accepted for social convenience; so that if we all agree to call six o'clock in the morning seven o'clock, and so on through the twenty-four hours, they need fear no terrible universal dislocation and confusion. As Mr. Willett has been trying to make us understand, the one and only result is that we save daylight. And so, with our servants as well as ourselves, because we go to bed an hour earlier than we used to, by getting up an hour before our accustomed time we do not really get up earlier, but, as regards ourselves only, we get up at exactly the same time!

June and July are the daylight months *par excellence*, and what a glorious feast of sunshine and open air we had during these two months last year! I dare say the reform rather developed into a craze with a few of us, for we made a point of doing entirely without artificial light for as long as we possibly could. My own record was a clear six weeks without using lamp or candle, and during all that time I don't suppose we had more than a dozen meals within doors, and then only on account of rain. We lived out of doors till ten o'clock every day (reformed time), and up to this hour it was no uncommon thing to see some of us at tennis or croquet, while others were reading, doing needlework, or playing whist. And how healthy we got! If you are no longer young, try to remember the eagerness and freshness of your early rising at the age of seven, and you will get some idea of the effect on us of our daylight saving.

In calculating our gains you must bear in mind that these do not consist merely in an added hour of daylight, nor an *added* hour of sunlight, but sometimes the *only* hour of sunlight, for so frequently this extra early hour is the only hour's sunshine during the day. Everybody must have noticed how

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common a thing it is during bad weather for the rising sun to have its own way with the clouds for a few hours, only to be obscured and lost to us again about nine o'clock; you are cheated with the promise of a fine day, and you get nothing but rain. This is where we score. Last summer, as daylight wasters, we should have passed some dozens of days without a glint of sunshine, but as daylight savers this very rarely happened to us. The sun in June and July is up before four o'clock; we rise at five or six, have our morning's swim, and sharp at seven our three breakfast-tables are full up. So by nine o'clock we have had a good dose of sun and fresh air, and, let the weather then do its worst, it is no great hardship to us, for we are already "bucked up" for the day.

This year we began again at the end of March. We refrained from starting earlier out of consideration for the servants, who, I am told, get up an hour and a half before we do. Why their hour of rising should be so much before ours a mere man may not venture to explain. Personally, I think that thirty minutes should be ample time in which to light a couple of fires and prepare a simple English breakfast. But these matters are not "in our sphere," and, with respectful surprise, I leave them severely alone. As it was, I find that when we started "daylighting" this year the servants got up forty minutes before sunrise; and I believe that all normal persons are agreed that to get up before the sun — that is, as a regular thing — is not fascinating.

Among the many objections to the Daylight Saving Bill is one I cannot answer, because the objectors are not yet reasonable human beings; the children are firmly convinced that the whole thing is only a trick on the part of their natural enemies, the grown-ups, to get them to bed an hour earlier! I am sorry, but they have a grievance, and they refer bitterly to our innovation as "that horrid old daylight!"

I like to hear them shouting over the moor as I sit writing in my open-air hut on the cliff's edge, but for all that I shall resist any attempt to restore the hour they believe we have filched from them. The results of our experiment have been so good that none of the grown-ups would now care to abandon the scheme, for, while we have found that the difference in the working of our households has been practically nil, there has been a distinct addition to our realization of summer and to the enjoyment we get from the freshness and sunshine of that best part of the year.

And, should the wisdom of the nation in Parliament assembled decide on the general adoption of Mr. Willett's suggestions, the first thing I should do next spring would be to propose yet another private Daylight Saving Bill for our own colony, to apply to the months of June, July, and August, so that during these three months we should gain two hours a day instead of one. That would mean a further gain of roughly one hundred hours of sunlight a year!



"HORRID OLD DAYLIGHT!"

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XI.—"His Majesty" Under the Microscope.

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES SCOTT.

I BELIEVE all readers will be willing to acknowledge that as a specimen of engraving a penny postage-stamp is a fine piece of work. A mere superficial glance proves that it is a most excellent portrait, and is shaded with exceptional neatness. Indeed, I think that the workmen who make the dies from which it is printed are regarded as highly skilful. Now, I am repeatedly drumming into people's ears that minute Nature, when magnified, discloses wonderful symmetry of design and detail. It may not be inopportune, therefore, to inspect, as a contrast, this example of man's handiwork. I gum a postage-stamp to a slip of glass and begin.



FIG. 1.—THE KING'S CROWN ON A PENNY POSTAGE-STAMP, MUCH MAGNIFIED.

In every case the accompanying diagrams depict the specified portions of the stamp, as seen through magnified pinholes. I made the punctures with a fairly large pin, an inch and three-quarters long.

Most appropriately, the King's "crown" (Fig. 1) deserves first place. This conforms to the light patch above the forehead and near the hair. The upper white line in the diagram is really the extreme top of the head, and the five lines are some of the *delicate* shading to be seen with the naked eye!

The nose (Fig. 2) thus magnified might be aptly compared with a large-toothed comb and portions of some rough indefinable figuring. About half of it is displayed, the curve of the nostril being represented at the right-hand side. Bearing in mind how neat and compact the actual stamp appears, it is strange that there is, in fact, a goodly space between the nose and the moustache. When magnified to the proportions I show, the moustache is completely outside the range of view.

The diagram of the cheek of His Majesty (Fig. 3) depicts a small area of that part of the face, just where the hair curls about slightly in front and below the ear. As will be seen, the coarseness of this actually fine



FIG. 2.—THE NOSE.

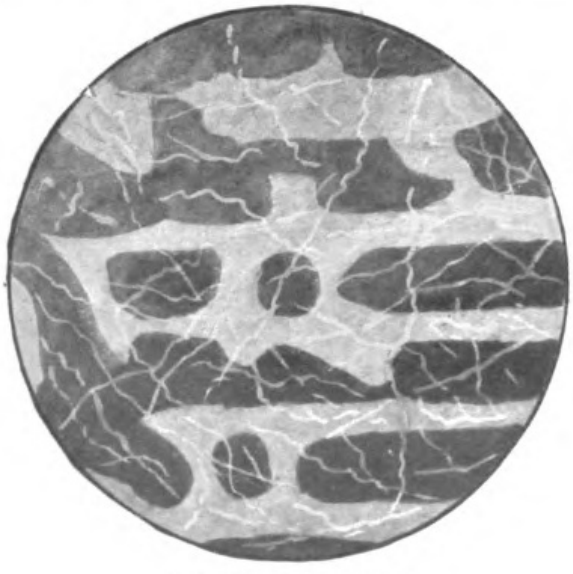


FIG. 3.—THE CHEEK.

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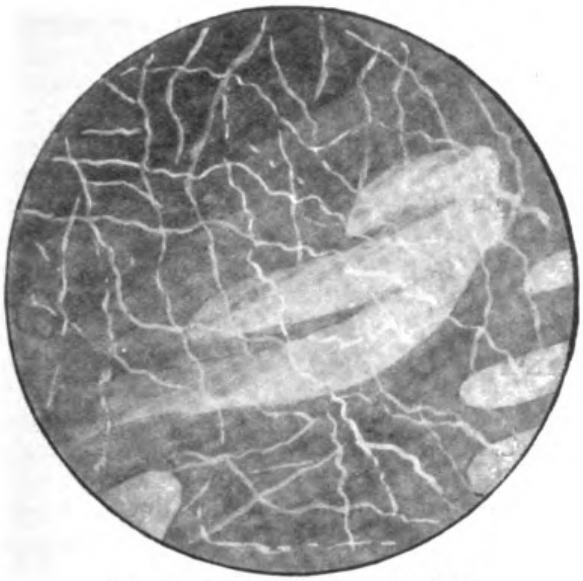


FIG. 4.—THE LOBE OF THE EAR.



FIG. 5.—THE CHIEF GEM IN THE CROWN—THE PERFORATION IN THE BORDER IS ALSO SHOWN.

bit of work is such that the figuring could very well be labelled, "A heap of stones."

The major part of the space occupied by the ear is scarcely more than a dark patch; but the lobe, or section corresponding with that which ladies pierce for the accommodation of their ear-rings, is more picturesque, as a reference to the diagram (Fig. 4) will explain.

The surroundings of the profile are also remarkable when seen under microscopical conditions. Let the reader closely examine any penny postage-stamp he likes, and then tell us whether the simple straight line which extends right round it as a border is broken or disturbed at any point. It is almost certain that the reply will be "No." Well, then, let us pass this line beneath the instrument. All looks clear as possible until we reach the exact middle of the line at the top, just above the crown. There the line, instead of seeming quite flush, is raised up for a distance equal to half its width, and embraces a fraction of the crown. Usually one of the holes by which stamps are enabled to be torn off occurs at this spot, and is indicated at the top of the diagram (Fig. 5), where a little of the illustration is omitted. The circle below this phase, containing the dark crescent, is the large jewel in the middle of the crown, right above the Maltese cross. At each side of it is a smaller jewel—one nearly square in outline, though obviously intended to be spherical. I suppose these things depict pearls; but how coarse they are!

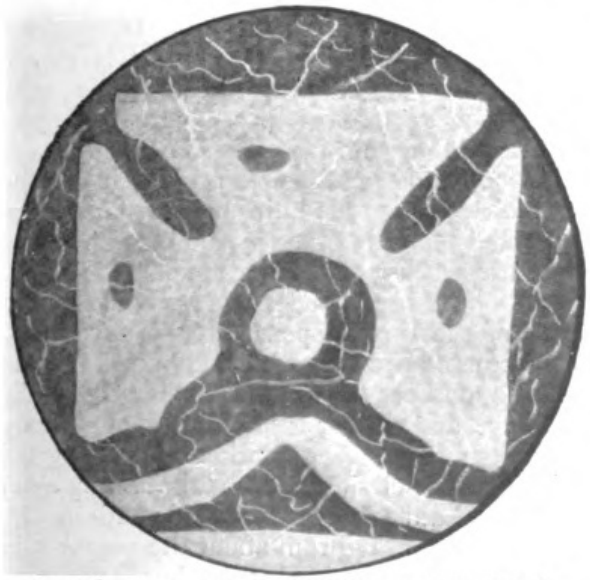


FIG. 6.—THE MALTESE CROSS ON THE CROWN IS SHOWN TO BE AWRY AND LOPSIDED.



FIG. 7.—THE KNOT OF THE BOW.

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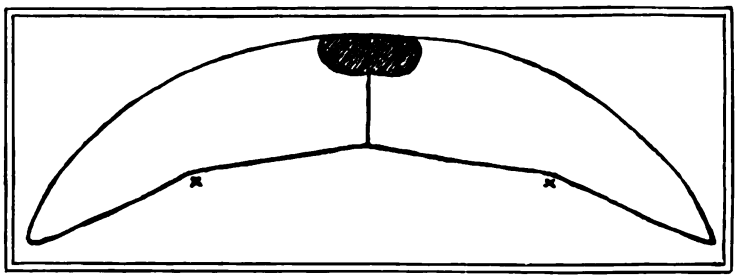
If we need a good specimen of the extreme faultiness of man's finest handiwork we cannot do better than magnify the Maltese cross. This can be seen in bulk with the naked eye, occupying the exact centre of the design of the crown. I have very carefully reproduced this feature in the diagram (Fig. 6). Dots which are intended to be in the middles of the respective arms of the cross are far from their positions, the upper one being laughingly so. The figuring at the sides of the central boss of the cross is woefully at variance. One side is quite different from the other.

The bow at the bottom of the stamp affords a final curiosity (Fig. 7). Its knot, when enlarged, is seen to conform with the illustration, which might be described as some strange hand or paw, or a peculiar kind of plant; in fact, anything except what it is.

XII.—How to Make a Model Glider.

AT the present moment, when so much interest has been aroused in the science of aeronautics by the recent Aero Exhibition at Olympia and the performances of the Brothers Wright and others, readers may be interested in a method of making with a minimum of trouble a small model glider, which, despite its diminutive size, will fly in a most realistic fashion when sent from the hand in an ordinary room or hall. The materials required are nothing more than a small sheet of paper and a piece of sealing-wax.

The paper used should be fairly stiff—ordinary note-paper will answer perfectly—and, with a knife or pair of scissors, a piece should be cut out roughly bird-like in shape, taking care that the dimensions of each wing are approximately equal. The outline here shows a shape which the writer has found to give very good results, but the size should be about double—*i.e.*, six inches from tip to tip and one inch wide at the centre. It must, however, be understood that models can be made in many other shapes and sizes besides this one—for their powers of flight do not depend so much on their dimensions as on the important factors of the weight that is carried and the amount of elevation of the wing-tips.



THE GLIDER, HALF ACTUAL SIZE.

It will be noticed that if the piece of paper cut out as above indicated be now thrown from the hand, it turns over and over and sinks slowly to the ground. It has no more stability than would be possessed by (supposing such a thing were possible) a bird without a body. To supply this necessary stability we must add weight to the model, and applying sealing-wax to it forms a convenient way of doing this. The oval-shaped space in the diagram shows the position it should occupy, and gives a very rough idea of the amount necessary for a paper model of this size; but the right quantity can, of course, only be determined by actual tests. It should be distributed as equally as possible on each side of the straight line indicating the centre of the model. Too little weight makes the model sway from side to side in the air and take an erratic course; too much diminishes its buoyancy and causes it to drop too quickly.

The only thing that now remains to be done is the elevation of the wing-tips. The exact amount that these are raised does not seem to matter very much, but it is of the greatest importance that both tips should be elevated to the same extent. It is extraordinary how sensitive the model is to any slight variation between them. This great sensitiveness renders it a matter of some difficulty to obtain perfectly straight flights, as the models generally sweep round in a long curve, owing to one tip being slightly less elevated than the other. And even when the tips are set just right, and one or two straight flights have been made, it is probable that, if one of the tips happens to come in contact with the wall or an article of furniture, the shock of the collision will slightly upset the balance and render fresh adjustments necessary. In the actual operation of elevating the tips the model should be held pointing away from you and with the waxed side underneath, and then, starting from about the points × in the diagram, each wing in turn should be gently twisted up between thumb and forefinger.

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It may be added that probably the model's powers of flight will be considerably improved by very slightly bending the front edge downward. This gives a better cutting edge and seems to impart an extra rigidity to the paper.

The model may now be held at the centre between thumb and finger at about the level of the eye (sealing-wax underneath and wing-tips pointing up and towards you) and thrown —or, rather, launched—gently and with as little jerk as possible; if the model is thrown too hard — a likely error at first — it will probably swoop up in the air and descend again rather sharply, pursuing a switchback course, and so considerably decreasing the extent of its flight. It ought to sail perfectly evenly, gradually dropping, and with the wing-tips slightly quivering. There is, no doubt, a certain knack in throwing the model, but it is easily acquired. Care should be taken to hold it level and with the centre line pointing in the desired direction. It will probably be found that at the first trial the model curves either to the right or the left, owing to the wing-tips, as mentioned above, not being quite equally elevated. If this should be the case and the model curves, say, to the left, the right tip should be elevated or the left one depressed, and if to the right the operation should be reversed. It has been pointed out that the models are extremely sensitive at the wing-tips, and therefore only a very slight alteration in the elevation of these should be required. Speaking generally, when an adjustment becomes necessary it is better to raise a wing-tip than to lower it, as it may be taken for granted that the paper has a natural tendency to resume its original flatness.

If, in spite of repeated adjustments, the model persists in curving in one direction and also behaves erratically, the cause is probably that one of the wings is hanging down from the centre, or that a door or window is open and a current of air is affecting the model's equilibrium. A model so small as the one we are discussing, and made of so flimsy a substance as paper, will only give good results in a room or hall where the air is perfectly still. A point, by the way, that may be noted with regard to the model is that if it is dropped upside down it will recover itself before it reaches the ground and glide for a short distance.

A model made as above described, carrying a fairly correct weight and having the wing-tips properly elevated, ought not to drop in a gradient of more than about one in twelve, so that a person of average height should be able to make it glide twenty yards or more. And though this distance is not a very considerable one, yet the sight of this piece of paper skimming steadily and rapidly through the air, and seeming almost to controvert the law of gravity, is one that fascinates the writer. Apart from this, many points regarding the flight of birds may be elucidated from the study of such models. A soaring rook or gliding seagull is regarded with a new interest, as with wings outspread it sails through the air, and you notice how (when near ground, at any rate) it is constantly moving the upturned tips of its wings to and fro to compensate for the effect of the different currents it meets with, and realize the reason for this when you remember the sensitiveness of the model. Again, it will be understood how it is that some birds, like the lapwing or common plover, rise easily from the ground, but cannot glide more than a few feet, while birds that glide a good deal, such as rooks, gulls, or herons, have to exert much more effort to enable them to ascend from off the ground. This is easily explainable by the fact that the lapwing's wing-surface is so large compared with the weight of its body that its balance is unstable unless it flaps constantly, just in the same way that the model behaves in an erratic manner if an insufficient amount of wax is applied; while, on the other hand, the gulls and rooks, whose extra amount of weight enables them to easily retain their balance, find it a matter of some little difficulty to raise this weight from the ground. In fact, it is said that the albatross, which can follow a ship for days with scarcely a flap of its wings, cannot rise from the ground at all unless it faces a fairly strong wind.

Several other points of interest to the student of flight, which it is unnecessary to enumerate here, may be deduced from the observation of these little models.

It has been said that the small paper models above described can only be used indoors; but it is a perfectly simple matter to construct on the same lines larger ones from cardboard or any other suitable material, and these, if thrown from a cliff or high building on a reasonably calm day, will travel quite a long distance. It will be evident that a doubling, for example, of the linear dimensions of the model demands much more than twice the previous amount of weight, which depends, of course, on the number of square inches of wing-surface. With larger models such weight is best supplied by a small piece of sheet-lead.

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"HATS IS HATS."

By ELLIS PARKER BUTLER.

FOR five minutes the telephone-bell had been ringing as hard as it could ring in the office of the railway station at Westcote, and every minute Mike Flannery was getting madder. He glared at the telephone, and he was so mad that for two pins he would have taken down the receiver and said something.

"Number seventy-six don't answer," said the telephone girl, sweetly, to the party on the other end of the wire. "Shall I ring 'em again?"

Mrs. Madden straightened up and her face hardened. She glared at her telephone.

"You ring until he does answer!" she snapped. "If that man hasn't time to attend to bus——"

When the bell again began its irritating, maddening jingle, Mike Flannery was not in. He was out on the platform welcoming the train from the city, and the guard in the car was dumping packages on to the big truck. He shoved two trunks and a laundry hamper off the car and chucked a coil of lead pipe after them, and handed Mike Flannery carefully a cylindrical pasteboard box with six "Handle with Great Care" labels on it. Then he passed out three crates of lettuce and a bicycle wheel, two automobile tyres, and a chair.

"Got a calf here for you, Mike," he said.

Calves may be sent in two ways, and this one had been sent in the uncrated way. It costs more to send a calf uncrated, but some folks are fond of sending them that way. It is less trouble; no bother of making a crate; no worry of getting the calf into the crate. All the sender has to do is to take the calf to the station, pay the proper charges, take a receipt, and go home. And it is fine for the consignee. No bother peeling the crate off the calf; consignee sits at home; up comes the porter and hands the end of the rope to the consignee. "Here's yer calf," he says; and all the consignee has to do is to turn the calf loose in the back yard, and there you are! It saves the sender and the consignee all trouble. The porter has that.

"Shove th' crate awnto th' truck," said Flannery.

"It ain't crated," said the guard; "it's loose. Climb in and give a hand with him."

When they put hand to him the calf yelled for mother and braced his feet, and the guard urged haste. It is a bad job, getting a good-sized calf to step out of a side door on to a truck, and a truck is a bad thing for a calf to stand on, anyway; so they led him down by pushing from behind, and he landed on the platform with a sawed-off wail that sounded like "Ma-a-a-wawk!"

And all the time the telephone-bell was ringing.

Flannery tied the calf's halter to the rear end of the truck, and went to the front end and took hold of the iron handle and pulled. Behind him was the full passenger list of the train, grinning, and ahead of him was the telephone-bell, ringing. Was he mad? He was so mad that when he gave the truck a jerk the calf made the trip across the platform into the office in two leaps! Two leaps, and then stood dazed and astonished. He was so dazed he didn't even know the halter had broken. He just stood there like a silly calf. But Flannery didn't!

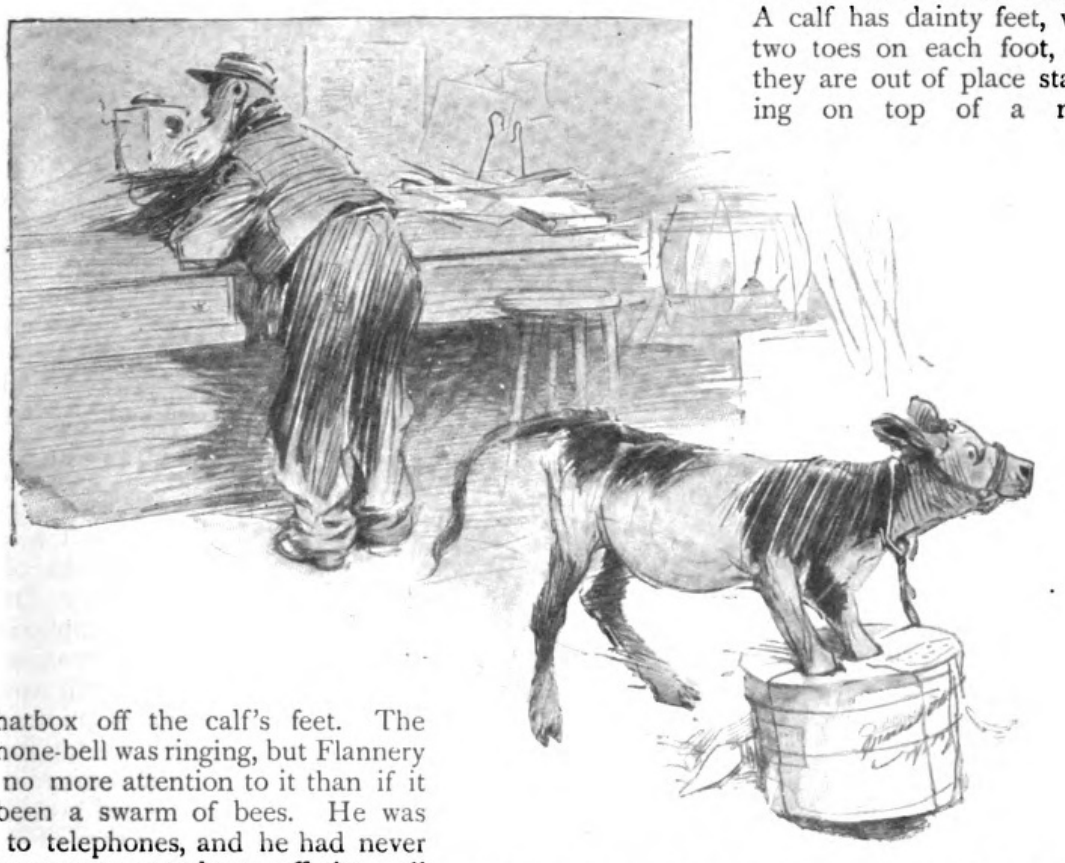
Flannery did not even look at the calf. He slammed the way-bills on his desk and made one jump for the telephone. It was then that the calf looked down to see what was the matter with his feet. He was hobbled. Through the lid of the cylindrical box that bore the labels, "Handle with Great Care," both fore-feet of the calf had gone.

"Mother! Mother! Mother!" called the calf, in its soul-stirring voice.

"Halloa!" yelled Flannery into the telephone. "An' phwat th' divil be ye mekkin' sich a—— Shure Oi know 'tis Saturday afthernoon; an' did ye call up Mike Flannery fer t' tell him th' day av th' week? 'Is ther' a package come fer Missus Mary Maria Madden?'" he mimicked angrily. "Well, if ye would be givin' me a minute t' look t'roo th' way-bills—— How th' divil kin Oi look is ther' a package, ma'am, whin ye kape me here wid me eye fastened awnto th' tellyphone?—Git away from there, ye big beast, ye!"

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Mike Flannery slammed the receiver on the hook and made one jump for the calf. He put his shoulder under the chest of the calf and encircled its legs with one arm, and hefted up. With the other hand he pushed the hatbox off the calf's feet. The telephone-bell was ringing, but Flannery paid no more attention to it than if it had been a swarm of bees. He was used to telephones, and he had never known one to get down off the wall and bite him. He set his teeth and pushed the twine off the crushed pasteboard box and took off the lid. There were two holes in the lid, where the calf's feet had gone through.



"THROUGH THE LID OF THE CYLINDRICAL BOX THAT BORE THE LABELS, 'HANDLE WITH GREAT CARE,' BOTH FORE-FEET OF THE CALF HAD GONE."

It was a hat. Flannery took it carefully from the box and laid it on the end of the truck, and stood back and looked at it.

"An' to-morry—an' to-morry"—he said, with compressed anger—"to-morry do be Sunday! Shut up!" he said to the telephone-bell. "An' you shut up, too!" he said to the calf. "An' look at ut! Look at th' hat now, will ye?"

It was—it had been—a tall hat, a fashionable hat, built on the general plan of an inverted coal-scuttle. It was a pale, treacle yellow, of dreamy, soft straw, the plaits of which began at the ground floor and went up and up in graceful spirals until they reached the plateau at the top. Turned upside-down it looked like an esoteric waste-paper basket. I have never seen an esoteric waste-paper basket, and neither had Flannery, but neither had he ever seen a hat like this. It was a new hat, and a spring hat, of the season of 1909. For a minute Flannery could not believe it *was* a hat, and then, just as he had decided that it *was* a hat, he realized that it was a hat no longer. A calf has dainty feet, with two toes on each foot, but they are out of place standing on top of a new-style three-storey-and-basement hat. The hat was badly smashed. The bunches of *Spiræa multiflora* and *Astilbe japonica* were jammed into the moire and telescoped with the yellow haircloth band. There were three punctures and a compound fracture and a whole crowd of contusions in that hat. It looked sick. No one ever saw a sicker-looking hat than that one.

Flannery very soberly bent over and picked up the box. The hat had been sent off by "Ernestine, Artistic Millinery," but as Flannery read the address of the consignee he straightened up and gazed at the telephone with anger. The consignee was Mrs. Martha Mary Madden. And the telephone-bell was still ringing.

"Halloa!" he said, when he had taken the receiver down, and his voice was gentle. "Halloa! Are you there, missus? . . .

"Would ye mind sayin' th' worrds a bit

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slower, mum?" said Flannery. "Well, ain't Oi just tellin' ye—— If ye'll but give me wan worrd, mum—— Shure Oi know me business! Well, th' same t' ye! Hat! Ain't Oi been tellin' ye fer th' last half-hour thot th' hat has came? *Oi sav th' hat has came!* CAME! TH'—HAT—HAS—CAME!"

Flannery slapped up the receiver. He was mad now.



"FLANNERY TOOK IT CAREFULLY FROM THE BOX AND LAID IT ON THE END OF THE TRUCK, AND STOOD BACK AND LOOKED AT IT."

"Phwy don't Oi bring th' hat up?" he snapped. "Will Oi mek haste, fer ther' may be a few changes in th' trimmin' she'll be wantin' t' mek? Ther'll be changes, all roight! Mebby th' leddy'll be disappointed whin she gits th' hat!"

He looked at the telephone doubtfully. It was his duty to deliver the hat, and he would deliver the hat, but perhaps it would be well to just mention over the 'phone that a little accident had happened to the hat. The shock would not be so great to Mrs. Madden. He picked up the telephone directory and turned the pages.

"M," he said, "K, L, M, Ma, Mac, Mad, Madden, John C. Madden, 1—3—5 Westcote."

He put up his hand for the receiver and glanced back at the hat. His hand remained motionless in the air. The hat was gone! The last bit of *Astilbe japonica* was just disappearing into the calf's mouth! Flannery let his hand fall.

"Th' rule applyin' t' th' case," said Flannery slowly to himself; "th' rule thot applies t' th' prisint case—th' rule——" He put up his hand and scratched the red thatch on top of his head. "Now, phwat would th' rule be, annyway?" he said. "Hats would be hats, an' calves would be calves, but whin th' hat is aten by th' calf, is ut a hat *or* a calf? I wonder would Oi report th' hat in bad condition, or absint entoirely? Oi dunno."

He took down the book of Rules and Regulations and turned the pages slowly. It told all about calves crated or uncrated, and it told all about hats shipped in wood or in pasteboard. It told what to do if a consignee claimed that fruit had spoiled in transit, and if a shipment of cigars arrived with several cigars missing, but it did not tell what to do if a calf ate a spring hat. Books of rules cannot tell everything. Probably the man who compiled those rules never even imagined that a consignment of calf would eat a consignment of millinery.

"There be no doubt th' hat is in bad condition," said Flannery, with worried brows. "Ut stands t' reason thot a hat phwat has been aten by a calf should be in bad condition, an' th' rules says t' so report whin goods is received in bad condition. But th' other wan—Rule twinty-six—says: 'Whin goods be lost in transit or in th' office they shall be so reported by th' agint.' An' t' Flannery ut looks like whin a calf ates a hat th' hat is lost. Shure 'tis lost! But is ut? Some would say 'twas lost, but Mike Flannery knows moighty well where th' hat is this blissid minute! 'Tis in th' calf. So 'tis not lost."

He sighed. He knew there was trouble ahead for Flannery, whether he reported the hat lost or in bad condition. He turned to his desk.

"If 'twas th' calf, now, thot was lost," he said, complainingly, "'twould be no great matther, fer nobody seems chrazy over telephonin' fer th' calf, an' Oi would hev plinty av toime t' supply another wan before 'twas needed fer milkin', if 'tis a cow th' beast is t' grow into. Annyhow, Oi could pick up a calf thot would do fer a day or two, until wan thot suited could be got, but 'tis different wid millinery. To-morry's th' day, an' Oi know

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th' wimmin! Ther' be but wan hat in th' worrld thot will suit aich woman, an' th' hat thot suits Missus Madden is at prisint in th' stomach av th' red an' whoite calf yonder. Calves is nawthin' but live stock, but hats is hats."

Flannery looked at his way-bills moodily. Probably the company would take the value of the hat out of his wages, if they ever amounted to the value of a new spring hat. "One calf, uncrated, value three pounds," he read; and then, turning to the next way-bill, he stopped with a gasp. It said, "One hat, boxed, value ten guineas."

As he stared, the telephone-bell began to ring again, and he let it ring.

"Ten guineas!" said Flannery, in an awe-struck whisper. "Ten——"

He looked up at the calf reproachfully.

"Ten guineas! An' aten by a cheap, inixpensive three-pound calf! Why, ye ain't no more value than th' crate av sich a hat should be!"

He stopped short. Now he knew the rule that covered hats eaten by calves. Rule twenty-five said: "When the agent be in doubt which rate to charge, he shall charge the higher"; and when an agent is in doubt what to do about a hat that has been eaten by a calf, what should he do but deliver the higher-priced? Flannery dipped his pen into the purple ink and scrawled across the way-bill pertaining to the calf the one word "Lost." Then he wrote carefully in his receipt book: "From London. Consignee, Mrs. M. M. Madden. One hat, packed in a calf. Bad condition."

He stopped a moment to answer the ringing telephone.

"Shure! shure!" he shouted. "Oi'll be th·re in foive minutes!"

Then he took the halter of the calf in his left hand and tucked his receipt-book under his right arm, and went out.

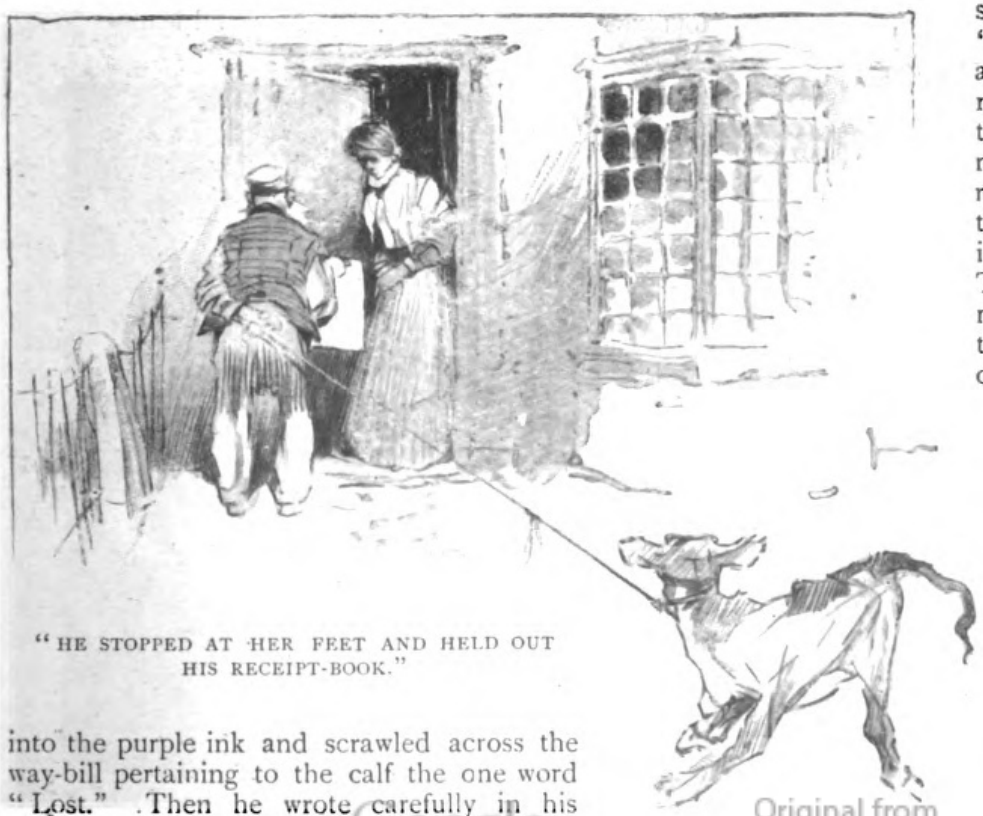
Four minutes later Mrs. Madden was standing at her front door, her lips set, her eyes blazing, and a threaded needle all ready in her hand. Her eyes were set steadily toward the village, and they did not move to right nor to left. She was waiting for her hat, and she did not look at the man coming up the road with a red-and-white calf in tether. She did not see him until he turned into the yard, and it was only when he stopped at her feet and held out his receipt-book that she looked at him.

"Sign here," said Flannery, pointing to the blank spot.

"What!" said Mrs. Madden.

"Sign here," repeated Flannery, firmly. "Ain't ye th' lady thot's been tellyphonin' all day fer her spring hat? I brung ut up mesilf," he said, soothingly. "'Tis in th' calf here."

"What!" gasped Mrs. Madden.



"HE STOPPED AT HER FEET AND HELD OUT HIS RECEIPT-BOOK."

"Well, ma'am," said Flannery, "Oi'm not askin' ye t' do nothin' more than Oi'd do mesilf. Th' receipt mentions thot th' hat is in bad condition. Th' receipt mentions thot th' hat is in th' calf. An' Mike Flannery guarantees it is. An' usually, ma'am, whin th' company does repackin' ut makes a charge fer ut, but seein' as it's you, ma'am, we'll say nawthin' about ut."

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"Missing Detail" Pictures.

SOLUTIONS.

IN our last number several pictures were reproduced in which, by the omission of an essential detail, the meaning became so obscure as to be baffling. As a clue to the unlocking of the mystery, however, the key of one was given. Herewith the six other "missing details" are restored.

In the realms of domesticity what more entertaining sight or embarrassing experience than "Holding the Baby"? In the picture as first given an eccentric family group may have been playing at "Odd or even?" or the young gentleman in the centre may have been explaining how he had got his hands run over by a motor-car.



"HOLDING THE BABY."

"The Travelling Tumblers" introduces us to such a mediæval scene as would have appealed to Charles Reade. The young acrobat has indeed got through the hoop, but clumsily. He will soon be up again, unhurt. Meanwhile, his little brother is beginning what may prove a more successful leap.



"THE TRAVELLING TUMBLERS."



"HOT OR COLD, SIR?"

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"BLINDMAN'S BUFF."

Many of our readers no doubt guessed at once that the lady in the box was not a victim of grave-ghouls. As one critic put it, the participants in the ceremony did not look wicked enough. One suggested it was a scene at Madame Tussaud's. As a matter of fact, the draper's men are "Packing the Model"—quite the latest thing at a popular price from Paris to cause a fluttering before the provincial shop-windows when it duly arrives. The introduction of a price-ticket would, it must be confessed, rob the weirdest scene of its terrors and bring us from the charnel vault to Oxford Street at bargain time with a rush.

"Missing Details" should prove an amusing pastime. Carry the idea with you when you visit the Royal Academy.

Our apprehensions of horror as regards the picture shown at the right-hand bottom of the opposite page were, it seems, baseless. It is merely a Turkish bath. "Hot or cold, sir?" asks the energetic attendant, with his clutch on the douche ropes.

When a good-natured and active old gentleman can be induced to take a hand at "Blindman's Buff" the fun is sure to be quite as fast and furious as it is depicted in Mr. Stott's picture.

Remote, indeed, from the artist's idea was our offered interpretation of the next picture. The gentleman on the right was not a heartless villain after all. In fact, he had nothing to do with the tragedy being enacted to crowded houses nightly, unless it was to enjoy its success thoroughly "At the Wings." Such is the striking effect wrought by a simple vertical line!



"AT THE WINGS."



"PACKING THE MODEL."

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A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

By E. NESBIT.

CHAPTER VI.

BURIED TREASURE.

AND now the beautiful spacious life opened once more for Dickie, and he learned many things, and found the days all good and happy and all the nights white and peaceful in the big house and the beautiful garden on the slopes above Deptford. And the nights had no dreams in them, and in the days Dickie lived gaily and worthily, the life of the son of a great and noble house; and now he had no prickings of conscience about Beale — left alone in the little house in Deptford. Because one day he said to his nurse :—

"How long did it take me to dream that dream about making the boxes and earning the money, in the ugly place I told you of?"

"Dreams about that place," she answered him, "take none of *our* time here. And dreams about this place take none of what is time in that other place."

"But my dream endured all night," objected Dickie.

"Not so," said the nurse, smiling between her white cap-frills. "It was *after* the dream that sleep came—a whole good nightful of it."

So Dickie felt that for Beale no time at all had passed, and that when he went back—which he meant to do—he would get back to Deptford at the same instant as he left it. Which is the essence of this particular kind of white magic. And thus it happened that when he did go back to Mr. Beale he went because his heart called him, and not for any other reason at all.

Days and weeks and months went by and it was autumn, and the apples were ripe on the trees and the grapes ripe on the garden walls and trellises. And then came a day when all the servants seemed suddenly to go mad—a great rushing madness of mops and brooms and dusters and pails, and everything in the house already perfectly clean was cleaned anew, and everything that was already polished was polished freshly; and when Dickie had been turned out of three rooms one after the other, had tumbled over a pail and had a dishcloth pinned to his doublet by an angry cook, he sought out the nurse, very busy in the linen-room, and asked her what all the fuss was about.

"It can't be a spring cleaning," he said, "because it's the wrong time of year."

"Never say I did not tell thee," she answered, unfolding a great embroidered cupboard cloth and holding it up critically. "To-morrow thy father and mother come home and thy baby brother; and to-day se'nnight thy little cousins come to visit thee."

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"How perfectly glorious!" said Dickie. "But why *didn't* you tell me?"

"If I didn't, 'twas because you never asked."

"I—I didn't dare to," he said, dreamily; "I was so afraid. You see, I've never seen them."

"Afraid?" she said, laying away the folded cloth and taking out another from the deep press, oaken, with smooth, worn, brown iron hinges and lock. "Never seen thy father and mother, forsooth!"

"Perhaps it was the fever," said Dickie, feeling rather deceitful. "You said it made me forget things. I don't remember them—not at all, I don't."

"Do not say that to them," the nurse said, looking at him very gravely.

"I won't—unless they ask me," he added. "Oh, nurse, let me do something, too. What can I do to help?"

"Thou canst gather such flowers as are left in the garden to make a nosegay for thy mother's room, and set them in order in fair water. And bid thy tutor teach thee a welcome song to say to them when they come in."

Gathering the flowers and arranging them was pleasant and easy; asking so intimate a favour from the sour-faced tutor, whom he so much disliked, was neither easy nor pleasant. But Dickie did it. And the tutor was delighted to set him to learn a particularly hard and uninteresting piece of poetry beginning:—

> Happy is he
> Who, to sweet home retired,
> Shuns glory so admired
> And to himself lives free;
> While he who strives with pride to climb the skies
> Falls down with foul disgrace before he dies.

Dickie could not help thinking that the father and mother who were to be his in this beautiful world might have preferred something simple and more affectionate from their little boy than this difficult piece, whose last verse was the only one which seemed to Dickie to mean anything in particular. In this verse Dickie was made to remark that he hoped people would say of him: "He died a good old man," which he did *not* hope, and, indeed, had never so much as thought of. The poetry, he decided, would have been nicer if it had been more about his father and mother and less about fame and trees and burdens.

But he abandoned the idea of writing poetry, deciding that it was not his line, and painfully learned the dismal verses appointed by his tutor.

But he never got them said. When the bustle of arrival had calmed a little, Dickie, his heart beating very fast indeed, found himself led by his tutor into the presence of the finest gentleman and the dearest lady he had ever beheld. The tutor gave him a little push, so that he had to go forward two steps and to stand alone on the best carpet, which had been spread in their honour, and hissed in a savage whisper:—

"Recite your song of welcome!"

"Happy is he," began Dickie, in tones of gloom, and tremblingly pronounced the first lines of that unpleasing poem.

But he had not got to "strives with pride" before the dear lady caught him in her arms, exclaiming, "Bless my dear son; how he has grown!" and the fine gentleman thumped him on the back and bade him "bear himself like a gentleman's son and not like a queasy square-toes." And they both laughed and he cried a little, and the tutor seemed to be blotted out, and there they were all three as jolly as if they had known each other all their lives. And a stout young nurse brought the baby, and Dickie loved it and felt certain it loved him, though it only said "Goo ga goo" exactly as your baby brother does now, and got hold of Dickie's hair and pulled it, and would not let go.

There was a glorious dinner, and Dickie waited on this new father of his, changed his plate, and poured wine out of a silver jug into the silver cup that my lord drank from. And after dinner the dear lady-mother must go all over the house to see everything, because she had been so long away, and Dickie walked in the garden among the ripe apples and grapes, with his father's hand on his shoulder, the happiest, proudest boy in all Deptford—or in all Kent, either.

His father asked what he had learned, and Dickie told, dwelling perhaps more on the riding and the fencing and the bowls and the music than on the sour-faced tutor's side of the business.

"But I've learned a lot of Greek and Latin, too," he added, in a hurry, "and poetry and things like that."

"I fear," said the father, "thou dost not love thy book."

"I do, sir; yet I love my sports better," said Dickie, and looked up to meet the fond, proud look of eyes as blue as his own.

"Thou'rt a good, modest lad," said his father, when they began their third round of the garden, "not once to ask for what I promised thee."

Dickie could not stand this. "I might

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have asked," he said, presently, "but I have forgot what the promise was. The fever——"

"Aye, aye, poor lad. And of a high truth, too! Owned he had forgot. Come, jog that poor peaked remembrance."

Dickie could hardly believe the beautiful hope that whispered in his ear.

"I almost think I remember," he said. "Father, did you promise——"

"I promised if thou wast a good lad, and biddable and constant at thy book and thy manly exercises, to give thee, so soon as thou shouldst have learned to ride him——"

"A little horse?" said Dickie, breathlessly. "Oh, father—not a little horse?" It was good to hear one's father laugh that big, jolly laugh—to feel one's father's arm laid like that across one's shoulders.

The little horse turned round to look at them from his stall in the big stables. It was really rather a big horse. What coloured horse would you choose—if a horse were to be yours for the choosing? Dickie would have chosen a grey, and a grey it was.

"What is his name?" Dickie asked, when he had admired the grey's every point, had had him saddled, and had ridden him proudly round the pasture in his father's sight.

"We call him Rosinante," said his father, "because he is so fat," and he laughed; but Dickie did not understand the joke. He had not read "Don Quixote," as you, no doubt, have.

"I should like," said Dickie, sitting square on the grey, "to call him Crutch. May I?"

"*Crutch?*" the father repeated.

"Because his paces are so easy," Dickie explained. He got off the horse very quickly and came to his father. "I mean even a lame boy could ride him. Oh, father, I am so happy!" he said, and burrowed his nose in a velvet doublet, and perhaps snivelled a little. "I am so glad I am not lame."

"Fancy-full as ever," said his father. "Come, come! Thou'rt weak yet from the fever. Be a man! Remember of what blood thou art. And thy mother—she also hath a gift for thee—from thy grandfather. Hast thou forgotten that? It hangs to the book learning. A reward—and thou hast earned it."

"I've forgotten that too," said Dickie. "You aren't vexed because I forget? I can't help it, father."

"That I'll warrant thou cannot. Come, now, to thy mother, my little son! The Earl of Scilly chid me but this summer for sparing the rod and spoiling the child. But thy growth in all things bears out what I answered him. I said, 'The boys of our house, my lord, take that pride in it that they learn of their own free will what many an earl's son must be driven to with rods.' He took me. His own son is little better than an idiot, and naught but the rod to blame for it, I verily believe."

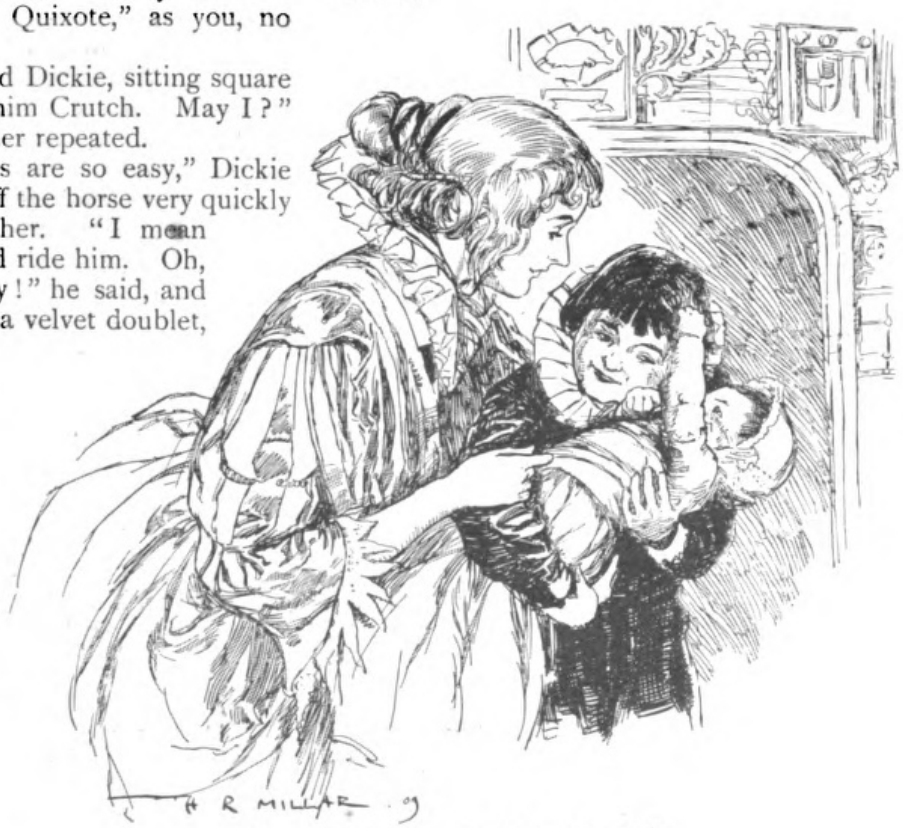
They found the lady-mother and her babe by a little fire in a wide hearth.

"Our son comes to claim the guerdon of learning," the father said. And the lady stood up with the babe in her arms.

"Call the nurse to take him," she said. But Dickie held out his arms.

"Oh, mother!" he said, and it was the first time in all his life that he had spoken that word to anyone. "Mother, do let me hold him."

A warm, stiff bundle was put into his careful arms, and his little brother instantly caught at his hair. It hurt, but Dickie liked it.



"IT HURT, BUT DICKIE LIKED IT."

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The lady went to one of the carved cabinets and with a bright key from a very bright bunch unlocked one of the heavy panelled doors. She drew out of the darkness within a dull-coloured leather bag embroidered in gold thread and crimson silk.

"He has forgot," said Sir Richard, in an undertone, "what it was that the grandfather promised him, though he has well earned the same. 'Tis the fever."

The mother put the bag in Dickie's hands.

"Count it out," she said, taking her babe from him, and Dickie untied the leathern string and poured out on to the polished long table what the bag held—twenty gold pieces!

"And all with the image of our late dear Queen," said the mother, "the image of that incomparable virgin Majesty whose example is a beacon for all time to all virtuous ladies."

"Ah, yes, indeed," said the father. "Put them up in the bag, boy. They are thine own to thee, to spend as thou wilt."

"Not unwisely," said the mother, gently.

"As he wills," the father firmly said; "wisely or unwisely. As he wills. And none," he added, "shall ask how they be spent."

The lady frowned; she was a careful housewife, and twenty gold pieces were a large sum.

"I will not waste it," said Dickie. "Mother, you may trust me not to waste it."

It was the happiest moment of his life to Dickie. The little horse—the gold pieces. . . . Yes, but much more, the sudden good, safe feeling of father and mother and little brother; of a place where he belonged, where he loved and was loved—and by his equals. For he felt that, as far as a child can be the equal of grown people, he was the equal of these. And Beale was not his equal, either in the graces of the body or in the inner treasures of mind and heart. And hitherto he had loved only Beale; had only, so far as he could remember, been loved by Beale and by that shadowy father, his "daddy," who had died in hospital, and, dying, had given him the rattle, his Tinkler that was Hardings' Luck. And in the very heart of that happiest moment came like a sharp dagger-prick the thought of Beale. What wonders could be done for Beale with those twenty gold sovereigns. For Dickie thought of them just as sovereigns—and so they were.

And as these people who loved him, who were his own, drew nearer and nearer to his heart—his heart, quickened by love of them, felt itself drawn more and more to Mr. Beale—Mr. Beale the tramp, who had been kind to him when no one else was—Mr. Beale, the tramp and housebreaker.

So when the nurse took him, tired with new happinesses, to that beautiful tapestried room of his he roused himself from his good soft sleepiness to say, "Nurse, you know a lot of things, don't you?"

"I know what I know," she answered, undoing buttons with speed and authority.

"You know that other dream of mine—that dream of mine, I mean, the dream of a dreadful place?"

"And then?"

"Could I take anything out of this dream—I mean out of this time—into the other one?"

"You could, but you must bring it back when you come again. And you could bring things thence. Certain things. Your rattle, your moonseeds, your seal."

He stared at her. "You *do* know things," he said; "but I want to take things there and leave them there."

She knitted thoughtful brows.

"There's three hundred thick years between now and then," she said. "Oh, yes, I know. And if you held it in your hand you'd lose it, like as not, in some of the years you go through. Money's mortal heavy and travels slow—slower than the soul of you, my lamb. Someone would have time to see it and snatch it and hold to it."

"Isn't there any way?" Dickie asked, insisting to himself that he wasn't sleepy.

"There's the way of everything—the earth," she said. "Bury it and lie down on the spot where it's buried, and then when you get back into the other dream the kind, thick earth will have hid your secret, and you can dig it up again. It will be there—unless other hands have dug there in the three hundred years. You must take your chance of that."

"Will you help me?" Dickie asked. "I shall need to dig it very deep if I am to cheat three hundred years. And suppose," he added, struck by a sudden and unpleasing thought, "there's a house built on the place? I should be mixed up with the house. Two things can't be in the same place at the same time; my tutor told me that. And the house would be so much stronger than me: it would get the best of it, and where should I be then?"

"I'll ask where thou'd be," was the very surprising answer. "I'll ask someone who

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knows. But it'll take time. Put thy money in the great press and I'll keep the key. And next Friday as ever is come your little cousins."

They came. It was more difficult with them than it was with the grown-ups to conceal the fact that he had not always been the Dickie he was now, but it was not so difficult as you might suppose. It was no harder than not talking about the dreams you had last night.

And now he had indeed a full life—headwork, bodily exercises, work, home life, and joyous hours of play with two children who understood play as the poor little, dirty Deptford children do not and cannot understand it.

He lived and learned, and felt more and more that this was the life to which he really belonged. And days and weeks and months went by and nothing happened, and that is the happiest thing that can happen to anyone who is already happy.

Then one night the nurse said :—

"I have asked. You are to bury your treasure under the window of the solar parlour and lie down and sleep on it. You'll take no harm, and when you're asleep I will say the right words, and you'll wake under the same skies and not under a built house, like as you feared."

She wrapped him in a warm cloth mantle of her own when she took him from his bed that night after all the family were asleep, and put on his shoes and led him to the hole she had secretly dug below the window. They had put his embroidered leather bag of gold in a little wrought-iron coffer that Sebastian had given him, and the nurse had tightly fastened the join of lid and box with wax and resin. The box was wrapped in a silk scarf, and the whole packet put into a big earthenware jar with a lid, and the join of lid and jar was smeared with resin and covered with clay. The nurse had shown him how to do all this.

"Against the earth spirits and the three hundred years," she said.

Now she lifted the jar into the hole, and together they filled the hole with earth, treading it in with their feet.

"And when you would return," said the nurse, "you know the way."

"Do I?"

"You lay the rattle, the seal, and the moonseeds as before, and listen to the voices."

And then Dickie lay down in the cloth cloak, and the nurse sat by him and held his hand till he fell asleep. It was June now, and the scent of the roses was very sweet, and the nightingales kept him awake awhile. But the sky overhead was an old friend of his, and as he lay he could see the shining of the dew among the grass blades of the lawn. It was pleasant to lie again in the bed with the green curtains.

When he awoke there was his old friend the starry sky, and for a moment he wondered. Then he remembered. He raised himself on his elbow. There were houses all about—little houses with lights in some of the windows. A broken paling was quite close to him. There was no grass near, only



"DICKIE LAY DOWN IN THE CLOTH CLOAK, AND THE NURSE SAT BY HIM AND HELD HIS HAND TILL HE FELL ASLEEP."

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rough, trampled earth; the smell all about him was not of roses, but of dustbins; and there were no nightingales; but far away he could hear that restless roar that is the voice of London, and near at hand the foolish song and unsteady footfall of a man going home from the Cat and Whistle. He scratched a cross on the hard ground with a broken bit of a plate to mark the spot, got up and crept on hands and knees to the house, climbed in, and found the room where Beale lay asleep.

"Father," said Dickie next morning, as Mr. Beale stretched and grunted and rubbed sleepy eyes with his unwashed fists in the cold daylight that filled the front room of 15, Lavender Terrace, Rosemary Street. "You got to take this house—that's what you got to do, you remember."

"Can't say I do," said Beale, scratching his head; "but if the nipper says so, it *is* so. Let's go and get a mug and a doorstep, and then we'll see."

"You get it, if you're hungry," said Dickie. "I'd rather wait here in case anybody else was to take the house. You go and see 'im now. 'E'll think you're a man in reg'lar work by your being up so early."

"P'r'aps," said Beale, thoughtfully, running his hand over the rustling stubble of his two days' beard, "p'r'aps I'd best get a wash and brush-up first, eh? It might be worth it in the end. I'll 'ave to go to the doss to get our pram and things, any'ow."

The landlord of the desired house really thought Mr. Beale a quite respectable working man, and Mr. Beale accounted for their lack of furniture by saying, quite truthfully, that he and his nipper had come up from Gravesend, doing a bit of work on the way.

"I could," he added, quite untruthfully, "give you the gentleman I worked with for me reference—Talbott 'is name is, a bald man with a squint and red ears—but p'r'aps this'll do as well." He pulled out of one pocket all their money—two pounds eighteen shillings—except six pennies which he had put in the other pocket to rattle. He rattled them now. "I'm anxious," he said, confidentially, "to get settled on account of the nipper. I don't deceive you, we 'oofed it up, not to waste our little bit, and he's a hoppy chap."

"That's odd," said the landlord; "there was a lame boy lived there along of the last party had it. It's a cripple's home by rights, I should think."

Beale had not foreseen this difficulty, and had no story ready. So he tried the truth.

"It's the same lad, mister," he said, "that's why I'm rather set on the 'ouse. You see, it's 'ome to 'im like," he added, sentimentally.

"You 'is father?" said the landlord, sharply. And again Beale was inspired to truthfulness—quite a lot of it.

"No," he said, cautiously; "wish I was. The fact is, the little chap's aunt wasn't much class. An' I found 'im wandering. An' not 'avin' none of my own, I sort of adopted 'im."

"Like wandering hares at the theatre," said the landlord, who had been told by Dickie's aunt that the ungrateful little warmint had run away. "I see."

"And 'e's a jolly little chap," said Beale, warming to his subject and forgetting his caution, "as knowing as a dog ferret, and his patter—enough to make a cat laugh, 'e is sometimes. And I'll pay a week down if you like, mister, and we'll get our bits of sticks in to-day."

"Well," said the landlord, taking a key from a nail on the wall, "let's go down and have a look at the 'ouse. Where's the kid?"

"'E's there a-waitin' for me," said Beale. "Couldn't get 'im away."

Dickie was very polite to the landlord, at whom, in unhappier days, he had sometimes made faces, and when the landlord went he had six of their shillings and they had the key.

"So now we've got a 'ome of our own," said Beale, rubbing his hands when they had gone through the house together. "An Englishman's 'ome is 'is castle, and what with the boxes you'll cut out and the dogs what I'll pick up, Buckingham Palace'll look small 'longside of us—eh, matey?"

They locked up the house and went to breakfast, Beale gay as a lark and Dickie rather silent. He was thinking over a new difficulty. It was all very well to bury twenty sovereigns and to know exactly where they were. And they were his own beyond a doubt. But if anyone saw those sovereigns dug up, those sovereigns would be taken away from him. No one would believe that they were his own. And the earthenware pot was so big. And so many windows looked out on the garden. No one could hope to dig up a big thing like that from his back garden without attracting *some* attention. Besides, he doubted whether he were strong enough to dig it up, even if he could do so unobserved. He had not thought of this when he had put the gold there—in that other life. He was so much stronger then. He sighed.

"Got the 'ump, mate?" asked Beale, with his mouth full.

"No; I was just a-thinkin'."

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"We'd best buy the sticks first thing," said Beale. "It's a crool world. 'No sticks, no trust!' is the landlord's motto."

Do you want to know what sticks they bought? I will tell you. They bought a rusty old bedstead—very big, with laths that hung loose like a hammock, and all its knobs gone, and only bare screws sticking up spikily. Also a flock mattress and pillows, of a dull, dust colour, to go on the bed; and some blankets and sheets, all matching the mattress to a shade. They bought a table and two chairs, and a kitchen fender with a round steel moon—only it was very rusty—and a hand-bowl for the sink, and a small zinc bath—"to wash your shirt in," said Mr. Beale—four plates, two cups and saucers, two each of knives, forks, and spoons, a tin teapot, a quart jug, a pail, a bit of Kidderminster carpet, half a pound of yellow soap, a scrubbing brush and broom, two towels, a kettle, a saucepan and a baking-dish, and a pint of paraffin. Also there was a tin lamp to hang on the wall, with a dazzling crinkled tin reflector. This was the only thing that was new, and it cost tenpence halfpenny. All the rest of the things together cost twenty-six shillings and sevenpence halfpenny, and I think they were cheap.

But they seemed very poor and very little of them when they were dumped down in the front room. The bed especially looked far from its best—a mere heap of loose iron.

"And we ain't got our droring-room suit, neither," said Mr. Beale. "Lady's and gent's easy-chairs, four hoccasionals, pianner, and foomed oak booreau."

"Curtains," said Dickie; "white curtains for the parlour and short blinds everywhere else. I'll go and get 'em while you clean the winders. That old shirt of mine—it won't hang through another washing. Clean 'em with that."

"You don't give your orders, neither," said Beale, contentedly.

The curtains and a penn'orth of tacks, a hammer borrowed from a neighbour, and an hour's cheerful work completed the fortification of the Englishman's house against the inquisitiveness of passers-by. But the landlord frowned anxiously as he went past the house.

"Don't like all that white curtain," he told himself; "not much be'ind it, if you ask me. People don't go to that extreme in Nottingham lace without there's something to hide—a house full of emptiness, most likely."

Inside Dickie was telling a very astonished Mr. Beale that there was money buried in the garden.

"It was give me," said he, "for learning of something, and we've got to get it up so as no one sees us. I can't think of nothing but build a chicken-house and then dig inside of it. I wish I was cleverer. He Reward would have thought of something first go off."

"Don't you worry," said Beale; "you're clever enough for this poor world. *You're* all right. Come on out and show us where you put it. Just peg with yer foot on the spot, looking up careless at the sky."

They went out. And Dickie put his foot on the cross he had scratched with the broken bit of plate. It was close to the withered stalk of the moon-flower.

"This 'ere garden's in a poor state," said Beale in a loud voice; "wants turning over's what *I* think—against the winter. I'll get a spade and 'ave a turn at it this very day, so I will. This 'ere old artichook's got some roots, I lay."

The digging began at the fence and reached the moon-flower, whose roots were indeed deep. Quite a hole Mr. Beale dug before the tall stalk sloped and fell with slow dignity like a forest tree before the axe. Then the man and the child went in and brought out the kitchen table and chairs and laid blankets over them to air in the autumn sunlight. Dickie played at houses under the table—it was not the sort of game he usually played, but the neighbours could not know that. The table happened to be set down just over the hole that had held the roots of the moon-flower. Dickie dug a little with a trowel in the blanket house.

After dark they carried the blankets and things in. Then one of the blankets was nailed up over the top-floor window and on the iron bedstead's dingy mattress the resin was melted from the lid of the pot that Mr. Beale had brought in with the other things from the garden. Also it was melted from the crack of the iron casket. Mr. Beale's eyes, always rather prominent, almost resembled the eyes of the lobster or the snail as their gaze fell on the embroidered leather bag. And when Dickie opened this and showered the twenty gold coins into a hollow of the drab ticking, he closed his eyes and sighed and opened them again and said:—

"*Give* you? They give you that? I don't believe you."

"You got to believe me," said Dickie, firmly. "I never told you a lie, did I?"

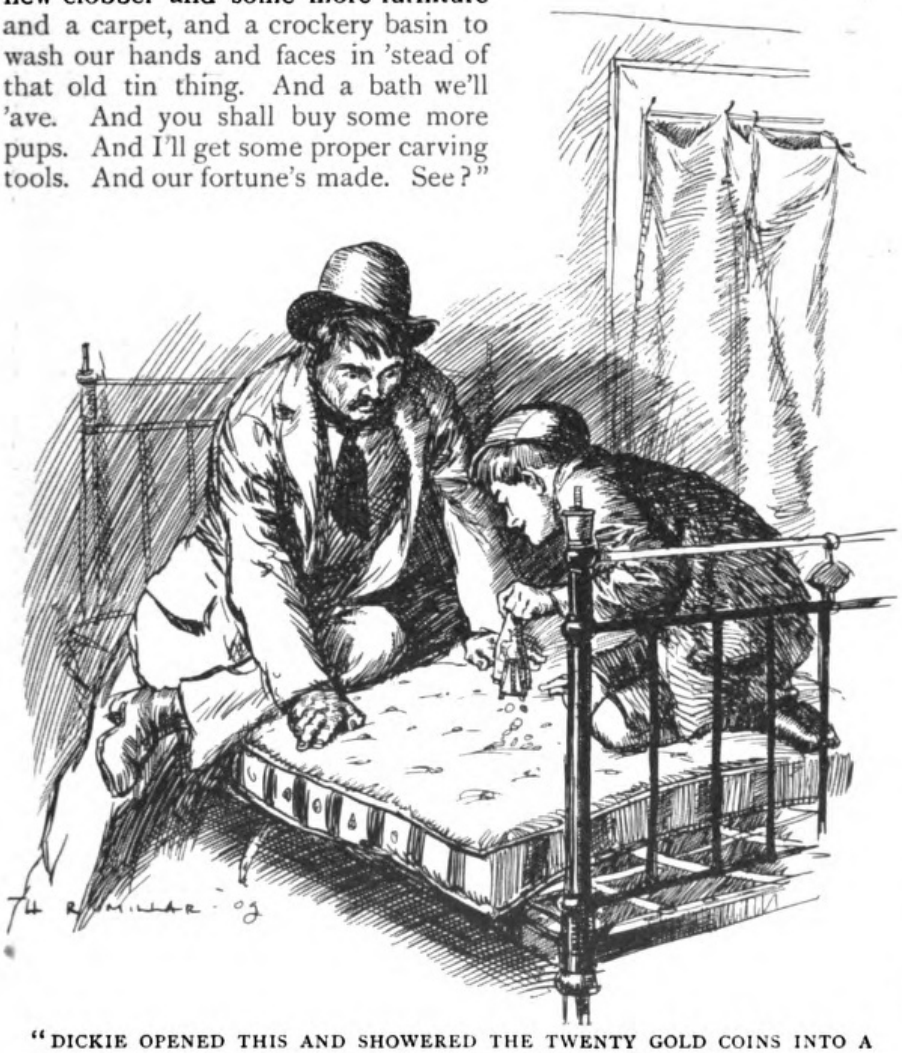
"Come to think of it, I don't know as you ever did," Beale admitted.

"Well," said Dickie, "they was give me. See?"

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"We'll never change 'em, though," said Beale, despondently. "We'd get lagged, for a cert. They'd say we pinched 'em."

"No, they won't. 'Cause I've got a friend as'll change 'em for me, and then we'll 'ave new clobber and some more furniture and a carpet, and a crockery basin to wash our hands and faces in 'stead of that old tin thing. And a bath we'll 'ave. And you shall buy some more pups. And I'll get some proper carving tools. And our fortune's made. See?"



"DICKIE OPENED THIS AND SHOWERED THE TWENTY GOLD COINS INTO A HOLLOW OF THE DRAB TICKING."

"You nipper," said Beale, slowly and fondly. "The best day's work ever I done was when I took up with you. You're straight, you are—one of the best. Many's the boy would 'ave done a bunk and took the shiners along with him. But you stuck to old Beale and he'll stick to you."

"That's all right," said Dickie, beginning to put the bright coins back into the bag.

"But it ain't all right," Beale insisted, stubbornly; "it ain't no good. I must have it all out or bust. I didn't never take you along of me 'cause I fancied you like what I said. I was just a-looking out for a nipper to shove through windows—see—along of that red-headed chap what you never set eyes on."

"I've known that a long time," said Dickie, gravely watching the candle flicker on the bare mantelshelf.

"I didn't mean no good to you, not at first I didn't," said Beale, "when you wrote on the sole of my boot. I'd bought that bit of paper and pencil a-purpose. There!"

"You ain't done me no 'arm, anyway," said Dickie.

"No—I know I ain't.' Cause why? 'Cause I took to you the very first day. I allus been kind to you—you can't say I ain't." Mr. Beale was confused by the two desires which make it difficult to confess anything truthfully — the desire to tell the worst of oneself and the desire to do full justice to oneself at the same time. It is so very hard not to blacken the blackness or whiten the whiteness when one comes to trying to tell the truth about oneself. "But I been a beast all the same," said Mr. Beale, helplessly.

"Oh, stow it!" Dickie said; "now you've told me it's all square."

"You won't keep a down on me for it?"

"Why should I?" said Dickie, exasperated and very sleepy. "Now all is open as the day, and we can pursue our career as honourable men and comrades in all high emprise. I mean," he explained, noticing Mr. Beale's open mouth and eyes, more lobster-like than ever, "I mean that's all right, father, and you see it don't make any difference to me. I knows you're straight now, even if it didn't begin just like that. Let's get to bed, sha'n't us?"

Mr. Beale dreamed that he was trying to drown Dickie in a pond full of stewed eels. Dickie didn't dream at all.

(To be continued.)

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CURIOSITIES.

[*We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.*]

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LUXURIOUS BEE-HIVES.

A SCHOOLMASTER in a small German town, being very fond of bees, resolved to build for them something novel in the way of a home. As bee-hives are generally of the same size, colour, and shape, it is sometimes difficult for a bee to find his own particular home, so this kind-hearted schoolmaster decided to give each of his hives some distinguishing mark. As will be seen from the first photograph, the buildings represent an inn, castle, house, cottage, windmill, etc There are also a number of animals, one of which, an elephant, is shown, carved from wood, closely resembling their living brothers. The owner is naturally very proud of his creation and is constantly enlarging it.—Mr. Ferdinand Greiner, Rückers, Schlesien.



SOLUTION TO LAST MONTH'S WATCH-WINDING PROBLEM.

LAST month we set our readers this interesting little problem: "Every night at twelve p.m. I wind up my watch, giving twelve turns. Should I forget to wind, the watch will run down at six o'clock the following morning. It occurs to me that I may be overwinding my watch, and I determine to give only ten turns each night, and commence to do so on a Monday night. Will the watch run down, and, if so, when? Note: Turns in winding are all of equal value." The following is the answer generally given, though it is incorrect: As twelve turns carries the watch for twenty-four hours and till six o'clock—that is to say, for thirty hours—ten turns would carry it twenty-five hours, and therefore the watch would never run down. The correct solution is as follows: The watch, of course, always has six hours in hand. The problem starts: "Every night I wind my watch, giving twelve turns." If every night twelve turns are required, each turn carries two hours, and therefore ten turns on Monday night carries it for twenty hours, to eight o'clock Tuesday evening and six hours in hand = two o'clock on Wednesday morning. Ten winds on Tuesday night carries to eight o'clock Wednesday evening and two hours in hand = ten o'clock on Wednesday evening, when the watch runs down. — Mr. O. Sindall, 41, Clock House Road, Beckenham.

NATURE'S HANDIWORK.

AMONG some sections of tree-trunks, obtained for a rockery, we found the curious growth of which I send you a photograph. The tree was an elm, and the outer edges of the "curls" are covered with bark. Can any of your readers give a reason for this freak?—Mr. D. Reynolds, Killowen, Denewood Road, Highgate, N.



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"HALF-AN'-'ARF."

THE above photographs show front and side views of a fancy dress representing "Half-an'-'Arf." The costume was prepared in three evenings during spare time, and the dress suit was in no way altered or damaged, all the tramp-side garments being superstructed. There is a nine days' beard on one side of the face, the hair being combed with isinglass to make it stand up. The face and arm are stained and made up with powders to look exactly like a natural tramp's complexion, minus the dirt. The boot is an old hand-sewn one, made up with painted and stained brown paper, with a hole in front from which a piece of tow protruded. The whole costume cost about a shilling to produce, and was a great success at more than one dance. The photographs were taken by the Yankee Studios, Ltd., Woolwich. — Mr. H. F. Stanley, 102, Maryon Road, Old Charlton, Kent.



A NOVEL USE FOR THE EAR.

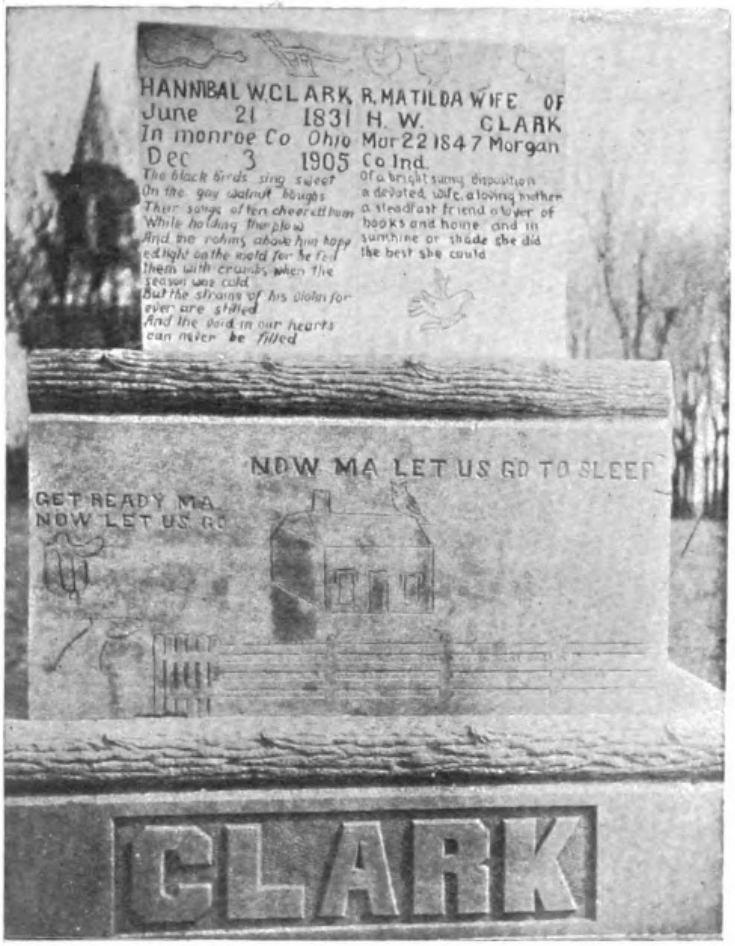
HERE is a photograph, taken at Fanning Island, of a native of one of the South Pacific Islands, showing how these men make use of their ears to carry their smoking apparatus. Occasionally one even sees them carrying small quantities of food in the same way. — Mr. L. Grant, 10, Bracewell Road, St. Quintin's Park, London, W.



WHAT IS WRONG WITH THIS CLOCK?

I AM sending you a photograph of an imitation clock, in which there are a number of mistakes, several of which are not noticeable even to the practised jeweller. Perhaps some of the readers of THE STRAND may like to discover them for themselves.—Mr. S. M. Jones, Fair View, 2, Ethel Road, Seacombe, Cheshire. Photo. J. Newman, Egremont. (Next month we will publish a list of the various mistakes which have been made.)

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AN EXTRAORDINARY TOMBSTONE.

IN all the cemeteries of the world there probably exists no more fantastic conception than in the rural graveyard of Pleasant Ridge, in Piatt County, U.S.A. To the memory of a daughter whom he idolized, Hannibal Clark, a wealthy but simple-minded farmer, erected this remarkable shaft of granite. He was so affected by her death that he survived but a short time after he had made provision for the erection of the strange monument. Not only did he stipulate what he wished engraved concerning his daughter, but also concerning his wife and himself. It was the freakish desire of the father to place upon the monument a replica of all that the girl loved on earth. He left instructions that no expense be spared to inscribe upon the stone a miniature reproduction of the objects upon which she lavished her affection. In obedience thereto the stonemasons chiselled in bold relief no fewer than fifty symbols. Nearly every inch of space is taken up with these queer figures. They include a house, fence, plough, grain cradle, rooster, hen, turkey, cow, horse, side-saddle, pair of scissors, thimble, violin, copies of love-letters, owl, fish, etc. Everything that appertained to the farm, domestic life and outdoor pleasures, was, where possible, reproduced upon this monument.—Mr. E. E. Pierson, Bloomington, Ill., U.S.A.



A LONG-DISTANCE MILESTONE.

A MILESTONE three thousand and seventy-six miles from London is surely something of a novelty, so that I think the photograph I send you will be considered worthy of a place among your "Curiosities." The stone is on Scour Hill Fort, Bermuda.—Rev. J. Dathan, Chaplain R.N., Royal Naval Club, Bermuda.

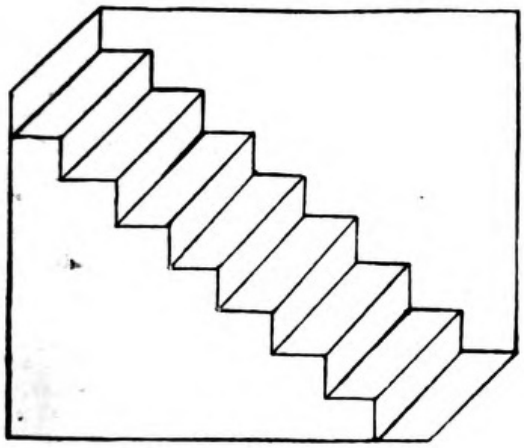


PIDGIN-ENGLISH POETRY.

"THIS man show taiger all day long
He makie bing-bang plenty sing-song.
When foreign devil he come along
Who live this side in Hong-Kong.
He stop little while he wantchi see
This taiger do anything be still and paly.
Vely soon this Chinaman catchie plenty money and gold
He have muchie l-rice when he get old."

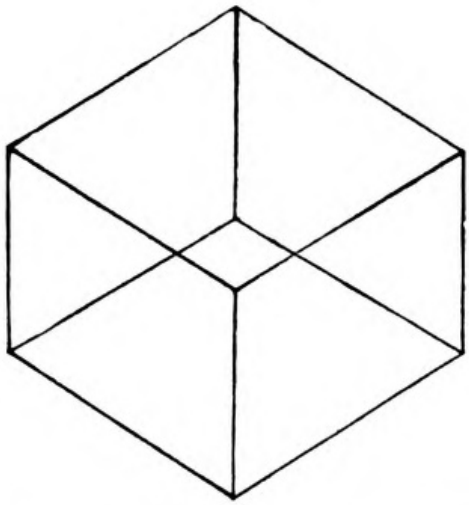
The above is an amusing advertisement used by the Chinaman shown here. As an example of pidgin-English poetry it will probably prove of interest to many STRAND readers. — Mr. Bertel Skou, The Pharmacy, 22, Queen's Road Central, Hong-Kong.

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TWO CLEVER ILLUSIONS.

I AM sending you two optical illusions which seem to me to be of more than usual interest. The first drawing, which might be called "The Magic Staircase," shows a flight of steps from whichever side it may be looked at, though it takes the eyes some seconds to perceive that this is so. The other drawing also has many peculiar properties. It may be regarded merely as a number of lines on a flat surface, as a box resting on one of its sides, or as a box standing on one of its edges.—Mr. James B. Cameron, 248, Kenmure Street, Pollokshields, Glasgow.



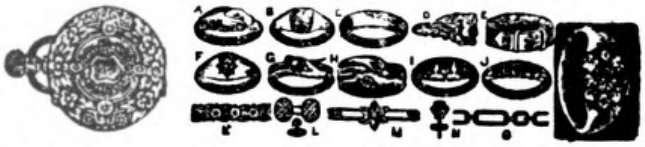
A HARDWARE SATIRE.

"IT'S perfectly horrid, and ought to be stopped." So spoke a woman who saw in a shop window a caricature of her headgear. The creation that had called down such anathema was an inverted elliptical wooden chopping bowl, appliqué with rope, and trimmed with a small feather-duster nattily placed on the north-north-west corner. The idea of this satire upon feminine millinery originated with a workman.



His employer saw the value of the proposed advertisement, and a model was procured for the centre of the window. On her waxen head they perched the crowning triumph in hardware headgear, a fearfully and wonderfully-constructed chapeau of rope, decorated with fringed ends of the same, and two large screwdriver hatpins. Everybody laughed, and the crowd about the window thickened. All the new millinery shapes were shown in "guaranteed hardware," and the display was the talk of the town—the said town being Los Angeles, California. — Miss Frances A. Groff, Hotel Melrose, 120-130, S. Grand Avenue, Los Angeles, California, U.S.A.

LOVERS FANCY FAIR "RINGS."



ARB the best splendour, 20th Centuries' fashionable and charming pure rolled gold finger ornaments. These rings are made up in our own workshop and praised by their own beauty and everlasting colours.

Looks like a precious one, but price is Rs. 1-8 0 only each.

One dozen Rs. 12. of Half a dozen Rs. 7. Besides of which Presents :—One Nickle silver fancy watch and chain to be awarded to the purchaser of a Dozen Ring.

One set Bottom Rs. 2 per set. Saft Pint Re. 1 each. One pair Top Re 1 V. P. Available.

S. K. SHEE & Co.,

29-3, Mirzapur Street, CALCUTTA

AN AMUSING SPECIMEN OF INDIAN ENGLISH.

THIS interesting advertisement describes the wares of an Indian firm dealing in watches and rolled gold jewellery. "One set bottom" means a set of buttons, and "Saft Pint" stands for safety pin, but what "One Pair Top" means is more than I can tell. —Mr. M. S. Ramachandra, Reserve Police Jemadar, Chikmagalur, India.

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WHERE DO THE OLD LONDON OMNIBUSES GET TO?

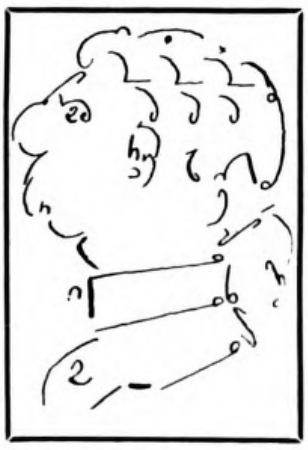
THIS is a photograph, taken by myself last year, of an old London horse omnibus that I found on the prairie on the outskirts of the City of Calgary, Alberta, Western Canada. It had been stripped of its outside seats, and bore such announcements as: "Over Waterloo Bridge," "Camden Town," "Old Kent Road," "The Dun Cow," etc. It still bore the name of the original owner, a Mr. French, of London. I have come across many discarded London omnibuses in out-of-the-way villages, etc., in this country, but I never expected to find one six thousand miles away from the Metropolis.—Mr. Henry Pope, 437, Fulham Palace Road, London, S.W.



ONE-ARMED BILLIARD PLAYERS.

AN interesting novelty, in the form of a match between two men both of whom had lost their left arm, was witnessed at Messrs. Siemens's Institute, Stafford. The players were Messrs. W. Sheldon and F. O. Donoghue. It will be noticed from the illustration that one player used the marker's brush for a bridge, whilst the other had a metal cup, grooved at the sides, for this purpose. — Mr. A. Leonard Yapp, 124, Corporation Street, Stafford.





A SHORTHAND PORTRAIT.

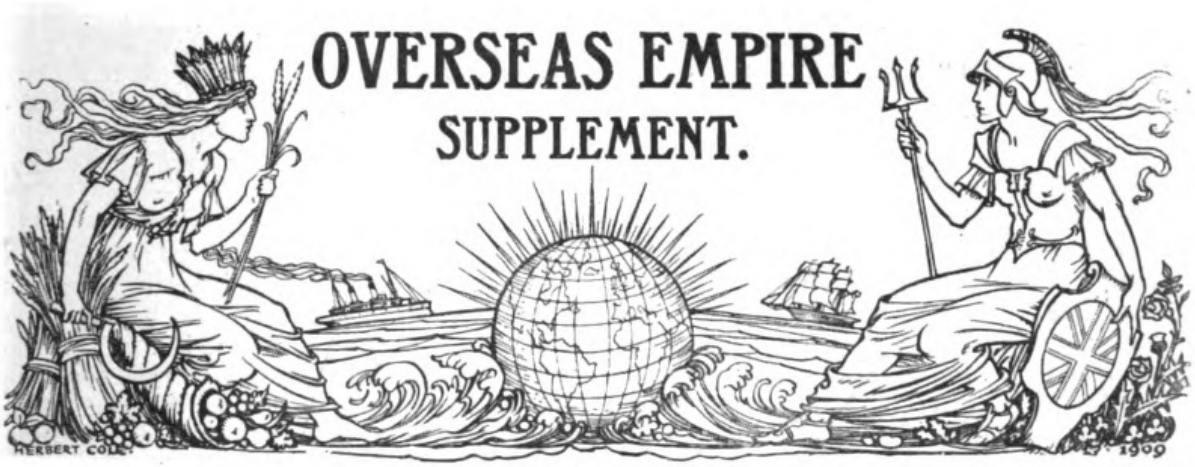
THIS is a copy of a prize-winner's work in a shorthand competition for the best head or face constructed from a phonographic sentence. The following is the key: "Learn Pitman's Shorthand while you may. Your sisters and your brothers only *think*, but you know that you must *do*. Writers! Shorthand letter-writers are good writers, 'tis plain. Work, work, work, and earn, earn, earn; and then you will be sure to win. Do you hear what I say?"—Mr. A. Woodiwiss, Davenham, Ellesmere Road, Colwyn Bay, North Wales.

TEACHING A BABY TO WALK.

HERE is a photograph, taken in the market-place of the old Moorish city of Toledo, in Spain, showing a baby learning to walk. The child was moving so quickly and waving its arms with such energy that the photograph was not obtained without much difficulty.—Miss H. J. Hardy, 61, Addison Road, Kensington, W.



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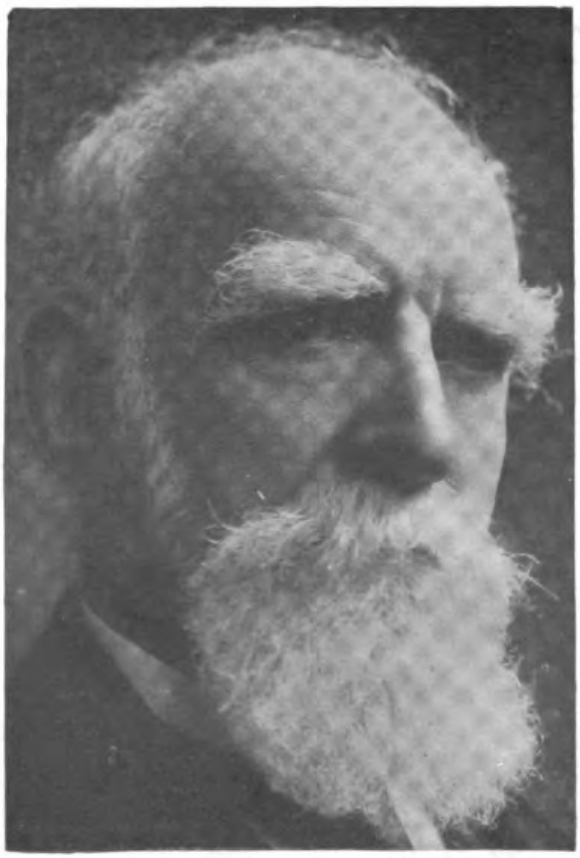


CANADA AND ITS POTENTIALITIES.

AN INTERVIEW WITH LORD STRATHCONA, G.C.M.G.,

HIGH COMMISSIONER FOR CANADA.

ON few men does the impress of the years rest so lightly as upon Lord Strathcona. Seventy-one years ago—a youth of eighteen—he left Scotland for Canada. He had been educated for the East India Company's service, but a junior position with the Hudson Bay Company being offered to him by friends, he at once accepted it, and was soon on active service in the Far North-West; and in all the time that has since elapsed he has lived a life of activity and earnest striving. Carlyle would have hailed him as a true apostle of work, for even now, verging though he is on his ninetieth year, Lord Strathcona still keeps himself "busy with the crowded hour," knowing nothing of idle moments and the uselessness of leisured ease. So it has been all his life; and now, as the interviewer induces him to give way to the relaxation of a short talk upon the subject dearest to his heart—Canada—the personality of the veteran is rather that of one who is eighty-nine years young than eighty-nine years old.



LORD STRATHCONA, G.C.M.G.
From a Photo. by Lafayette.

Obtaining the privilege of an interview with the High Commissioner at his offices in Victoria Street, Westminster, the other day, the interviewer had the pleasure of hearing from Lord Strathcona's own lips something of the Canadian story as it is known to one who has been a prime mover in the Dominion's later developments, and of gleaning many interesting facts concerning Canada's present condition and future prospects. It is difficult to get his lordship to speak about the old days in Canada, when in the service of the Hudson Bay Company he was laying foundations of Empire in the Great Lone Land, as the far-spreading North-Western territory was then so appropriately

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called; or to tell of the later times of conflict when, by the suppression of the Riel rebellion and the bringing about of the unchallenged cession to the British Crown of the great North-West, he did so much to solidify our Canadian possessions. Some day these things will be told in their full significance, and we shall also learn the whole facts of Lord Strathcona's strenuous fight on behalf of the Canadian Pacific Railway enterprise, which was the means of consummating the Confederation of the Dominion. But it would be as useless to endeavour to get his lordship to converse on these great events as to get him to talk about "Strathcona's Horse," or the munificence of his charities. But on Canada and its potentialities he can detach himself from the strictly personal element of the subject, and what he says is so much information, experience, and practical wisdom; and these things the interviewer has endeavoured to set down, not perhaps in Lord Strathcona's exact words, but in their substance.

To have been at the heart of things in a great country for so long a period as Lord Strathcona has been in relation to Canada, and in more or less touch with its forces of expansion, was a wonderful schooling in the processes of national growth; but the main facts are now historic and need not be particularly dwelt upon at this juncture. Canada as it is to-day, and as it may be in the future, is the chief concern. The past has been, to a large extent, a time of conflict—sometimes its aspects have been military, but more generally political—yet above all it has been a fight for progress; and it is in this latter phase that the struggle has now become more animated and more interesting than ever.

So far as the world at large was concerned—nay, so far as Great Britain was concerned—Canada was an almost unknown land when Lord Strathcona first ventured to the Western outposts of the Hudson Bay territory—a land for navigators, explorers, and adventurers to exploit rather than for adoption as a permanent homeland. In those days there were not more than some half a million inhabitants in all Canada, and the process of settlement was slow. To day the population is approaching seven and a half millions, of which over two millions have been added during the present decade, and as many people are shipped to Canada from Europe in a week nowadays as formerly crossed over in a twelvemonth. When Lord Strathcona made his first trip over the Atlantic the boats were of the 500-ton class, and the voyage occupied weeks; to-day steamers of 20,000 tons, with accommodation for over 1,600 passengers, make the crossing in less than seven days. But even this is far too slow for Lord Strathcona, he wants to see a four days' passage. The change that has been brought about in these matters comes of an increased knowledge of Canada. That knowledge is yet by no means so widespread as it ought to be or as it assuredly will be, but this it is that sets the stream of emigration flowing and will continue it in ever-increasing volume. Without being unduly optimistic, Lord Strathcona is firmly convinced that by the end of the present century—and a century is not a long period in a country's history after all—the population of Canada will be equal to the present population of the United Kingdom.

Canada's future is a question of resources. Without natural resources no country could become populous or prosperous, but when the resources are so bountiful and so serviceable and beneficial, both to individuals and to the community, as in Canada, they must in the nature of things be sought after. And the surprising thing about Canada is that its resources are so much greater than was ever suspected by the early settlers. Canada is now discovered to be richly dowered with almost every description of natural wealth. Millions of acres that in the past have been regarded as wild and barren tracts not worth the agriculturist's serious notice are proving to be among the most fertile and productive regions of the world for grain and fruit, while the hills and mountains—scorched as they are in some places, and brown and bare, and chilled and white, in others—have within their recesses untold treasures of precious minerals, from gold, silver, and copper to iron and coal. Then, as regards timber, the source of so much industrial wealth in these days, what country can compare with the Dominion in the value of its produce? These are among the potentialities that mean so much to the Canada of the next hundred years.

But rich as Canada is in the things that constitute tangible wealth, it is no Utopia, no lotus land of idle luxury, but essentially the country for the worker And this is a point that cannot be too strongly insisted upon For willing and capable hands, and men of character, grit, and brains, Canada is the land of many opportunities; for physical or mental weaklings, for the laggard, the lazy, or the dreamer, it is a land to be shunned.

It is the migration of the "misfits" and "failures" that is one of the great troubles.

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They have been the trouble in all new countries—in the United States, in South Africa, and elsewhere. What is the good of opportunities to men who cannot use them and master them? The richest soil in the world means nothing to the man who neither knows how to till it nor has the will to learn. The chances of new industries are of little good to those who have not been able to make some headway in the old. But for men of vigour and purpose, with energy to work and courage to wait and endure, Canada has always need. Indeed, one third of the farming men who are succeeding with agriculture in the Dominion to-day are men who had not farmed before.

The twentieth century will be Canada's great period of upbuilding, and many rewards will come to those who diligently and faithfully assist in the country's development. But, fair as the outlook is, there will be times of stress and crisis to encounter. National prosperity is never a matter of easy, gradual expansion, but it is all the stronger and more durable for having to come to "grips" with difficulties from time to time. So it will be as long as human passions and ambitions cross and influence, help or impede, the course of progress. But we must have faith in our race. Men will arise strong enough and patriotic enough to cope with such problems and emergencies as may arise.

Now let us see what the really practical potentialities of Canada are, as far as we are able to gauge them by present disclosed evidences. We have a country covering an area of 3,744,695 square miles; an enormous territory, as wonderful in its variety as in its extent. There is hardly a single element of what is considered natural wealth in other countries that does not at one point or another come into the sum of Canada's resources. And what has been the great factor in the demonstration of these resources? The railways. In no country of the world has a more bold and courageous enterprise in railway construction been shown than in Canada. It is to its railways that Canada owes its rediscovery. The railways have been the true explorers. There were people in plenty to prophesy ruin and disaster to the Canadian Pacific Railway undertaking when it was first projected. The answer to that is emphatic enough. To-day for the traffic of the Canadian Pacific Railway 45,418 freight cars, 1,819 passenger cars, and 1,412 locomotives are required, while at Winnipeg the company have the largest individual railway yard in the world. The very nature of the country through which this great line was built was misunderstood and unknown, its resources were hardly guessed at, so negligible were they generally regarded. Now the land stands revealed in all its beauty and richness over the whole of that 3,000 miles of extent. And the good work is still going on. The Grand Trunk Pacific and the Canadian Northern Railways are rapidly spreading out westward and northward, and the revelation of resources and opportunities is being proceeded with more actively than ever—a fact which cannot fail to accelerate the pace of settlement. The Minister of the Interior, cabling at the end of April, said that a thousand miles of railway will be constructed in the west by three Canadian railway systems this year.

It is the farmer who will largely shape the destinies of Canada during the twentieth century. The railways practically put him in possession of the largest and most productive area of agricultural lands in existence, and provide him with the avenues of access to the world's markets. Over 7,000,000 acres will be under wheat in Western Canada this year. What the quantity will be in ten, twenty, fifty, or a hundred years it is beyond the power of man to predict; but with a couple of hundred millions of acres or so of good grain-producing land to count upon we may be sure that the results will be far beyond anything within our present range of experience. And it is not only as a gigantic wheatfield that this region has to be looked upon; every kind of farming or agricultural pursuit comes well within its possibilities. Fruit-farming is going to be—in fact it is already—a great Canadian industry; and it is the same with cattle breeding, dairy farming, poultry raising, sheep and hog farming, horse raising, and so on. Cities and towns will rise up at convenient operating centres over this vast Western land, and, with the growth of population, industries and manufactures will be established. Transportation facilities of every sort will be created; landways and waterways—and perhaps airways, who knows?—will be in active operation, for as the land fills up Canada's resources will come into full play and be utilized according to what ever may be the approved method of the time. Canada will fulfil her promise, and much more, and will not only keep abreast with the old homeland, with which her destiny is linked, but with the other nations of the world. Are these not potentialities worth being associated with? J. B.

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BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF EDMONTON, CAPITAL CITY OF ALBERTA.

ALLURING ALBERTA.

By AGNES DEANS CAMERON,

VICE-PRESIDENT CANADIAN WOMEN'S PRESS CLUB.

Green prairies like an ocean swelling
From rise to set of sun—great rivers spelling
Their rugged names in Blackfoot and in Cree.
The glorious land reserved by God till now
For England's help in need—that holds the plough
A thousand miles on end.

PRAIRIE CANADA consists of three provinces—Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta; they all offer inducements to the come-outer from crowded lands, and each has a story of its own to tell. But to-day's story has to do with the westernmost province of the three, Alluring Alberta, lying between the province of Saskatchewan and the Rocky Mountains, and extending up toward the top of the map from the United States to the 60th parallel of north latitude.

Alberta is big. Within her far-flung boundaries is a province which Nature made fit for a nation. The everlasting hills of the Rockies, those western ramparts which stand as guardian gods of Canada's fairest province, look eastward to greet a rising sun that shines upon 170,000,000 acres of wheat land, and it is all in Alberta. Think of it! That is a greater area of country than the German Emperor rules over; it is a territory twice as vast as Great Britain and Ireland; it is larger than any State in the Republic to the south, and exceeds in arable land by many million acres any other province in the wide Dominion of Canada.

And there is room for everybody. Of all these fat acres, only 1,000,000 are under cultivation; yet these produced last year 18,000,000 bushels of grain, with a total value of ten and a half million dollars.

The doors have been opened and the people are coming in. The most recent statistics of crop area, school attendance, and postal returns show us that Alberta has more than doubled in population in the last five years. Thirty-five years ago the white population of the province was less than 1,000, and if the increase continues at the present rate the census-gatherer of 1911 will find here half a million souls.

But forty-bushel wheat is not the whole of Alberta's story of the soil. The plough may be mightier than the branding-iron, but it does not follow that everybody who comes to Alberta must turn vegetarian and grow dollar-wheat. Added to her grain area, Alberta has 5,000,000 acres of ranching land and her cattle exports last year totalled 3,000,000dols. The rancher came before the wheat man, but the latter has by no means dispossessed the former.

When the grave twilight moves toward the west,
And the horizons of the plain are blurred,
I watch on gradual slope and foothill crest
The dark line of the herd.
And something primal through my being thrills,
For that line met the night when life began,
And cattle gathered from a thousand hills
Have kept the trail with man
Till their calm eyes his greater Iliads hold.

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It is true that instead of the swis-s-s-sh of the whirling lariat or the low murmur of the night herder's lullaby as he rides the circle of his uneasy bunch, we in many places hear the prosaic chug-chug of the loud-smelling gasolene-engine and see the wheat-elevator red against the rising sun. The extension of the barbed-wire fence, the closing of the old, familiar water-holes, the advent of the sport with his hammerless choke-bore and his troop of pedigreed pointers have caused the range steer to roll his timid eye and retire to the hinterland that lies beyond the wheat. But it is too early to sing the requiem of the Canadian cowboy.

The bull-puncher is just beginning to play the game off his own bat, to go into cattle-raising on his own account, to cease to be a lawless outrider and picturesque poster-effect, as he merges into the solid citizen. The day of the immense herd and the many acres is past; there are probably now in Western Canada not more than half a hundred big cow-outfits left—*i.e.*, ranches stocked with from 6,000 head up; but Alberta is such an enormous country that its final settling is no matter of a decade or two. The United States has been settling its West for forty years, yet there remain thousands of cowboys whirling their lassos and millions of cattle on American ranges. The breaking up of the big ranges is a good thing for Alberta. It is better for the country that there should be twenty men, each owning in his own right 500 head of cattle, than one man owning 10,000 head and drawing a princely income. The man who owns his 500 steers is in a position to marry and support his little family in comfort, and it is, here as elsewhere, the self-supporting family and not the millionaire merger that is the unit of national greatness.

The far-seeing Albertan farmer grows animals as well as raises wheat. On every well-regulated farm it is freely admitted that to confine operations to crop-raising, even with wheat at 1dol. a bushel, is neither frugal nor logical. The fatted calf, the lordly steer, and the poor little sheep have lifted many a mortgage. No farmer is prosperous enough to afford to ignore the chocolate-coloured gentleman that pays the rent, the classic Tamworth hog, that mainstay of Alberta and joy of the farmer's wife, that producer of pianos, and shoes for the baby.

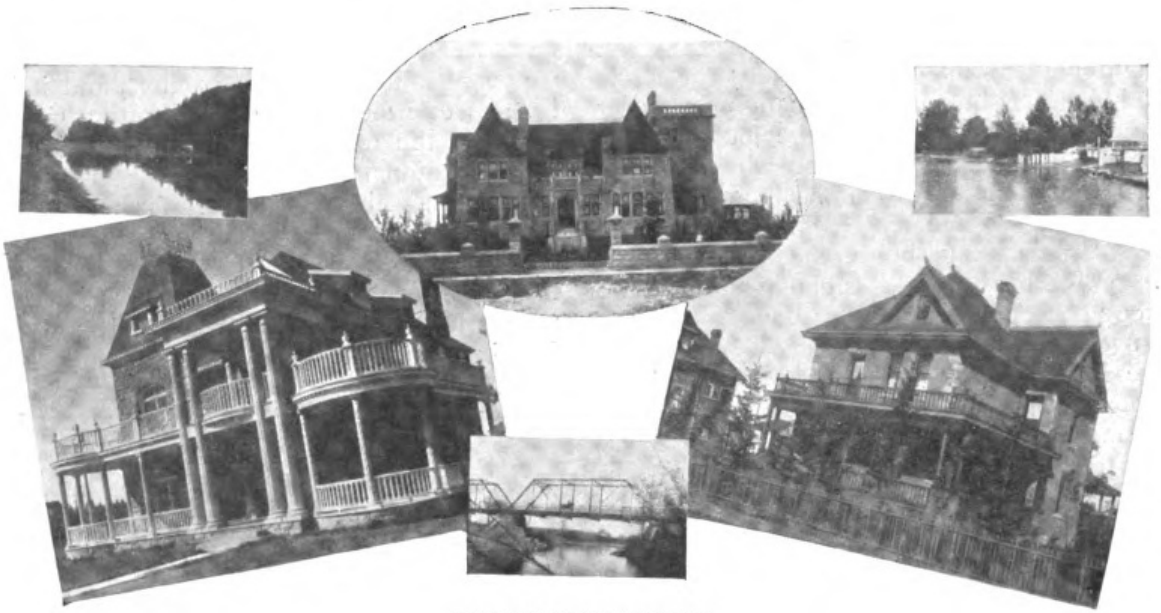
In producing prize horses Alberta is the Kentucky of the West. Thoroughbreds from Great Britain and Kentucky, Clydesdales from Scotland, trotting-stock from the United States, and Percherons from France, in the beginning were imported as sires at great expense; the early breeders in Alberta were competent men with capital and sound judgment, and the result has been that at all the large shows on the continent—the International, the World's Fair (Chicago), in Winnipeg, Toronto, Buffalo, and New York—horses bred and matured in Alberta have captured the blue ribbon in hard-contested competition.

So invigorating is the high and dry winter-climate that there is a complete absence of



STREET SCENE IN CALGARY.

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SOME CALGARY HOMES.

horse-sickness of any kind, and the liberty of range gives horses raised here a courage and ambition which stable-fed animals lack. Alberta horses have plenty of size, substance, and quality, and are much sought after on account of their wear-and-tear qualities.

The hackney-carriage horse which took first prize at the Montreal and New York horse fairs was foaled and raised near Calgary. During the South African War the British War Office reported that horses from Alberta stood the hardships better than any other mounts and gave a better account of themselves; the wonderful climate gives them better lungs, legs, and feet than horses raised elsewhere.

And there is always a demand. Heavy draught horses continue to find a ready sale at remunerative prices. The market for good useful draught and general-purpose horses in Alberta was never in better tone, and with 12,000 horses thrown on the market from this range last year there was not the slightest difficulty in disposing of every offering.

The automobile man may speak largely of the passing of the horse, but, like the passing of the cow-man, that time is not yet. The development of new wheat-farms, the springing up of railway towns, the building of branch lines, the ever-appreciating lumber operations will, for years to come, afford a market for every draught horse produced in Alberta. In addition, the Imperial Government has in view the establishing of a remount station and supply depôt in the very centre of the range, which should stimulate breeders. As it is, Alberta enjoys the unique distinction of having within her borders the largest single herd of pure-bred Percherons in America.



"THE GINTLEMAN THAT PAYS THE RINT" IN ALBERTA.

When it is considered that it costs no more in Alberta to raise a four-year-old colt than a steer of the same age, it will be realized that the horse-breeder with the necessary capital, pluck, and expert knowledge should find here a reasonable road to success.

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Happy New South Wales.

By HARRY S. GULLETT.

NATURE was in her most generous mood when she fashioned New South Wales. She did her task upon a big scale, and she did it with an extraordinary thoroughness. This great young territory is a land of many climates and altitudes and soils. It has mountain districts which never lose their snows, it has sub-tropics where you have the profusion of the East, it has grand expanses of tablelands adapted to the agriculturist, and it has boundless inland plains where the rich sweet grasses support the finest flocks of wool-growing sheep that the world has ever known

This Australian State is capable of self-support to a degree enjoyed by very few countries young or old. It is a land of manifold industries. It is rich in pastoral delights and agricultural gifts, in dairying and fruit-growing, in minerals from gold and silver and precious stones to immense deposits of coal and iron. Its manufacturing possibilities are scarcely calculable, and its future in trade as a distributing centre for the South-west Pacific ensures for it much wealth drawn from other lands. As a primary producer with the widest range of production, as a manufacturer, and for its maritime promise this prosperous State, already the most populous in the Union, has before it a career of power and plenty.

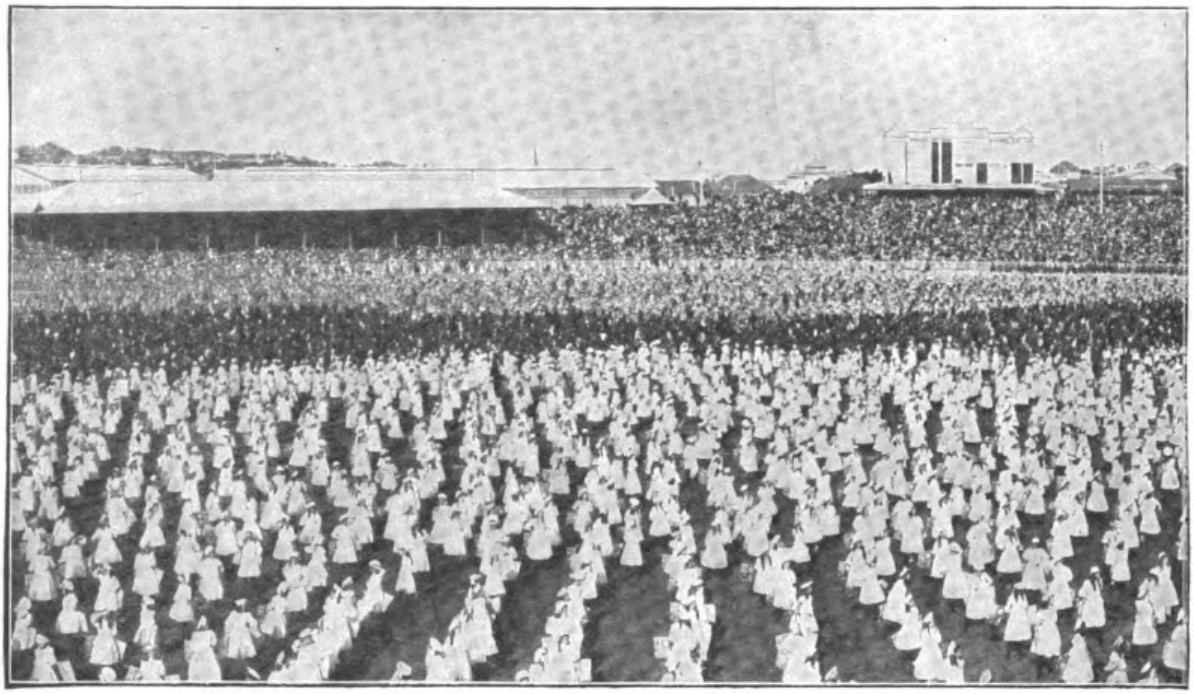
It was a most fortuitous chance which led Captain Cook to land in Botany Bay at a spot which is now within the suburban radius of Sydney. Of all the easy landings that might have been made, it was prophetic that he and Governor Phillip, who followed in 1788 to found the first Australian colony, should drop anchor within sight of the locality destined by Nature to hold Australia's most notable and promising city. For Sydney, which was then planted so humbly, has advanced to a noble city of six hundred thousand people, a city first today in the Southern Hemisphere and with few rivals in the Empire, not at all because of the accident of this early choice, but because of the magnificent territory of which it is the capital and because of its pre-eminence as a national port. The visitor to Australia gets in this beautiful waterside metropolis a comprehensive introduction to the State of New South Wales.



GENERAL POST OFFICE, SYDNEY.

Sydney combines, as do few great cities in the world, the beautiful with the utilitarian. It is the joy and boast alike of the merchant, the manufacturer, the mariner, and the pleasure-seeker. It is a magnet drawing to it by a natural law the widely-varying products of the territory behind. It gives to commerce shelter and anchorage in a hundred deep-water bays capable of floating to the very shore the deepest-drawing vessels in the world, and at its

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CHILDREN'S SPORTS—GREAT FESTIVE GATHERING

ocean doors it gives as a playground to its people limitless stretches of sandy beach and rocky bluff.

The visitor sees this splendid city to-day with its miles of deep-sea wharfage, its great public buildings, its beautiful waterside suburbs, its railways and electric tramways, its fine service of ferries, its dominant note of industrial youthful activity and rapid expansion. He reflects that a hundred years ago there stood here a straggling village, and he marvels at the vast natural wealth which must lie in the country behind to have built up a metropolis so swiftly, and at the earnestness and enthusiasm and unbroken toil of a people who have turned that wealth to such purpose. That is a first impression. Then comes a Saturday afternoon and Sydney goes making holiday, and our stranger thinks there was surely never such a happy, careless, pleasure and nature-loving people as these Australians on Port Jackson.

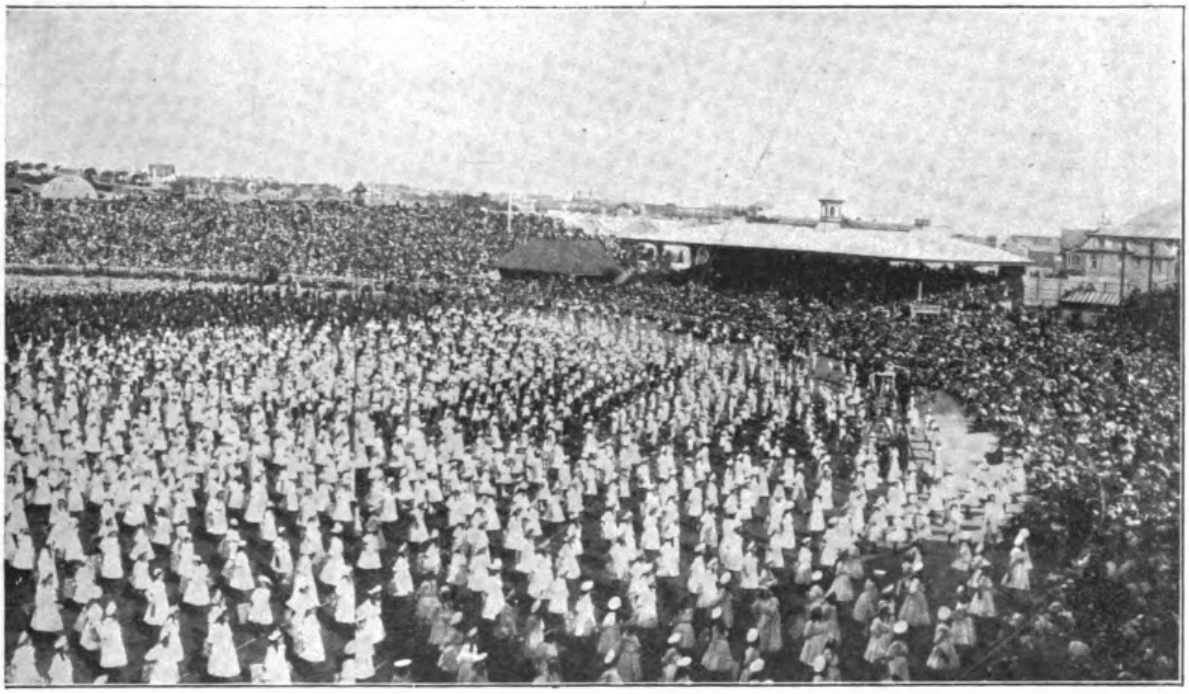
Sydney expresses New South Wales. The capital stands as do few capitals for the people. It reflects their capacity for big work, their conquest over a wide land, their wealth, their happiness, their love of open air and vigorous sport. It tells of their grand range of production. Into the waters of Port Jackson come vessels for wool for the weavers of all the world, vessels for wheat and flour for Europe and the East, vessels for beef and mutton and butter and cheese for the cities of England, vessels for ores and timbers, for wines and fruits, and much else besides.

And with the trader come the tourist and the sportsman and the seeker after health—those who want good shooting and the best of fishing, mountain scenery with snow sports equal to those of Switzerland and Norway, and the caves of a Wonderland; those who have heard that of all outdoor holidays it is hard to beat a spell of the magical bush of the Australian Inland; those who bring frail bodies Europe would not strengthen and who go back new men to the battle of the congested North. Each year since the beginning there have come more vessels and bulkier and richer cargoes. Each year New South Wales has carried more people, and still each year has seen a greater surplus for the markets oversea.

This is the feature which everywhere gladdens the heart of the student of Empire. There is everywhere a new birth taking place. Colonies have suddenly become States and Commonwealths and Dominions. Single stations and ranches are giving place to hundreds of farms; sensational alluvial mining is succeeded by deep and permanent leads of substantial and regular dividends; local manufactures are rising. The pioneering struggle is over, the day has come for building and the employment of many people.

To no part of the Empire do these remarks apply more happily than to the State of New South Wales. It is easy, when you

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AT THE SYDNEY CRICKET GROUND.

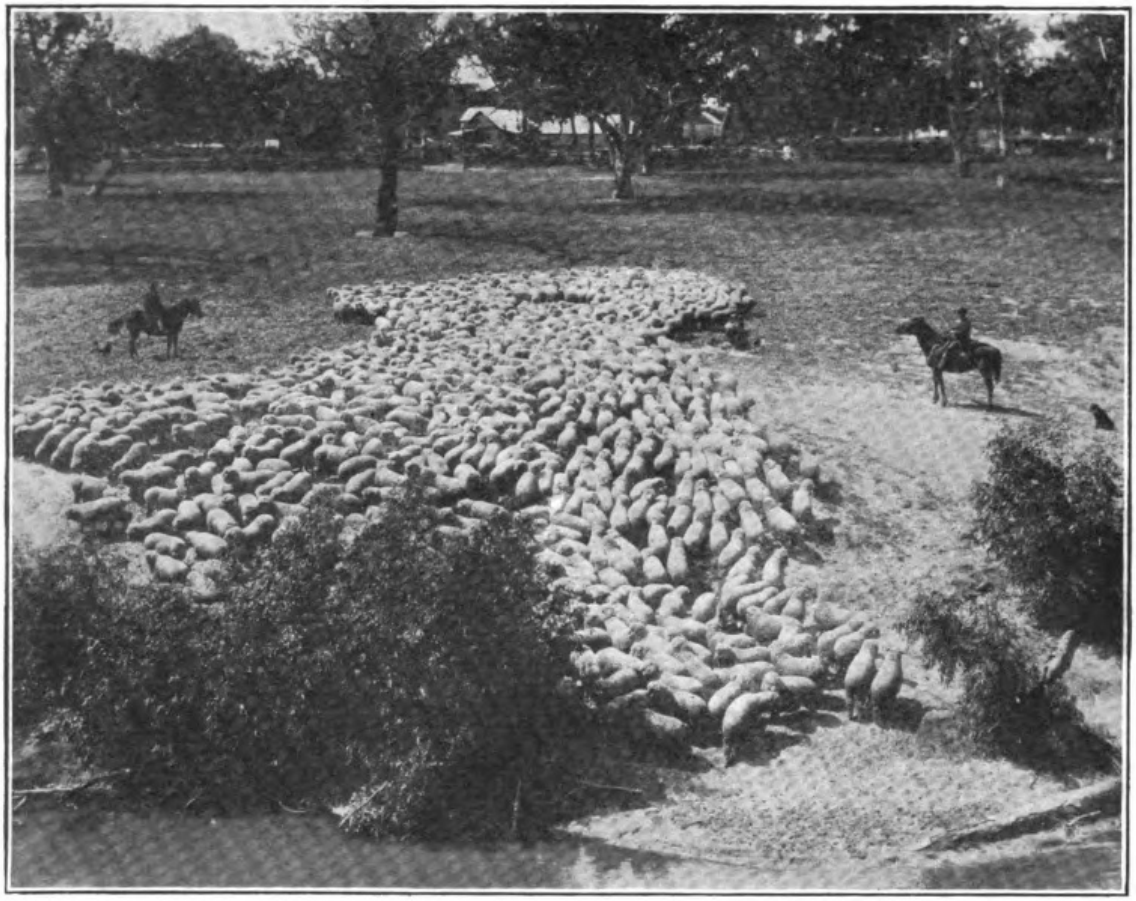
have for a subject a great territory of virgin soil, to paint bright, prophetic pictures. But it is not always easy to base one's prophecies on unchallengeable facts. The commonest material in the story of the New South Wales' progress is hard fact. Its history has been a succession of mighty developmental jumps, each one far in advance of the last. Ill-informed critics sometimes discuss the fickleness of Australian seasons, and put their fingers on isolated bad years. But the story of a country is told, not in single years, but in centuries or generations. The people of New South Wales will be quite content to have theirs told in decades, and so told it presents an unbroken run of increasing wealth and opportunity for its owners. People who attack Australia on the record of one of her lean years overlook the other side of the picture.

Those who know rural Australia and who have seen husbandry in other lands know that the Australian stockowner gets hit at times because he is of all stockowners in the world the most improvident. If the Australian paid one half as much attention to his dry seasons as does the Northerner to his winters we should hear little of lean years in the Commonwealth. But his lean seasons come seldom, while his seasons of plenty are frequent and demoralizing in their profusion.

The Australian is spoiled by his wide areas and his great majority of good seasons, and so occasionally gets caught. It is but a natural phase of development in a young country where money comes easily and generously from the soil and fosters carelessness of insurance. But it is rapidly passing, and in the great closer settlement movement —the most important movement New South Wales has known—which is now taking place in the Mother State of the Commonwealth, settlers are giving more attention to the occasional year of hunger, and are conserving to meet it some of the abundant feed and water supplies of the good seasons that invariably fall between. It is well to mention this drought bogey and to give the world the truth about it. The lean seasons do come in New South Wales, as they come in every other country, but they are now being guarded against by both the State and by the people individually. And, above all, it must be borne in mind that New South Wales is not a uniform country of one class and rainfall. It runs in belts of descending certainty and value as you leave the coast.

First you have the coastal strip between the Pacific margin and the coastal ranges. This is the garden of the State. And such a garden! It is a favoured region of rich sub-tropical vegetation, deep fertile soil, a mild, equable climate, high rainfall, and mountain-fed rivers. It is a land of small-area farmers, and is devoted chiefly to the production of dairy produce. Before the advent of the cream separator and the refrigerator a few years ago, which made the export of butter

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A FLOCK OF MERINO SHEEP.

highly profitable, it was comparatively undeveloped.

To-day it is the most highly-productive portion of the State, and is each year increasing its settlers and its output. It is a big employer of labour, and on these dairy farms the young British emigrant gets an excellent chance of embarking successfully on Colonial life. Wages are good and employment assured for any willing man and his family. Profit sharing is not uncommon and is highly popular with the workers. The advance of the area has been little short of sensational. In 1898 the butter manufactured in New South Wales reached 31,483,601lb.; in 1907 it reached 60,041,449lb. It is scarcely necessary to say that employment showed a corresponding advance.

And as yet the industry is only in its beginnings. Vast expansion is before it. Great areas adapted for the industry are still dawdling under less profitable forms of occupation, and the capacity of the lands already engaged in butter-making is each year increasing as farmers give more attention to pastures and fodder. Life goes smoothly here on the coast. Returns are very uniform; the butter factories, nearly all of which are owned by the farmers on a co-operative basis, pay their cheques monthly. The farmer begins his work at an early hour, but has a slack time in the middle of the day. In passing it may be mentioned that Australia's champion scullers—Beach, Searle, Kemp, Towns, and others who have beaten the world—learned their rowing as boys upon the rivers which water this luxuriant fringe of country.

Leaving the coast, one traverses ranges still rich in varied commercial timbers and delightful to the lover of mountain scenery. Streams abound and big hauls await the angler. In the south of the State one drops from the range to the wide and fertile plains of the Monaro, a grand sweep of country still held almost entirely by the pastoralist. Close at hand are the Australian Alps, the Switzerland of Australia, the winter playground of the people, where at Kiandra and other places snow sports are each year attracting larger and larger bodies of tourists.

The rivers of the Monaro are famous for their fish and English trout abound. In the north you pass from the coastal range on to

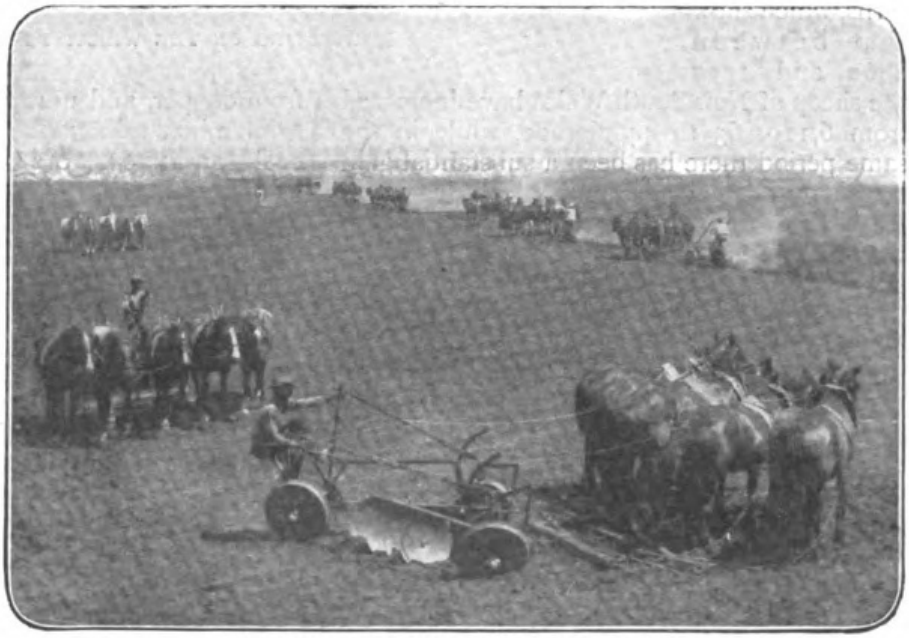
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the beautiful fertile expanse of country appropriately named New England, where farming and squatting flourish side by side, and where there still exist great opportunities for successful closer settlement Then slightly farther to the west, and running the full length of the State — a distance of 600 miles—lies the famous New South Wales wheat belt, a magnificent expanse of agricultural country adapted for almost every description of crops and stock

Here thrives the mixed farmer in rapidly increasing numbers and prosperity. The rainfall is ample for the growth of cereals and fodders, the soil is rich and remarkably uniform in character, the land free from stock diseases—you search vainly in this heavily-stocked country for the veterinary surgeon—rivers are fairly numerous, and water is easily caught and conserved. This great belt is given up chiefly to sheep and to wheat, but the rainfall and the rich native grasses make dairying profitable as an adjunct, and herds and butter factories are making striking headway.

Fruit of all descriptions grows to perfection. It is ideal country for the wise farmer who dislikes to have all his eggs in a single basket. Here a man may grow a few hundred acres of wheat and oats and barley, breed fat lambs for export, milk a herd of cows, and, if he wishes, embark upon orcharding. It is on this country that the chief strides are being made to-day in multiplying the farmers. To-day the area cultivated in New South Wales amounts to 2,570,000 acres, and this would be much larger but for the fact that the exceptionally high values prevailing for wool and meat and butter in the past few seasons have arrested the plough in favour of an increase in farmers' flocks and herds.

The brightness of the future of New South Wales as an agricultural country lies in that a vast area of all these good lands on and off the coast is still held by the pastoralists. Stations of from 20,000 to 100,000 acres, and even more, are common all through the country capable of supporting prosperous farmers on holdings of 300 and 400 acres. This evil is now being corrected. Big owners are selling voluntarily and under compulsion by the State to farmers, who are advanced as much as 80 per cent. of their purchase money by the Government and given thirty-eight years in which to repay it. Farms are every day being obtained on these terms, both by local men and by immigrants possessed of a little capital. The land has all been under stock for many years, is sweet, heavily grassed, and free of green timber. Hence from the day of occupation it begins to give profits to its new farming owners. Rural New South Wales is well served by 3,500 miles of State railways, and is dotted thickly with flourishing townships. The beginner on the land to-day knows no isolation.



PLOUGHING SEASON—NEW SOUTH WALES.

From this wheat and sheep country you pass out on to the pastoral country proper. It reaches almost boundlessly into the west —country that knows its occasional dry years, but which on the average is a rare spinner of wealth and which gives to its holders a life that once tasted is rarely deserted. It is here that you have Australia in her "magnificent distances"; this is the country of the world's greatest wool teams, the overlanding drover, the "walers" which have made the Australian horse famous wherever good horses are loved; it is the country, too, of such

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fabulously wealthy patches of earth as Broken Hill, Cobar, and White Cliffs. It is a fitting background of almost unknown riches to a young giant among the possessions of the Empire.

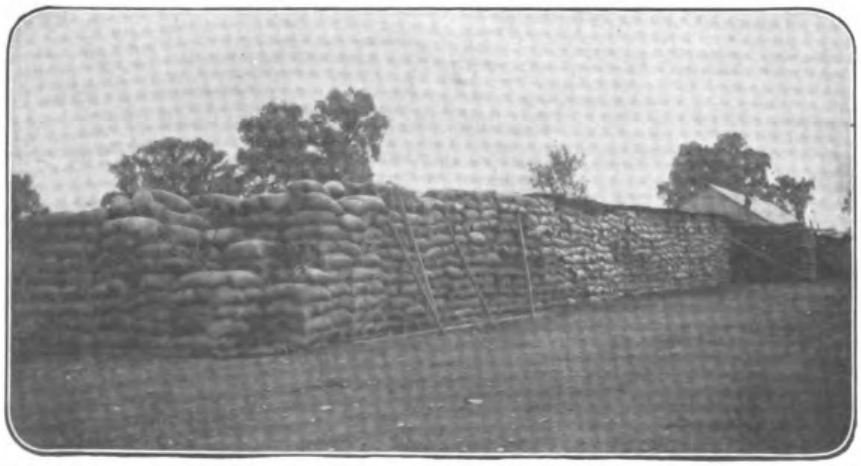


HARVESTING ON THE WHEAT BELT.

How sound is all this pastoral country, how assured in its returns, may be gathered from the Government Statistician's returns, which show that between 1860 and 1907 the sheep of New South Wales have increased from 6,119,163 to 44,462,000, while in the same period there has been a substantial gain in the numbers of horses and cattle. And this in addition to all the advance in agriculture.

Wealth talks in figures. To indicate briefly the magnitude and range and the products of this favoured State it may be stated that in 1907 her wool clip weighed 367,446,000lb., of a value of £17,185,000; her butter weighed 60,041,449lb.; her cheese, 4,586,587lb.; her bacon and hams, 10,538,526lb.; her wheat reached 21,818,000 bushels. These touch but lightly on the products of the farm and the station. Add £1,050,730 from gold, £3,658,632 from silver, £727,774 from copper, and upwards of a million more from minor minerals; add £2,922,419 from coal—an increase of £585,000 on the year; £32,000 from kerosene shale, an industry just getting on to its feet; and £60,550 for pig iron—a preliminary instalment from beds of ore officially estimated at 53,000,000 tons; and on the top of this great score of increasing primary production consider that the State has now £15,800,000 invested in manufactories which in 1907 paid £6,650,715 in wages, and manufactured goods and accomplished work to the value of £40,018,301.

It is a stirring story of British achievement. And satisfactory as it is, better is to come. New South Wales is as yet but in her beginnings. Her lands, her mines, her factories, and her trading are today just finding their stride. There is natural wealth in profusion. Men and capital are called for; and for brains and muscle and money the widest choice of employment and rich returns are offered. Offered, too, in a country as healthy and beautiful as it is rich.



WHEAT AWAITING TRANSPORT.

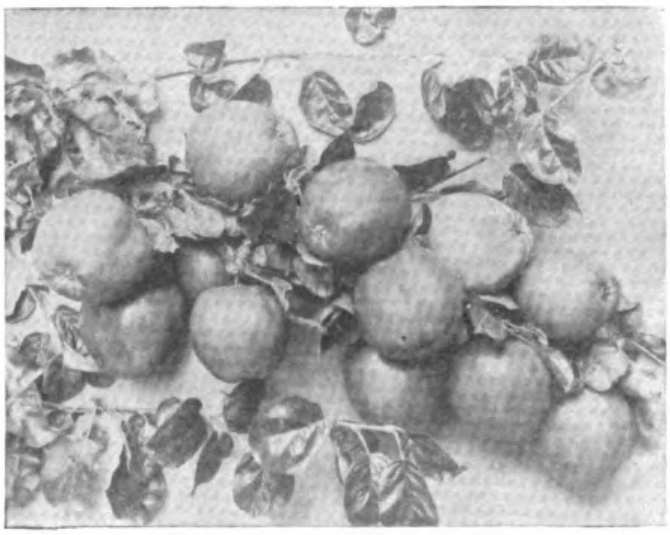
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CANADA'S PACIFIC PROVINCE.

By JAMES BURNLEY.

II.—A FRUIT-FARMING PARADISE.

IN regard to British Columbian fruit-farming, it is truly the unexpected that has happened. The province was looked upon as a brave land enough for the miner, the general farmer, the stockbreeder, and the men of the timber and fishing industries, but no one seemed to think of it until recently as a possible fruit-yielding region. A dozen years ago it did not produce even enough fruit for the consumption of its own population; to-day it is exporting thousands of tons a year, its fruit finding such favour in the markets of the world that the demand is already far in excess of the present power of supply. And the most surprising feature of this development is that the region of richest yield is just the one from which no fruit was anticipated.



BRITISH COLUMBIA APPLES.

In the once bare and arid valleys of the Kootenays and Okanagan, which seemed incapable of growing anything better than scrub or rank grass almost too coarse for cattle feed, the experiment of artificial irrigation was tried upon a tract of land, and after the dry earth had soaked in the grateful moisture it soon responded with a fresh beauty of vegetation that converted the plain into a radiant garden. The transformation was almost as rapid as that of—

> Adonis' gardens,
> That one day bloomed and fruitful was the next.

The "Dry Belt," which the summer suns and the crisp, cold winters of countless ages had alternately scorched and hardened, was then discovered to be a country of marvellous fertility, with beds of generous loam soil underlying its barren crust to the extent in some parts of a hundred feet or more. How this soil came to be deposited there it is for the geologist to determine; what can be done with it is being practically demonstrated by the fruit-farmers who have settled on the land. The power to conserve and distribute over the soil an adequate supply of water according to natural needs has rendered the farmer independent of drought and capable of utilizing with proper effect the ripening sunshine.

The result is wonderful. "All the herbs and flowers and fruits are produced and thrive by water," said wise old Izaak Walton; but the genial angler knew nothing of irrigation. To him there could be no fruitfulness without showers or dews, and such a bringing together of the natural forces necessary for the growth of perfect fruit as exists in the "Dry Belt" of British Columbia was beyond his wildest imagining. But there the lesson of this happy compulsory alliance is being successfully enforced. There is no long waiting for the time of fruitage, as in older lands. The fourth year gives some yield of fruit from the trees, and thenceforward the harvest is substantial. The range of fruits is wide, including apples, pears, plums, strawberries, tomatoes, cherries, peaches, grapes, raspberries, blackberries, gooseberries, prunes, black-currants, etc. Root crops and small fruits, planted between the trees for the first year or two, and red clover up to the fifth year, will more than pay the cost of the trees, though some fruit-growers do not adopt this practice, preferring the whole strength of the soil to go to the trees.

From official sources I glean the following experiences of growers: "In Okanagan there are instances of £100 to £120 per acre

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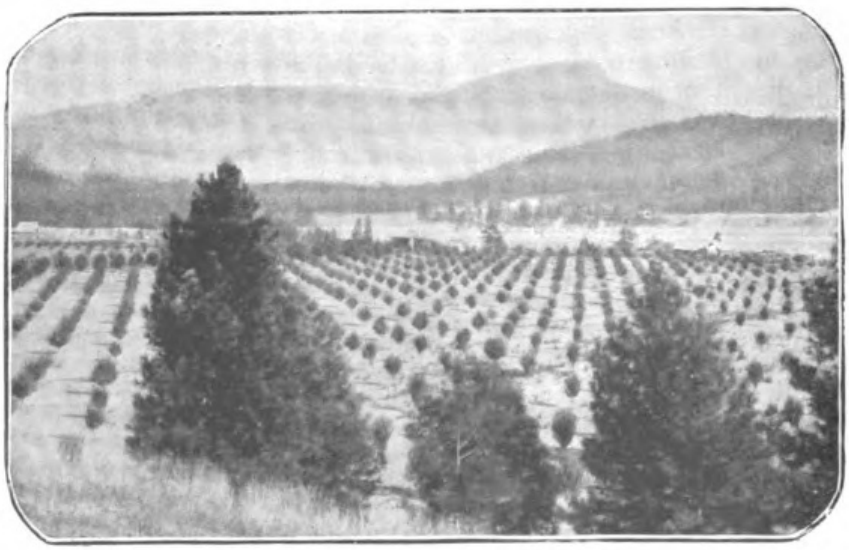
KAMLOOPS, A BRITISH COLUMBIA ORCHARD CENTRE.

gross profit. At Kelowna nine tons of pears and ten tons of prunes per acre are not uncommon. Near Nelson fourteen acres produced 1,000 cases of strawberries and ninety-four tons of roots, netting the owner £20 per acre. This land was formerly a cedar swamp. At Lytton, Tokay grapes, averaging 4lb. to the bunch, were grown in the open. On the Coldstream Ranch, near Vernon, twenty acres produced £2,000 worth of Northern Spy apples. At Peachland an acre and a half gave a return of £140. Tomatoes to the value of £300 per acre were grown on Okanagan Lake. A cherry tree at Penticton produced 800lb. of fruit; another at Agassiz 1,000lb."

The Earl of Aberdeen may be said to have been one of the pioneers of the fruit-growing industry in British Columbia. While Governor-General he bought about 15,000 acres in the Okanagan Valley, near Vernon, and thanks to the irrigation system adopted and the general laying out of the estate, excellent results have been obtained from the land already under cultivation, large quantities of the fruit being now shipped to the London and Continental markets.

When Lord Aberdeen made his original purchase the British Columbian fruit-growing problem was yet to solve. Now, when Earl Grey, the present Governor-General, pays a visit to the great "Dry Belt" fruit lands he sees on every side most gratifying realizations. In a speech delivered at the opening of the New Westminster Exhibition, his Excellency said: "Fruit-growing in your province has acquired the distinction of being a beautiful art as well as a most profitable industry. After a maximum wait of five years, I understand, the settler may look forward with reasonable certainty to a net income of from £20 to £30 per acre after all expenses of cultivation have been paid. Here is a state of things which appears to offer the opportunity of living under such ideal conditions as struggling humanity has only succeeded in reaching in one or two of the most favoured spots upon the earth. There are thousands of families living in England to-day—families of refinement, culture, and distinction, families such as you would welcome among you with both arms—who would be only too glad to come out and occupy a log hut on five acres of a pear or apple orchard in full bearing, if they could do so at a reasonable cost."

To the average Englishman the term "Dry Belt" is somewhat puzzling; but when he arrives in British Columbia and finds that



A TYPICAL ORCHARD AT KELOWNA.

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"Dry Belt" lands cost much more than "Wet Belt" lands, for the simple reason that the former produces a vastly greater abundance and finer quality of fruit than the latter, he is not long in getting at the secret of it all. He learns that it is simply a matter of soil and climate—of "Dry Belt" fertility and luxuriance as against the less productive lands.

A glance at a map of this region will show that these "Dry Belt" tracts have many beautiful lakes and rivers, notably the Thompson River and the large lakes of Okanagan, Nicole, and Kamloops. But as the system of irrigation is chiefly by gravitation, water for irrigation purposes is usually obtained by tapping the higher and smaller lakes away up the hills, and leading the water down on to the fruit farms by means of ditches—a work that is largely done at considerable expense by the Land Development Corporations.

This perfect control of water supply, coupled with the fact of a perfect soil and perfect climate, establishes the conditions which enable such great results to be obtained. There is a clear and bright atmosphere all the year round, with an average rainfall of six inches and comparatively little snow in winter. The existence of the "Dry Belt" is explained by the action of the wind current, which, coming in from the Pacific, brings with it the warm Japanese mists which condense into rain on the western face of the coast range, thus producing the "Wet Belt" of the coast lands. Then the air current lifts the clouds high above the "Dry Belt," and carries them over to the western face of the Selkirks and Rockies, where they again precipitate themselves in profusion, thus producing a second "Wet Belt." It is a strange and wonderful meteorological phenomenon, but it has been going on for centuries, and will continue for centuries more.

Few men have given closer study to this question than Mr. J. S. Redmayne, M.A., whose brochure, "Fruit Farming in British Columbia," published by the British Columbia Development Association, Ltd., of 115, High Holborn, London, W.C., contains a good deal of valuable information on this subject. An apple or peach orchard in bearing on the "Dry Belt," he says, is something of the nature of an annuity, and it is difficult to persuade a man to sell his orchard when once it has come into commercial bearing, which is about the fifth year after planting. Intensive culture is the rule, and the size of a "Dry Belt" fruit farm averages ten acres. Mr. Redmayne says: "A ten-acre apple orchard, when in bearing, should yield an income of £600 a year from apples alone, after paying working expenses; and this should increase with the years until a revenue of £1,000 or £1,200 is reached. Apart from this the income from intermediate crops may be anything from £350 a year upwards, according to the energy and enterprise of the farmer. Ten acres is as much as one individual can conveniently handle."



LORD ABERDEEN'S HOUSE AT COLDSTREAM, VERNON.

To account for the extraordinary attractions of this comparatively new industry, from the purely commercial standpoint and quite apart from the amenities of a glorious climate, sport, and the free open-air life of the province, is a comparatively easy matter.

Three factors only are involved, viz.: (1) The prices obtained by the grower for his fruit; (2) the extent of the markets available for it; and (3) the productiveness of the British Columbia soil.

As to the first, a schedule of the ruling prices for the past three or four years is sufficient evidence and can be easily obtained. The average wholesale selling prices

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BRITISH COLUMBIA OLIVET CHERRIES.

of the chief fruits throughout the province during the last four years, on the authority of the Government Hand-book, were :—

Apples—early, 4s. 2d. to 6s. 3d. per 40lb. box f.o.b. shipping point ; autumn, 5s. 2d. ; winter, 7s. ; while during the latter part of February and March as high as 8s. 4d. per 40lb. box for No. 1 grade lots. Crab apples, 8s. 4d. per 40lb. box ; pears—early, 8s. 4d. per 40lb. box ; late, 6s. 3d. per 40lb. box ; peaches, 5s. per 20lb. box ; cherries, 8s. 4d. per 20lb. box ; prunes and plums, 3s. 2d. per 20lb. box ; tomatoes, 4s. 7d. per 20lb. box ; strawberries, 10s. per 24-basket crate. There is no need to give similar details concerning apricots, figs, potatoes, or cabbages.

It is the second point—the extraordinary productivity of the soil—which is the thing that really matters. This, at any rate, is the point which most appeals to the fruit-grower in the province, and, after all, he is the man who knows. It is a simple matter of calculation, the extraordinary productivity of the acre under intensive cultivation—whether it be apple trees, small fruits, or vegetables multiplied by the ruling prices for the produce, and remembering, in the case of apples, for example, that 80 per cent. of the British Columbia "Dry Belt" fruit is of first-grade quality in the market. The prices obtained for the produce are so fairly constant that it is a significant fact that the "Dry Belt" fruit farmer in British Columbia habitually makes his calculations not so much in prices as in the quantities of first-grade stuff his farm will turn out. He does not appear to trouble about prices and markets. There are certain things that an Englishman thinking of going out to the "Dry Belt" of British Columbia should bear in mind. He should obtain proper advice as to the district to select as the scene of his future operations. He should secure some adequate training, particularly in "Dry Belt" fruit culture, and for this he will need expert advice. Then there is a third point—the dearer the fruit lands the cheaper they are in the end. The newcomer from England—obsessed as he is, perhaps, with the idea of the free grants of 160 acres of prairie land in the Eastern Provinces of Canada—does not always at first understand that he will have to pay £50 or £60 and upwards per acre for the best quality fruit-lands on the "Dry Belt" of British Columbia ; and the truth of this is only borne in upon him when he comes to realize that such lands are limited in quantity, costly to prepare and irrigate, and eagerly sought after by the experienced fruit-grower from the United States.

But the fruit industry of British Columbia is still in its infancy. Much more fruit-growing land than has yet been ascertained will eventually come into fruit cultivation. Indeed, fruit can be grown almost anywhere in the province, but as far as present knowledge goes it is in the "dry lands" that the really choice grades will be grown.

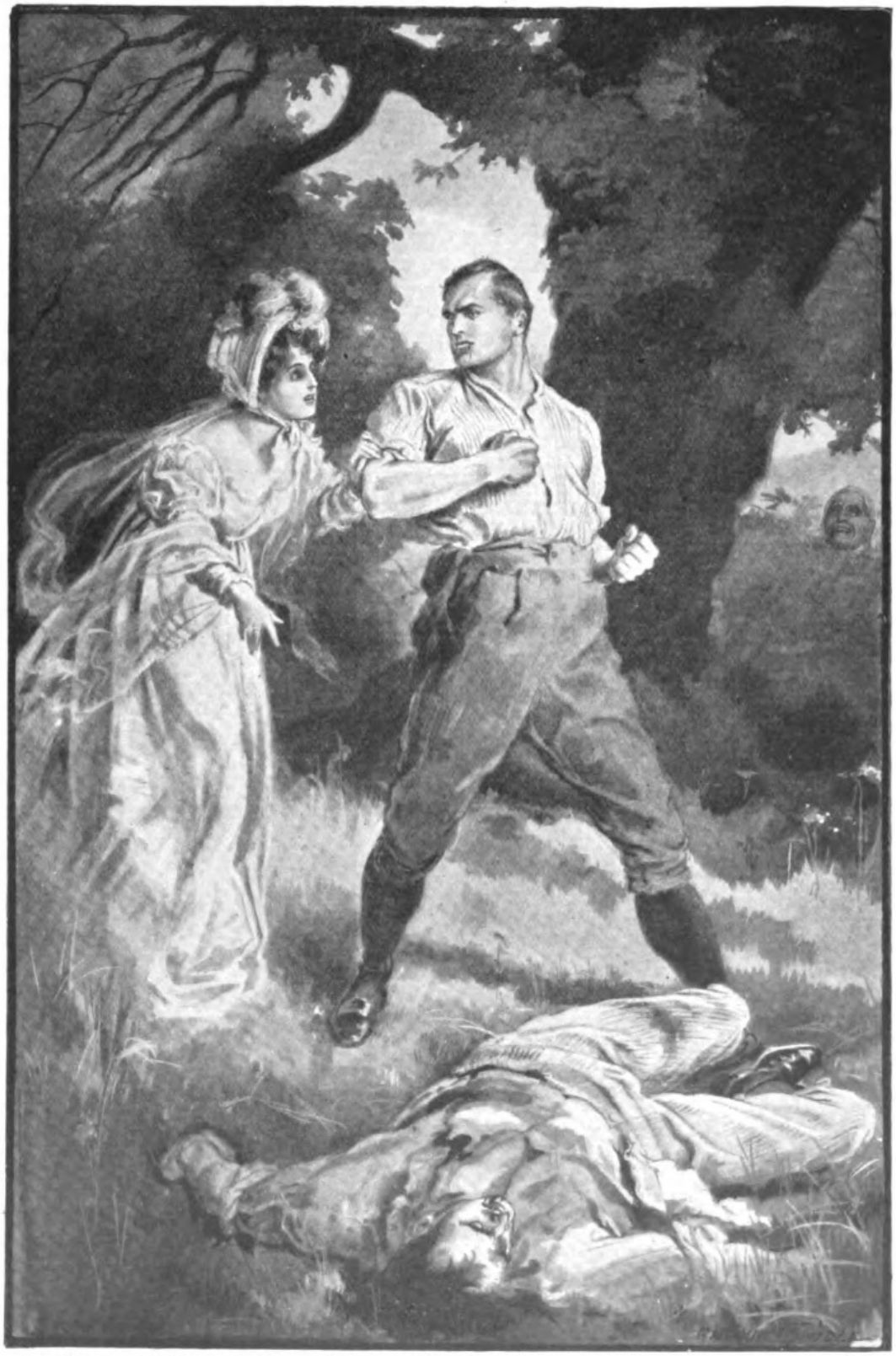
Full information about all these matters can be had from the State Government and Emigration Offices in London and from the different Land Development Companies.



PACKING PEACHES, OKANAGAN VALLEY.

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"'NOW IS YOUR TIME!' SHE CRIED, HER DARK EYES AFLAME. 'GO IN! SMASH HIM!'"

(*See page* 149.)

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THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

Vol. xxxviii. AUGUST, 1909. No. 224.

THE LORD OF FALCONBRIDGE.

A LEGEND OF THE RING.

By A. CONAN DOYLE.

TOM CRIBB, Champion of England, having finished his active career by his two famous battles with the terrible Molineux, had settled down into the public-house which was known as the Union Arms, at the corner of Panton Street in the Haymarket. Behind the bar of this hostelry there was a green baize door which opened into a large, red-papered parlour, adorned by many sporting prints and by the numerous cups and belts which were the treasured trophies of the famous prize-fighter's victorious career. In this snuggery it was the custom of the Corinthians of the day to assemble in order to discuss, over Tom Cribb's excellent wines, the matches of the past, to await the news of the present, and to arrange new ones for the future. Hither also came his brother pugilists, especially such as were in poverty or distress, for the Champion's generosity was proverbial, and no man of his own trade was ever turned from his door if cheering words or a full meal could mend his condition.

On the morning in question—August 25th, 1818—there were but two men in this famous snuggery. One was Cribb himself—all run to flesh since the time, seven years before, when, training for his last fight, he had done his forty miles a day with Captain Barclay over the Highland roads. Broad and deep, as well as tall, he was little short of twenty stone in weight; but his heavy, strong face and lion eyes showed that the spirit of the prize-fighter was not yet altogether overgrown by the fat of the publican. Though it was not eleven o'clock, a great tankard of bitter ale stood upon the table before him, and he was busy cutting up a plug of black tobacco and rubbing the slices into powder between his horny fingers. For all his record of desperate battles, he looked what he was—a good-hearted, respectable householder, law-abiding and kindly, a happy and prosperous man.

His companion, however, was by no means in the same easy circumstances, and his countenance wore a very different expression. He was a tall and well-formed man, some fifteen years younger than the Champion, and recalling in the masterful pose of his face and in the fine spread of his shoulders something of the manly beauty which had distinguished Cribb at his prime. No one looking at his countenance could fail to see that he was a fighting man by profession; and any judge of the fancy, considering his six feet of height, his thirteen stone of solid muscle, and his beautifully graceful build, would admit that he had started in his career with advantages which, if they were only backed by the driving-power of a stout heart, must carry him far. Tom Winter, or Spring—as he chose to call himself—had indeed come up from his Herefordshire home with a fine country record of local successes, which had been enhanced by two victories gained over formidable London heavy-weights. Three weeks before, however, he had been defeated by the famous Painter, and the set-back weighed heavily upon the young man's spirits.

"Cheer up, lad," said the Champion, glancing across from under his tufted eyebrows at the disconsolate face of his companion. "Indeed, Tom, you take it overhard."

The young man groaned, but made no reply.

"Others have been beat before you and lived to be Champions of England. Here I sit with that very title. Was I not beat down Broadwater way by George Nicholls in 1805? What then? I fought on, and here I am. When the big Black came from America it was not George Nicholls they sent for. I say to you—fight on, and, by George, I'll see you in my own shoes yet!"

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Tom Spring shook his head. "Never, if I have to fight you to get there, Daddy."

"I can't keep it for ever, Tom. It's beyond all reason. I'm going to lay it down before all London at the Fives Courts next year, and it's to you that I want to hand it. I couldn't train down to it now, lad. My day's done."

"Well, Dad, I'll never bid for it till you choose to stand aside. After that, it is as it may be."

"Well, have a rest, Tom; wait for your chance, and, meantime, there's always a bed and crust for you here."

Spring struck his clenched fist on his knee. "I know, Daddy! Ever since I came up from Fownthorpe you've been as good as a father to me."

"I've an eye for a winner."

"A pretty winner! Beat in forty rounds by Ned Painter."

"You had beat him first."

"And, by the Lord, I will again!"

"So you will, lad. George Nicholls would never give me another shy. Knew too much, he did. Bought a butcher's shop in Bristol with the money, and there he is to this day."

"Yes, I'll come back on Painter; but I haven't a shilling left. My backers have lost faith in me. If it wasn't for you, Daddy, I'd be in the kennel."

"Have you nothing left, Tom?"

"Not the price of a meal. I left every penny I had, and my good name as well, in the ring at Kingston. I'm hard put to it to live unless I can get another fight, and who's goin' to back me now?"

"Tut, man! the knowing ones will back you. You're the top of the list, for all Ned Painter. But there are other ways a man may earn a bit. There was a lady in here this morning—nothing flash, boy, a real tip-top out-and-outer with a coronet on her coach, asking after you."

"Asking after me! A lady!" The young pugilist stood up with surprise and a certain horror rising in his eyes. "You don't mean, Daddy——"

"I mean nothing but what is honest, my lad. You can lay to that!"

"You said I could earn a bit."

"So, perhaps, you can. Enough, anyhow, to tide you over your bad time. There's something in the wind there. It's to do with fightin'. She asked questions about your height, weight, and my opinion of your prospect. You can lay that my answers did you no harm."

"She ain't makin' a match, surely?"

"Well, she seemed to know a tidy bit about it. She asked about George Cooper, and Richmond the Black, and Tom Oliver, always comin' back to you, and wantin' to know if you were not the pick of the bunch. *And* trustworthy. That was the other point. Could she trust you? Lord, Tom, if you was a fightin' archangel you could hardly live up to the character that I've given you."

A drawer looked in from the bar.

"If you please, Mr. Cribb, the lady's carriage is back again."

The Champion laid down his long clay pipe.

"This way, lad," said he, plucking his young friend by the sleeve towards the side window. "Look there, now! Saw you ever a more slap-up carriage? See, too, the pair of bays—two hundred guineas apiece. Coachman, too, and footman—you'd find 'em hard to beat. There she is now, stepping out of it. Wait here, lad, till I do the honours of my house."

Tom Cribb slipped off, and young Spring remained by the window, tapping the glass nervously with his fingers, for he was a simple-minded country lad with no knowledge of women, and many fears of the traps which await the unwary in a great city. Many stories were afloat of pugilists who had been taken up and cast aside again by wealthy ladies, even as the gladiators were in decadent Rome. It was with some suspicion, therefore, and considerable inward trepidation that he faced round as a tall veiled figure swept into the room. He was much consoled, however, to observe the bulky form of Tom Cribb immediately behind her, as a proof that the interview was not to be a private one. When the door was closed the lady very deliberately removed her gloves. Then with fingers which glittered with diamonds she slowly rolled up and adjusted her heavy veil. Finally, she turned her face upon Spring.

"Is this the man?" said she.

They stood looking at each other with mutual interest, which warmed in both their faces into mutual admiration. What she saw was as fine a figure of a young man as England could show, none the less attractive for the restrained shyness of his manner and the blush which flushed his cheeks. What he saw was a woman of thirty, tall, dark, queen-like, and imperious, with a lovely face, every line and feature of which told of pride and breed, a woman born to Courts, with the instinct of command strong within her, and yet with all the softer woman's graces to temper and conceal the firmness of her soul. Tom

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Spring felt as he looked at her that he had never seen nor ever dreamed of anyone so beautiful, and yet he could not shake off the instinct which warned him to be upon his guard. Yes, it was beautiful, this face—beautiful beyond belief—but was it good, was it kind, was it true? There was some strange subconscious repulsion which mingled with his admiration for her loveliness. As to the lady's thoughts, she had already put away all idea of the young pugilist as a man, and regarded him now with critical eyes as a machine designed for a definite purpose.

"I am glad to meet you, Mr.—Mr. Spring," said she, looking him over with as much deliberation as a dealer who is purchasing a horse. "He is hardly as tall as I was given to understand, Mr. Cribb. You said six feet, I believe?"

"So he is, ma'am, but he carries it so easy. It's only the beanstalk that looks tall. See here, I'm six foot myself, and our heads are level, except I've lost my fluff."

"What is the chest measurement?"

"Forty-three inches, ma'am."

"You certainly seem to be a very strong young man. And a game one, too, I hope?"

Young Spring shrugged his shoulders.

"It's not for me to say, ma'am."

"I can speak for that, ma'am," said Cribb. "You read the *Sporting Chronicle* for three weeks ago, ma'am. You'll see how he stood up to Ned Painter until his senses were beat out of him. I waited on him, ma'am, and I know. I could show you my waistcoat now—that would let you guess what punishment he can take."

The lady waved aside the illustration.

"But he was beat," said she, coldly. "The man who beat him must be the better man"

"Saving your presence, ma'am, I think not, and outside Gentleman Jackson my judgment would stand against any in the ring. My lad here has beat Painter once, and will again if your ladyship could see your way to find the battle-money."

The lady started and looked angrily at the Champion.

"Why do you call me that?"

"I beg pardon. It was just my way of speaking."

"I order you not to do it again."

"Very good, ma'am."

"I am here incognita. I bind you both upon your honours to make no inquiry as to who I am. If I do not get your firm promise the matter ends here."

"Very good, ma'am. I'll promise for my own part, and so, I am sure, will Spring. But if I may be so bold, I can't help my drawers and potmen talking with your servants."

"The coachman and footman know just as much about me as you do. But my time is limited, so I must get to business. I think, Mr. Spring, that you are in want of something to do at present?"

"That is so, ma'am."

"I understand from Mr. Cribb that you are prepared to fight anyone at any weight?"

"Anything on two legs," cried the Champion.

"Who did you wish me to fight?" asked the young pugilist.

"That cannot concern you. If you are really ready to fight anyone, then the particular name can be of no importance. I have my reasons for withholding it."

"Very good, ma'am."

"You have been only a few weeks out of training. How long would it take you to get back to your best?"

"Three weeks or a month."

"Well, then, I will pay your training expenses and two pounds a week over. Here are five pounds as a guarantee. You will fight when I consider that you are ready, and that the circumstances are favourable. If you win your fight, you shall have fifty pounds. Are you satisfied with the terms?"

"Very handsome, ma'am, I'm sure."

"And remember, Mr. Spring, I choose you, not because you are the best man—for there are two opinions about that—but because I am given to understand that you are a decent man whom I can trust. The terms of this match are to be secret."

"I understand that. I'll say nothing."

"It is a private match. Nothing more. You will begin your training to-morrow."

"Very good, ma'am."

"I will ask Mr. Cribb to train you."

"I'll do that, ma'am, with pleasure. But, by your leave, does he have anything if he loses?"

A spasm of emotion passed over the woman's face and her hands clenched white with passion.

"If he loses, not a penny, not a penny!" she cried. "He must not, shall not lose!"

"Well, ma'am," said Spring, "I've never heard of any such match. But it's true that I am down at heel, and beggars can't be choosers. I'll do just what you say. I'll train till you give the word, and then I'll fight where you tell me. I hope you'll make it a large ring."

"Yes," said she; "it will be a large ring."

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"HERE ARE FIVE POUNDS AS A GUARANTEE."

"And how far from London?"

"Within a hundred miles. Have you anything else to say? My time is up."

"I'd like to ask, ma'am," said the Champion, earnestly, "whether I can act as the lad's second when the time comes. I've waited on him the last two fights. Can I give him a knee?"

"No," said the woman, sharply. Without another word she turned and was gone, shutting the door behind her. A few moments later the trim carriage flashed past the window, turned down the crowded Haymarket, and was engulfed in the traffic.

The two men looked at each other in silence.

"Well, blow my dicky, if this don't beat cock-fightin'!" cried Tom Cribb, at last. "Anyhow, there's the fiver, lad. But it's a rum go, and no mistake about it."

After due consultation it was agreed that Tom Spring should go into training at the Castle Inn on Hampstead Heath, so that Cribb could drive over and watch him. Thither Spring went upon the day after the interview with his patroness, and he set to work at once with drugs, dumb-bells, and breathers on the common to get himself into condition. It was hard, however, to take the matter seriously, and his good-natured trainer found the same difficulty.

"It's the baccy I miss, Daddy," said the young pugilist, as they sat together on the afternoon of the third day. "Surely there can't be any harm in my havin' a pipe?"

"Well, well, lad, it's against my conscience, but here's my box and there's a yard o' clay," said the Champion. "My word, I don't know what Captain Barclay of Ury would have said if he had seen a man smoke when he was in trainin'! He was the man to work you! He had me down from sixteen to thirteen the second time I fought the Black."

Spring had lit his pipe and was leaning back amid a haze of blue smoke.

"It was easy for you, Daddy, to keep strict trainin' when you knew what was before you. You had your date and your place and your man. You knew that in a month you would jump the ropes with ten thousand folk round you, and carrying maybe a hundred thousand in bets. You knew also the man you had to meet, and you wouldn't give him the better of you. But it's all different with me. For all I know this is just a woman's whim, and will end in nothing. If I was sure it was

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serious I'd break this pipe before I would smoke it."

Tom Cribb scratched his head in puzzlement.

"I can make nothing of it, lad, 'cept that her money is good. Come to think of it, how many men on the list could stand up to you for half an hour? It can't be Stringer, 'cause you've beat him. Then there's Cooper; but he's up Newcastle way. It can't be him. There's Richmond, but you wouldn't need to take your coat off to beat him. There's the Gasman; but he's not twelve stone. And there's Bill Neat of Bristol. That's it, lad. The lady has taken into her head to put you up against either the Gasman or Bill Neat."

"But why not say so? I'd train hard for the Gasman and harder for Bill Neat, but I'm blowed if I can train with any heart when I'm fightin' nobody in particular and everybody in general, same as now."

There was a sudden interruption to the speculations of the two prize-fighters. The door opened and the lady entered. As her eyes fell upon the two men her dark, handsome face flushed with anger, and she gazed at them silently with an expression of contempt which brought them both to their feet with hang-dog faces. There they stood, their long, reeking pipes in their hands, shuffling and downcast, like two great, rough mastiffs before an angry mistress.

"So!" said she, stamping her foot furiously. "And this is training!"

"I'm sure we're very sorry, ma'am," said the abashed Champion. "I didn't think—I never for one moment supposed——"

"That I would come myself to see if you were taking my money on false pretences? No, I dare say not. You fool!" she blazed, turning suddenly upon Tom Spring. "You'll be beat. That will be the end of it."

The young man looked up with an angry face.

"I'll trouble you not to call me names, ma'am. I've my self-respect, the same as you. I'll allow that I shouldn't have smoked when I was in trainin'. But I was saying to Tom Cribb here, just before you came in, that if you would give over treatin' us as if we were children, and if you would tell us just who it is you want me to fight, and when, and where, it would be a deal easier for me to take myself in hand."

"It's true, ma'am," said the Champion. "I know it must be either the Gasman or Bill Neat. There's no one else. So give me the office, and I'll promise to have him as fit as a trout on the day."

The lady laughed contemptuously.

"Do you think," said she, "that no one can fight save those who make a living by it?"

"By George, it's an amateur!" cried Cribb, in amazement. "But you don't surely ask Tom Spring to train for three weeks to meet a Corinthian?"

"I will say nothing more of who it is. It is no business of yours," the lady answered, fiercely. "All I *do* say is that if you do not train I will cast you aside and take someone who will. Do not think you can fool me because I am a woman. I have learned the points of the game as well as any man."

"I saw that the very first word you spoke," said Cribb.

"Then don't forget it. I will not warn you again. If I have occasion to find fault I shall choose another man."

"And you won't tell me who I am to fight?"

"Not a word. But you can take it from me that at your very best it will take you, or any man in England, all your time to master him. Now, get back this instant to your work, and never let me find you shirking it again." With imperious eyes she looked the two strong men down, and then, turning on her heel, she swept out of the room. The Champion whistled as the door closed behind her, and mopped his brow with his red bandanna handkerchief as he looked across at his abashed companion. "My word, lad," said he, "it's earnest from this day on."

"Yes," said Tom Spring, solemnly, "it's earnest from this day on."

In the course of the next fortnight the lady made several surprise visits to see that her champion was being properly prepared for the contest which lay before him. At the most unexpected moments she would burst into the training quarters, but never again had she to complain of any slackness upon his part or that of his trainer. With long bouts of the gloves, with thirty-mile walks, with mile runs at the back of a mail-cart with a bit of blood between the shafts, with interminable series of jumps with a skipping-rope, he was sweated down until his trainer was able to proudly proclaim that "the last ounce of tallow is off him and he is ready to fight for his life." Only once was the lady accompanied by anyone upon these visits of inspection Upon this occasion a tall young man was her companion. He was graceful in figure, aristocratic in his bearing, and would have been strikingly handsome had it not been for some

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accident which had shattered his nose and broken all the symmetry of his features. He stood in silence with moody eyes and folded arms, looking at the splendid torso of the prize-fighter as, stripped to the waist, he worked with his dumb-bells.

"Don't you think he will do?" said the lady.



"'DON'T YOU THINK HE WILL DO?' SAID THE LADY."

The young swell shrugged his shoulders.

"I don't like it, *cara mia*. I can't pretend that I like it."

"You must like it, George. I have set my very heart on it."

"It is not English, you know. Lucrezia Borgia and Mediæval Italy. Woman's love and woman's hatred are always the same, but this particular manifestation of it seems to me out of place in nineteenth-century London."

"Is not a lesson needed?"

"Yes, yes; but one would think there were other ways."

"You tried another way. What did you get out of that?"

The young man smiled rather grimly, as he turned up his cuff and looked at a puckered hole in his wrist.

"Not much, certainly," said he.

"You've tried and failed."

"Yes, I must admit it."

"What else is there? The law?"

"Good gracious, no!"

"Then it is my turn, George, and I won't be balked."

"I don't think anyone is capable of balking you, *cara mia*. Certainly I, for one, should never dream of trying. But I don't feel as if I could co-operate."

"I never asked you to."

"No, you certainly never did. You are perfectly capable of doing it alone. I think, with your leave, if you have quite done with your prize-fighter, we will drive back to London. I would not for the world miss Goldoni in the Opera."

So they drifted away; he, frivolous and dilettante; she with her face as set as Fate, leaving the fighting men to their business.

And now the day came when Cribb was able to announce to his employer that his man was as fit as science could make him.

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"I can do no more, ma'am. He's fit to fight for a kingdom. Another week would see him stale"

The lady looked Spring over with the eye of a connoisseur.

"I think he does you credit," she said at last. "To-day is Tuesday. He will fight the day after to-morrow."

"Very good, ma'am. Where shall he go?"

"I will tell you exactly, and you will please take careful note of all that I say. You, Mr. Cribb, will take your man down to the Golden Cross Inn at Charing Cross by nine o'clock on Wednesday morning. He will take the Brighton coach as far as Tunbridge Wells, where he will alight at the Royal Oak Arms. There he will take such refreshment as you advise before a fight. He will await at the Royal Oak Arms until he receives a message by word, or by letter, brought him by a groom in a mulberry livery. This message will give him his final instructions."

"And I am not to come?"

"No," said the lady.

"But surely, ma'am," he pleaded, "I may come as far as Tunbridge Wells? It's hard on a man to train a cove for a fight and then to leave him."

"It can't be helped. You are too well known. Your arrival would spread all over the town, and my plans might suffer. It is quite out of the question that you should come."

"Well, I'll do what you tell me; but it's main hard."

"I suppose," said Spring, "you would have me bring my fightin' shorts and my spiked shoes?"

"No; you will kindly bring nothing whatever which may point to your trade. I would have you wear just those clothes in which I saw you first, such clothes as any mechanic or artisan might be expected to wear."

Tom Cribb's blank face had assumed an expression of absolute despair.

"No second, no clothes, no shoes—it don't seem regular. I give you my word, ma'am, I feel ashamed to be mixed up in such a fight. I don't know as you can call the thing a fight where there is no second. It's just a scramble—nothing more. I've gone too far to wash my hands of it now, but I wish I had never touched it."

In spite of all professional misgivings on the part of the Champion and his pupil, the imperious will of the woman prevailed, and everything was carried out exactly as she had directed. At nine o'clock Tom Spring found himself upon the box-seat of the Brighton coach, and waved his hand in good-bye to burly Tom Cribb, who stood, the admired of a ring of waiters and ostlers, upon the door-step of the Golden Cross. It was in the pleasant season when summer is mellowing into autumn, and the first golden patches are seen amid the beeches and the ferns. The young country-bred lad breathed more freely when he had left the weary streets of Southwark and Lewisham behind him, and he watched with delight the glorious prospect as the coach, whirled along by six dapple greys, passed by the classic grounds of Knowle, or after crossing Riverside Hill looked down at the vast expanse of the Weald of Kent. Past Tunbridge School went the coach, and on through Southborough, until it wound down a steep, curving road with strange outcrops of sandstone beside it, and halted before a great hostelry, bearing the name which had been given him in his directions. He descended, entered the coffee-room, and ordered the underdone steak which his trainer had recommended. Hardly had he finished it when a servant with a mulberry coat and a peculiarly expressionless face entered the apartment.

"Beg your pardon, sir, are you Mr. Spring—Mr. Thomas Spring, of London?"

"That is my name, young man."

"Then the instructions which I had to give you are that you wait for one hour after your meal. After that time you will find me in a phaeton at the door, and I will drive you in the right direction."

The young pugilist had never been daunted by any experience which had befallen him in the ring. The rough encouragement of his backers, the surge and shouting of the multitude, and the sight of his opponent had always cheered his stout heart and excited him to prove himself worthy of being the centre of such a scene. But this loneliness and uncertainty were deadly. He flung himself down on the horsehair couch and tried to doze; but his mind was too restless and excited. Finally he rose, and paced up and down the empty room. Suddenly he was aware of a great rubicund face which surveyed him from round the angle of the door. Its owner, seeing that he was observed, pushed forward into the room.

"I beg pardon, sir," said he, "but surely I have the honour of talking to Mr. Thomas Spring?"

"At your service," said the young man.

"Bless me! I am vastly honoured to have you under my roof! Cordery is my name, sir, landlord of this old-established inn. I

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thought that my eyes could not deceive me. I am a patron of the ring, sir, in my own humble way, and was present at Moulsey in September last, when you beat Jack Stringer of Rawcliffe. A very fine fight, sir, and very handsomely fought, if I may make bold to say so. I have a right to an opinion, sir, for there's never been a fight for many a year in Kent or Sussex that you wouldn't find Joe Cordery at the ring-side. Ask Mr. Gregson at the Chop-house in Holborn, and he'll tell you about old Joe Cordery. By the way, Mr. Spring, I suppose it is not business that has brought you down into these parts? Anyone can see with half an eye that you are trained to a hair. I'd take it very kindly if you would give me the office."

It crossed Spring's mind that if he were frank with the landlord it was more than likely that he would receive more information than he could give. He was a man of his word, however, and he remembered his promise to his employer.

"Just a quiet day in the country, Mr. Cordery. That's all."

"Dear me! I had hoped there was a mill in the wind. I've a nose for these things, Mr. Spring, and I thought I had a whiff of it. But, of course, you should know best. Perhaps you will drive round with me this afternoon and view the hop-gardens—just the right time of year, sir."

Tom Spring was not very skilled in deception, and his stammering excuses may not have been very convincing to the landlord, or finally persuaded him that his original supposition was wrong. In the midst of the conversation, however, the waiter entered with the news that a phaeton was waiting at the door. The innkeeper's eyes shone with suspicion and eagerness.

"I thought you said you knew no one in these parts, Mr. Spring?"

"Just one kind friend, Mr. Cordery, and he has sent his gig for me. It's likely that I will take the night coach to town. But I'll look in after an hour or two and have a dish of tea with you."

Outside the mulberry servant was sitting behind a fine black horse in a phaeton, which had two seats in front and two behind. Tom Spring was about to climb up beside him, when the servant whispered that his directions were that he should sit behind. Then the phaeton whirled away, while the excited landlord, more convinced than ever that there was something in the wind, rushed into his stable-yard with shrieks to his ostlers, and in a very few minutes was in hot pursuit, waiting at every cross-roads until he could hear tidings of a black horse and a mulberry livery.

The phaeton meanwhile drove in the direction of Crowborough. Some miles out it turned from the high road into a narrow lane spanned by a tawny arch of beech trees. Through this golden tunnel a lady was walking, tall and graceful, her back to the phaeton. As it came abreast of her she stood aside and looked up, while the coachman pulled up the horse.

"I trust that you are at your best," said she, looking very earnestly at the prize-fighter. "How do you feel?"

"Pretty tidy, ma'am, I thank you."

"I will get up beside you, Johnson. We have some way to go. You will drive through the Lower Warren, and then take the lane which skirts the Gravel Hanger. I will tell you where to stop. Go slowly, for we are not due for twenty minutes."

Feeling as if the whole business was some extraordinary dream, the young pugilist passed through a network of secluded lanes, until the phaeton drew up at a wicket gate which led into a plantation of firs, choked with a thick undergrowth. Here the lady descended and beckoned Spring to alight.

"Wait down the lane," said she to the coachman. "We shall be some little time. Now, Mr. Spring, will you kindly follow me? I have written a letter which makes an appointment."

She passed swiftly through the plantation by a tortuous path, then over a stile, and past another wood, loud with the deep chuckling of pheasants. At the farther side was a fine rolling park, studded with oak trees, and stretching away to a splendid Elizabethan mansion, with balustraded terraces athwart its front. Across the park, and making for the wood, a solitary figure was walking.

The lady gripped the prize-fighter by the wrist.

"That's your man," said she.

They were standing under the shadow of the trees, so that he was very visible to them, while they were out of his sight. Tom Spring looked hard at the man, who was still some hundreds of yards away. He was a tall, powerful fellow, clad in a blue coat with gilt buttons, which gleamed in the sun. He had white corded breeches and riding boots. He walked with a vigorous step, and with every few strides he struck his leg with a dog-whip which hung from his wrist. There was

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a great suggestion of purpose and of energy in the man's appearance and bearing.

"Why, he's a gentleman!" said Spring. "Look 'ere, ma'am, this is all a bit out of my line. I've nothing against the man, and he can mean me no harm. What am I to do with him?"

"Fight him! Smash him! That is what you are here for."

Tom Spring turned on his heel with disgust.

"I'm here to fight, ma'am, but not to smash a man who has no thought of fighting. It's off."

"You don't like the look of him," hissed the woman. "You have met your master."

"That is as may be. It is no job for me."

The woman's face was white with vexation and anger.

"You fool!" she cried. "Is all to go wrong at the last minute? There are fifty pounds—here they are in this paper—would you refuse them?"

"It's a cowardly business. I won't do it."

"Cowardly? You are giving the man two stone, and he can beat any amateur in England."

The young pugilist felt relieved. After all, if he could fairly earn that fifty pounds, a good deal depended upon his winning it. If he could only be sure that this was a worthy and willing antagonist!

"How do you know he is so good?" he asked.

"I ought to know. I am his wife."

As she spoke she turned, and was gone like a flash among the bushes. The man was quite close now, and Tom Spring's scruples weakened as he looked at him. He was a powerful, broad-chested fellow, about thirty, with a heavy, brutal face, great thatched eyebrows, and a hard-set mouth. He could not be less than fifteen stone in weight, and he carried himself like a trained athlete. As he swung along he suddenly caught a glimpse of Spring among the trees, and he at once quickened his pace and sprang over the stile which separated them.

"Halloa!" said he, halting a few yards from him, and staring him up and down. "Who the devil are you, and where the devil did you come from, and what the devil are you doing on my property?"

His manner was even more offensive than his words. It brought a flush of anger to Spring's cheeks.

"See here, mister," said he, "civil words



"HE AT ONCE QUICKENED HIS PACE AND SPRANG OVER THE STILE WHICH SEPARATED THEM."

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is cheap. You've no call to speak to me like that."

"You infernal rascal!" cried the other. "I'll show you the way out of that plantation with the toe of my boot. Do you dare to stand there on my land and talk back at me?" He advanced with a menacing face and his dog-whip half raised. "Well, are you going?" he cried, as he swung it into the air.

Tom Spring jumped back to avoid the threatened blow.

"Go slow, mister," said he. "It's only fair that you should know where you are. I'm Spring, the prize-fighter. Maybe you have heard my name."

"I thought you were a rascal of that breed," said the man. "I've had the handling of one or two of you gentry before, and I never found one that could stand up to me for five minutes. Maybe you would like to try?"

"If you hit me with that dog-whip, mister——"

"There, then!" He gave the young man a vicious cut across the shoulder. "Will that help you to fight?"

"I came here to fight," said Tom Spring, licking his dry lips. "You can drop that whip, mister, for I *will* fight. I'm a trained man and ready. But you would have it. Don't blame me."

The man was stripping the blue coat from his broad shoulders. There was a sprigged satin vest beneath it, and they were hung together on an alder branch.

"Trained, are you?" he muttered. "By the Lord, I'll train you before I am through!"

Any fears that Tom Spring may have had lest he should be taking some unfair advantage were set at rest by the man's assured manner and by the splendid physique, which became more apparent as he discarded a black satin tie, with a great ruby glowing in its centre, and threw aside the white collar which cramped his thick, muscular neck. He then, very deliberately, undid a pair of gold sleeve-links, and, rolling up his shirt-sleeves, disclosed two hairy and muscular arms, which would have served as a model for a sculptor.

"Come nearer the stile," said he, when he had finished. "There is more room."

The prize-fighter had kept pace with the preparations of his formidable antagonist. His own hat, coat, and vest hung suspended upon a bush. He advanced now into the open space which the other had indicated.

"Ruffianing or fighting?" asked the amateur, coolly.

"Fighting."

"Very good," said the other. "Put up your hands, Spring. Try it out."

They were standing facing one another in a grassy ring intersected by the path at the outlet of the wood. The insolent and overbearing look had passed away from the amateur's face, but a grim half-smile was on his lips and his eyes shone fiercely from under his tufted brows. From the way in which he stood it was very clear that he was a past-master at the game. Tom Spring, as he paced lightly to right and left, looking for an opening, became suddenly aware that neither with Stringer nor with the redoubtable Painter himself had he ever faced a more business-like opponent. The amateur's left was well forward, his guard low, his body leaning back from the haunches, and his head well out of danger. Spring tried a light lead at the mark, and another at the face, but in an instant his adversary was on to him with a shower of sledge-hammer blows which it took him all his time to avoid. He sprang back, but there was no getting away from that whirlwind of muscle and bone. A heavy blow beat down his guard; a second landed on his shoulder, and over went the prize-fighter with the other on the top of him. Both sprang to their feet, glared at each other, and fell into position once more.

There could be no doubt that the amateur was not only heavier, but also the harder and stronger man. Twice again he rushed Spring down, once by the weight of his blows, and once by closing and hurling him on to his back. Such falls might have shaken the fight out of a less game man, but to Tom Spring they were but incidents in his daily trade. Though bruised and winded he was always up again in an instant. Blood was trickling from his mouth, but his steadfast blue eyes told of the unshaken spirit within.

He was accustomed now to his opponent's rushing tactics, and he was ready for them. The fourth round was the same as to attack, but it was very different in defence. Up to now the young man had given way and been fought down. This time he stood his ground. As his opponent rushed in he met him with a tremendous straight hit from his left hand, delivered with the full force of his body, and doubled in effect by the momentum of the charge. So stunning was the concussion that the pugilist himself recoiled from it across the grassy ring. The amateur staggered back and leaned his shoulder on a tree-trunk, his hand up to his face.

"You'd best drop it," said Spring. "You'll get pepper if you don't."

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The other gave an inarticulate curse, and spat out a mouthful of blood.

"Come on!" said he.

Even now the pugilist found that he had no light task before him. Warned by his misadventure, the heavier man no longer tried to win the battle at a rush, nor to beat down an accomplished boxer as he would a country hawbuck at a village fair. He fought with his head and his feet as well as with his hands. Spring had to admit in his heart that trained to the ring this man must have been a match for the best. His guard was strong, his counter was like lightning, he took punishment like a man of iron, and when he could safely close he always brought his lighter antagonist to the ground with a shattering fall. But the one stunning blow which he had courted before he was taught respect for his adversary weighed heavily on him all the time. His senses had lost something of their quickness and his blows of their sting. He was fighting, too, against a man who, of all the boxers who have made their names great, was the safest, the coolest, the least likely to give anything away, or lose an advantage gained. Slowly, gradually, round by round, he was worn down by his cool, quick-stepping, sharp-hitting antagonist. At last he stood exhausted, breathing hoarsely, his face, what could be seen of it, purple with his exertions. He had reached the limit of human endurance. His opponent stood waiting for him, bruised and beaten, but as cool, as ready, as dangerous as ever.

"You'd best drop it, I tell you," said he. "You're done."

But the other's manhood would not have it so. With a snarl of fury he cast his science to the winds, and rushed madly to slogging with both hands. For a moment Spring was overborne. Then he side-stepped swiftly; there was the crash of his blow, and the amateur tossed up his arms and fell all asprawl, his great limbs outstretched, his disfigured face to the sky.

For a moment Tom Spring stood looking down at his unconscious opponent. The next he felt a soft, warm hand upon his bare arm. The woman was at his elbow.

"Now is your time!" she cried, her dark eyes aflame. "Go in! Smash him!"

Spring shook her off with a cry of disgust, but she was back in an instant.

"I'll make it seventy-five pounds——"

"The fight's over, ma'am. I can't touch him."

"A hundred pounds—a clear hundred! I have it here in my bodice. Would you refuse a hundred?"

He turned on his heel. She darted past him, and tried to kick at the face of the prostrate man. Spring dragged her roughly away, before she could do him a mischief.

"Stand clear!" he cried, giving her a shake. "You should take shame to hit a fallen man."

With a groan the injured man turned on his side. Then he slowly sat up and passed his wet hand over his face. Finally, he staggered to his feet.

"Well," he said, shrugging his broad shoulders, "it was a fair fight. I've no complaint to make. I was Jackson's best pupil, but I give you best." Suddenly his eyes lit upon the furious face of the woman. "Halloa, Betty!" he cried. "So I have you to thank. I might have guessed it when I had your letter."

"Yes, my lord," said she, with a mock curtsy. "You have me to thank. Your little wife managed it all. I lay behind those bushes, and I saw you beaten like a hound. You haven't had all that I had planned for you, but I think it will be some little time before any woman loves you for the sake of your appearance. Do you remember the words, my lord? Do you remember the words?"

He stood stunned for a moment. Then he snatched his whip from the ground, and looked at her from under his heavy brows.

"I believe you're the devil!" he cried.

"I wonder what the governess will think?" said she.

He flared into furious rage and rushed at her with his whip. Tom Spring threw himself before him with his arms out.

"It won't do, sir; I can't stand by."

The man glared at his wife over the prize-fighter's shoulder.

"So it's for dear George's sake!" he said, with a bitter laugh. "But poor, broken-nosed George seems to have gone to the wall. Taken up with a prize-fighter, eh? Found a fancy man for yourself!"

"You liar!" she gasped.

"Ha, my lady, that stings your pride, does it? Well, you shall stand together in the dock for trespass and assault. What a picture—great Lord, what a picture!"

"You wouldn't, John!"

"Wouldn't I, by ——! You stay there three minutes and see if I wouldn't." He seized his clothes from the bush, and staggered off as swiftly as he could across the field, blowing a whistle as he ran.

"Quick! quick!" cried the woman.

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"HE FLARED INTO FURIOUS RAGE AND RUSHED AT HER WITH HIS WHIP."

"There's not an instant to lose." Her face was livid, and she was shivering and panting with apprehension. "He'll raise the country. It would be awful—awful!"

She ran swiftly down the tortuous path, Spring following after her and dressing as he went. In a field to the right a gamekeeper, his gun in his hand, was hurrying towards the whistling. Two labourers, loading hay, had stopped their work and were looking about them, their pitchforks in their hands. But the path was empty, and the phaeton awaited them, the horse cropping the grass by the lane-side, the driver half asleep on his perch. The woman sprang swiftly in and motioned Spring to stand by the wheel.

"There is your fifty pounds," she said, handing him a paper. "You were a fool not to turn it into a hundred when you had the chance. I've done with you now."

"But where am I to go?" asked the prize-fighter, gazing around him at the winding lanes.

"To the devil!" said she. "Drive on, Johnson!"

The phaeton whirled down the road and vanished round a curve. Tom Spring was alone.

Everywhere over the countryside he heard shoutings and whistlings. It was clear that so long as she escaped the indignity of sharing his fate his employer was perfectly indifferent as to whether he got into trouble or not. Tom Spring began to feel indifferent himself. He was weary to death; his head was aching from the blows and falls which he had received, and his feelings were raw from the treatment which he had undergone. He walked slowly some few yards down the lane, but had no idea which way to turn to reach Tunbridge Wells. In the distance he heard the baying of dogs, and he guessed that they were being set upon his track. In that case he could not hope to escape them, and might just as well await them where he was. He picked out a heavy stake from the hedge, and he sat moodily down waiting, in a very dangerous temper, for what might befall him.

But it was a friend and not a foe who came first into sight. Round the corner of

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the lane flew a small dog-cart, with a fast-trotting chestnut cob between the shafts. In it was seated the rubicund landlord of the Royal Oak, his whip going, his face continually flying round to glance behind him.

"Jump in, Mr. Spring, jump in!" he cried, as he reined up. "They're all coming, dogs and men! Come on! Now, hud dup, Ginger!" Not another word did he say until two miles of lanes had been left behind them at racing speed and they were back in safety upon the Brighton road. Then he let the reins hang loose on the pony's back, and he slapped Tom Spring with his fat hand upon the shoulder.

"Splendid!" he cried, his great red face shining with ecstasy. "Oh, Lord! but it was beautiful!"

"What!" cried Spring. "You saw the fight?"

"Every round of it! By George! to think that I should have lived to have had such a fight all to myself! Oh, but it was grand," he cried, in a frenzy of delight, "to see his lordship go down like a pitted ox and her ladyship clapping her hands behind the bush! I guessed there was something in the wind, and I followed you all the way. When you stopped I tethered little Ginger in a grove, and I crept after you through the wood. It's as well I did, for the whole parish was up!"

But Tom Spring was sitting gazing at him in blank amazement.

"His lordship!" he gasped.

"No less, my boy. Lord Falconbridge, Chairman of the Bench, Deputy Lieutenant of the County, Peer of the Realm—that's your man."

"Good Lord!"

"And you didn't know? It's as well, for maybe you wouldn't have whacked it in as hard if you did; and, mind you, if you hadn't he'd have beat you. There's not a man in this county could stand up to him. He takes the poachers and gipsies two and three at a time. He's the terror of the place. But you did him—did him fair. Oh, man, it was fine!"

Tom Spring was too much dazed by what he heard to do more than sit and wonder. It was not until he had got back to the comforts of the inn, and after a bath had partaken of a solid meal, that he sent for Mr. Cordery, the landlord. To him he confided the whole train of events which had led up to his remarkable experience, and he begged him to throw such light as he could upon it. Cordery listened with keen interest and many chuckles to the story. Finally he left the room and returned with a frayed newspaper in his hand, which he smoothed out upon his knee.

"It's the *Pantiles Gazette*, Mr. Spring, as gossiping a rag as ever was printed. I expect there will be a fine column in it if ever it gets its prying nose into this day's doings. However, we are mum and her ladyship is mum, and, my word! his lordship is mum, though he did, in his passion, raise the hue and cry on you! Here it is, Mr. Spring, and I'll read it to you while you smoke your pipe. It's dated July of last year, and it goes like this:—

"'FRACAS IN HIGH LIFE.—It is an open secret that the differences which have for some years been known to exist between Lord F—— and his beautiful wife have come to a head during the last few days. His lordship's devotion to sport, and also, as it is whispered, some attentions which he has shown to a humbler member of his household, have, it is said, long alienated Lady F——'s affection. Of late she has sought consolation and friendship with a gentleman whom we will designate as Sir George W——n. Sir George, who is a famous lady-killer, and as well-proportioned a man as any in England, took kindly to the task of consoling the disconsolate fair. The upshot, however, was vastly unfortunate, both for the lady's feelings and for the gentleman's beauty. The two friends were surprised in a rendezvous near the house by Lord F—— himself at the head of a party of his servants. Lord F—— then and there, in spite of the shrieks of the lady, availed himself of his strength and skill to administer such punishment to the unfortunate Lothario as would, in his own parting words, prevent any woman from loving him again for the sake of his appearance. Lady F—— has left his lordship and betaken herself to London, where, no doubt, she is now engaged in nursing the damaged Apollo. It is confidently expected that a duel will result from the affair, but no particulars have reached us up to the hour of our going to press.'"

The landlord laid down the paper. "You've been moving in high life, Mr. Thomas Spring," said he.

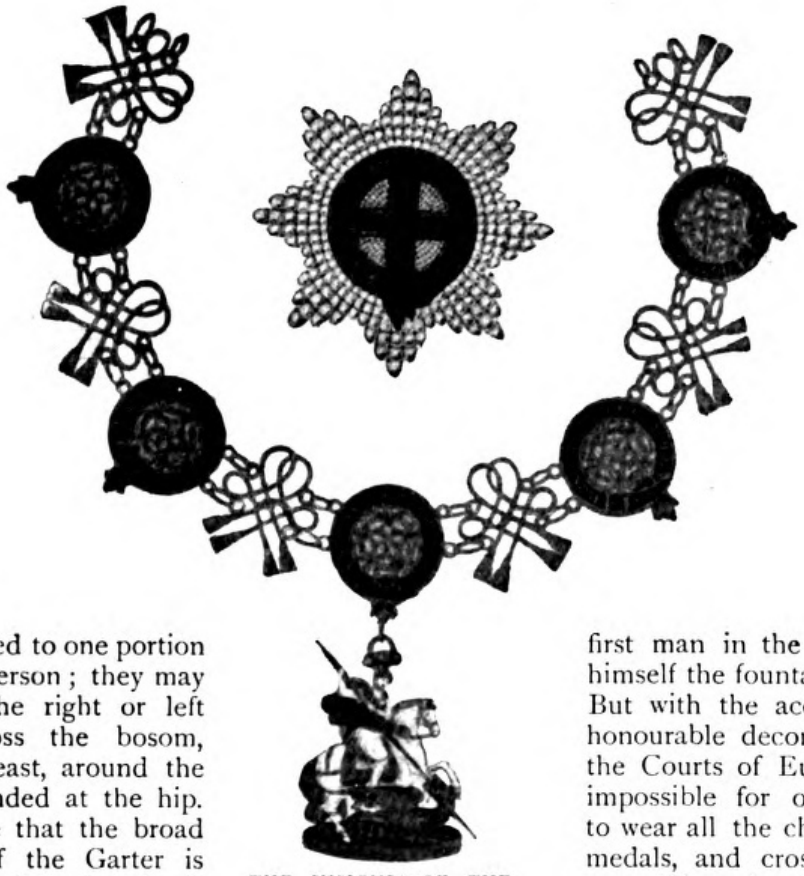
The pugilist passed his hand over his battered face. "Well, Mr. Cordery," said he, "low life is good enough for me."

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The King's Orders.

The Origin, Romance, and Etiquette of the Various Decorations Worn by His Majesty.

WHEN His Majesty goes abroad amongst his subjects on occasions of ceremony the least observant eye will note (understandingly or not, according to his knowledge) some details of the insignia he wears. Everyone is aware that the emblems of an order of knighthood are not restricted to one portion of the Royal person; they may be worn on the right or left shoulder, across the bosom, on the left breast, around the neck, or suspended at the hip. It is probable that the broad blue ribbon of the Garter is familiar to all, but that it is equally possible to wear the badge of the Garter round the neck, on the left shoulder, on the breast, or encircling the left leg is probably by no means known to all the lieges of this realm and Empire. To enable the reader to recognize the various decorations worn by His Majesty—as seen in his portraits or on the occasion of his appearances in public—to give him some knowledge of their origin and romantic history—is the aim of the present article.

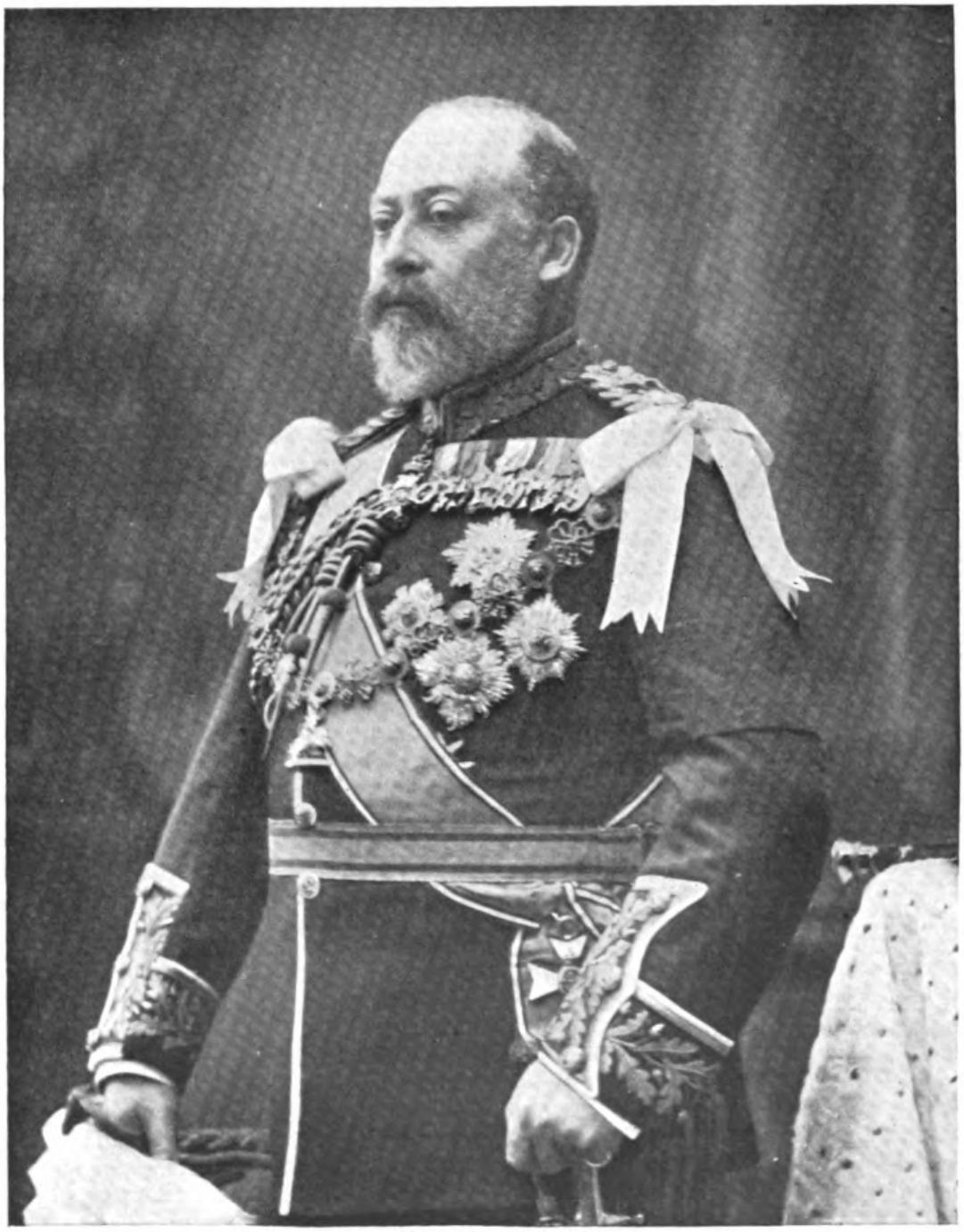


THE INSIGNIA OF THE ORDER OF THE GARTER, SHOWING THE COLLAR, STAR, AND GEORGE.

It has been said that the desire to possess honorary distinctions has shown itself in various shapes from very remote times, and to be able to wear them on the person as evidence of some particular qualification in the individual has been an object of human ambition almost from time immemorial. The Sovereign naturally leads the way; he is the first man in the State; he is himself the fountain of honour. But with the accumulation of honourable decorations at all the Courts of Europe, it grew impossible for one individual to wear all the chains, ribbons, medals, and crosses of which our King is the recipient. Consequently, a selection only can be worn, and this selection is governed by His Majesty's predilections and the nature of the occasion. Thus, at a purely British function, the display of the insignia of British orders and of British decorations is naturally the rule.

But first of all let us see what the insignia of an order generally consist of. In the case of our order of greatest distinction, the Garter, they consist first of a habit, collar, badge, star, and the garter. In what is called

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From a Photograph by W. & D. Downey.

In the above photograph the stars of the four orders seen on the left breast are those of the Garter, the Thistle, the St. Patrick, and the Bath. Suspended from the shoulders and running across the stars is the chain of the Garter, to which is attached the jewel. Above the stars are the badges of various orders, whilst across the right shoulder, suspending the badge at the hip, is the sash of the Royal Victorian Order.

a full chapter of the order, of the complete habit and insignia His Majesty would wear the collar, from which is suspended the "George" (a gold and enamelled representation of the St. George and the Dragon), together with the star (worn on the left breast). This full chapter of the habit is worn only on certain days, known as "collar days." On ordinary occasions—a Levee or a Court—His Majesty wears the ribbon over the left shoulder, from which is suspended the lesser George (an oval badge, with a representation of St. George and the Dragon), together with the star. The garter, which is worn only with breeches and bears the motto of the order—"Honi soit qui mal y pense"—is worn below the knee on the left leg. Now, unless upon special occasions, only one of these emblems would be worn. Even the badges have grown so numerous that

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it has been found necessary to fasten the small ones issued to Companions of any order in a closely packed row upon the left breast. By this means it is possible for His Majesty to wear a great many orders and decorations. For, in addition to a row of, say, nine on the breast, he can carry four stars below, a ribbon suspending a badge across his breast, another round his neck, another fastened to his right shoulder, and another to his left, making in all seventeen decorations which King Edward VII. can wear at once, whereas King Edward VI. could only have worn three or four.



BADGE OF THE THISTLE.



STAR OF THE THISTLE.

When His Majesty desires to render the chief honour to a certain order he wears the badge or jewel pendent from the broad ribbon across his breast, or suspended from the collar, or the star. Otherwise the badge is fastened with others to the left breast. In the portrait of the King, on page 153, he is shown wearing the ribbon and badge of the Royal Victorian Order; from his neck is suspended the badge (or George) of the Garter, and a line of badges beginning with the Bath on the left breast. He wears the stars of the four senior British orders—the Garter, the Thistle, the St. Patrick, and the Bath. In addition His Majesty wears suspended from his left hip the white enamelled cross of the Royal Victorian Order.

To lovers of romance there is here an epitome in these stars and ribbons and badges of all that is romantic in seven centuries of history. Here are symbols of a world of chivalry, of valour, of poetry, and of piety. What, for instance, could be more charming than the tale of the founding of the Order of the Garter? Everyone has heard how, at the Court of Edward III., a lady chanced to drop her garter, which was picked up by the King. Observing the bystanders smile significantly, Edward exclaimed in a tone of rebuke, "Honi soit qui mal y pense," and to prevent any further innuendoes he tied the garter round his own knee. This tradition, it may be remarked, is strictly in accordance with the romantic habits of an age when devotion to woman was one of the first duties of knighthood. To wear a lady's favour, her glove, ribbon, or any other personal article was in those days a common practice amongst knights, such being considered a treasured token or emprise.

According to one Scottish legend an angel plucked a thistle and placed it in the hair of a sleeping Scottish monarch, who, waking, founded the Order of the Thistle. According to a passage in the archives of the order, "Achaius, King of Scots, did institute the most ancient and most noble Order of the Thistle under the protection of St. Andrew, in commemoration of a signal victory obtained by the said Achaius over Athelstan, King of the Saxons, after a bloody battle, in the time of which there appeared in the heavens a white cross in the form of that upon which the apostle St. Andrew suffered martyrdom." The order consists of the Sovereign and sixteen knights.



BADGE OF ST. PATRICK.



STAR OF ST. PATRICK.

On the other hand, the Order of St. Patrick can boast little antiquity, being the result of George III.'s wish to manifest his regard for Ireland. It was founded in 1783, and since that time a long succession of distinguished men have been enrolled, selected from the most eminent for birth, rank, or personal achievement amongst the Irish peers. Every person of or above the rank of knight is eligible, but as a matter of fact only peers are elected.

The stars of the foregoing three orders, together with that of the Bath, are commonly worn, but if the King, for example, were greeting the Emperor of Russia or wished to do honour to the Russian people he would wear, of course, the star, ribbon, and badge of the Russian order instead. But these and other foreign orders will be described later.

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Her late Majesty Queen Victoria took the deepest interest in the founding of the Royal Victorian Order (which can be seen suspended from a chain round the King's neck) in 1896, and the King has shown a great partiality towards it. The members are to be "such persons, being subjects of our Crown, as may have rendered or may hereafter render extraordinary or important or personal services to Us, our heirs and successors, who have merited or may hereafter merit our Royal favour, or any persons who may hereafter be appointed officers of the Royal order." Since the decease of Queen Victoria the already wide scope of the order has been further enlarged. It is frequently conferred when the King is abroad on purely ceremonial occasions, and without any necessary regard to the central idea of personal service rendered to the Sovereign. This is entirely in keeping, however, with the fundamental principle of the order—viz., that it is the Sovereign's *private* order.



ROYAL VICTORIAN ORDER.

Let us first attend to the British decorations. Beginning with the badges on the breast, which have in the second large portrait been placed in three rows for the sake of illustration, the first (1) is that of the Bath. The last Knights of the Bath made according to the ancient forms were at the coronation of Charles II., when various rites and ceremonies—one of which was bathing—were enforced. It can readily be understood that bathing was no light undertaking in the Dark Ages, but doubtless there were Sir Galahads who believed that cleanliness was next to godliness, and an order involving daily, or at least weekly, immersion on the parts of its valiant members sprang into being.



ORDER OF THE BATH.

According to Froissart, the Court barber prepared a bath, and the candidate for membership in the order, having been undressed by his esquires, was thereupon placed in the bath, his clothes and collars being the perquisites of the barber. He was then removed from the water to the words, "May this be an honourable bath to you," and was placed in a plain bed quite wet and naked to dry. As soon as he was quite dry he was removed from the bed, dressed in new and rich apparel, and conducted by his sponsors to the chapel, where he offered a taper to the honour of God and a penny piece to the honour of the King. Then he went to the monarch and, kneeling before him, he received from the Royal sword a tap on the shoulder, the King exclaiming, "Arise, Sir ——," and then embraced him, saying, "Be thou a good knight, and true."

Not until 1725, however, did the Bath become "a regular military order," subsequent modifications allowing civilians to be admitted. The badge is a gold Maltese cross of eight points enamelled argent, worn on State occasions pendent from a broad red ribbon across the right shoulder.

The Order of the Star of India (2) owed its inception, in 1861, to the need of rewarding the late Queen's servants in India.

In a similar way, in 1818, not long after the cession of Malta to Great Britain and the submission of the Ionian Isles, it was deemed advisable to institute an order of knighthood for the purpose of bestowing marks of Royal favour on the most meritorious of Ionians and Maltese as well as on British subjects of distinction in the Mediterranean. From this has sprung the Most Distinguished Order of St. Michael and St. George (3), as we know it to-day. It has now become the great Colonial decoration, its members gaining knighthood thereby. The badge is a gold cross of fourteen points of white enamel.



STAR OF INDIA. ST. MICHAEL AND ST. GEORGE. ORDER OF THE INDIAN EMPIRE.

The next is the Order of the Indian Empire (4), and was instituted on January 1st, 1878, to reward services rendered to her late Majesty Queen Victoria and her Indian Empire and to commemorate the proclamation of her style and title of Empress of India. It consists of the Sovereign (His

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From a Photograph by Lafayette.

A PORTRAIT OF THE KING TO WHICH HAS BEEN ATTACHED THE CHIEF ORDERS WORN BY HIS MAJESTY ON DIFFERENT OCCASIONS.

The King's Orders seen in the above photograph are as follows: Suspended from the small chain is the Royal Victorian Order. 1, the Bath; 2, the Star of India; 3, St. Michael and St. George; 4, the Indian Empire; 5, the Imperial Service Order; 6, Volunteer Officers' Decoration; 7, Victorian Jubilee Medal; 8, Coronation Medal; 9, Black Eagle of Prussia; 10, Red Eagle of Prussia; 11, Saxe-Coburg Gotha; 12, Frederick of Würtemberg; 13, St. Olaf of Norway; 14, Osman of Turkey; 15, Medjidie of Turkey; 16, Redeemer of Greece; 17, Christ of Portugal; 18, Dannebrog of Denmark; 19, Orange-Nassau of Holland; 20, the Vasa of Sweden; 21, Chrysanthemum of Japan; 22, Legion of Honour of France.

Majesty King Edward VII.), Grand Master, and three classes, the members of which are styled Knights, Grand Commanders, and Companions. The Viceroy of India is *pro tem.* the Grand Master of the order.

The members of the order are such persons as have merited the Royal favour by their services to the Indian Empire and such distinguished representatives of Eastern potentates as the Sovereign may think fit. In 1901 temporary provision was made for the admission into all three classes of the order of persons in consideration of services rendered during the South African War and in China.

Much coveted is the Imperial Service Order (5), also the Volunteer officers' decoration (6).

At the time of the Victorian Jubilee a

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medal (7) in commemoration was struck, which was greatly sought by all ranks, and his present Majesty, on all occasions, is proud to wear the decoration.



IMPERIAL SERVICE ORDER.



VOLUNTEER OFFICERS' DECORATION.



JUBILEE MEDAL.



CORONATION MEDAL.

The Coronation Medal (8) is the last decoration of the kind.

So much for our native orders and decorations. We now come to the foreign orders, many of which are as highly prized. It must be understood that we are not here speaking of them in a sequence of their merit or antiquity, but taking them as they are most frequently worn by His Majesty. Of the Black Eagle of Prussia (9), founded in 1691 by Frederick I., the badge consists of an eight-pointed cross, blue enamelled, with the initials in monogram, "F. R.," and a black eagle with expanded wings, between each of the arms of the cross. The Knights of the Black Eagle are also Knights of the Red Eagle (10), which order began by being the "Ordre de la Sincerité." When it was reorganized as the "Brandenburg Red Eagle," the number of members was limited to thirty, who could show their noble descent through eight generations by both parents. The decoration is a golden white-enamelled Maltese cross, the centre being enamelled with a red eagle.



BLACK EAGLE OF PRUSSIA. RED EAGLE OF PRUSSIA.

Naturally, the King gives some precedence to the family Order of Saxe-Coburg Gotha (11), which was originally founded as a reward for the distinguished services of high State functionaries. If a commoner is honoured with the Grand Cross of this order, he enters into all the rights and privileges peculiar to the hereditary nobility. The badge is a gold and white enamelled cross, with gold balls at the points. In the angles are four gold lions. The Order of Frederick of Würtemberg (12) confers personal nobility and gives free access to Court. The badge is a gold, white-enamelled cross, with rays of bright gold in the angles. The Order of St. Olaf of Norway (13) is remarkable as being the first independent order that country could boast. It was founded to commemorate Olaf, who in 1015 freed Norway from Denmark and introduced Christianity into the realm. It is for all classes who distinguish themselves in patriotism or the arts or sciences. It consists of an octagonal golden cross, white enamelled and surmounted by a Royal crown. It is related that the great Humboldt's life was once saved from a bullet by his wearing this decoration.

Osman of Turkey (14) is a recent order much favoured by the late Sultan.

It would be hard to find an order, even the Legion of Honour, more business-like in its proceedings than the Medjidie of Turkey (15). It was founded in 1852 as reward for distinguished services. The board or council meets once a month for the dispatch of business and to consider the state of the order and the character of the members. Yet half a century before, when Sultan Selim



SAXE-COBURG GOTHA. FREDERICK OF WÜRTEMBERG. ST. OLAF OF NORWAY.

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OSMAN OF TURKEY. MEDJIDIE OF TURKEY. REDEEMER OF GREECE. CHRIST OF PORTUGAL.

founded the Order of the Crescent, he did not dare to give it to any but foreigners, owing to the prejudices of his subjects. Nelson was the first who received it.

The Order of the Redeemer of Greece (16) is interesting on account of its commemorating the deliverance of that kingdom. No member can appear before the King or Princes of the Blood Royal, or on public festivals, without the decoration.

One of the most famous and ancient orders is that of Christ of Portugal (17), which is lineally descended from the Templars. When that order was abolished in France by Philip le Bel, its property confiscated, and the members persecuted and expelled, it was revived in Portugal, where it flourished as the "Knighthood of our Lord Jesus Christ." To such wealth and power did the order grow that subsequent Kings of Portugal began to fear for their own authority. For a long time the members were bound to make the three vows of chastity, poverty, and obedience, until released from the two first by Pope Alexander VI. It is related of Manuel Briga, a knight, that, losing the badge of the order at sea, he instantly leaped overboard after it. He did not return, but next day, when his body was washed ashore, the Order of Christ was found fastened round his neck! The badge is a white cross on a red ground.

As to the Order of the Dannebrog (18), the family order of Denmark, it is, of course, highly prized by His Majesty. Its foundation was due to a miracle. Tradition relates that when in 1219 the Knights of the Sword became hard pressed by the heathen Esthonians, Waldemar of Denmark came to their assistance. In the battle against the Esthonians and Russians the ranks of his own troops were sadly thinned. They had lost their standard and were on the point of flight, when lo! a red flag bearing a white cross appeared in the heavens. At this sight the Danes rallied and gallantly vanquished the foe. The heavenly flag thenceforward became an ensign, and the Order of the Dannebrog was founded by Waldemar II.



DANNEBROG (Denmark). ORANGE-NASSAU (Holland). VASA (Sweden). CHRYSANTHEMUM (Japan). LEGION OF HONOUR (France).

The next order is Orange-Nassau (Holland) (19), while following is the Order of Vasa of Sweden (20). Far more interesting than these is the Order of the Chrysanthemum of Japan (21), which the King would wear on

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special occasions. France has now no orders save that of the Legion of Honour (22).

Thus far we have enumerated the badges commonly worn by His Majesty. It will be seen that these by no means comprise the most ancient or most romantic orders, some of which are represented at the same time on the Royal breast by the various stars.

Perhaps one of the most distinguished of the insignia worn by the King is that of the Golden Fleece, founded by Philip le Bon, Duke of Burgundy, in 1429, of which a whole volume might be written. The insignia consist of a Golden Fleece hanging on a blue enamelled flint stone, emitting flames of fire and borne in its turn by a ray of fire. Above are inscribed the words, "Pretium laborum non vile" (Not a bad reward for labour). Formerly the chain by which this was suspended was so heavy that many aged recipients are said to have fainted under the load. Charles V. considerately substituted a ribbon for ordinary occasions.



INSIGNIA OF THE FAMOUS ORDER OF THE GOLDEN FLEECE (Austria).

According to the principal provisions of the statutes of the order the duty of the member was to assist the head in war and other perilous situations. Members could not, without special permission, enter any foreign service, and if there were any treason or cowardice in war the order was to be forfeited.

The annual festival of the order is celebrated at Vienna on St. Andrew's Day, or on the following Sunday. The Emperor and all the knights then present at Vienna repair in procession and full costume to the Court chapel to hear divine service, and thence return to the castle to dine at open table in the "Knights' Saloon."



ST. STEPHEN (Austria).

The Apostolic Order of St. Stephen was intended by Maria Theresa, when she founded it in 1764, to be the National Order of Hungary. St. Stephen was the founder of the Hungarian kingdom, and the annual festival of the order is held on St. Stephen's Day (26th December).

Even the King of England might be proud of his knighthood in the Order of the Annunciation. This was founded by Count Amadeus of Savoy, historians being doubtful whether owing to an act of gallantry or one of piety. Probably love and religion both figured. At first, and all through the Middle Ages, the number fifteen was celebrated. Fifteen Carthusian priors were ordered to read mass daily in honour of the fifteen joys of the Blessed Virgin and for the welfare of fifteen knights. The history of the order is full of romance. On the star is a representation of the Annunciation, surrounded by love-knots. It is usually worn suspended by a simple gold chain, except on the nomination and the two following days, on the great festivals of the year, the Corpus Christi, the festivals of the Blessed Virgin, the Circumcision, the festival of St. Maurice (the patron of Savoy), as also on the day when the knights take the sacrament, and on the eve of a battle, when the knights are wont to assemble round a standard. It has been an impressive spectacle witnessed on many occasions in history, the ceremony of the knights assembled, fully armed, just before they fell upon the enemy and victory or defeat awaited them on the morrow.

St. Andrew is the patron saint of Russia, and his order was founded by Peter the Great "to initiate his own Court in the refinement of the civilized Courts of Europe." The first who obtained the order was Chancellor Field-Marshal Admiral Golovin, who in turn performed the ceremonies of investiture with regard to Peter after the latter's naval victory over the Swedes. It corresponds to the English Order of the Garter, and is conferred with the same exclusiveness as the Italian Order of the Annunciation. There are but two ladies upon whom it has ever been conferred—the present Czarina and the widowed Empress. Each received it on the occasion of her coronation. The insignia consist of a gold collar with a medallion pendant

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STAR OF THE ANNUNCIATION (Italy).



ST. ANDREW (Russia).



SERAPHIM (Sweden).



BLACK EAGLE (Prussia).

formed of St. Andrew's cross surmounted by an Imperial crown. On ordinary occasions this medallion is worn on the left hip, attached to a blue ribbon crossing the breast to the right shoulder, while on the left breast is worn a silver star on which the St. Andrew's cross and crown are reproduced in enamel. The possession of the Order of St. Andrew carries with it all the other Russian decorations with the exception of the St. George, which is conferred exclusively for exceptional bravery.

Another order of Russia is the White Eagle. Although it is mentioned in the time of Vladimir IV., the real foundation of the White Eagle dates from the year 1713. The decoration is not unlike that of the Maltese Cross, and consists of a cross containing upon its face the White Eagle with expanded wings, with gold flames in the corners. After the division of Poland, in 1759, the order, like the kingdom itself, became almost extinct, but was again restored in 1807. Frederick Augustus, King of Saxony, declared himself Grand Master, but he was subsequently superseded in the dignity by the Emperor Alexander of Russia. The diploma of presentation is always signed by the Czar himself. As all Russian orders are placed under the patronage of saints, the White Eagle was usually conferred on non-Christians, such as the Shah of Persia and other Eastern princes.



WHITE EAGLE (Russia).

The chief order of Sweden is the Seraphim, founded by King Magnus I. about the year 1280. Each knight must swear to defend the Christian religion, be loyal to the King, and to protect the poor, widows, and orphans. The ceremony of investiture is very elaborate. Of the Order of the Black Eagle of Prussia, mention has been made when describing the various badges of the illustrious foreign orders of which our King is a member.

Although Denmark is not a great or powerful country, yet its Order of the Elephant, founded by a prince during the Crusades — one who brought back with him an elephant, an unheard-of beast — ranks with the Garter and the Golden Fleece in honour and rarity.



DANISH ORDER OF THE WHITE ELEPHANT.

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By
C. H. BOVILL.

"AND now, dad, tell me—what are the new pups like?" demanded Miss Brannigan, helping herself to another cup of tea. She had just come back from a long visit to a rural aunt, and was all behindhand with home news. The strenuous life of an Army coach left her father with leisure for nothing but the scrappiest of letters.

Æneas Brannigan, M.A., T.C.D., as the indifferently-polished brass plate on his front door described him, looked at his daughter with an expression of the deepest self-pity.

"The pups!" he exclaimed. "If ye love me, don't name them! I don't believe the world holds half-a-dozen other lads who have reached such depths of pimply inanity as those I have now in hand. Perhaps I'm not quite fair to young Bompas. Bompas, to give him his dues, has just got brains enough to know that he doesn't know anything. But the others! Holy horrors! I've niver seen their loike. There's Gore, whose waking hours are just wan long agony of apprehension as to whether his throusers are, or are not, in crase. An' there's Brown. An' there's Eversfield. *Their* wan conception of the hoighest limits of human achievement is to make the acquaintance of Miss Gabrielle Ray—to which noble ind they devote the only earnest indivours of their lives. As for Calthorpe—*he* has got a system for backin' horses of such unmitigated complexity that it demands ivery atom of intellectual effort—and God knows that's little enough—of which the young blaygard is capable. And Westman"—he threw up his arms despairingly—"Westman is jist the last sthraw that fills my cup of sorrow to overflowing. He's got about as much chance of passing as a cow has of becoming Pope."

"Poor old dad!" murmured Miss Brannigan, stroking her father's cheek sympathetically. "Why don't ye tell them all what idjuts they are and send them away home again?"

"'Deed and I would," replied her father, "if I could only send them back without returning the fees their trustin' fathers have paid in advance. But that wouldn't be quite convenient. No, me dear. As usual, I'll just have to make the best of a bad job, and try to fashion out of this raw mass of mindless matter six individuals suitable to bear His Majesty's commission. Though what more I can do than I have done I don't know."

In truth, the life of an Army coach is not easy. He is as one who is compelled to drive an ass without the assistance of whip, reins, or spur. If his pupils will not work

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their tutor cannot make them. He has not even the schoolmaster's privilege of being allowed to mark (on a suitable anatomical part) his sense of an idle pupil's lack of industry. That is why Army tutors so often indulge in the dangerous practice of climbing trees with ropes round their necks when there is no one in sight to catch them if they lose their footing.

Æneas Brannigan appreciated to the full the hardness of his lot; and, thanks to that fine instinct for melodrama which is the heritage of all his race, he contrived during the description of his pupils' shortcomings to present a picture of Early Christian martyrdom so moving that, overcome at last by the power of his own pathos, he sank back into his chair, chin on chest, a silent image of bravely-borne suffering. It was quite an appreciable time before he could find strength to murmur, in a broken voice:—

"Father wants a drink now."

When Miss Brannigan, hastening to prevent her father's sufferings in this respect from becoming too acute, said, "Poor dad! I wish I could help ye," she must have been referring to his tutorial trials; for, as far as whisky went, she was helping him very adequately indeed.

Her father shook his head.

"Ye can't, darlin', ye can't!" he murmured, dolefully. "What *I* can't do—can't be done. No mortal power would make those young divils work."

Miss Brannigan looked at herself in the glass and said nothing.

That evening, while George Westman, whose prospects of eventually becoming an officer and a gentleman were regarded by his preceptor as so peculiarly unrosy, was in his study putting to a completely satisfactory test the well-known soporific qualities of "The Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World," there came a knock to his door. George did not hear it, because at the moment he was engaged in a very pleasant dream, the principal feature of which was himself returning to the pavilion after a magnificently-compiled century in his first county match. When at last he awoke to the fact that there was someone at the door, it was a very ungracious "Come in!" that he bellowed—expecting to see one of his fellow-pupils enter. George did not care much for the society of Gore, Calthorpe, and Co. They had apparently never heard of the fact that he had been reckoned one of the best school-cricketers in England, and would have played for the county before he was eighteen but for an attack of mumps, and treated him in an offensively familiar manner. This was rather disconcerting to one coming straight from a society which had hung adoringly upon his lightest word. So, as I say, his invitation to "Come in" was not very cordial.

The prettiest girl he had ever seen in his life walked into the room.

George stumbled hastily to his feet, knocking over the inkpot as he did so, and a furious blush, of which he was only too painfully aware, suffused his not very intellectual face.

"Don't stir!" said the wonderful apparition; and George remained stationary, trying as best he could not to call attention to the fact that the ink was pouring merrily off the table on to his trousers.

"I'm Mr. Brannigan's daughter Nora," the wonderful apparition explained. "An' I thought I'd just come in and introjuce meself. I've been away stoppin' with friends—that's why ye haven't seen me before." She held out her hand to George, who took it very carefully, not quite certain whether it would not melt to rose-leaves at his touch.

"And how are ye?" asked Miss Brannigan, with the most charming friendliness. "And how do ye like being wid me father?"

George said that he was very well, thank you, and that being with Miss Brannigan's father was one of the rippingest experiences he had ever enjoyed. Had he been asked the question five minutes earlier his reply would probably not have been so enthusiastic, but the appearance of Miss Brannigan lent the scene an entirely new aspect.

"Ah, I'm glad of that," said Miss Brannigan, heartily.

George asked her to sit down, but she smiled and shook her head.

"Oh, no, thank ye, I won't stay. I only just looked in for a wee half-minute. I mustn't disturb ye at your studies."

George insisted that she wasn't disturbing him in the least; indeed, just before she came in he had been thinking of knocking off work for the night, as he had a slight headache.

All Miss Brannigan's finest womanly instincts rose at the thought of a fellow-creature's suffering. George must lie down at once on the sofa, while she ran to her room and got him two or three grains of phenacetin; there was nothing better. It always cured *her* headaches, and she was a martyr to 'm. George protested that his sufferings were by no means so acute as to

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warrant her going to all this trouble; but Miss Brannigan was not to be thwarted in her benevolent designs, and before he realized what was happening he found himself lying on the sofa, with Miss Brannigan tucking a rug solicitously round his feet and insisting on his allowing her to bathe his forehead with eau-de-Cologne.

"Poor boy!" she murmured, maternally, as she bent over him. "I can't bear to see ye in pain."

George assured her, with perfect truth, that it was nothing; but he made no objection when she proposed to lower the light, lest it should try his eyes. When, however, Miss Brannigan said then that she would leave him to rest quietly, he declared that, so far from making his head worse, talking did the pain good, and begged her to remain—if it did not bore her too much.

Miss Brannigan said, very graciously, that improving an acquaintance never bored her; and for the best part of an hour she and George chatted away together. What they talked about he scarcely knew; but before she left him Miss Brannigan knew pretty well all about George that was worth knowing and a good deal that was not, while all George knew of her was that she was undoubtedly the sweetest girl he had ever met — probably the sweetest girl in the world.

Also he gained the impression, from sundry little things she let drop, that he, George Westman, was a marked improvement on any other pupil who had ever been to her father for tuition. She even went so far as to warn him against getting too friendly with any of his fellow-students. Not that there was anything bad about the poor boys. Oh, no, she wouldn't say that for a minute; but George would be well advised not to—to—well, if he had any little *secret*, for instance, he had better not tell it to them, for they would only blab it out and make fun of him into the bargain. As George had no very important murders or anything of that sort on his conscience, he did not quite see the point of her advice, but he made a careful note of it all the same.

When Miss Brannigan rose at last to go, she said, as she held out her hand:—

"Well, I'm delighted to have made your acquaintance, Mr.—Mr.—— There, now! if I haven't gone and forgotten your name."

"Westman," said George, wishing it had been Vavasour.

"Westman," repeated Miss Brannigan in dreamy tones. "Westman. William or Walter would go well with that. What might your Christian name be, if ye don't mind me askin'?"

George told her, inwardly cursing his godparents for their lack of enterprise.

"I like George," said Miss Brannigan, ingenuously. "It's a nice name."

"Do you think so?" cried its delighted owner. "I'm so glad!"

"Are ye now? And why?" asked Miss Brannigan, favouring him with a look from her deep blue eyes which had the effect of sending his temperature up to about one hundred and ten degrees Fahrenheit. "Why are ye glad?"

"Oh, I — I don't quite know why," stammered George. "I'm glad, that's all."

"I'm afraid ye're a flirt," said Miss Brannigan, raking him with another optical broadside as she whisked out of the door. "Good night, and shweet dreams."

George's dreams — when he at last succeeded in getting his agitated mind into a condition suitable for repose — were sweet enough. Some men might find the constant repetition of the same apparition, however beautiful, for eight consecutive hours a little cloying; but George didn't. He liked it. His experience of pretty women had been rather limited during the past six or seven years. The head master of his late school had been obsessed with an exaggerated idea of the danger to his scholars in the appearance amongst them of a pretty face, and the few members of the female sex who were ever permitted within the school boundaries were of a plainness remarkable enough to write home about.

In the holidays, too, George had noticed a vexing indifference on the part of the girls he met to the society of a schoolboy, even though he was in his last term and had once very nearly been tried for the county. Once, for the sake of experience, he had kissed the wholly unattractive daughter of the tuckshop-keeper, but the amount of gratification afforded by the experiment had not encouraged him to pursue the career of a gay Lothario. Small wonder, then, that Miss Brannigan's pretty Irish face and engaging friendliness had been too much for him.

When he awoke in the morning it was with the distinct sensation that a new element had come into his life. What it was he would scarcely confess even to himself; but it induced him to put on his newest suit and to spend an amount of time over the selection and adjustment of his tie quite foreign to his usual habit.

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To his deep chagrin he saw nothing of Miss Brannigan during that day; but on the afternoon of the next he was so lucky, while taking his usual afternoon constitutional, as to come across her in Kensington Gardens, and she graciously accepted his stammering request to be allowed to take her somewhere to tea.

They spent a delightful hour together in a secluded corner of the tea-shop, and George felt that he had made a distinct advance in her good graces. Very skilfully he allowed her to drag out of him the fact that he was supposed to be one of the best school-cricketers in England, and had once very nearly been tried for the county—a piece of intelligence which he was pleased to observe produced a marked impression.

As they strolled home together she gave him a delicious thrill at every crossing by clinging timorously to his arm.

"I'm so nervous of being run over," she explained. "Do ye mind me taking your arm, George?—Mr. Westman, I should say." She gave a little embarrassed laugh at the slip she had made. The boy, beside himself with rapture, begged that she would *not* call him "Mr. Westman"; he vastly preferred that she should call him by his Christian name.

"I don't think I ought to on so short an acquaintance," was her demure reply. "You might think I was forward."

George vehemently protested that such an idea would never enter his head for a moment, and declared that if she addressed him in future as anything but "George" he would be deeply offended.

"Very well then, *George*," she said; "but mind—if I call you George, you must call me Nora."

"May I?" he cried, delightedly. "How ripping of you to let me, Nora, darling!"

His heart almost stood still with apprehension when he realized the audacity of the unauthorized addition which he had made; but Miss Brannigan did not seem to be very deeply offended at his presumption.

"Ah, now—go on with your 'darling,'" was all she said, giving a little reproving squeeze to his arm, of which she had forgotten to let go since the last crossing. "Didn't I tell ye the other night that ye were a flirt?"

"I'm not a flirt," declared George, stoutly. He was by this time in a condition of dithering imbecility. "I've never called a girl 'darling' before." Miss Brannigan thought this was probably quite true, judging by the clumsy way he was doing it now, but she said, with a roguish look at him out of the corners of her eyes:—

"Now, ye don't expect me to believe *that*, do ye? Because I just won't!"

George promptly took possession of the little hand which lay so confidingly in the crook of his arm and said, earnestly:—

"Nora, it's as true as—as that the stars are shining above us!"

The apostrophe was a little unfortunate, because at that precise moment the stars were completely obscured by a gathering fog; but George meant well. Nora's face grew grave and her voice faltered a little as she murmured:—

"Ye're not trying to make fun of me, are ye, George?"

"No, darling, indeed I'm not!" was the fervent reply. "I love you madly! I don't know what I shall do if you won't marry me."

They had just arrived at the end of the road in which Brannigan's house stood, as George made his declaration, and Nora called a halt.

"We mustn't go in together, George," she said. "Me father or one of the other boys might guess something if they saw me like this. I'm quite in a flutter."

"You're not angry with me, are you?" asked George, anxiously.

"And why would I be angry?" was Miss Brannigan's surprised reply. "I'm taken so by surprise, though, that I'll need a minute or two to recover."

"Can't you give me just a little word of hope before we part?" pleaded George. He had a vague recollection of having read this remark recently in some book, and it seemed rather conveniently adapted for rounding off the present conversation.

"I don't know," was Nora's hesitating reply. "Ye must give me time. Mebbe I'll come and see ye for a minute in your study this evening—though I won't promise."

How George got through the time until Nora's eagerly-expected tap came to his study door he could scarcely tell. His agitation when she entered the room was quite pathetic.

Miss Brannigan mercifully proceeded at once to the discussion of the matter in hand.

"I've been thinking over your proposal," she said, leaning gracefully against the mantelpiece, "and I'm sure it would be just foolishness for us to get engaged."

"Ah, why, my darling?" cried George, relying for his expression on an imperfect recollection of the methods of a popular

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matinée idol whose performance he had recently seen. The result would have been of inestimable value to an artist in search of a moving picture for a patent-medicine advertisement. Miss Brannigan had to bite her lip very hard before she could reply.

"Because ye're dependent on your father; that's the why," was her very sensible answer. "Mebbe he mightn't approve of me as a daughter-in-law, and what would we have to live on then? Of course, if ye were to pass for the Army, that would be different. Ye'd have your pay then; we could live on that."

George, whose ideas of what constituted a sufficiency for the support of two persons, or even as to what the remuneration of a subaltern might be, were equally nebulous, cried:—

"But I *will* pass the exam., darling!"

"No, ye won't," was Miss Brannigan's very decided rejoinder. "I've been talking to me father about ye, and he says ye haven't a chance. Ye don't pay any attention at the lectures, he says; and ye've no application, he says. The way ye're going to work now, he says, ye wouldn't pass the exam. in a hundred years, so ye wouldn't."

At this cheerful prognosis of his chances poor George looked very crestfallen. He had gone to Brannigan's under the comforting impression that his father paid the fees and the crammer did the rest. It was rather a shock to discover that some exertion on his own part was expected. He looked blankly at Nora, in the hope that she might have some helpful suggestion to offer.

"Of course," she went on, "if ye were to work real *hard*, instead of foostherin' about as ye're doing now, ye'd have no difficulty whatever in passing. But I'm afraid it's not in ye."

"But it is, dear, it is," protested George, stoutly. "To win you for my wife I'd willingly slave from morning till night."

Nora looked at him very kindly.

"Would ye now?" she asked him eagerly. "Will ye promise to put all ye know into your work—for *my* sake?"

"I will, Nora—I swear it!" he cried, passionately, taking her hands in his.

"Ye're an awfully nice boy," she cooed. "But whisht! I must be going now, or me father will be coming to look for me. Remember, ye've promised." She held up a monitory finger.

"I sha'n't forget," said George, earnestly. "But *you* must promise *me* that when I get my commission you will marry me at once."

Miss Brannigan shook her head.

"Ah, go on with you!" she cried, mockingly. "I'll promise ye nothing of the sort. Sure, ye might be tired of me long before then. But if ye pass your exam., and ye still want me, come to me then and see what I'll have to say."

And this, though not entirely satisfying, was the most that all George's earnest pleading could extract from her in the way of a



"'REMEMBER, YE'VE PROMISED.' SHE HELD UP A MONITORY FINGER."

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promise. However, it was something in the nature of a bargain, and George, amazed at his own boldness, begged her to seal it with a kiss.

"Indeed, then, I'll do nothing of the kind," replied Miss Brannigan, drawing herself up with great dignity. "I'll have ye to know, Mr. Westman, that an Irish girl kisses no man until she is pledged to 'm. How dare ye ask me such a thing? Shame on ye!"

George became abject on the instant; but it was not until he had given a solemn undertaking never again to outrage Miss Brannigan's feelings with so immodest a request that she would deign to restore him to her smiles.

As she was leaving the room she suddenly thought of something and came back.

"Ye'll be careful, won't ye," she said, "never to breathe a word of what has passed between us to any of the other boys? I don't want them to be making fun of us. Besides, me father might get to hear of it, and if he did—off I'd be sent be the first train to me Aunt Judy's!"

George promised to be as close as the grave.

From that night forward George Westman was a reformed character. The amount of energy he contrived to infuse into the uncongenial task of acquiring knowledge was simply phenomenal. From breakfast till bed he sat with his nose to the educational grindstone, and would never have put his foot outside the crammer's front door had it not been for the fact that once a week—on Tuesdays—Nora graciously permitted him to take her out to tea. He begged for an extension of this privilege to other days in the week, but Miss Brannigan was adamant. She pointed out that people—some of the other pupils, for instance—might see them together and report to her father, in which case there would be the divil to pay. For them to meet once a week was dangerous enough in all conscience; to do so more often would simply be to imperil the future happiness of two young lives.

George, shuddering at the possibility of a separation from his Nora, meekly submitted to the meagre allowance of her society which Miss Brannigan thought it safe to give him, being consoled in some measure by the increasing kindness of her behaviour when they were together. She never ceased on these occasions to praise the heroic efforts he was making for her sake, and would tell him, with an admiring light in her eyes, that he was the finest fellow in the world, giving his cheek as she spoke an approving pat, and even allowing him to hold her hand—sometimes for as long as half a minute. Further favours—after the unfavourable reception of his previous advances—George did not dare to seek, which, indeed, was just as well, seeing that the mere fact of being allowed to squeeze her fingers reduced him to such a condition of imbecility that it was all he could do to restrain himself from triumphantly bellowing out their delicious secret to anyone with the patience to listen to him.

After a while he noticed that the example of untiring industry which he set was beginning to have its effect on the other pupils at Brannigan's. They showed distinct symptoms of alarm at the prospect of being left behind in the race for success by such an outsider as George was supposed to be. Gore grew positively careless about his trousers: Brown and Eversfield abandoned their pursuit of Miss Gabrielle Ray's acquaintance on the very eve of being asked to dinner with some people who knew a second cousin of that lady's favourite photographer quite well. Even Calthorpe, after that long sequence of preliminary failures which, as he so often explained, was the surest indication of the ultimate success of his betting system, suddenly abandoned the Turf. All of them plunged into their studies with an application only inferior to George's own. The place became a veritable hive of industry.

When the exams. at last began, George went to his ordeal pale, but determined. For the first ten minutes his mind was a mere whirling mass of facts and figures, through which, like one clear star in a stormy sky, shone a rose-pink vision of Nora Brannigan. Then the recollection that success would mean that he might one day lead that rose-pink vision to the altar steadied his nerves, and saved his faculties from that tendency to an intellectual stampede which the subtle atmosphere of an examination-room so often arouses.

When it was all over, he was tolerably certain that he had got through. It was not until the arrival of the letter announcing the result that he felt any real anxiety. Then he suddenly became afflicted with a deadly certainty that he had failed. He could scarcely bring himself to open the blue envelope, conscious as he was that on what it contained depended all his hopes of future happiness. At last with trembling fingers he tore it open, and a cry of relief broke from his lips.

He had passed.

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When he went round to call on Brannigan that afternoon the little Irishman congratulated him most warmly on his success.

"Ye've done splendidly, me boy!" he cried. "Splendidly! And so have all the other boys. Ivery wan of them is through. That just shows what good, honest work'll do. I niver thought wan of ye would pass when ye came to me first—that I didn't."

He went on for quite a long time explaining what dunderheads George and his fellow-pupils had been before they had had the inestimable advantage of his tuition, until George began to fidget and at last plucked up courage to ask if he might speak to Miss Nora.

"She's not at home, my boy," replied Brannigan; "and it's sorry she'll be not to have been here to congratulate ye. But the fact is, she's gone over to stay for a month with her *fiancé's* people in Ireland."

George's heart turned to stone. The room whirled round.

"Her *fiancé!*" he stammered, blankly.

"Yes—didn't ye know she was engaged?" asked Brannigan, innocently. "I thought she would have told ye. A nice boy—in the Irish Constabulary. She's been engaged to 'm for nearly two years, but she wouldn't leave me till I could give up me business and go and live near them in Ireland. That'll be next spring, I hope."

Perhaps something in the boy's manner must have given Brannigan a hint that the effect of his daughter's attractions had been felt outside the ranks of the Irish Constabulary, for when George muttered something about an "important engagement" he did not press him to remain.

Half-way down the road, while George was turning over in his mind the relative merits of drowning and poisoning as easy forms of death, he ran into Calthorpe, whom he would have given five pounds to avoid at that particular moment. Calthorpe shook hands effusively, and asked George if he had been to see Brannigan. George admitted that he had.

"I suppose Paddy was awfully bucked at our getting through?" asked Calthorpe; and, without giving time for a reply, added, eagerly, "Was Nora there?"

George said no—Nora was not there; she was staying in Ireland with her *fiancé's* people.

"Get out, you old rotter!" was the remark with which Calthorpe received this piece of information. "You're trying to pull my leg. You've guessed about Nora and me."

"Guessed what?" demanded George, a horrible suspicion beginning to take shape in his mind.

"Well, there's no harm in telling you now," said Calthorpe, with a slight blush. "Nora and I have been secretly engaged since last March. We were only waiting till I passed to ask the old boy's consent."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed George, his load of affliction lightening appreciably with the knowledge that there would probably be another to share it. "You don't mean to say she has made a fool of *you* as well?"

"Fool of me! What do you mean?" asked Calthorpe, indignantly, as if the process were something outside the scheme of things possible. While George was explaining a cab drove up, from the interior of which they heard Gore's raucous voice shouting:—

"Congrats, you fellows! I'm awfully glad you're through!"

Calthorpe and George could just control their emotion sufficiently to be able to felicitate Gore on his own success.

"Ta," said Gore; then, after some hesitation, he added: "And there's something else you must congratulate me on, too." His listeners looked mutely at each other, as much as to say, "Is it possible?"

"Yes," proceeded Gore, complacently; "I'm engaged to Nora Brannigan."

He must have misinterpreted the harsh, mirthless laugh with which his intelligence was received, for he went on quite cheerfully and unsuspectingly:—

"I see you're surprised, and I don't wonder at it. We kept it no end dark. Why, I never used to see Nora except on Thursdays, when I took her out to tea."

"Tuesday was *my* day," muttered George, dully.

"Wednesday was mine," supplemented Calthorpe, in dreary accents.

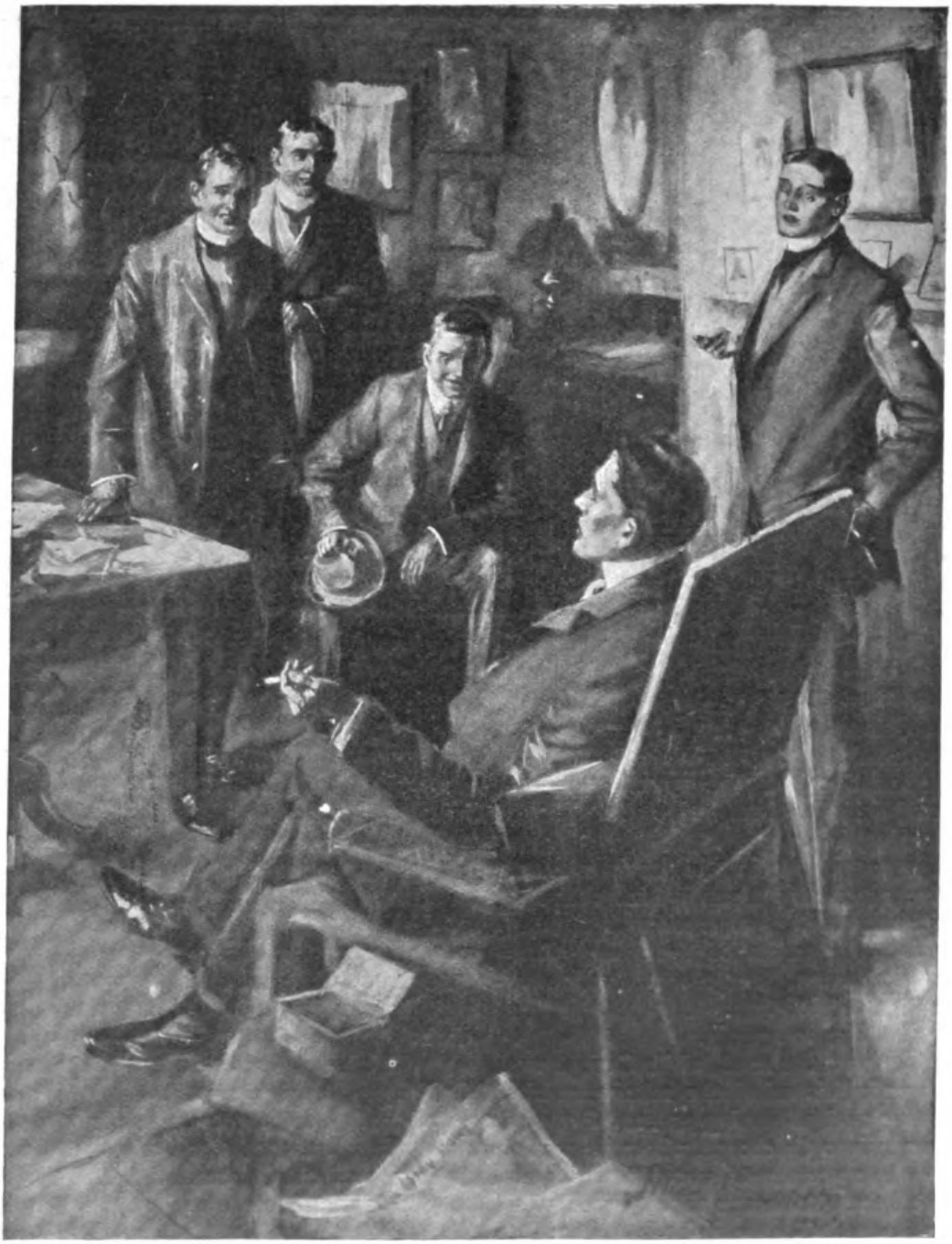
"I really don't know what you beggars are mumbling," snapped Gore, a little nettled by their lack of enthusiasm. "And I can't stop to find out; I'm on my way to Paddy's. Arms of love, you know," he added, jocosely, as he pushed his hand up through the trap to let the cabman know that he might drive on.

"Don't you bother to go to Paddy's, Gore," said Calthorpe. "Westman has just been there—and Nora's away. You drive us round to Brown's place instead. I have an idea that Brown might like to hear your news."

They were so fortunate as to find Brown at home, seated in his study, which was decorated with every known photograph of Miss Gabrielle Ray. With him was Eversfield. After a brief interchange of congratulations Calthorpe got to his point at once.

"Brown," he said, abruptly, "do you

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"THE SUDDENNESS OF THE QUESTION TOOK BROWN SO MUCH BY SURPRISE THAT HE WAS UNABLE FOR THE MOMENT TO ANSWER."

mind telling us, in the strictest confidence, whether you are engaged to Nora Brannigan?"

The suddenness of the question took Brown so much by surprise that he was unable for the moment to answer. Before he could do so Eversfield interposed.

"*I* can answer that question for you," he said. "Brown is not engaged to Miss Brannigan. But I am."

"That's a lie!" cried Brown, finding his tongue all at once and turning fiercely on his companion. "Nora and I have had an understanding for the last six months."

"Thanks," said Calthorpe, dryly. "That's all we wanted to know. We'll leave you to fight it out."

"Now, what about Bompas?" asked George. "We may as well account for everybody."

"Bompas doesn't count," was Calthorpe's judicial reply. "He passed first, you know. He was always a cert. to get through. Born swats like Bompas don't want any encouragement to work."

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HOW THE WORLD LOOKS TO THE SHORT-SIGHTED.

By CONSTANCE CLYDE.

INTERESTING descriptions have been written regarding the new world that opens to the blind when sight is given to them. Less in degree of course, yet noteworthy too in its way, is the surprise of the short-sighted when, after years spent without glasses, he looks through spectacles that show him the world as it really is. Very true was the exclamation of the myopic lad when thus privileged: "Mother, I have never seen you till now. It scarcely seems you!" This normal vision, possible only by artificial means, makes the world for a time abnormal to him because what Shakespeare terms his "bisson conspectuities" have long shown him one that is not merely circumscribed, but different.

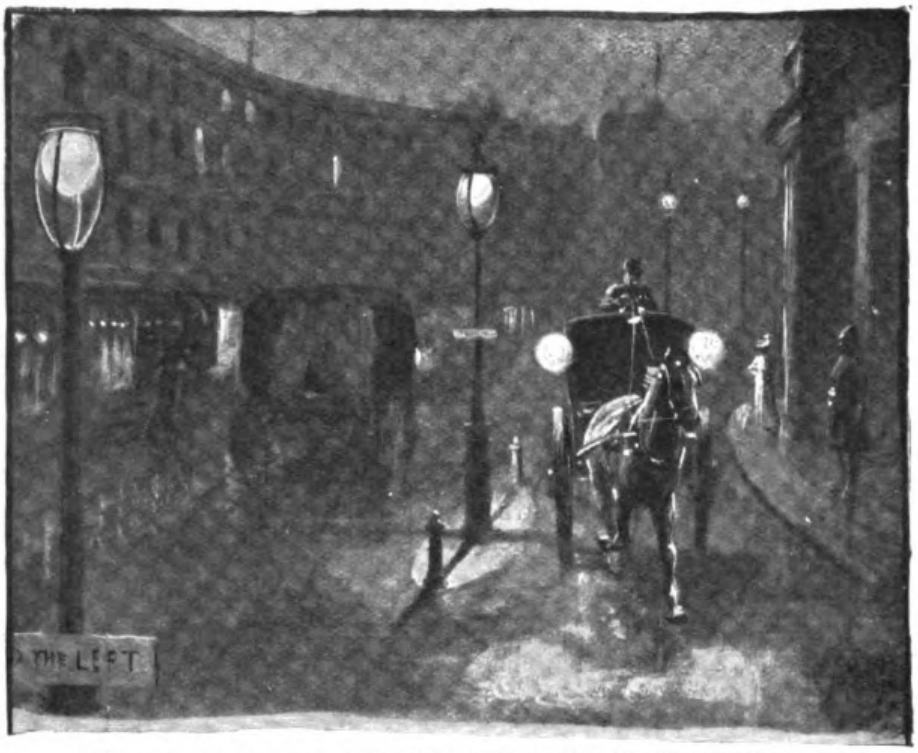
The common opinion regards short-sight as an ailment which merely prevents due recognition of distant objects. It is not realized that much more is involved than this. Our limited range of vision gives us not only a circumscribed but also a different view of our surroundings. Thus, in admiring Nature, I, the myopic, behold a landscape other than that which spreads before you. Vegetation, for instance, is blurred and soft like an impressionist picture, the colour spreading occasionally as if a child had handled the brush. You see spaces between the clearly-defined leaves of the tree and the light shining through the spaces. I see merely a soft mass with no spaces, the leaves all blotting into one another. The same holds good with other aspects of Nature—it is a world without detail or outline, this giving even solid buildings a cloudy and unsubstantial look.

Not only the inanimate, but the animate world presents itself in strange forms to the myopic. Humanity, for instance, is often revealed in somewhat inhuman guise. Thus, so far as ocular demonstration goes, the world to the short-sighted is peopled by men and women as faceless, sometimes even as headless, as the horseman of legendary fame. Indoors myopic persons get quite accustomed to talking with persons who have neither eyes nor nose; out of doors the phenomenon is more striking, because oftener repeated. At quite a short distance the face melts into the atmosphere and becomes



HOW A SHORT-SIGHTED PERSON OUT WALKING SEES THE PASSERS-BY.

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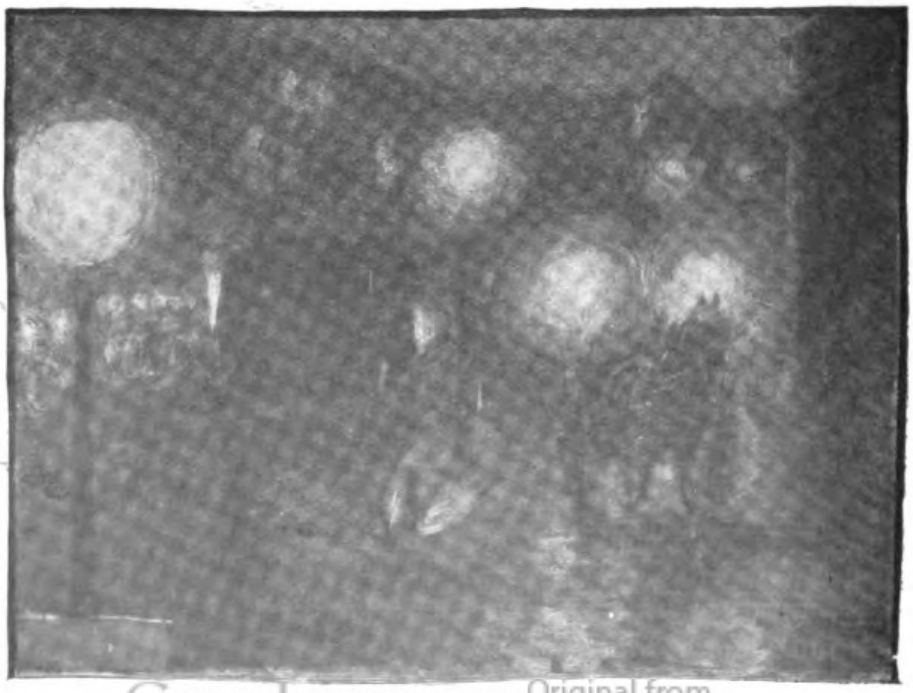


A STREET SCENE AS IT APPEARS TO A PERSON OF ORDINARY SIGHT.

either a cloud or, like H. G. Wells's invisible man, a nothingness. I see the hat and the figure, sometimes the beard; I see the walking-stick—if the hand is ungloved this stick is waving miraculously a little way from the sleeve edge, for the hand, like the face, has vanished.

This spreading quality of light makes a street-scene very peculiar to the myopic—how peculiar he does not himself realize till he is given the needed glasses. Thus, I stand at one end of Regent Street. To you there is a long procession of lamps, each flame distinct and palpably twenty yards or so distant from its neighbour. To me there is simply a conglomeration of large, shining circles overlapping one another and hiding the rest of the street. A hansom-cab darts towards me. It is hidden behind two interlocked circles of light (its lamps), which do not disjoin till the vehicle stops at the kerbstone.

As this weird person passes me substance materializes between the hat-brim and the coat collar, but whether that substance be a turnip or a human face I cannot from my

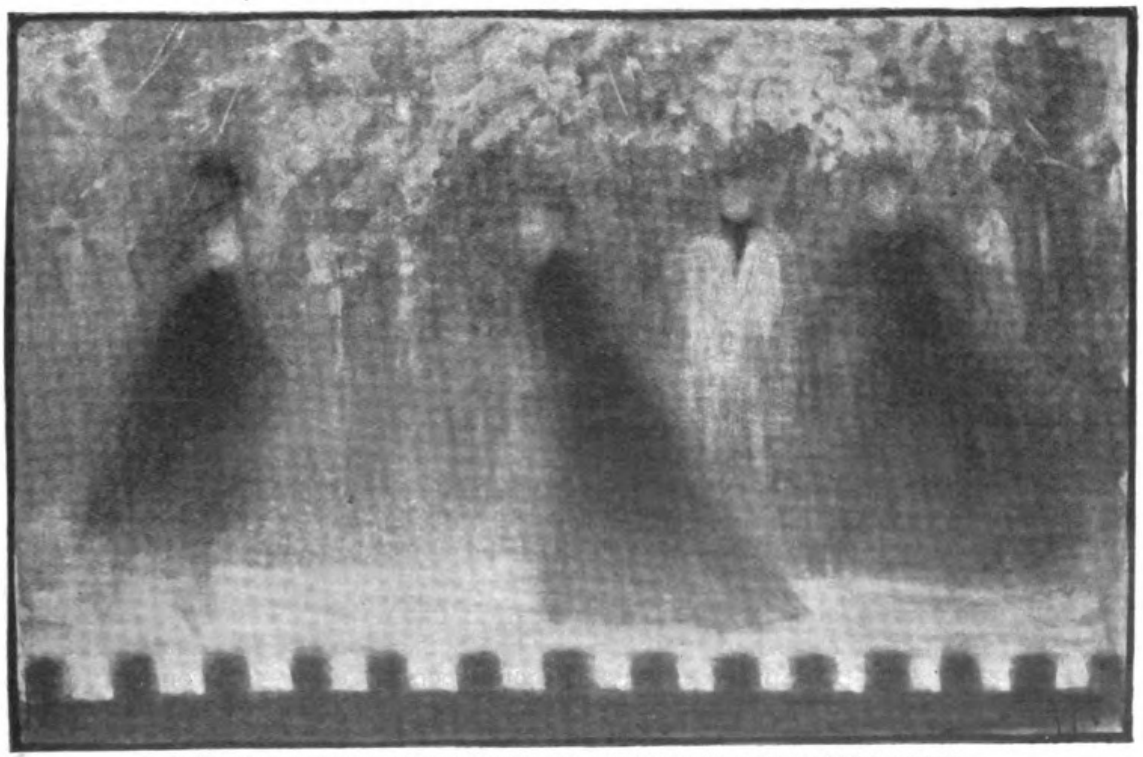


THE SAME AS SEEN BY A SHORT-SIGHTED PERSON.

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eyesight determine. I only assume that it is not the vegetable in question; I cannot prove it. The myopic whose defect is comparatively slight will generally be able to detect a smudged feature or two as the face passes, but the blurred outline will render recognition difficult, while it will be hard for him to ascertain where the face ends and the rest of the world begins.

Though the short-sighted person thus frequently beholds his fellow-creatures anatomically deficient, he has his compensations. Colour to him is a little softer and more beautiful than it is to the average individual. Fortunately, it is also quite as visible. As a consequence, colour without (evidently) any substance to support it is a frequent phenomenon of the myopic world.



AT THE THEATRE—HOW THE STAGE APPEARS TO THE SHORT-SIGHTED.

This, for instance, is very evident during a visit to the theatre, if the short-sighted person has been unlucky enough to leave his glasses at home. Thus, I am seated but a few chairs away from the stage, yet actors and actresses are to me just so many misty columns of light gifted with speech. So-and-so enters, for instance, and streaks across the stage; about him is a haze of green which, stopping some distance from the stage floor, is probably a short cloak. I do not see his head or face except, perhaps, as a vague film, but above it is a suggestion of movement which means the feather in his cap. I shall now know So-and-so for the rest of the act.

Towards the back of the stage appears suddenly something yellowish and whitish. Is it an addition to the scenery, a large yellow dog, or a curious trick on the part of the electric light? No, it is Lady Gwendoline, or, rather, the massive skirt draperies, which are all that I can see of her. One becomes quite mathematical under the stimulus of myopia. That little blur of red is so far distant from the floor that it is probably a necktie. The funny countryman, therefore, has entered; later, a moving blot of greenness assures me that Countess Eva is at her old tricks again.

Though we see the world so indistinctly, however, we yet behold it sometimes as a more beautiful sphere than that which you, the normal-sighted, inhabit. The human face, when we can see it at all, is a softer face than that which is visible to you. The coarse red of a complexion becomes very often a becoming blush, white hairs resolving themselves pleasantly into high lights. The world ages ten years all round when the oculist permits us (he does not always do so) to assume glasses which bring us up to the normal, for wrinkles, unless large, do not usually exist for us, the oldest man having often a boyish look which vanishes when spectacles are donned. All the little blemishes of

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complexion and feature resolve themselves into nothing. Short-sight is the true magic juice which causes us to see "Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt."

The skyscape again has peculiarities of its own. For some reason or other the sky is always nearer to a short-sighted person than to his normal-sighted brother, the clouds being, however, less well defined. Again, the stars, which to you are twinkling spots of light, buried deep in the azure, to us are shining circles like silver tables. This is due to the convergence of the rays of light, which seem to run together till they form a solid wheel. For the same reason the moon is huge. What it gains in size, however, it loses in distinctness, for it has neither outline nor "face."



A FACE AS SEEN BY ORDINARY SIGHT.



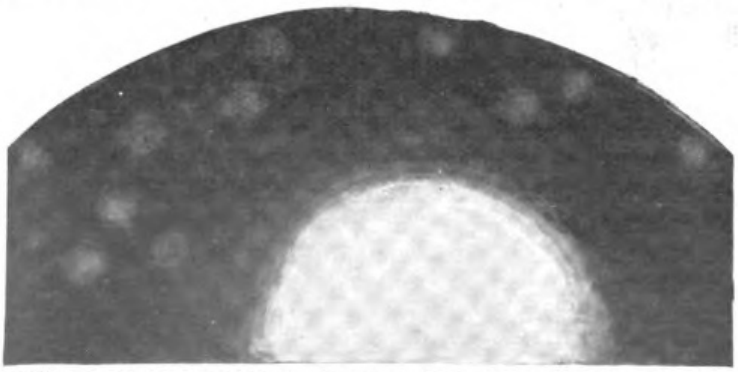
THE SAME FACE AS SEEN BY SHORT-SIGHT.

I have already mentioned that the myopic tendency is to see everything larger, though more blurred, than is the case in ordinary vision. Going suddenly into proper glasses, one notices this idiosyncrasy very particularly. A shilling, for instance, will at first look like a rather large sixpence; while as regards the threepenny-bit, one simply wonders what it has done to itself. At the same time, though small, those coins are more distinct than heretofore.

With the donning of glasses again objects become clearer yet a little more distant. The world, as it were, takes a step backward from us. Pavement and floor are farther off, and getting downstairs is at first a giddy task. The tube stairs, by the way, are specially trying to the myopic because of the metal at the end of each, which confuses one as to the real length of the step, shadow and substance interchanging as we feel our way to the lift.

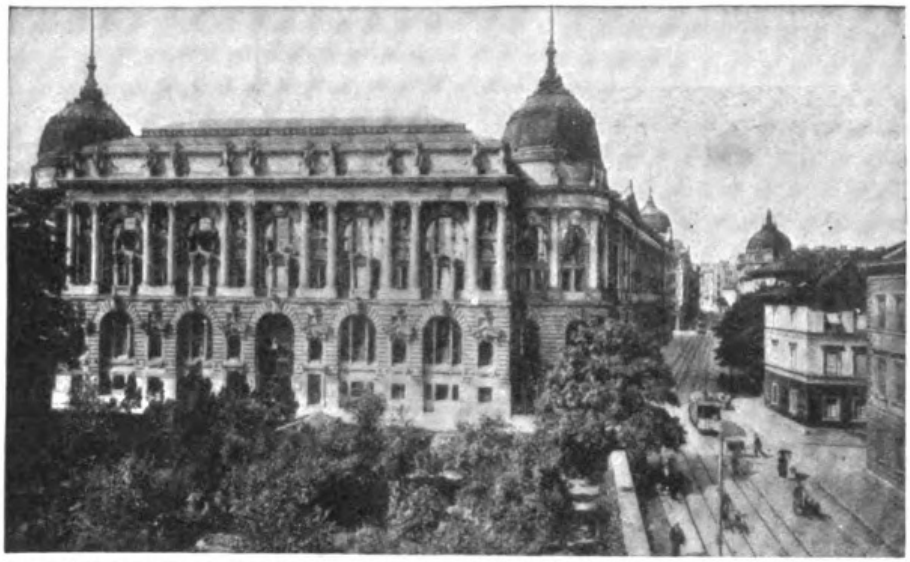
Though spectacles were not used in Europe till the fifteenth century, short-sight was commoner than is usually believed among ancient nations. Nero had his eyeglass for the Coliseum, though he did not dangle it by a piece of ribbon, but ordinary mortals evidently endured their affliction without remedy.

There is a common notion that short-sighted persons enjoy the compensation of long sight in old age. This, however, is not the case. True myopia tends to increase with the years; and its victims are warned to put off the donning of the strongest glasses as long as possible. The trouble is caused by a defect in the shape of the retina. Forty years ago an experimenter promulgated the theory of a cure by pressing the eyeball into shape by some mechanical arrangement. Four years ago a London doctor wished to correct the fault by manipulation, but so far there is no news of any successful tests, and it is unlikely that the short-sighted will ever enter the real world save by the way of eyeglass or spectacles, as now.



THE MOON AND STARS AS THEY APPEAR TO A SHORT-SIGHTED BEHOLDER.

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THE WÜRTEMBERG INDUSTRIAL MUSEUM, WHICH CONTAINS PROFESSOR PAZAUREK'S "MUSEUM OF BAD TASTE."

A MUSEUM OF BAD TASTE.

THE ground idea upon which all museums in Germany is based is the elevation and guidance of public taste by the permanent exhibition of objects representing the highest artistic perfection. This, however, is only the positive side of the question; the negative side has hitherto been sadly neglected. People are only shown what to imitate, and not what to avoid, and, moreover, considerations of expediency and economy and the passing influences of the moment combine to nullify the good impression consistently produced by the museums. It is



This shows the entrance to the "Horrible Examples" Museum. In the foreground is a suit of armour of modern construction, designed for the decoration of some parvenu castle. It falls under Professor Pazaurek's ban, inasmuch as it is calculated to deceive the ignorant, and is therefore included in the first section of "Material Offences." Just behind the figure on the left is a case containing examples of articles which in like manner—but more subtly—tend to mislead the visitor. There are tin vessels coloured to represent faience ware, iron objects "faked" to resemble Wedgwood, and instances of metal which is in reality not metal, but prepared earthenware, glass, or an inferior metal than what it seems to be—as tin for silver and zinc for bronze.

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This photograph represents a corner of the Museum. The two columns are of wood doctored to represent granite, while the busts are merely plaster casts bronzed over to resemble bronze busts. In the middle is a wooden frame painted to seem like marble, while the case between the busts contains further examples of modern imitations of old china and earthenware of famous pattern and design.

just in industrial art, which is the domain of the decoration of the home, that the grossest offences against the canons of good taste are perpetrated, and so Professor Pazaurek, as Director of the Würtemberg Industrial Museum, was the right man to arrange the first Museum of Bad Taste the world has ever seen.

For ten years he has waged his war against the spread of bad taste, and while Director of the Northern Bohemian Museum at Prague tried in vain to get permission to make the experiment of showing people the reverse of the medal by opening a collection of horrible examples. But trade influences were too strong. His superiors did not venture to risk the innovation; so it was not until he became the independent director of the beautiful museum at Stuttgart that Professor Pazaurek was able to carry out his life's mission.

The Museum of Art Indiscretions, as the Professor calls his collection, has attracted considerable attention not only from the originality of the idea, but also from the all-embracing nature of its aims. Its founder has declared war on everything smacking of sham and shoddy, against canvas masquerading as leather, painted wood as marble, prepared linen as silk or satin. He is ruthlessly severe in his condemnation of imitations in modern substances of the masterpieces in statuary, porcelain, or wood-carving issuing from the great workshops and centres of industry of the past.

The catalogue of the museum is an amazing work. It betrays the exhaustive study of years into a score of trades, and it classifies and subdivides the exhibits with a precision and command of technical terminology which is simply masterly. The museum is divided into three groups, illustrating lapses



A view of Section III. to illustrate the faults of excess and undue simplicity in house furnishing. In the foreground is a chair of no particular style, of such extreme simplicity as to be hardly better than a stool. Behind it is an elaborate development of a faldstool. Beside it is a stand heavily overloaded with unnecessary and misplaced decoration. On the wall in the corner are instances of artistic pictures being spoiled for the purposes of advertisement, the effect of the artistic merits and the elegant frames being spoiled by the vulgarizing influence of advertisement.

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from good taste in material, in construction, and in decoration.

The first group illustrates what Professor Pazaurek calls "Preciosities in Material"—that is to say, examples of things which pretend to be what they are not, or are made of materials which are quite irrelevant to the destined use. We all know those china flower-vases made to look like hollowed-out tree-trunks, those little boxes made of metal to represent hampers, or those ash-trays, the pride of many a saloon-bar, constructed with infinite labour out of so many hundred cigar-bands or postage-stamps. All these articles fall under the Professor's ban and may be seen in the glass cases at Stuttgart. Then there are the senseless combinations of materials, such as of silk and linen which will not wash, articles manufactured out of "freak" materials (such as human hair), all the varieties of substance from canvas to linoleum used for imitating leather, and objects made from substances foreign to their nature. This subdivision comprises, *inter alia*, chocolate busts of the Kaiser, such as are often seen in pastrycooks' windows in Germany, and vases, statues, and busts in wood or plaster faked to resemble marble, granite, etc.



Faulty construction. The first shelf exhibits an array of vases of such cranky construction that they cannot be properly cleaned. In the middle is a top-heavy cherub, which is pilloried by the Professor as impracticable as an article of household adornment in view of its propensity to overturn and perhaps break other objects. Next to it is a long tapering glass vase, which is ticketed "Exaggerated Proportions." The other two shelves contain articles impracticable in form, such as hot-water jugs with non-insulated metal handles, and inkstands in metal of such complex design that they cannot be suitably cleansed.

The second group, "Faults of Construction," includes all articles which do not fulfil the object for which their appearance proclaims them to be intended, such as metal vessels for holding hot fluids, with non-insulated metal handles, which get so hot when the vessel is fulfilling its purpose that they cannot fulfil their purpose—*i.e.*, be held—vases or china figures of unstable build, and furniture of such grotesque shape as to be impracticable for ordinary purposes. As examples, there are chairs with such sharp corners as to be highly uncomfortable, and seats or stools made of sharp stags' antlers. This section, too, contains endless specimens of the nondescript rubbish sold as letter-weights, empty shell-cases, marble slabs with metal figures, imitation helmets; then, again, all the varieties of pin-cushions in the shape of velvet animals, and so on—in fact, anything in the nature of far-fetched eccentricity.

One case shows examples of inconsistency between form and purpose—thermometers fashioned like riding-whips, toy revolvers holding pen, ink, and pencil. One of the most interesting corners of the whole museum is in this group—the collection of what the Professor has genially dubbed "Trash." There are all sorts of subdivisions. The trash thrown on the German market by the ton as a speculation on the patriotic or religious feelings of the people; souvenir trash; the rubbish bought up cheap by the bourgeoisie for presents (especially wedding presents); club trash (all the Cheap-Jack badges, etc., issued in connection with the myriads of societies and associations

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in Germany); actuality trash (as an example of this Professor Pazaurek has got together a case full of the various monstrosities of taste resulting from the great Zeppelin airship furore of last summer); and finally advertisement trash, the cheap inartistic kind. The last section of this group is devoted to plagiarisms, imitations in modern German china of Copenhagen, Sèvres, or Dresden ware.



POTTERY IMITATIONS OF WOOD, AND ARTICLES GROTESQUE AND UGLY IN DESIGN.

The third group, by comparison, makes the two other groups seem quite frivolous. It is devoted to internal decoration, which in Germany, under the influence of the *art nouveau* movement, is in a state of chaos so far as homogeneousness of style and form is concerned. The Professor tries to show where lies the golden mean between extravagance in decoration and the exaggerated simplicity of the ultra-modern school. He devotes one section to what he labels "Brutalities of Decoration." This is the employment of superfluities, as represented in many modern books, for instance, with a maximum of margin and a minimum of print, coarse, rough paper, and senselessly simple binding.

Another section pillories the employment of religious or patriotic motives in everyday objects such as handkerchiefs printed with portraits of the Emperor and Empress, or liver sausages packed in paper bearing the picture of Bismarck.

There are, furthermore, examples of imported dissonant foreign styles as well as illustrations of the prevalent mania for historical or ethnographical motives in furniture. As an instance of the chaos existing in people's minds in this matter, Professor Pazaurek, with marvellous industry, has got together a complete collection of modern inkpots in styles ranging from the Egyptian and Assyrian ages down to the present time.

One large case deserves a word of special mention. It contains numerous examples of furniture and upholstering which were all the rage when the New Art movement first broke out, but are now, a dozen years after, as dead as the dodo.



PROFESSOR PAZAUREK, THE FOUNDER OF THE "MUSEUM OF BAD TASTE."
From a Photo. by Carl G. Springer.

Professor Pazaurek earnestly advocates that his brilliant and logical example should be followed by all museums. He suggests that every art museum should have attached to it, as a matter of course, a collection of horrible examples, with the object of raising the standard of public taste.

It is a little remarkable, however, that the Professor has forgotten to mention that in this country, where, as is well known, our taste is faultless, such a museum would be not only superfluous, but impossible. Where could the articles be found to put into it?

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The Consolation Prize.

By E. M. DELL.

"SO you don't want to marry me?" said Earl Wyverton.

He said it by no means bitterly. There was even the suggestion of a smile on his clean-shaven face. He looked down at the girl who stood before him, with eyes that were faintly quizzical. She was bending at the moment to cut a tall Madonna lily from a sheaf that grew close to the path. At his quiet words she started and the flower fell.

He stooped and picked it up, considered it for a moment, then slipped it into the basket that was slung on her arm.

"Don't be agitated," he said, gently. "You needn't take me seriously—unless you wish."

She turned a face of piteous entreaty towards him. She was trembling uncontrollably. "Oh, please, Lord Wyverton," she said, earnestly, "please, don't ask me! Don't ask me! I—I felt so sure you wouldn't."

"Did you?" he said. "Why?"

He looked at her with grave interest. He was a straight, well-made man; but his kindest friend could not have called him anything but ugly, and there were a good many who thought him formidable also. Nevertheless there was that about him—an honesty and a strength—which made up to a very large extent for his lack of other attractions.

"Tell me why," he said.

"Oh, because you are so far above me," the girl said, with an effort. "You must remember that. You can't help it. I have always known that you were not in earnest."

"Have you?" said Lord Wyverton, smiling a little. "Have you? You seem to have rather a high opinion of me, Miss Neville."

She turned back to her flowers. "There are certain things," she said, in a low voice, "that one can't help knowing."

"And one of them is that Lord Wyverton is too fond of larking to be considered seriously at any time?" he questioned.

She did not answer. He stood and watched her speculatively.

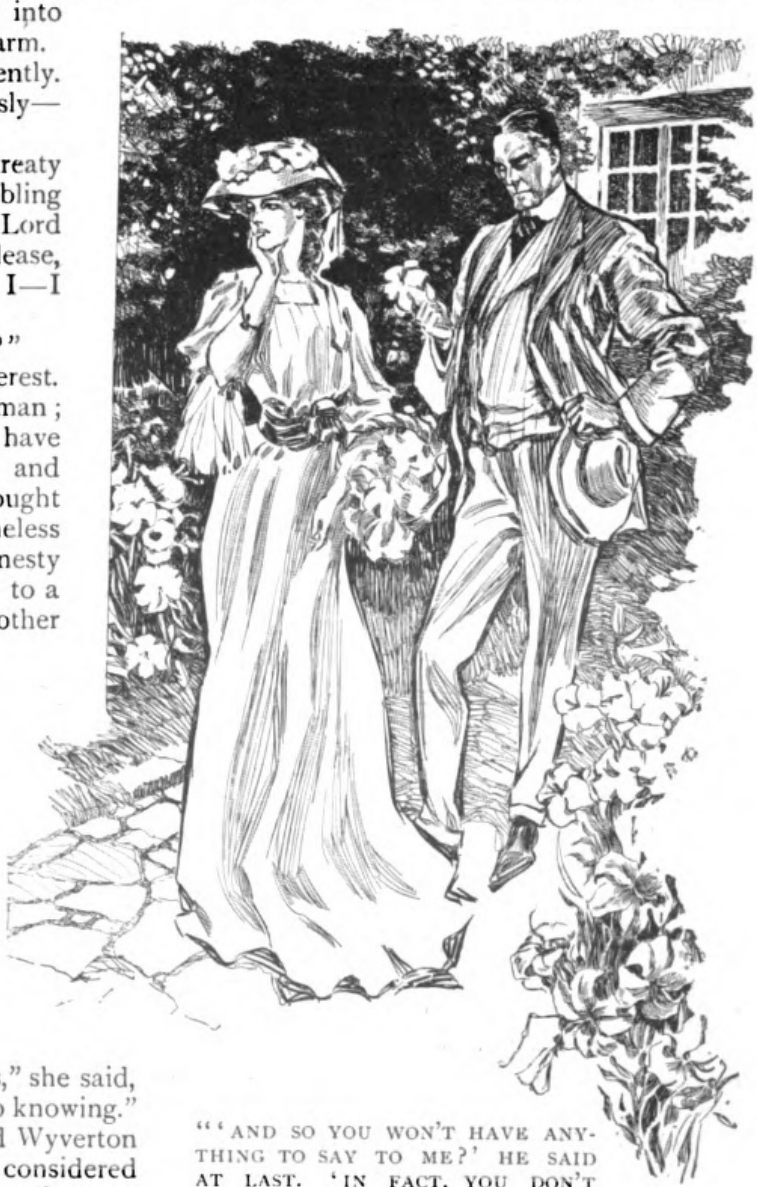
"And so you won't have anything to say to me?" he said at last. "In fact, you don't like me?"

She glanced at him with grey eyes that seemed to plead for mercy. "Yes, I like you," she said, slowly. "But——"

"Never mind the 'but,'" said Wyverton, quietly. "Will you marry me?"

She turned fully round again and faced him. He saw that she was very pale.

"Do you mean it?" she said. "Do you?"



"'AND SO YOU WON'T HAVE ANYTHING TO SAY TO ME?' HE SAID AT LAST. 'IN FACT, YOU DON'T LIKE ME?'"

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He frowned at her, though his eyes remained quizzical and kindly. "Don't be frightened," he said. "Yes; I am actually in earnest. I want you."

She stiffened at the words and grew paler still; but she said nothing.

It was Wyverton who broke the silence. There was something about her that made him uneasy.

"You can send me away at once," he said, "if you don't want me. You needn't mind my feelings, you know."

"Send you away!" she said. "I!"

He gave her a sudden, keen look, and held out his hand to her. "Never mind the rest of the world, Phyllis," he said, very gravely. "Let them say what they like, dear. If we want each other, there is no power on earth that can divide us."

She drew in her breath sharply as she laid her hand in his.

"And now," he said, "give me your answer. Will you marry me?"

He felt her hand move convulsively in his own. She was trembling still.

He bent towards her, gently drawing her. "It is 'Yes,' Phyllis," he whispered. "It must be 'Yes.'"

And after a moment, falteringly, through white lips, she answered him.

"It is—'Yes.'"

"And you accepted him! Oh, Phyllis!"

The younger sister looked at her with eyes of wide astonishment, almost of reproach. They were two of a family of ten; a country clergyman's family that had for its support something under three hundred pounds a year. Phyllis, the eldest girl, worked for her living as a private secretary, and had only lately returned home for a brief holiday.

Lord Wyverton, who had seen her once or twice in town, had actually followed her thither to pursue his courtship. She had not believed herself to be the attraction. She had persistently refused to believe him to be in earnest until that afternoon, when the unbelievable thing had actually happened and he had definitely asked her to be his wife. Even then, sitting alone with her sister in the bedroom they shared, she could scarcely bring herself to realize what had happened to her.

"Yes," she said; "I accepted him of course—of course. My dear Molly, how could I refuse?"

Molly made no reply, but her silence was somehow tragic.

"Think of mother," the elder girl went on, "and the children. How could I possibly refuse—even if I wanted?"

"Yes," said Molly; "I see. But I quite thought you were in love with Jim Freeman."

In the silence that followed this blunt speech she turned to look searchingly at her sister. Molly was just twenty, and she did the entire work of the household with sturdy goodwill. She possessed beauty that was unusual. They were a good-looking family, and she was the fairest of them all. Her eyes were dark and very shrewd, under their straight black brows; her face was delicate in colouring and outline; her hair was red-gold and abundant. Moreover, she was clever in a strictly practical sense. She enjoyed life in spite of straitened circumstances. And she possessed a serenity of temperament that no amount of adversity ever seemed to ruffle.

Having obtained the desired glimpse of her sister's face, she returned without comment to the very worn stocking that she was repairing.

"I had a talk with Jim Freeman the other day," she said. "He was driving the old doctor's dog-cart and going to see a patient. He offered me a lift."

"Oh!" Phyllis's tone was carefully devoid of interest. She also took up a stocking from the pile at her sister's elbow and began to work.

"I asked him how he was getting on," Molly continued. "He said that Dr. Finsbury was awfully good to him, and treated him almost like a son. He asked very particularly after you; and when I told him you were coming home he said that he should try and manage to come over and see you. But he is evidently beginning to be rather important, and he can't get away very easily. He asked a good many questions about you, and wanted to know if I thought you were happy and well."

"I see." Again the absence of interest in Phyllis's tone was so marked as to be almost unnatural.

Molly dismissed the subject with a far better executed air of indifference.

"And you are really going to marry Earl Wyverton," she said. "How nice, Phyl! Did he make love to you?"

There was a distinct pause before Phyllis replied. "No. There was no need."

"He didn't!" ejaculated Molly.

"I didn't encourage him to," Phyllis confessed. He went away directly after. He said he should come to-morrow and see dad."

"I suppose he's frightfully rich?" said Molly, reflectively.

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"Enormously, I believe." A deep red flush rose in Phyllis's face. She had begun to tremble again in spite of herself. Molly suddenly dropped her work and leaned forward.

"Phyl, Phyl," she said, softly; "shall I tell you what Jim Freeman said to me that day? He said that very soon he should be able to support a wife—and I knew quite well what he meant. I told him I was glad—so glad. Oh, Phyl, darling, when he comes and asks you to go to him, what shall you say?"

Phyllis looked up with quick protest on her lips. She wrung her hands together with a despairing gesture.

"Molly, Molly," she gasped, "don't torture me! How can I help it? How can I help it? I shall have to send him away."

"Oh, poor darling!" Molly said. "Poor, poor darling!"

And she gathered her sister into her arms, pressing her close to her heart with a passionate fondness of which only a few knew her to be capable. There was only a year between them, and Molly had always been the leading spirit, protector and comforter by turns.

Even as she soothed and hushed Phyllis into calmness her quick brain was at work upon the situation. There must be a way of escape somewhere. Of that she was convinced. There always was a way of escape. But for the time at least it baffled her. Her own acquaintance with Wyverton was very slight. She wished ardently that she knew what manner of man he was at heart.

Upon one point at least she was firmly determined. This monstrous sacrifice must not take place, even were it to ensure the whole family welfare. The life they lived was desperately difficult, but Phyllis must not be allowed to ruin her own life's happiness and another's also to ease the burden.



"'OH, POOR DARLING!' MOLLY SAID. 'POOR, POOR DARLING!'"

But what a pity it seemed! What a pity! Why in wonder was Fate so perverse? Molly thought. Such a brilliant chance offered to herself would have turned the whole world into a gilded dreamland. For she was wholly heart-free.

The idea was a fascinating one. It held her fancy strongly. She began to wonder if he cared very deeply for her sister, or if mere looks had attracted him.

She had good looks too, she reflected. And she was quick to learn, adaptable. The thought rushed through her mind like a meteor through space. He might be willing. He might be kind. He had a look about his eyes—a quizzical look—that certainly suggested possibilities. But dare she put it to the test? Dare she actually interfere in the matter?

For the first time in all her vigorous young life Molly

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found her courage at so low an ebb that she was by no means sure that she could rely upon it to carry her through.

She spent the rest of that day in trying to screw herself up to what she privately termed "the necessary pitch of impudence."

At nine o'clock on the following morning Lord Wyverton, sitting at breakfast alone in the little coffee-room of the Red Lion, heard a voice he recognized speak his name in the passage outside.

"Lord Wyverton," it said, "is he down?"

Lord Wyverton rose and went to the door. He met the landlady just entering with a basket of eggs in her hand. She dropped him a curtsy.

"It's Miss Molly from the Vicarage, my lord," she said.

Molly herself stood in the background. Behind the landlady's broad back she also executed a village bob.

"I had to come with the eggs. We supply Mrs Richards with eggs. And it seemed unneighbourly to go away without seeing your lordship," she said.

She looked at him with wonderful dark eyes that met his own with unreserved directness. He told himself as he shook hands that this girl was a great beauty, and would be a magnificent woman some day.

"I am pleased to see you," he said, with quiet courtesy. "It was kind of you to look me up. Will you come into the garden?"

"I haven't much time to spare," said Molly. "It's my cake morning. You are coming round to the Vicarage, aren't you? Can't we walk together?"

"Certainly," he replied at once, "if you think I shall not be too early a visitor."

Molly's lips parted in a little smile. "We begin our day at six," she said.

"What energy!" he commented. "I am only energetic when I am on a holiday."

"You're on business now, then?" queried Molly.

He looked at her keenly as they passed out upon the sunlit road. "I think you know what my business is," he said.

She did not respond. "I'll take you through the fields," she said. "It's a short cut. Don't you want to smoke?"

There was something in her manner that struck him as not altogether natural. He pondered over it as he lighted a cigarette.

"They are cutting the grass in the church fields," said Molly. "Don't you hear?"

Through the slumberous summer air came the whir of the machine. It was June.



"MOLLY SEATED HERSELF ON THE TOP BAR AND SURVEYED HIM."

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"It's the laziest sound on earth," said Wyverton.

Molly turned off the road to a stile. "You ought to take a holiday," she said, as she mounted it.

He vaulted the railing beside it and gave her his hand. "I'm not altogether a drone, Miss Neville," he said.

Molly seated herself on the top bar and surveyed him. "Of course not," she said. "You are here on business, aren't you?"

Wyverton's extended hand fell to his side. "Now what is it you want to say to me?" he asked her, quietly.

Molly's hands were clasped in her lap. They did not tremble, but they gripped one another rather tightly.

"I want to say a good many things," she said, after a moment.

Lord Wyverton smiled suddenly. He had meeting brows, but his smile was reassuring.

"Yes?" he said. "About your sister?"

"Partly," said Molly. She put up an impatient hand and removed her hat. Her hair shone gloriously in the sunlight that fell chequered through the overarching trees.

"I want to talk to you seriously, Lord Wyverton," she said.

"I am quite serious," he assured her.

There followed a brief silence. Molly's eyes travelled beyond him and rested upon the plodding horses in the hay-field.

"I have heard," she said at length, "that men and women in your position don't always marry for love."

Wyverton's brows drew together into a single, hard, uncompromising line. "I suppose there are such people to be found in every class," he said.

Molly's eyes returned from the hay-field and met his look steadily. "I like you best when you don't frown," she said. "I am not trying to insult you."

His brows relaxed, but he did not smile. "I am sure of that," he said, courteously. "Please continue."

Molly leaned slightly forward. "I think one should be honest at all times," she said, "at whatever cost. Lord Wyverton, Phyllis isn't in love with you at all. She cares for Jim Freeman, the doctor's assistant—an awfully nice boy; and he cares for her. But, you see, you are rich, and we are so frightfully poor; and mother is often ill, chiefly because there isn't enough to provide her with what she needs. And so Phyllis felt it would be almost wicked to refuse your offer. Perhaps you won't understand, but I hope you will try. If it weren't for Jim, I would never have told you. As it is—I have been wondering——"

She broke off abruptly and suddenly covered her face with her two hands in a stillness so tense that the man beside her marvelled.

He moved close to her. He was rather pale, but by no means discomposed.

"Yes?" he said. "Go on, please. I want you to finish."

There was authority in his voice, but Molly sat in unbroken silence.

He waited for several moments, then laid a perfectly steady hand on her knee.

"You have been wondering——" he said.

She did not raise her head. As if under compulsion, she answered him with her face still hidden.

"I have dared to wonder if—perhaps—you would take me—instead. I—am not in love with anybody else, and I never would be. If you are in love with Phyllis, I won't go on. But if it is just beauty you care for, I am no worse-looking than she is. And I should do my best to please you."

The low voice sank. Molly's habitual self-possession had wholly deserted her at this critical moment. She was painfully conscious of the quiet hand on her knee. It seemed to press upon her with a weight that was almost intolerable.

The silence that followed was terrible to her. She wondered afterwards how she sat through it.

Then at last he moved and took her by the wrists. "Will you look at me?" he said.

His voice sent a quiver through her. She had never felt so desperately scared and ashamed in all her healthy young life. Yet she yielded to the insistence of his touch and tone, and met the searching scrutiny of his eyes with all her courage. He was not angry, she saw; nor was he contemptuous. More than that she could not read. She lowered her eyes and waited. Her pulses throbbed wildly, but still she kept herself from trembling.

"Is this a definite offer?" he asked at last.

"Yes," she answered. Her voice was very low, but it was steady.

He waited a second, and she felt the mastery of the eyes she could not meet.

"Forgive me," he said, then; "but are you actually in earnest?"

"Yes," she said again, and marvelled at her own daring.

His hold tightened upon her wrists. "You are a very brave girl," he said.

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There was a baffling note in his tone, and she glanced up involuntarily. To her intense relief she saw the quizzical, kindly look in his eyes again.

"Will you allow me to say," he said, "that I don't think you were created for a consolation prize?"

He spoke somewhat grimly, but his tone was not without humour. Molly sat quite still in his hold. She had a feeling that she had grossly insulted him, that she had made it his right to treat her exactly as he chose.

After a moment he set her quietly free.

"I see you are serious," he said. "If you weren't—it would be intolerable. But do you actually expect me to take you at your word?"

She did not hesitate. "I wish you to," she said.

"You think you would be happy with me?" he pursued. "You know, I am called eccentric by a good many."

"You are eccentric," said Molly, "or you wouldn't dream of marrying one of us. As to being happy, it isn't my nature to be miserable. I don't want to be a countess, but I do want to help my people. That in itself would make me happy."

"Thank you for telling me the truth," Wyverton said, gravely. "I believe I have suspected some of it from the first. And now listen. I asked your sister to marry me—because I wanted her. But I will spoil no woman's life. I will take nothing that does not belong to me. I shall set her free."

He paused. Molly was looking at him expectantly. His face softened a little under her eyes.

"As for you," he said, "I don't think you quite realize what you have offered me—how much of yourself. It is no little thing, Molly. It is all you have. A woman should not part with that lightly. Still, since you have offered it to me, I cannot and do not throw it aside. If you are of the same mind in six months from now, I shall take you at your word. But you ought to marry for love, child—you ought to marry for love."

He held out his hand to her abruptly, and Molly, with a burning face, gave him both her own.

"I can't think how I did it," she said, in a low voice. "But I—I am not sorry."

"Thank you," said Lord Wyverton, and he stooped with an odd little smile, and kissed first one and then the other of the hands he held.

No one, save Phyllis, knew of the contract made on that golden morning in June on the edge of the flowering meadows; and even to Phyllis only the bare outlines of the interview were vouchsafed.

That she was free, and that Lord Wyverton felt no bitterness over his disappointment, he himself assured her. He uttered no word of reproach. He did not so much as hint that she had given him cause for complaint. He was absolutely composed, even friendly.

He barely mentioned her sister's interference in the matter, and he said nothing whatsoever as to her singular method of dealing with the situation. It was Molly who briefly imparted this action of hers, and her manner of so doing did not invite criticism.

Thereafter she went back to her multitudinous duties without an apparent second thought, shouldering her burden with her usual serenity; and no one imagined for a moment what tumultuous hopes and doubts underlay her calm exterior.

Lord Wyverton left the place, and the general aspect of things returned to their usual placidity.

The announcement of the engagement of the vicar's eldest daughter to Jim Freeman, the doctor's assistant in the neighbouring town, created a small stir among the gossips. It was generally felt that, good fellow as young Freeman undoubtedly was, pretty Phyllis Neville might have done far better for herself. A rumour even found credence in some quarters that she had actually refused the wealthy aristocrat for Jim Freeman's sake, but there were not many who held this belief. It implied a foolishness too sublime.

Discussion died down after Phyllis's return to her work. It was understood that her marriage was to take place in the winter. Molly's hands were, in consequence, very full, and she had obviously no time to talk of her sister's choice. There was only one visitor who ever called at the Vicarage in anything approaching to state. Her visits usually occurred about twice a year, and possessed something of the nature of a Royal favour. This was Lady Caryl, the Lady of the Manor, in whose gift the living lay.

This lady had always shown a marked preference for the vicar's second daughter.

"Mary Neville," she would remark to her friends, "is severely handicapped by circumstance, but she will make her mark in spite of it. Her beauty is extraordinary, and I cannot believe that Providence has destined her for a farmer's wife."

It was on a foggy afternoon at the end of

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November that Lady Caryl's carriage turned in at the Vicarage gates for the second state call of the year.

Molly received the visitor alone. Her mother was upstairs with a bronchial attack.

Lady Caryl, handsome, elderly, and aristocratic, entered the shabby drawing-room with her most gracious air. She sat and talked for a while upon various casual subjects. Molly poured out the tea and responded with her usual cheery directness. Lady Caryl did not awe her. Her father was wont to remark that Molly was impudent as a robin and brave as a lion.

After a slight pause in the conversation Lady Caryl turned from parish affairs with an abruptness somewhat characteristic of her, but by no means impetuous.

"Did you ever chance to meet Earl Wyverton, my dear Mary?" she inquired. "He spent a few days here in the summer."

"Yes," said Molly. "He came to see us several times."

The beautiful colour rose slightly as she replied, but she looked straight at her questioner with a directness almost boyish.

"Ah!" said Lady Caryl. "I was away from the Manor at the time, or I should have asked him to stay there. I have always liked him."

"We liked him too," said Molly, simply.

"He is a gentleman," rejoined Lady Caryl, with emphasis. "And that makes his misfortune the more regrettable."

"Misfortune!" echoed Molly.

She started a little as she uttered the word —so little that none but a very keen observer would have noticed it.

"Ah!" said Lady Caryl. "You have not heard, I see. I suppose you would not hear. But it has been the talk of the town. They say he has lost practically every penny he possessed over some gigantic American speculation, and that to keep his head above water he will have to sell or let every inch of land he owns. It is particularly to be regretted, as he has always taken his responsibilities seriously. Indeed, there are many who regard his principles as eccentrically fastidious. I am not of the number, my dear Mary. Like you, I have a high esteem for him, and he has my most heartfelt sympathy."

She ceased to speak, and there was a little pause.

"How dreadful!" Molly said then. "It must be far worse to lose a lot of money than to be poor from the beginning."

The flush had quite passed from her face. She even looked slightly pale.

Lady Caryl laid down her cup and rose. "That would be so, no doubt," she said. "I think I shall try to persuade him to come to us at the end of the year. And your sister is to be married in January? It will be quite an event for you all. I am sure you are very busy—even more so than usual, my dear Mary."

She made her stately adieu and swept away.

After her departure Molly bore the tea-cups to the kitchen and washed them with less than her usual cheery rapidity. And when the day's work was done she sat for a long while in her icy bedroom, with the moonlight flooding all about her, thinking, thinking deeply.

It was the eve of Phyllis's wedding-day, and Molly was hard at work in the kitchen. The children were all at home, but she had resolutely turned every one out of this, her own particular domain, that she might complete her gigantic task of preparation undisturbed. The whole household were in a state of seething excitement. There were guests in the house as well, and every room but the kitchen seemed crowded to its utmost capacity. Molly was busier than she had ever been in her life, and the whirl of work had nearly swept away even her serenity. She was very tired, too, though she was scarcely conscious of it. Her hands went from one task to another with almost mechanical skill.

She was bending over the stove, stirring a delicacy that required her minute attention, when there came a knock on the kitchen door.

She did not even turn her head as she responded to it. "Go away!" she called. "I can't talk to anyone."

There was a pause—a speculative pause—during which Molly bent lower over her saucepan and concluded that the intruder had departed.

Then she became suddenly aware that the door had opened quietly and someone had entered. She could not turn her head at the moment.

"Oh, do go away!" she said. "I haven't a second to spare; and if this goes wrong I shall be hours longer."

The kitchen door closed promptly and obligingly, and Molly, with a little sigh of relief, concentrated her full attention once more upon the matter in hand.

The last critical phase of the operation arrived, and she lifted the saucepan from the fire and turned round with it to the table.

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"EARL WYVERTON WAS STANDING WITH HIS BACK AGAINST THE DOOR, WATCHING HER WITH EYES THAT SHONE QUIZZICALLY UNDER THE MEETING BROWS."

In that instant she saw that which so disturbed her equanimity that she nearly dropped saucepan and contents upon the kitchen floor.

Earl Wyverton was standing with his back against the door, watching her with eyes that shone quizzically under the meeting brows.

He came forward instantly, and actually took the saucepan out of her hands.

"Let me," he said.

Molly let him, being for the moment powerless to do otherwise.

"Now," he said, "what does one do—pour it into this glass thing? I see. Don't watch me, please; I'm nervous."

Molly uttered a curious little laugh that was not wholly steady.

"How did you come here?" she said.

He did not answer her till he had safely accomplished what he had undertaken. Then he set down the saucepan and looked at her.

"I am staying with Lady Caryl," he told her gravely. "I arrived this afternoon. And I have come here to present a humble offering to your sister, and to make a suggestion equally humble to you. I arrived here in this room by means of a process called bribery and corruption. But if you are too busy to listen to me, I will wait."

"I can listen," Molly said.

He had not even shaken hands with her, and she felt strangely uncertain of herself. She was even conscious of a childish desire to run away.

He took her at her word at once. "Thank you," he said. "Now, do you remember a certain conversation that took place between us six months ago?"

"I remember," she said.

An odd sense of powerlessness had taken possession of her, and she knew it had become visible to him, for she saw his face alter.

"I know I'm ugly," he said, abruptly; "but I'm not frowning, believe me."

She understood the allusion and laughed rather faintly. "I'm not afraid of you, Lord Wyverton," she said.

He smiled at her. "Thank you," he said. "That's kind. I'm coming to the point. There are just two questions I have to ask you, and I've done. First, have they told you that I'm a ruined man?"

Molly's face became troubled. "Yes," she said. "Lady Caryl told me. I was very sorry—for you."

She uttered the last two words with a conscious effort. He was mastering her in some subtle fashion, drawing her by some means irresistible. She felt almost as if

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some occult force were at work upon her. He did not thank her for her sympathy. Without comment he passed on to his second question.

"And are you still disposed to be generous?" he asked her, with a directness that surpassed her own. "Is your offer—that splendid offer of yours—still open? Or have you changed your mind? You mustn't pity me overmuch. I have enough to live on—enough for two"— he smiled again that pleasant, sudden smile of his—"if you will do the cooking and polish the front door-knob."

"What shall you do?" demanded Molly, with a new-found independence of tone that his light manner made possible.

"I shall clean the boots," he answered, promptly, "or swab the floors, or, it may be"—he bent slightly towards her, and she saw a new light in his eyes as he ended—"it may be, stand by my wife to lift the saucepan off the fire, or do all her other little jobs when she is tired."

Again, and more strongly, she felt that he was drawing her, and she knew that she was going—going into deep waters in which his hand alone could hold her up. She stood before him silently. Her heart was beating very fast. The surging of the deep sea was in her ears. It almost frightened her, though she knew she had no cause to fear.

And then, suddenly, his hands were upon her shoulders and his eyes were closely searching her face.

"I offer you myself, Molly," he said, and there was ringing passion in his voice, though he controlled it. "I loved you from the moment you offered to marry me. Is not that enough?"

Yes; it was enough. The mastery of it rolled in upon her in a full flood-tide that no power of reasoning could withstand. She drew one long, gasping breath—and yielded. The splendour of that moment was greater than anything she had ever known. Its intensity was almost too vivid to be borne.

She stretched up her arms to him with a little sob of pure and glad surrender. There was no hiding what was in her heart. She revealed it to him without words, but fully, gloriously, convincingly, as she yielded her lips to his. And she forgot that she had desired to marry him for his money. She forgot that the family clothes were threadbare and the family cares almost impossible to cope with. She knew only that better thing which is greater than poverty or pain or death itself. And, knowing it, she possessed more than the whole world, and found it enough.

Late that night, when at last Molly lay down to rest with the morrow's bride by her side, there came the final revelation of that amazing day. Neither she nor Wyverton had spoken a word to any of that which was between them. It was not their hour; or, rather, the time had not arrived for others to share in it.

But as the two girls clasped one another on that last night of companionship Phyllis presently spoke his name.

"I actually haven't told you what Lord Wyverton did, Moll," she said. "You would never guess. It was so unexpected, so overwhelming. You know he came to tea. You were busy and didn't see him. Jim was there, too. He came straight up to me and said the kindest things to us both. We were standing away from the rest. And he put an envelope into my hand and asked me, with his funny smile, to accept it for an old friend's sake. He disappeared mysteriously directly after. And—and—Molly, it was a cheque for a thousand pounds."

"Good gracious!" said Molly, sharply.

"Wasn't it simply amazing?" Phyllis continued. "It nearly took my breath away. And then Lady Caryl arrived, and I showed it to her. And she said that the story of his ruin was false, that she thought he himself had invented it for a special reason that had ceased to exist. And she said that she thought he was richer now than he had ever been before. Why, Molly, Molly—what has happened? What is it?"

Molly had suddenly sprung upright in bed. The moonlight was shining on her beautiful face, and she was smiling tremulously, while her eyes were wet with tears.

She reached out both her arms with a gesture that was full of an infinite tenderness.

"Yes," she said, "yes, I see." And her glad voice rang and quivered on that note which Love alone can strike. "It's true, darling. It's true. He is richer now than he ever was before, and I—I have found endless riches too. For I love him—I love him—I love him! And—he knows it!"

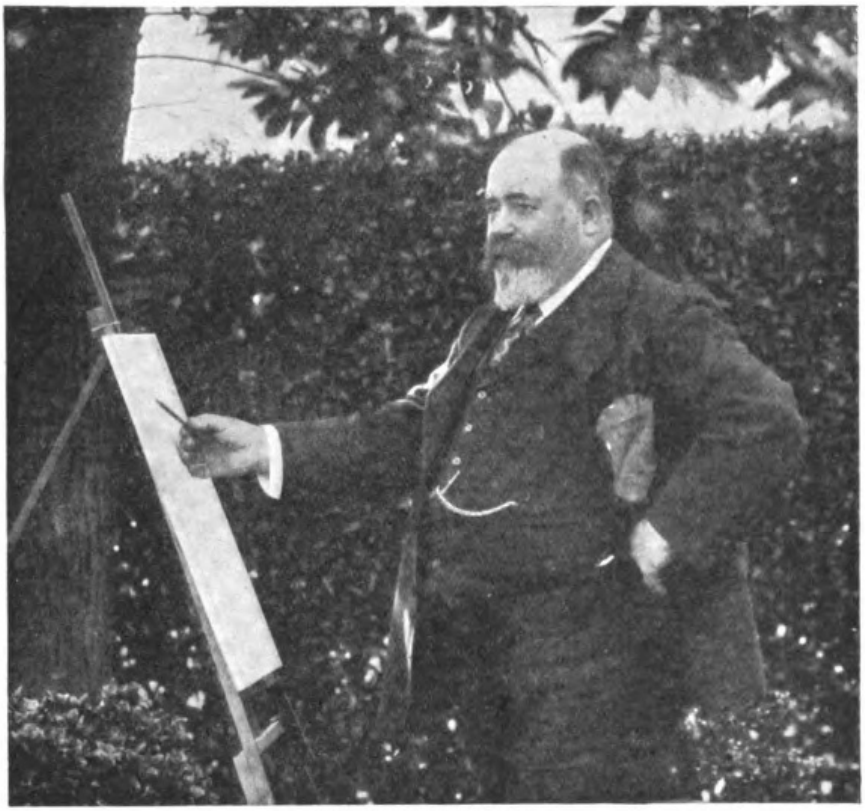
"Molly!" exclaimed her sister in amazement.

Molly did not turn. She was staring into the moonlight with eyes that saw.

"And nothing else counts in all the world," she said. "He knows that too, as we all know it—we all know it—at the bottom of our hearts."

And with that she laughed—the soft, sweet laugh of Love triumphant—and lay back again by her sister's side.

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MR. HARRY FURNISS.

From a Photo. by Messrs. Blomfield & Co., Hastings.

"My Reminiscences."

IX.

By HARRY FURNISS.

I REMEMBER a distinguished Hibernian politician once remarking, "Mr. Furniss does not desire to add to the list of Irish grievances. He does not claim to be an Irishman." Yet I first saw the light in Ireland fifty-five summers ago—which reminds me of the maiden lady who acknowledged to fifty-five summers. "And how many winters?" asked an ungallant male. I hardly dare hope, save in my very sanguine moments, that the ancient town of Wexford—my birthplace—will honour me with a memorial tablet. My father was a typical Englishman, hailing from Yorkshire, and not in his appearance only, but in his tastes and sympathies, was an unmistakable John Bull. By profession he was a civil engineer. My mother was Scotch.

As one does not remember much of that period of his life before he reaches his 'teens I need not apologize for quoting a too-flattering reference to me at that age: "One who was his playmate describes Mr. Furniss as very small of stature, full of animation and merriment, constantly amusing himself and his friends with clever reproductions of humorous characters, or scenes that met his eye in the ever-fruitful gallery of living art—gay, grotesque, pathetic, even beautiful—that the streets and outlets of such a town as Wexford present to a quick eye and ready pencil."

Leaving Wexford before the railway there was opened, my parents removed to the Metropolis of Ireland, and I went to school in Dublin at the age of twelve. Whilst I was at this school I remember being very much impressed by a heading in my copy-book, which ran: "He who can learn to write can learn to draw." Now this was putting the cart before the horse so far as my experience

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had gone, for I could most certainly draw before I could write, and had not only become an editor before I was fit to become a contributor, but was also a publisher before I had even seen a printing press.

The first cartoon I ever drew appeared in the *Schoolboy's Punch*, of which I was sole proprietor, producer (it was in pen and ink, published monthly), editor, and contributor. By the way, George Bernard Shaw was at the same school; I remember him well. Sir Edward Carson was another boy, and the Hon. J. H. M. Campbell, member for Dublin University, I also recall. My first cartoon was, artfully, a complimentary treatment of the head master. So well was my juvenile effort received that it is not too much to say it decided my future career. From that day forward I clung to the pencil, and in a few years was regularly contributing "cartoons" to public journals and practising the profession I have ever since followed. Drawing, in fact, seemed to come naturally and intuitively to me. I did not altogether escape the thraldom of the drawing-master, and as years went on I made a really serious effort to study at an art school under the Kensington system, which I believe to be positively prejudicial to a young artist possessing imagination and originality. A short time of the dreariness of art education under the Kensington system sufficed to disgust me with the art school, and I preferred to stay at home caricaturing my relatives and practising alone the rudiments of my art.

Early in my 'teens, however, I was invited to join the Life School of the Hibernian Academy. But here also there was no idea of proper teaching. Some fossilized member of the Academy would stand about, toasting his toes over the fire. He used to stroll around the easels, and you became conscious of his approaching presence by an aroma of onions.

I was now in my seventeenth year. I accepted every kind of work that was offered me, and a strange medley it was. About this period, too, a leading surgeon was anxious that I should devote myself to the pursuit of his anything but pleasant form of art, and seriously proposed that I should draw and paint for him some of his surgical cases. I accepted his offer without hesitation. Anxious to distinguish myself as an anatomical expert with the brush, I gave instructions for our family butcher to lend to me, as a model to study from, a kidney, which was to be as repulsive in appearance as possible. So realistic was my treatment in water colours of this piece of uncooked meat that the effect on me was the very opposite to what I expected, and disgusted me to such an extent that I not only declined to pursue further anatomical illustrations, but for years afterward I was quite unable to touch a kidney.

About this time someone had been good enough to inform me that black-and-white artists were in the habit of engraving their own work, and, believing this, I duly provided myself with some engraving tools. But my work was not a success until I had some tuition from a professional engraver. I continued to engrave my own drawings until I left Dublin. Since then I have never utilized one of my gravers except to pick a lock or open a tin of sardines.



"JUDY!"

In 1873 I came to London in search of fame and wealth. Just prior to my leaving Ireland I met no less an editor than Tom Taylor, who was then the presiding genius of the *Punch* table, and he gave me every encouragement to hasten my migration. Before setting out for Holyhead I visited the West of Ireland, and the sketches I made there formed part of my stock-in-trade when I arrived in London.

I remember one evening during my sojourn in the West of Ireland I was strolling quietly back to my hotel when something powerful seized my leg with a grip of iron. I was held in a vice and could hardly move. By what—a huge dog—a wolf? No; something heavier, something more hideous, something clothed. It turned out to be a dwarf, muttering something in Irish I could not understand, except one word—"Judy!" "Judy!" It was a woman of extraordinary strength thus clasped on to me. Before I was released I had to give her a shilling, and then got her to sit

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for half a crown. I still have the recollection of the vice-like grip.

I did not make my appearance in London with merely the proverbial half a crown in my pocket, nor did I expect to find the streets of London paved with gold. The balance at my bankers' was sufficient to keep me at least for a year.

One of my first engagements was for a still flourishing sixpenny illustrated. The editor and proprietor were never to be seen at the office, and I soon found out that they were always at a Bohemian club close by. In order to get commissions I had to go to this club, of which I eventually became a member. I aroused much curiosity and attention when it became known that "I was the member who had paid his subscription"!

Frequently have I been pushed for time. On one occasion I received from the editor of the *Illustrated London News* a telegram saying that I was to go at once to an election at Liverpool. On my arrival I rushed off to a "ward meeting," and was surprised to find the artist of a rival paper sitting beside me. In order to get the advantage of him, if possible, I sat up all night, drew a page on wood, ready for engraving, and sent it off by first train in the morning. It was in the press before my rival's rough notes left Liverpool.

During my Parliamentary work I witnessed many remarkable encounters between Mr. Disraeli and Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Disraeli in the course of his remarks once had occasion to quote a passage from a recent speech made by his rival upon some platform in the country. Suddenly Mr. Gladstone started up and exclaimed, "I never said that in my life." For some time after this Disraeli was silent, and, putting his hands behind his back, gazed, apparently in blank astonishment, at the box in front of him. For three minutes he stood motionless. Of course, the members could not understand the meaning of this strange silence, but eventually Disraeli began, "Mr. Chairman and gentlemen," and then, word for word, he repeated the whole speech of Mr. Gladstone from which he had made his quotation, duly introducing the particular passage which the Liberal leader had denied. Then he paused and looked across at his rival. The challenge was not to be avoided, and Mr. Gladstone subsided.

Once I posed as a political prophet. Six months before the election of July, 1892, when Mr. Gladstone was confident of "sweeping the country" and coming back with a majority of one hundred and seventy or so, when both sides predicted a decisive result and political prophets were sure of large figures, I predicted the Gladstonians a majority of between forty and forty-five. The actual majority was forty-two. I received many congratulations on my foresight. A letter I wrote to the *Times*, stating that I had predicted a majority of between forty and forty-five, created a great sensation, editorial leaders appearing in the principal papers all over the kingdom.

For seven years I worked for Lewis Carroll, the author of "Alice in Wonderland," illustrating that celebrated and eccentric author's book, "Sylvie and Bruno"—a work full of refreshing charm of humour and of grace. I was constantly illustrating the current stories of leading novelists, and I never scamped my work. All my drawings were carefully made from life. In Carroll's book, and in my own "Romps," my children figured as my models, as they do in some of my later works as well. But I never spared trouble or expense to find suitable models to work from, and I was never satisfied unless I made a study from the life.

Although I am generally thought of as a *Punch* artist, my name was familiar and I was fully employed long before Mr. Punch ever thought of asking me to work for the leading comic journal.

Unknown strangers have frequently referred to me as "a conventional comic draughtsman of funny, ill-drawn little figures." Caricature pure and simple is not the art I either care for or succeed in, so well as I do in my less-known more serious and finished work. When I joined *Punch*, at the age of twenty-six, I had had nine-tenths of my time previous to that occupied (ever since I was fifteen years of age) in drawing far more elaborate work than would be in keeping with a journal such as *Punch*. *Punch* required funny little figures, and I supplied them. As an illustration of the varied work I have done, once a society Church paper wished to present a series of supplement portraits of the leading clergy, and I was selected as the artist; and when "General" Booth's wife was on her death-bed the "General" offered me an open cheque to make a sketch of her, which portrait was to be reproduced and sold in millions in her memory. When Sir Henry Irving died, I designed the "In Memoriam" cartoon for the *Daily Telegraph*, and I am at the present moment at work upon a serious effort, which has already occupied most of my time for the last five years, and I have two years more of hard labour before me.

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As I have already mentioned, my first meeting with a representative of *Punch* was in Ireland, when I saw Mr. Tom Taylor, but it was not until he had passed away that I was invited to "join the table" of Mr. Punch. I remember, some time after I had been on the staff, as I was leaving home the youngest member of my family inquired where I was going. "To dine with Mr. Punch," I replied. "Oh, haven't you eaten all his hump yet, papa? It does last a long time." And, thinking I was dining *on* Mr. Punch, the little chap was quite concerned about my long-drawn-out act of cannibalism.

Mr. M. H. Spielmann, author of "The History of *Punch*," says: "Furniss romped through *Punch's* pages." I was the new editor's new man. For twelve years I helped to infuse new life into that well-known journal, contributing over two thousand six hundred designs to its pages, and receiving for my work more money than any other contributor—Leech not excepted—had or ever has done since within the same period.

I then started *Lika Joko*, which was a *nom de crayon* with which I had familiarized the readers of *Punch*, and now I took it as the title of my new venture. The first appearance of *Lika Joko* caused a tremendous sensation. Over a hundred and forty thousand copies sold within a few days, and when I stopped it—to take over the large sixpenny, *The New Budget—Lika Joko* had a sale of over 40,000 a week, and had settled down to a success.

In 1887 I endeavoured to set the Thames on fire by exhibiting at the Gainsborough Gallery, New Bond Street, a parody on a large scale of an average Royal Academy Exhibition. The idea of this first occurred to me after I had dined with a friend. He took me to his picture-gallery to show me a portrait of his wife, just completed by a fairly well-known R.A. It was a very bad portrait, and it saddened me to think how low modern art had become. In the drawing-room a musical humorist was cleverly taking off the weak points of his brother musicians, and bringing out into strong light their peculiarities and faults of style. When I reached home that night I thought of this humorist, and decided to similarly expose the tricks and eccentricities of British art in the present day. The following day saw me starting on what I called my "Artistic Joke." I was determined to keep the matter secret, and for three years I allowed no one in my studio who would be likely to divulge the nature of my work.

The magnitude of the work was much greater than I had expected. Before I could really make a start I had to examine each artist's work thoroughly. I then designed a picture in imitation of each artist. In very few instances did I parody an actual work. Those who visited the exhibition generally lost sight of this fact, a good many thinking that I took a certain picture of a particular artist and burlesqued it. Certainly I did this in the case of Millais's "Cinderella" and one or two others, but a majority of the ideas was evolved from my own imagination.

A date was fixed for the opening of the exhibition, and in order to get the pictures finished in time I had to work far into the night. About three o'clock one morning I became conscious of the smell of something burning, and a catastrophe nearly happened which would have put an end not only to the exhibition, but also myself and my family. I made a search round the studio, but could find no indication of anything being on fire. Then a dreadful thought occurred to me. Beneath my studio was a vault. Thinking perhaps the secret of my "Artistic Joke" had become known to a vindictive Academician, who had concealed himself below and had set the place on fire, I opened the trap-door and explored the vault. But no one was there. I searched the house, but still could find nothing indicating that there was a fire. I returned to my studio, but it was not until I had been working some time that I found out, through a shower of sparks descending upon my shoulders, that the smell originated from the top of my easel coming in contact with the gas.

My exhibition was a great success, even from the first day of opening. In fact, on the private view day the place was besieged by a fashionable crowd at a very early hour.

Some very amusing incidents occurred in the house of my "Royal Academy." It was no uncommon sight to see the friends and relatives, and sometimes sons and daughters, of the well-known Academicians enjoying my caricature at the expense of the friend or parent who had painted the original. Other R.A.'s who went about pooh-poohing the whole affair turned up at the Gainsborough Gallery. Generally they did not remain long, but came only to see what I had made of their art mannerisms, and after one glance went swiftly away.

A showman, particularly with some attraction of the passing hour, must "boom his show for all it's worth," as the Americans say; so I "boomed" my "Artistic Joke," and at the same time parodied another branch of

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art—the art of advertising the artists—by special magazine numbers devoted to the work of an Academician. So I brought out "How He Did It: The Story of My 'Artistic Joke.'"

In the accompanying photograph—the frontispiece of the brochure—I sustained my contention that backs are as interesting as faces. All the portraits in my exhibition were back-views. I believe the human back divine—why not as divine as human fronts?—is full of expression and teems with character, as everyone who has had the world turn its back upon him knows full well.



"BACKS ARE AS INTERESTING AS FACES."
From a Photograph.

This book of sixty pages, which, by the way, was the forerunner of "Wisdom While You Wait" and similar productions, sold extremely well, and, strange to say, I made more money out of this joking advertisement—the work of a few days—than I did out of my elaborate album of seventy photogravure plates, which occupied two years to produce and cost me two thousand pounds.

At length, after the strain and stress in connection with my exhibition, during which time orders for caricatures seemed to pour in, I was advised to go for a sea voyage.

Round the world I went, visiting among many other countries America, Canada, and Australia. I have sketched crowned heads on their thrones, bishops in their pulpits, thieves in their dens, and beauties in their drawing-rooms; but I never felt such nervousness as I did when I had to caricature myself on the occasion of my first experience of American interviewing.

What impressed me most when I visited New York was the number of chiropodists' advertisements. They confronted me everywhere. Huge gilded models of feet outside the chiropodists' establishments, some painted realistically and many adorned with bunions, seemed everywhere before me as I passed

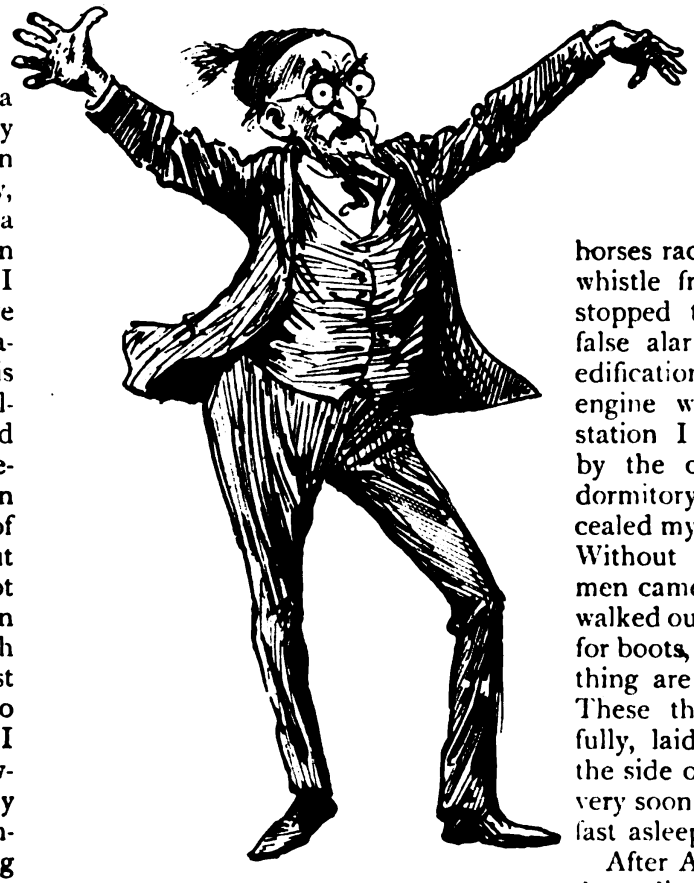


THE WAY AMERICAN JOURNALISTS INTERVIEW A STRANGER.

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through the streets. If I looked up I saw them suspended from the first-floor window, or painted on canvas on the front of a house. If I avoided the shops I was bound to knock up against some gentleman in the gutter encased in a long white waterproof, on which were portrayed the inevitable foot and the name and address of the chiropodist.

Many were the things that struck me as being very peculiar in America. Oh, the number of photographers! "Photographers I Have Met" is the title of a book I shall some day publish. Few people in England, I should say, have faced the camera more than I have. In nearly every town I have visited I have undergone the operation, and the result is a collection of criminal-looking, contorted countenances of a description seldom seen outside the museum of a police-station. But I was determined not to incur this risk in America, and although photographers almost implored me to sit to them for a moment I never consented. However, I was secured by stratagem. One morning I was walking along Union Square with a friend, who suddenly stepped into a doorway, pulling me with him. He touched a bell; down came an elevator. He pushed me inside, up we went, and I soon found myself in front of Sarony, the great photographer of New York.



SARONY, OF NEW YORK, PHOTOGRAPHING ME.

In turn I visited all the chief towns of America, and I could easily fill a whole number of THE STRAND MAGAZINE with interesting incidents which happened during my wanderings. I had a letter of introduction to the captain of a certain fire brigade. One day whilst I was speaking to him in the engine-room I noticed some horses standing by. Suddenly the alarm-bell rang, and before I looked round again, seemingly by magic, but in reality by electricity, the halters fell from the horses' heads, and to my surprise, without anyone being near them, they rushed to their places at the shaft of the engine. There were manholes in the ceiling, through which brass rods were suspended vertically; down these slid half-dressed men, who seemed to turn a somersault into their clothes during the descent on to the engine. The harness suspended above the horses dropped on to their backs, and in an instant they were in the street, the engine manned, the fire ablaze, and away the horses raced. Suddenly a whistle from the captain stopped them. It was a false alarm given for my edification. Before the engine was back in the station I was conducted by the captain into the dormitory, where I concealed myself under a bed. Without a grumble the men came up and literally walked out of their clothes, for boots, pants, and everything are all of one piece. These they opened carefully, laid them ready by the side of their beds, and very soon were all snoring, fast asleep.

After America I visited Australia. As soon as I arrived I went about in search of a type of the Australian girl for my pictures, and was sketching one from my hotel window as typical of the real Australian when the captain of the ship I had travelled by came in and said: "Oh, there's that Cockney, Miss So-and-so!" She had come over in the same boat, second-class, and had never been in Australia before. I recollect a similar instance in Ottawa, Canada. I was returning from Government House, where I had been taken by the mayor to sign the visitors' book, and as we were returning in an electric car I sat opposite a fine, smart specimen of a youth. I whispered to my Canadian friend, "Is that a genuine type of a true Canadian?" "Yes; a perfect type,"

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was the reply. I made the sketch. The following evening I was the guest at Government House, and to my surprise I noticed that one of the servants at dinner was the typical Canadian I had sketched. He was MacSandy, fresh from Aberdeen!

I have often posed as a lecturer. My first appearance on the platform was at the Savage Club, when I gave a lecture on "Art and Artists," standing on a table, just previous to my giving it in public. I don't know how it is, but it is a fact that there is nothing more unnerving than to stand on a table. Anyone can with ease stand on a chair and hang up a picture or anything of that sort, but standing on a table has the effect of making you grow weak at the knees and light in the head. However, my first lecture was well received.

Sometimes I discovered in my audience the public men I was "taking off" in my entertainment. This more frequently happened in the "Humours of Parliament," where the M.P. of the place in which I appeared came if I was not too unkind to him. But it more often happened he sent a member of the family in advance to find out whether he was being lampooned or not. Once when I was lecturing on "America in a Hurry," and was "billed" to appear for two nights, a curate was sent to report. It so happened that I imitated a lisping country parson struggling through a wretched entertainment with a lantern! He went back and condemned my show unmercifully, and the party did not go!



"I WAS HORRIFIED TO SEE A GIGANTIC FLY."

From a Photograph by Bassano.

I remember once, when I was giving a lecture on "Portraiture: Past and Present," and illustrating the portraits on medals with the aid of a lantern, I came to some near the bottom of the screen. "Here," said I, "we have the Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress of London, 1300 A.D." At that moment the mayor and mayoress of the town, who, for effect, I suppose, had come in a quarter of an hour late to the seats reserved for them in the centre of the hall, walked past the rays of the lantern, and were, of course, thrown on the screen, and, as can be supposed, caused an effect that had not been anticipated.

On another occasion a fly was an offender whilst I was giving a lecture with the aid of a lantern. I was showing some portraits of Mr. Gladstone in my entertainment, "The Humours of Parliament." I was telling my audience, as I pointed to the pictures on the screen, that one moment he looks like this and at another he looks like that, when there was a great burst of laughter. I proceeded to speak about Gladstone's flashing eye and noble brow, and by the time I mentioned something about his aquiline nose my audience seemed to be in hysterics. Thinking that by some mischance the wrong picture was being thrown on the screen, I turned round, and was at first horrified to see a gigantic fly apparently walking about on the nose of the Grand Old Man. It appeared that the fly had got into the lantern, had been caught between the lenses, and was being magnified a hundredfold on to the screen.

Of course, it would be impossible for me to deal here with all the interesting dinners and other entertainments I have assisted at. I have attended all sorts and conditions, but I must confess that I was very much flattered by a lunch given to me whilst in Washington, U.S.A. The novelty of this lunch was the idea of the chairman to sandwich each course with a story. At another time I was the guest of the New York Pointed Beards. To become a member or a guest of this club each person was obliged to wear a pointed beard. The beard must not be false, but even whilst I was there one guest was ejected when it was found out that the hair he was wearing on the end of his chin was not

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his own. Even the tables were ornamented with lamps having shades cut to represent pointed beards.

In 1894 I presided at a dinner of the Thirteen Club; my only appearance as an honorary member of that extraordinary club. It was held at the Holborn Restaurant in Room Thirteen, the number of tables was thirteen, and thirteen diners sat at each table. Each wore a badge in the form of a peacock's feather. The knives and forks were crossed, the salt-cellars made in the shape of coffins, and the salt spilt freely. A looking-glass was placed beside each member and guest, and during the evening we were called upon to break them. It fell to me to present each chairman with a pen-knife, and I had to refuse the customary coin in return. I was presented with a large knife containing all kinds of implements, which I treasure as a memento of the dinner. These are a few details I had to deal with in addition to the usual toasts. I proposed the loyal toast as follows:—

The Queen, Prince and Princess of Wales, and rest of the Royal Family.

13

Never shall I forget that evening.

"Lecturing this year?" said a friend of mine to me the other day. No. The towns paying my fee are few and far between, and it does not pay one nowadays to go on tour. I have had twenty-two years of it. Years ago it was a profitable business to travel and lecture, but those who came to one-man shows now go to theatres, and those who went to theatres now go to music-halls, and those who engaged entertainers privately now have no money. So that lecturing is now only an excuse to travel and keep up pleasant acquaintanceships—that's all. Besides, I am too busy writing and drawing—busier than I have ever been in my life.

That reminds me of a funny incident. You know, I am seldom in my flat in London—too busy in a charming spot by the sea, working in fresh air far from the madding crowd of motors; too fond of pure ozone in place of petrol; early to bed and early to rise, and all that kind of thing. I get my models down from London. Last week a charming young lady was sitting to me for the first time.

She had been sitting from nine o'clock in the morning until six in the evening. (It is wonderful what a lot one can do in such air.) I was working at high pressure, and therefore had bribed the young lady to sit longer. Figure after figure I sketched in my studio, which looked like a print shop after a storm. As the day drew to a close, the young lady model said:—



"I THOUGHT HE WAS DEAD."

"Did your father, the *Punch* artist, work as hard as you do? You never seem to tire."

"My dear young lady," I replied, "my father was not an artist. *I* was on *Punch* many years."

"Good gracious! *You* are that Harry Furniss! I thought *he* was dead, or retired, or too old to work years ago!"

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The White Prophet.

By HALL CAINE.

[The reader who has not followed the previous portions of this story can readily understand and enjoy the following chapters by simply bearing in mind that Colonel Gordon Lord, who is in love with Helena, the daughter of the General of the British Army of Occupation in Egypt, has been ordered to arrest Ishmael Ameer, known as the "White Prophet," and to close the University of El Azhar (the greatest seat of Mohammedan learning in the world), and, after a terrific struggle between his conscience and his duty as a soldier, has refused to carry out his commands, which are transferred to Colonel Macfarlane. In consequence of this refusal his decorations have been stripped from him and his sword broken by the father of the girl he loves. Subsequently, in a stormy interview, the General attacks him in a fit of fury, and in the ensuing struggle falls dead, while the Colonel believes that he is himself guilty of his murder. Colonel Macfarlane, while carrying out his orders, is assaulted by Colonel Lord, who, feeling his reputation ruined, remains in hiding. Shortly after, in the disguise of a Bedouin, he decides to go to Khartoum, to which place Ishmael Ameer is also on his way, leaving Helena under the impression that her father has been murdered by the "White Prophet." In the dress of a Parsee lady Helena, for purposes of revenge, also goes to Khartoum, where she encounters Ishmael Ameer, and while acting as his secretary becomes his betrothed. In pursuance of her plan, Helena advises the Consul-General (Gordon Lord's father) of Ishmael Ameer's forthcoming return to Cairo. Subsequently she has a dramatic meeting with Gordon Lord, who confesses, to her consternation, that he, and not Ishmael Ameer, killed her father. Knowing that immediately Ishmael Ameer sets foot in Cairo he will be arrested, by reason of Helena's information, Gordon Lord obtains permission to go in his stead. He learns, too, much to his relief, that General Graves's death was due mainly to heart disease. Helena resolves to forsake Ishmael and to escape with Gordon from the country.]

SECOND BOOK :—The Light of the World.

CHAPTER XXIII.

GORDON did not allow himself to sleep that night, lest he should not be awake when the hour came to go. The room he shared with Ishmael was large, and it had one window looking to the river and another to Khartoum. Through these windows, which were open, he heard every noise of the desert town by night.

It had been late when Ishmael came to bed, and even then, being excited and in high spirits, and finding Gordon still awake, he had talked for a long time in the darkness of his preparations for the forthcoming pilgrimage and his hopes of its progress across the desert—three and a half miles an hour, fourteen hours a day, making a month for the journey altogether. But finding that Gordon did not reply, and thinking he must be sleepy, he wished him a good night and a blessed morning, and then, with a few more words that were trustful, affectionate, warm-hearted, and brotherly, he fell asleep.

It was after twelve by this time, and though Gordon intended to rise at three it seemed to him that the few hours between would never end. He listened to the measured breathing of the sleeping man and counted the cries outside, but the time passed as if with feet of lead.

It was never quite dark, and through the luminous dark blue of the Southern night, fretted with stars, nearly everything outside could be dimly seen. Of all lights that is the one most conducive to thought, and in spite of himself Gordon could not help thinking. The obstinate questions which he had been able to crush down during the day were now rising to torment him.

"What will happen when this household, which is now asleep, awakes in the morning?" he asked himself.

He knew quite well what would happen. He would soon be missed. Helena would be missed too, and it would be concluded that they had gone together. But after he had banished the picture which rose to his mind's eye of the confusion that would ensue on the discovery of their flight, he set himself to defend it.

It was true he was breaking the pledge he had made to the people when he undertook to go into Cairo, but he had made his promise under a mistake as to his own position, and therefore it was not incumbent upon him to keep it now that he knew the truth.

It was true that Helena was breaking the betrothal which she had entered into with Ishmael, but she, too, had acted under an error, and therefore her marriage was not binding upon her conscience.

But do what he would to justify himself he could not shake off a sense of deceit and

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even of treachery. He thought of Ishmael and how he had heaped kindness and honour upon him since he came to Khartoum. He thought of Helena and of the shame with which her flight would overwhelm the man who considered himself her husband.

"Go on!" something seemed to say in a taunting whisper. "Fly away! Seek your own happiness and think of nothing else! This is what you came to Khartoum for! This is what your great hopes and aims amount to! Leave this good man in the midst of the confusion you have brought upon him! Let him go into Cairo, innocent though he is, and die by the cruel error of fate! That's good! That's brave! That's worthy of a man and a soldier!"

Against thoughts like these he tried to set the memory of old Mahmud's words at the meeting of the sheikhs: "Man cannot resist his destiny. If God wills that you should go into Cairo you will go, and God will protect you!"

But there was really only one way to reconcile himself to what he intended to do, and that was to think of Helena and to keep her beautiful face constantly before him.

It was now three o'clock, and Gordon, who had not undressed, rose to a sitting position on his bed.

This brought him face to face with Ishmael, whose angerib was on the opposite side of the room. The Arab was sleeping peacefully. He, too, had lain down in his clothes, having to rise early, but he had unrolled his turban, leaving nothing on his head but his Mecca skull cap, which made him look like the picture of a saintly Pope.

Gordon felt as if he were a thief and a murderer—stealing from and stabbing the man who loved and trusted him. He had an almost irresistible impulse to waken Ishmael there and then and tell him plainly what he was about to do. But the thought of Helena came back again, and he remembered that that was quite impossible.

At length he rose to go. He was still wearing Hafiz's slippers, but he found himself stepping on his toes to deaden the sound of his tread. When he got to the door he opened it carefully so as to make no noise; but just at that moment the sleeping man stirred and began to speak.

In the toneless voice of sleep, but, nevertheless, with an accent of affection which Gordon had never heard from him before, Ishmael said:—

"Rani! *My* Rani!"

Gordon stood and listened, not daring to move. After a moment all was quiet again. There was no sound in the room but Ishmael's measured breathing as before.

How Gordon got out at last he never quite knew. When he recovered his self-possession he was in the guest-room, drawing aside the curtain that covered the open doorway and feeling the cool, fresh, odourless desert air on his hot face and in his nostrils.

He saw Black Zogal stretched out at the bottom of the wooden steps, fast asleep and with his staff beside him. The insurgent dawn was sweeping up, but all was silent both within and without. Save for the Nubian's heavy snoring there was not a sound about the house.

Feeling his throat to be parched, he turned back to the water niche for a drink, and while he was lifting the can to his lips he heard a step behind him. He thought it must be Zogal, but it was not. It was a post-office messenger with a black-bordered letter in his hand.

The letter was for

"SHEIKH OMAR BENANI, *in the care of* ISHMAEL AMEER."

It had come by a train which arrived late last night and it was marked for special delivery.

Gordon took it and opened it with trembling fingers, and read it at a glance as one reads a picture. It was from Hafiz, and it told him that his mother was dead.

Then all the pent-up pain and shame of the night rolled over him like a breaking wave, and as soon as the messenger had gone he dropped down on to the nearest seat and wept like a child.

CHAPTER XXIV.

CONTRARY to Gordon's surmise, Helena had slept soundly, with the beautiful, calm confidence of one who relied absolutely upon him and thought her troubles were over; but she awoke at half-past three as promptly as if an alarum clock had wakened her.

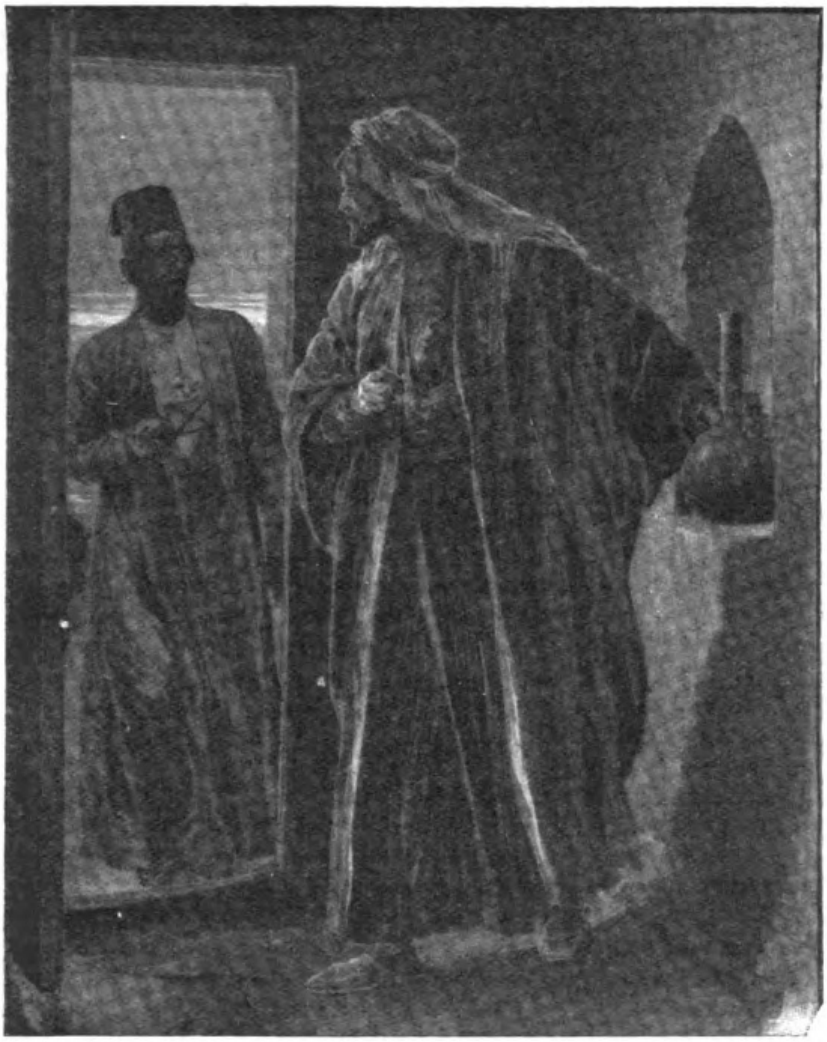
Then, dressing rapidly in her usual mixed Eastern and Western costume, and throwing a travelling cloak over her shoulders instead of her Indian veil, but giving no thought to the other belongings which she must leave behind, she stepped lightly out of the sleeping-room.

The moment she entered the guest-room she heard a moan, and, before realizing where it came from, she said:—

"Who's there?"

Then Gordon lifted his tear-stained face

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"IT WAS A POST-OFFICE MESSENGER WITH A BLACK-BORDERED LETTER IN HIS HAND."

to her face, and, without speaking, held out the letter which hung from his helpless hand.

She took it and read it with a sense of overwhelming disaster, while Gordon, with that access of grief which at the first moment of a great sorrow the presence of a loved one brings, heaped reproaches upon himself, as if all that he had done at the hard bidding of his conscience had been a sin and crime.

"Poor mother! My poor, dear mother! It was I who made her last days unhappy."

Half an hour went by in this way, and the time for going passed. Helena dared not tell him that their opportunity for flight was slipping away—it seemed like an outrage to think of that now—so she stood by his side, feeling powerless to comfort him and dazed by the blow that had shattered their hopes.

Then Black Zogal, being awakened by the sound of Gordon's weeping, came in with his wild eyes, and after him came Abdullah, and then Zenoab, who, gathering an idea of trouble, went off to awaken Ishmael and old Mahmud, so that in a little while the whole of the Arab household were standing round Gordon as he sat doubled up on the edge of a divan.

When Ishmael heard what had happened he was deeply moved, and, sitting down by Gordon's side, he took one of his hands and smoothed it, while in that throbbing voice which went to the heart of everybody, and with a look of suffering in his swarthy face and luminous black eyes, he spoke some sympathetic words.

"All life ends in death, my brother. This world is a place of going, not of staying. The mystery of pain—who can fathom it? Life would be unbearable but for one thought—that God is over all. He rules everything for the best. Yes, believe me, everything. I have had my hours of sorrow, too, but I have always found it so."

After a while Gordon was able to control his grief, and then Ishmael asked him if he would not read aloud his letter. With some reluctance Gordon did so, but it required all his self-control to repeat his mother's message.

Leaving out the usual Arabic salutations, he began where Hafiz said:—

"With a heavy heart I have to tell you, my most dear brother, that your sweet and saintly mother died this morning. She had been sinking ever since you went away, but the end came so quickly that it took us all by surprise."

Gordon's voice thickened, and Ishmael said:—

"Take your time, brother."

"She had the consolation of her religion, and I think she passed in peace. There was only one thing clouded her closing hours. On her death-bed she was constantly expressing an earnest hope that you might all be reunited—you and she and your father and Helena, who are now so far apart."

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"Take time, O my brother," said Ishmael, and, seeing that Helena was also moved, he took her hand too, as if to strengthen her.

Thus he sat between them, comforting both, while Gordon in a husky voice struggled on.

"Not long before she died she wished to send you a message, but the power of life was low in her and she could not write, except to sign her name (as you see below), and then she did not know where you were to be found. But my mother promised her that I should take care that whatever she said would come to your hands, and these were the words she sent: 'Tell my boy that my last thoughts were about him. Though I am sorry he took the side of the false . . . the false prophet . . .'"

"Go on, brother, go on," said Ishmael, in his soft voice.

". . . 'say I am certain he did what he thought was right. Be sure you tell him I died happy, because . . . because I know I shall see him again. If I am never to see him in this world I will do so in the world to come. Say . . . say I shall be waiting for him there. And tell him it will not seem long.'"

It was with difficulty that Gordon came to the end, for his eyes were full of tears and his throat was parched and tight, and he would have broken down altogether but for the sense of Helena's presence by his side.

Ishmael was now more deeply moved than before.

"How she must have loved you!" he said, and then he began to speak of his own mother and what she had done for him.

"She was only a poor, ignorant woman, perhaps, but she died to save me, and I loved her with all my heart."

At that the two black servants, Abdullah and Zogal, who had been standing before Gordon in silence, tried to utter some homely words of comfort, and old Mahmud, wiping his wet eyes, said:—

"May God be merciful to your mother, my son, and forgive her all her sins."

"She was a saint—she never had any," replied Gordon, whereupon the Arab nurse, who alone of all that household had looked on at this scene with dry and evil eyes, said bitterly:—

"Nevertheless she died as a Christian and an unbeliever, therefore she cannot look for mercy."

Then Helena's eyes flashed like fire into the woman's face, and Gordon felt the blood rush to his head, but Ishmael was before them both.

"Zenoab, ask pardon of God," he said, and before the thunder of his voice and the majesty of his glance the Arab woman fell back.

"Heed her not, my brother," said Ishmael, turning back to Gordon, and then he added:—

"We all serve under the same General, and though some of us wear uniform of red, and some of brown, and some of blue, he who serves best is the best soldier. In the day of victory will our General ask us the colour of our garments? No!"

At that generous word Gordon burst into tears once more, but Ishmael said:—

"Don't weep for one who has entered into the joys of Paradise."

When Gordon had regained his composure Ishmael asked him if he would read part of the letter again, but knowing what part it would be—the part about himself—he tried to excuse himself, saying he was not fit to read any more.

"Then the Rani will read," said Ishmael, and, far as Helena would have fled from the tragic ordeal, she could not escape from it. So in her soft and mellow voice she read on without faltering, until she came to her own name, and then she stopped, and the tears began to trickle down her cheeks.

"Go on," said Ishmael; "don't be afraid of what follows."

And when Helena came to "false prophet" he turned to Gordon and said:—

"Your dear mother didn't know how much I love you. . . . But she knows now," he added, "for the dead know all."

There was no further interruption until Helena had finished, and then Ishmael said:—

"She didn't know, too, what work the Merciful had waiting for you in Khartoum. Perhaps you did not know yourself. Something called you to come here. Something drew you on. Which of us has not felt like that? But God guides our hearts — the Merciful makes no mistakes."

Nobody spoke, but Gordon's eyes began to shine with a light which Helena, who was looking at him, had never seen in them before.

"All the same," continued Ishmael, "you hear what your mother says, and it is not for me to keep you against your will. If you wish to go back now none shall reproach you. Speak, Omar, do you wish to leave me?"

There was a moment of tense silence, in which Gordon hesitated, and Helena waited breathlessly for his reply. Then, with a great effort, Gordon answered:—

"No."

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"El Hamdullillah!" cried the two black servants, and then Ishmael sent Zogal into the town and the camp to say that the faithful would bid farewell to Omar in the mosque the following night.

That evening, after sunset, instead of preaching his usual sermon to the people squatting on the sand in front of his house, Ishmael read the prayers for the dead, while Gordon and Helena and a number of the sheikhs sat on the divans in the guest-room.

When the service was over and the company was breaking up, the old men pressed Gordon's hand as they were passing out and said:—

"May God give you compensation!"

As soon as they were gone Gordon approached Helena and whispered hurriedly:—

"I must speak to you soon. Where can it be?"

"I ought to go to the water-women's well by the Goods Landing to-morrow morning," said Helena.

"At what hour?"

"Ten."

"I shall be there," said Gordon.

His eyes were still full of the strange wild light.

CHAPTER XXV.

AT ten o'clock next morning Helena was at the well by the Goods Landing, where the water-women draw water in their earthen jars to water the gardens and the streets, and while standing among the gross creatures who, with their half-naked bodies and stark-naked souls, were crowding about her for what they could get, she saw Gordon coming down in his Bedouin dress with a firm, strong step.

His flickering steel-blue eyes were as full of light as when she saw them last, but that vague suggestion of his mother which she had hitherto seen in his face was gone, and there was a look of his father which she had never observed before.

"Let us walk this way," he said, indicating a road that went down the empty and unfrequented tongue of land that leads to the point at which the Blue Nile and the White Nile meet.

"Helena," he said, stepping closely by her side and speaking almost in her ear, "there is something I wish to say—to ask—and everything depends on your answer—what we are to do and what is to become of us."

"What is it?" said she, with trembling voice.

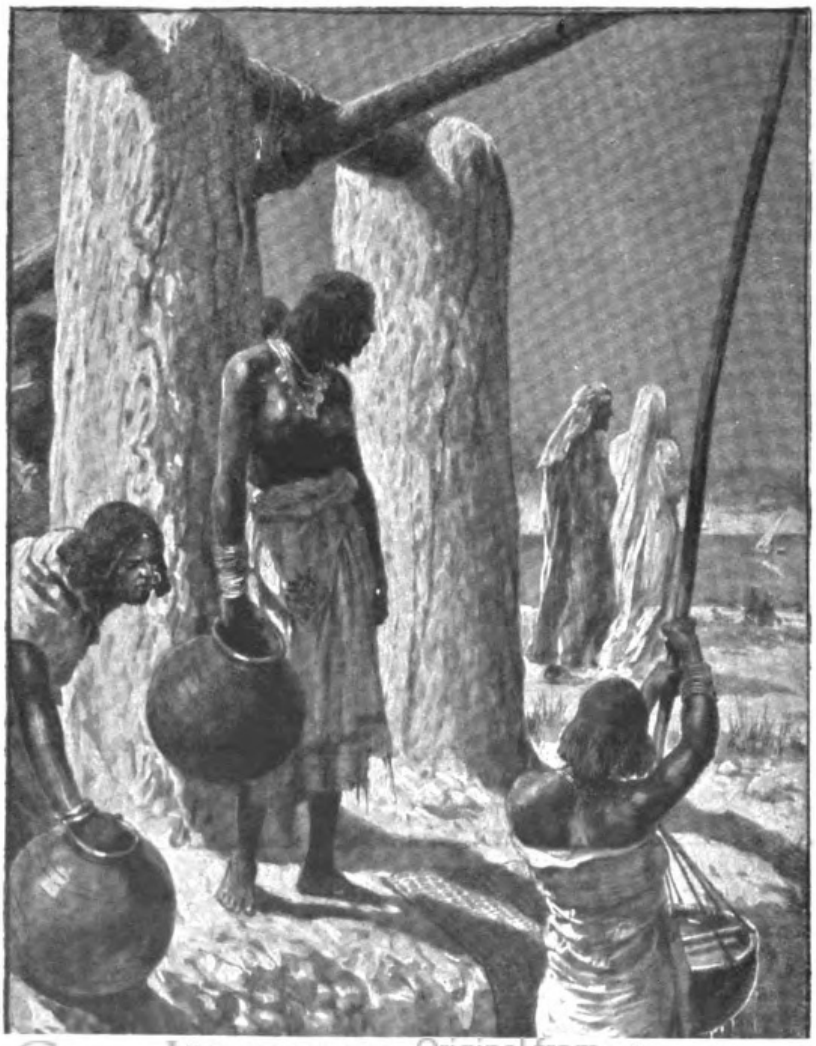
"When our escape from Khartoum was stopped by the letter telling me of my mother's death I thought at first it was only an accident—a sad, strange accident that it should arrive at that moment."

"And don't you think so now?" she asked.

"No; I think it was a divine intervention."

She glanced up at him. "He is going to talk about the betrothal," she thought.

But he did not do so. In his intense and poignant voice he continued:—



"'LET US WALK THIS WAY,' HE SAID."

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"When I proposed that we should go away together I supposed your coming here had been due to a mistake—that my coming here had been due to a mistake—that your sending that letter into Cairo and my promising to take Ishmael's place had been due to a mistake—that it had all been a mistake—a long, miserable line of mistakes."

"And wasn't it?" she asked, walking on with her eyes to the sand.

"So far as we are concerned, yes; but with God . . . with God Almighty mistakes do not happen."

They walked some paces in silence, and then, in a still more poignant voice, he said:—

"Don't you believe that, Helena? Wasn't it true—what Ishmael said yesterday? Can you possibly believe that we have been allowed to go on as we have been going—both of us—without anything being meant by it? All a cruel, stupid, merciless Almighty blunder?"

"Well?"

"Well, think of what would have happened if we had been allowed to carry out our plan. Ishmael would have gone into Cairo as he originally intended, and he would have been seized and executed for conspiracy. What then? The whole country—yes, the whole country from end to end—would have risen in revolt. The sleeping terror of religious hatred would have been awakened. It would have been the affair of El Azhar over again—only worse, a thousandfold worse."

Again a few steps in silence, and then:—

"The insurrection would have been suppressed, of course, but think of the bloodshed, the carnage! On the other hand . . ."

She saw what was coming and with difficulty she walked steadily.

"On the other hand, if *I* go into Cairo as I have promised to do—as I am expected to do—there can be no such result. The moment I arrive I shall be arrested, and the moment I am arrested I shall be identified and handed over to the military authorities to be tried for my offences as a soldier. There will be no religious significance in my punishment, therefore there will be no fanatical frenzy provoked by it, and consequently there can be no bloodshed. Don't you see that, Helena?"

She could not answer; she felt sick and faint. After a moment he went on in the same eager, enthusiastic voice:—

"But that's not all. There is something better than that."

"Better—do you say better?

"Something that comes closer to us, at all events. . . . Do you believe in omens, Helena? That some mystic sense tells us things of which we have no proof, no evidence?"

She bent her head without raising her eyes from the sand.

"Well, I have a sense of some treachery going on in Cairo that Ishmael knows nothing about, and I believe it was just this treachery which led to the idea of his going there at all."

She looked up into his face, and, thinking he read her thought, he said quickly:—

"Oh, I know—I've heard about the letters of the Ulema—that those suggestions of assassination and so forth were signed by the simple old Chancellor of El Azhar. But isn't it possible that a subtler spirit inspired them? . . . Helena!"

"Yes," she faltered.

"Do you remember that one day in the Citadel I said it was not really Judas Iscariot who betrayed Jesus, and that there was somebody in Egypt now who was doing what the High Priest of the Jews did in Palestine two thousand years ago?"

"The Grand Cadi?"

"Yes. Something tells me that that subtle old scoundrel is playing a double sword game—with the Ulema and with the Government—and that his object is not only to destroy Ishmael, but, by awakening the ancient religious terror, to ruin England as well—tempt her to ruin her prestige, at all events."

They had reached the margin of the river, and he stopped.

"Well?" she faltered again.

"Well, I am a British soldier still, Helena, even though I am a disgraced one, and I want to . . . I want to save the good name of my country."

She could not speak—she felt as if she would choke.

"I want to save the good name of the Consul-General also. He is my father, and, though he no longer thinks of me as his son, I want to save him from . . . from himself.

"I can do it, too," he added, eagerly. "At this moment I am perhaps the only man who can. I am nobody now—only a runaway and a deserter—but I can cross the line of fire and so give warning."

"But, Gordon, don't you see . . ."

"Oh, I know what you are going to say, Helena. I must die for it, yes! Nobody wants to do that if he can help it, but I can't! Listen!"

She raised her eyes to his—they seemed to be ablaze with a kind of frenzy.

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"Death was the penalty of what I did in Cairo, and if I did not stay there to be court-martialled and condemned was it because I wanted to save my life? No; I thought there was nothing left in my life that made it worth saving. It was because I wanted to give it in some better cause. Something told me I should, and when I came to Khartoum I didn't know what fate was before me, or what I had to do, but I know now. *This* is what I have to do, Helena—to go back to Cairo instead of Ishmael, and so save England and Egypt and my father and these poor Moslem people, and prevent a world of bloodshed."

Then Helena, who, in her nervousness, had been scraping her feet on the sand, said in a halting, trembling voice:—

"Was this what you wanted to say to me, Gordon?"

"Yes; but now I want *you* to say something to *me*."

"What is that?" she asked, trembling.

"*To tell me to go!*"

It was like a blow. She felt as if she would fall.

"I cannot go unless you send me, Helena—not as things stand now—leaving you here—under these conditions—in a place like this—alone. Therefore, tell me to go, Helena."

Tears sprang to her eyes. She thought of all the hopes she had so lately cherished, all the dreams of the day before, of love and a new life among quite different scenes—sweet scenes, full of the smell of new-cut grass, the rustling of trees, the swish of the scythe, the songs of birds, and the ringing of church bells, instead of this empty and arid wilderness—and then of the ruin, the utter wreck and ruin, that everything was falling to.

"Tell me to go, Helena—tell me!" he repeated.

It was crushing. She could not bear it.

"I cannot," she said. "Don't ask me to do such a thing. Just when we were going away, too . . . expecting to escape from all this miserable tangle and to be happy at last. . . ."

"But should we be happy, Helena? Say we escaped to Europe, America, Australia, anywhere far enough away, and what I speak of were to come to pass, should we be happy—should we?"

"We should be together, at all events, and we should be able to love each other . . ."

"But could we love each other with the memory of all that misery—the misery we might have prevented—left here behind us?"

"At least we should be alive and safe and well."

"Should we be well if our whole life became abominable to us, Helena? . . . On the other hand . . ."

"On the other hand, you want us to part, never to see each other again."

"It's hard—I know it's hard—but isn't that better than to become odious in each other's eyes?"

A cruel mixture of anger and sorrow and despair took possession of her, and, choking with emotion, she said:—

"I have nobody but you now, yet you want me to tear my heart out—to sacrifice the love that is my only happiness, my only refuge. . . . Oh, I cannot do it! You are asking me to send you into the jaws of death itself—that's it—the very jaws of death itself—and I cannot do it. I tell you I cannot, I cannot! There is no woman in the world who could."

There was silence for a moment after this vehement cry, then in a low tone he said:—

"Every soldier's wife does as much when she sends her husband into battle, Helena."

"Ah!"

She caught her breath as if a hand from heaven had smitten her.

"Am I not going into battle now? And aren't you a soldier's daughter?"

There was another moment of silence, in which he looked out on the sparkling waters of the Blue Nile, and she gazed through clouded eyes on the sluggish waves of the White.

Something had suddenly begun to rise in her throat. *This* was the real Gordon, the hero who had won battles, the soldier who had faced death before, and she had never known him until now!

A whirlwind of sensation and emotions seemed to race through her soul and body. She felt hot, she felt cold, she felt ashamed, and then all at once she felt as if she were being lifted out of herself by the spirit of the man beside her. At length she said, trying to speak calmly:—

"You are right, quite right; you are always right, Gordon. If you feel like that about going into Cairo you must go. It is your duty. You have received your orders."

"Helena!" he cried, in a burst of joy.

"You mustn't think about me, though. I'm sorry for what I said a while ago, but I'm better now. I have always thought that if the time ever came to me to see my dearest go into battle I should not allow myself to be afraid."

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"I was sure of you, Helena—quite sure."

"This doesn't look like going into battle, perhaps, but it may be something still better—going to save life, to prevent bloodshed."

"Yes, yes," he said; and, struggling to control herself, she continued:—

"You mustn't think about leaving me here, either. Whatever happens in this place, I shall always remember that you love me, so . . . so nothing else will matter."

"Nothing—nothing!"

"And though it may be hard to think that you have gone to your death, and that I . . . that in a sense I have been the cause of it . . ."

"But you haven't, Helena! Your hand may have penned that letter, but a higher Power directed it."

She looked at him with shining eyes, and answered in a firmer voice and with a proud lift of her beautiful head:—

"I don't know about that, Gordon. I only know that you want to give your life in a great cause. And though they have degraded you and driven you out and hunted you down like a dog, you are going to die like a man and an Englishman."

"And you tell me to do it, Helena?"

"Yes, for I'm a soldier's daughter, and in my heart I'm a soldier's wife as well, and I shouldn't be worthy to be either if I didn't tell you to do your duty, whatever the consequences to me."

"My brave girl!" he cried, clutching at her hand.

Then they began to walk back.

As they walked they encouraged each other.

"We are on the right road now, Helena."

"Yes, we are on the right road now, Gordon."

"We are doing better than run away."

"Yes, we are doing better than run away."

"The train leaves Khartoum this evening, and I suppose they want to say farewell to me in the mosque at sunset. . . . You'll be strong to the last, and not break down when the time comes for me to go?"

"No, I'll not break down . . . when the time comes for you to go."

But, for all her brave show of courage, her eyes were filling fast and the tears were threatening to fall.

"Better leave me now," she whispered. "Let me go back alone."

He was not sorry to let her go ahead, for at sight of her emotion his own was mastering him.

"Will she keep up to the end?" he asked himself.

CHAPTER XXVI.

As the hours of the day passed on Helena became painfully aware that her courage was ebbing away. Unconsciously Ishmael was adding to her torture. Soon after the mid-day meal he called on her to write to his dictation a letter which Gordon was to take into Cairo.

"One more letter, O Rani, only one, before our friend and brother leaves us."

It was to the Ulema, telling them of the change in his plans and begging them to be good to Gordon.

"Trust him and love him. Receive him as you would receive me, and believe that all he does and says is according to my wish and word."

Helena had to write this letter. It was like writing Gordon's death-warrant.

Later in the day, seeing her idle, nibbling the top of the reed pen which she held in her trembling fingers, Ishmael called for the farda.

"Where is the farda, O Rani—the farda that was to disguise the messenger of God from his enemies?"

And when Helena, in an effort to escape from that further torture, protested that in Gordon's case a new farda was not essential, because he wore the costume of a Bedouin already, Ishmael replied:—

"But the farda he wears now is white and every official in Khartoum has seen it. Therefore another is necessary, and let it be of another colour."

At that, with fiendish alacrity, the Arab woman ran off for a strip of red silken wool, and Helena had to shape and stitch it.

It was like stitching Gordon's shroud.

The day seemed to fly on the wings of an eagle, the sun began to sink, the shadows to lengthen on the desert sand, and the time to approach for the great ceremony of the leave-taking in the mosque. Helena was for staying at home, but Ishmael would not hear of it.

"Nay, my Rani," he said. "In the court-yard after prayers we must say farewell to Omar, and you must clothe him in the new farda that is to hide him from his foes. Did you not promise to do as much for me? And shall it be said that you grudge the same honour to my friend and brother?"

Half an hour afterwards, Ishmael having gone off hand in hand with Gordon, and old Mahmud and Zenoab and Ayesha and the two black servants having followed him, Helena put on a veil for the first time since coming to Khartoum, and made her way to the mosque.

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A moment later Helena was in the gallery; the people had made way for her, and she was sitting, as before, by the Arab woman and the child. Overhead was a brazen, blood-red Southern sky; below were a thousand men on crimson carpets—some in silks, some in rags, all moving and moaning like tumultuous waves in a cavern of the sea.

The Reader in the middle of the mosque was chanting the Koran, the mueddin in the minaret was calling to prayers, the men on the floor were uttering their many-throated responses, and the very walls of the mosque itself seemed to be vibrating with religious fervour.

A moment after Helena had taken her seat Ishmael entered, followed by Gordon, and the people gathered round them to kiss their hands and garments. Helena felt her head reel; she wanted to cry out, and it was with difficulty she controlled herself.

Then the Reader stood up in his desk and recited an invocation and the people repeated it after him.

After that Ishmael rose from his knees before the Kibleh, took the wooden sword at the foot of the pulpit, ascended to the topmost step, and, after a preliminary prayer, began to preach.

Never had Helena seen him so eager and excited, and every passage of his sermon seemed to increase both his own ecstasy and the emotion of his hearers.

Helena hardly heard his words, so far away were her thoughts, and so steadfastly were her eyes fixed on the other figure in front of the Kibleh, but a general sense of their import was beating on her brain as on a drum.

During the next few minutes Helena was vaguely aware that Ishmael had come down from the pulpit; that the Reader was reciting prayers again; that the men on the crimson carpets were bowing, kneeling, prostrating themselves, and putting their foreheads to the floor; and, finally, that the whole congregation was rising and surging out of the mosque.

When she came to herself once more somebody by her side—it was Zenoab—was touching her shoulder and saying:—

"The master is in the courtyard, and he is calling for you. Come!"

The scene outside was even more tumultuous. Instead of the steady solemnity of the service within the mosque there were the tum-tumming of the drums, the screeling of the pipes, and the lu-luing of the women.

The great enclosure was densely crowded, but a space had been cleared in the centre of the courtyard, where the Ulema of Khartoum, in their grey farageeyahs, were ranged in a wide half-circle. In the mouth of this half-circle Gordon was standing in his Bedouin dress, with Ishmael by his side.

Silence was called, and then Ishmael gave Gordon his last instructions and spoke his last words of farewell.

"Tell our brothers, the Ulema of Cairo," he said, "that we are following close behind you, and when the time comes to enter the city we shall be lying somewhere outside



"SHE WANTED TO CRY OUT, AND IT WAS WITH DIFFICULTY SHE CONTROLLED HERSELF."

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their walls. Let them therefore put a light on their topmost height—on the minaret of the mosque of Mohammed Ali—after the call to prayers at midnight—and we shall take that as a sign that the Light of the World is with you, that the Expected One has appeared, and that we may enter in peace, injuring no man, being injured by none, without malice towards any and with charity to all."

Then, seeing Helena as she came out of the mosque, veiled and with her head down, he called on her to come forward.

"Now do as you have always designed and intended," he said. "Cover our friend and forerunner with the farda you have made for him, that until his work is done and the time has come to reveal himself he may, like the angel of the Lord, be invisible to his foes."

What happened after that Helena never quite knew—only that a way had been made for her through the throng of wild-eyed people and that she was standing by Gordon's side.

Down to that instant she had intended to bear herself bravely, for Gordon's sake if not for her own, but now a hundred cruel memories came in a flood to sap away her strength—memories of the beautiful moments of their love, of the little passages of their life together that had been so tender and so sweet. In vain she tried to recover the spirit with which he had inspired her in the morning, to think how much better it was that he should die gloriously than live in disgrace, to feel the justice, the necessity, the inevitableness of what he was going to do.

It was impossible. She could think of nothing but that she was seeing Gordon for the last time; that he was leaving her behind him among these Allah-intoxicated Arabs; that he was going away, not into battle—with its chance of victory and its hope of life—but to death, certain death, perhaps shameful death; and that—say what he would about Fate and Destiny or the will of God—she herself was sending him to his doom.

She felt that the tears were running down her cheeks under her thin white veil, and that Gordon must see them, but she could not keep them back, and, though she had promised not to break down, she knew that at that last moment, in the face of the death that was about to separate them, the dauntless heroine of the morning was nothing better now than a poor, weak, heart-broken woman.

Meantime the drums and the pipes and the lu-luing had begun again, and she was conscious that, under the semi-savage din, Gordon was speaking to her and comforting her.

"Keep up! Be brave! Nobody knows what may happen. I'll write. You shall hear from me again."

He had taken off the white farda which he had hitherto worn and she could see his face. It was calm—the calmest man's face in all that vast assembly.

The sight of his face strengthened her, and suddenly a new element entered into the half-barbaric scene—an element that was half human and half divine. These poor, half-civilized people thought Gordon was going to risk his life for them, but he was going to die—deliberately to die for them—to save them from themselves, from the consequences of their fanaticism, the panic of their rulers, and the fruits of the age-long hatred that had separated the black man from the white.

Helena felt her bosom heave, her nerves twitch, her fingers dig trenches in her palms, and her thoughts fly up to scenes of sacrifice which men talk of with bated breath.

"If he can do it, why can't I?" she asked herself, and, taking the red farda, which the Arab woman was thrusting into her hands, with a great effort she put it on to Gordon—over his head and under his chin, and across his shoulders and about his waist.

It was like clothing him for the grave.

Every eye had been on her, and when her work was done Ishmael, who was now weeping audibly, demanded silence, and called on the Ulema to recite the first Surah:—

"Praise be to God, the Lord of all creatures. . . ."

When the weird chanting had come to an end the hoarse voices of the people broke afresh into loud shouts of "Allah!" "Allah!" "El Hamdullillah!"

In the midst of the wild maelstrom of religious frenzy which followed, the tum-tumming of the drums, the screeling of the pipes, and the ululation of the women, Helena felt her hand grasped, and heard Gordon speaking to her again.

"Don't faint! Don't be afraid! Don't break down at the last moment!"

"I'm not afraid," she answered, but whether with her voice or only with her lips she never knew.

"God bless and protect you!" whispered the voice by her side.

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After that she heard no more. She saw the broad gate of the courtyard thrown open — she saw a long streak of blood-red sand outside—she saw Gordon turn away from her—she saw Ishmael embrace and kiss him—she saw the surging mass of hot and streaming black and brown faces close about him—and then a loud wind seemed to roar in her ears, the earth seemed to give way under her feet, the brazen sky seemed to reel about her head, and again she felt as if she were falling, falling, falling into a bottomless abyss.

When she recovered consciousness the half-barbaric scene was over, and she was being carried into the silence of her own room in the arms of Ishmael, who with many words of tender endearment was laying her gently on her bed.



"SHE WAS BEING CARRIED INTO THE SILENCE OF HER OWN ROOM IN THE ARMS OF ISHMAEL."

CHAPTER XXVII.

THAT day, under the two crackling flags, the Crescent and the Union Jack, Lady Mannering had given a party in the garden of the Palace of the Sirdar.

The physiognomy of the garden had changed since "the martyr of the Soudan" walked in it. Where scraggy mimosa bushes and long camel grasses had spurted up through patches of sand and blotches of cracking earth there were the pleasant lawns, the sycamores, the date trees, and the blue streams of running water. And where the solitary soldier, with his daily whitening head had paced to and fro with his face to the ground, smoking interminable cigarettes, there was a little group of officers of the military administration, with their charming wives and daughters, a Coptic priest, a Greek priest, a genial old Protestant clergyman, and a number of European visitors, chiefly English girls, wearing the lightest of white summer costumes and laughing and chattering like birds.

In pith helmets and straw hats, Lady Mannering's guests strolled about in the sunshine or drank tea at tables that were set under the cool shadow of spreading trees, while, at a little distance, the band of a black regiment—the Tenth Soudanese (sons and grandsons of the very men who, in the grey dawn of a memorable morning, had rushed in a wild horde into those very grounds for their orgy of British blood)—played selections from the latest comic operas of London and New York.

The talk was the same all over the gardens—of the new Mahdi and his doings.

"Married to an Indian princess, you say?"

"Oh, yes. Quite an emancipated person,

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too! A sort of thirty-second cousin of the Rani of Jhansi. It seems she was educated by an English governess, kicked over the traces, became a sort of semi-religious Suffragette, and followed her holy man to Egypt and the Soudan."

"How very droll! It is *too* amusing!"

The Sirdar, who had gone indoors some time before, returned to the garden dressed for a journey.

"Going away, your Excellency?"

"Yes, for a few weeks—to the lower Nile."

His ruddy, good-natured face was less bright than usual, and his manner was noticeably less buoyant. A few of his principal officials gathered about him and he questioned them one by one.

"Any fresh news, Colonel?" he said, addressing the Governor of the city.

"No, sir. A sort of sing-song to-day in honour of the Bedouin sheikh—that's all I hear about."

But the Financial Secretary spoke of further difficulties in the gathering of taxes—the land tax, the animal tax, and the tax on the date trees not having yet come in; and then the Inspector-General repeated an opinion he had previously expressed, that everything gave evidence of a projected pilgrimage, presumably in a northerly direction and almost certainly to Cairo.

The Governor of the city corroborated this, and added that his Zabtia, his police-officer, had said that Ishmael Ameer, on passing to the mosque that day, had been saluted in the streets by a screaming multitude as the "Messenger" and the "Anointed One."

"It's just as I say," said the Inspector-General. "These holy men develop by degrees. This one will hoist his flag as soon as he finds himself strong enough, unless we stop him before he goes farther and the Soudan is lost to civilization."

"Well, we'll see what Nuneham says," said the Sirdar, and at that moment his Secretary came to say that the launch was ready at the boat-landing to take him across the river to the train.

The Sirdar said good-bye to his guests, to his officers, and to his wife, and as he left the garden of the Palace the Soudanese band, sons of the Mahdi's men, played the number which goes to the words:—

> They never proceed to follow that light,
> But they always follow me.

Half an hour afterwards, while the Sirdar's black body-guard were ranged up on the platform of the railway station, and his black servant was packing his luggage in his compartment, the Governor-General was standing by the door of the carriage with his A.D.C., giving his last instructions to his General Secretary.

"Telegraph to the Consul-General and say . . . but please make a note of it."



"THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL WAS STANDING BY THE DOOR OF HIS CARRIAGE, GIVING HIS LAST INSTRUCTIONS TO HIS GENERAL SECRETARY."

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"Yes, sir," said the Secretary, taking out his pocket book and preparing to write

"Think it best to go down myself to deal personally with matter of suspected mutiny in native army. Must admit increasing gravity of situation. Man here is undoubtedly acquiring name and influence of Mahdi, so time has come to consider carefully what we ought to do. Signs of intended pilgrimage, probably in northerly direction, enormous numbers of camels, horses, and donkeys having been gathered up from various parts of country and immense quantities of food-stuffs being bought for desert journey Am leaving to-night and hope to arrive in four days"

"Four days," repeated the Secretary, as he came to an end

At that moment a tall man in the costume of a Bedouin walked slowly up the platform. His head and most of his face were closely covered by the loose woollen shawl which the sons of the desert wear, leaving only his eyes, his nose, and part of his mouth visible. As he passed the Sirdar he looked sharply at him; then, pushing forward with long strides until he came to the third-class compartments, he stepped into the first of them, which was full of coloured people, strident with high-pitched voices and pungent with Eastern odours.

"Who was that?" asked the Sirdar.

"I don't know, sir," replied the Secretary. "I thought at first it was their Bedouin sheikh, but I see I was mistaken."

Then came the whistle of the locomotive and its slow, rhythmic, volcanic throb. The guard saluted and the Sirdar got into his carriage.

"Well, good-bye, Graham! Don't forget the telegram."

"I'll send it at once. . . . In cipher, sir?"

"In cipher, certainly."

At the next moment the Sirdar and Gordon Lord, travelling in the same train, were on their way to Cairo.

(End of Second Book.)

THIRD BOOK:—The Coming Day.

CHAPTER I.

THE Consul-General had taken a firm grasp of affairs. Every morning his Advisers and Under-Secretaries visited him, and it seemed as if they could not come too often or say too much. He who rules the machine of State becomes himself a machine, and it looked as if Lord Nuneham were ceasing to be a man.

Within a week after the day on which he received Helena's letter he was sitting in his bleak library, walled with Blue-books, with the Minister of the Interior and the Adviser to the same department. The Minister was the sallow-faced Egyptian Pasha whom he had made Regent on the departure of the Khedive; the Adviser was a tall young Englishman with bright red hair, on which the red tarboosh sat strangely. They were discussing the "special weapon" which had been designed to meet special needs. The Consul-General's part of the discussion was to expound, the Adviser's was to applaud, the Minister's was to acquiesce.

The special weapon was a decree. It was to be known as the Law of Public Security, and it was intended to empower the authorities to establish a special tribunal to deal with all crimes, offences, and conspiracies committed or conceived by natives against the State. It was to be called at any time and in any place on the request of the Agent and the Consul-General of Great Britain; its sentences, which were to be pronounced forthwith, were not to be subject to appeal; and it was to inflict such penalties as it might consider necessary, including the death penalty, without being bound by the provisions of the penal code.

"And now tell me, Pasha," said the Consul-General, "how long a time will it take to pass this law through the Legislative Council and the Council of Ministers?"

The Pasha looked up out of his small, shrewd eyes and answered:—

"Just as long or as short as your lordship desires."

And then the Consul-General, who was wiping his spectacles, put them deliberately on to his nose, looked deliberately into the Pasha's face, and deliberately replied:—

"Then let it be done without a day's delay, your Excellency."

A few minutes afterwards, without too much ceremony, the Consul-General had dismissed his visitors and was tearing open a number of English newspapers which Ibrahim had brought into the room.

The first of them, the *Times*, contained a report of the Mansion House Dinner, headed

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"UNREST IN THE EAST. Important Speech by Foreign Minister."

The Consul-General found the beginning full of platitudes. Egypt had become the great gate between the Eastern and Western hemispheres. It was essential for the industry and enterprise of mankind that that gate should be kept open, and therefore it was necessary that Egypt should be under a peaceful, orderly, and legal Government.

Then, lowering the lights, the Minister had begun to speak to slow music. While it was the duty of the Government to preserve order, it was also the duty of a Christian nation in occupation of a foreign country to govern it in the interests of the inhabitants, and, speaking for himself, he thought the executive authority would be strengthened, not weakened, by associating the people with the work of government. However this might be, the public could at least be sure that as long as the present Ministry remained in power it would countenance no policy on the part of its representatives that would outrage the moral, social, and, above all, religious desires of a Moslem people.

The Consul-General flung down the paper in disgust.

"Fossils of Whitehall! Dunces of Downing Street!"

For some minutes he tramped about the room, telling himself again that he didn't care a straw what any Government and any Foreign Minister might say, because he had a power stronger than either at his back—the public.

This composed his irritated nerves, and presently he took up the other newspapers. Then came a shock. Without an exception, the journals accepted the Minister's speech as a remonstrance addressed to him, and, reading it so, they sympathized with it.

One of them saw that Lord Nuneham, however pure and beneficent his intentions might be, had no right to force his ideals upon an alien race. Another hinted that he was destroying England's prestige in her Mohammedan dominions, and, if permitted to go on, he would not only endanger the peace of Egypt, but also the safety of our Indian welfare. And a third, advocating the establishment of representative institutions, said that the recent arbitrary action of the Consul-General showed in glaringly disgraceful colours the faults of the one-man rule which we granted to the King's representatives, while we denied it to the King himself.

The great Proconsul was for some moments utterly shaken—the sheet-anchor of his public life was gone. But within half an hour he had called for his First Secretary and was dictating a letter to the Premier, who was also the Minister of Foreign Affairs.

"Having read the report of your lordship's speech at the Mansion House," he said, "I find myself compelled to tell you that so great a difference between your lordship's views and mine makes it difficult for me to remain in Egypt.

"I take the view that nine-tenths of these people are still in swaddling-clothes, and that any attempt to associate them with the work of government would do a grave injustice to the inarticulate masses for whom we rule the country.

"I also take the view that Egypt is honeycombed with agitators, who, masquerading as religious reformers, are sowing sedition against British rule, and that the only way to deal with such extremists is by stern repression.

"Taking these views and finding them at variance with those of your lordship, I respectfully beg to tender my resignation of the post of Agent and Consul-General, which I have held through so many long and laborious years, and at the same time to express the hope that my successor may be a man qualified by knowledge and experience of the East to deal with these millions of Orientals, who, accustomed for seven thousand years to the dictation of Imperial autocrats, are so easily inflamed by fanatics and yield so readily to the wily arts of spies and secret conspirators."

Having finished the dictating of his letter, the Consul-General asked when the next mail left for England, whereupon the Secretary, whose voice was now as tremulous as his hand had been, replied that there would be no direct post for nearly a week.

"That will do. Copy out the letter and let me have it to sign."

With a frightened look the Secretary turned to go.

"Wait! Of course, you will observe absolute secrecy about the contents of it."

With a tremulous promise to do so the Secretary left the room.

Then the Consul-General took up a calendar that had been standing on his desk and began to count the days.

"Five—ten—fifteen, and five days more before I can receive a reply—it's enough," he thought.

England's eyes would be opened by that time, and the public would see how much

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the Government knew about Egypt. Accept his resignation? They dare not! It would do them good, though—serve as a rebuke and strengthen his own hands for the work he had now to do.

What was that work? To destroy the man who had robbed him of his son.

CHAPTER II.

EARLY the next morning the Consul-General received a letter from the Princess Nazimah, saying she had something to communicate, and proposed to come to tea with him. At five o'clock she came, attended by sais, footmen, outriders, and even eunuch, but wearing the latest of Paris hats and the lightest of chiffon veils.

Tea was laid on the shady veranda overlooking the fresh verdure of the garden, with its wall of purple bougainvillea, and, thinking to set the lady at ease, the Consul-General had told Fatimah, instead of Ibrahim, to serve it. But hardly had they sat down when the Princess said, in French:—

"Send that woman away. I don't trust women. I'm a woman myself, and I know too much of them."

A few minutes afterwards she said, "Now you can give me a cigarette. Light it. That will do. Thank you!" Then, squaring her plump person in a large cane chair, she prepared to speak, while the Consul-General, who was in his most silent mood, composed himself to listen.

"I suppose you were surprised when this woman who blossomed out of a harem wrote to say that she was coming to take tea with you? Here she is, though; and now she has something to say to you."

Then puff, puff, puff from the scarlet lips, while the powdered face grew hard and the eyes, heavily shaded with kohl, looked steadfastly forward.

"I have always suspected it, but I discovered it for certain only yesterday. And where did I discover it? In my own *salon!*"

"What did you discover in your own *salon*, Princess?" asked the Consul-General, in his tired voice.

"Conspiracy!"

Trained as was the Consul-General's face to self-command, it betrayed surprise and alarm.

"Yes; conspiracy against you and against England."

"You mean, perhaps, that the man Ishmael Ameer . . ."

"Rubbish! Ishmael, indeed! He is in it, certainly. In a country like Egypt the holy man always is. Religion and politics are twins here—Siamese twins, you may say, for you couldn't get a slip of paper between them. . . . What's that? The



"YES; CONSPIRACY AGAINST YOU AND AGAINST ENGLAND."

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Mahdist movement political? Perhaps it was, but politics on the top of religion—the monkey on the donkey's back, you know. Always so in the East. The only way to move the masses is to make an appeal to their religious passions. *They* know that, and they've not scrupled to use their knowledge, the rascals! Rascals, that's what I call them. Excuse the word. I say what I think, Nuneham."

"*They?* Who are *they*, Princess?"

"The *Corps Diplomatique.*"

Again the stern face expressed surprise.

"Yes, the *Corps Dip-lo-ma-tique!*" with a dig on every syllable. "Half-a-dozen of them were at my house yesterday, and they were not ashamed to let me know what they are doing."

"And what *are* they doing, Princess?"

"Helping the people to rebel!"

Then, throwing away her cigarette, the Princess rose to her feet and, pacing to and fro on the veranda, with a firm tread that had little of the East and not much of the woman, she repeated the story she had heard in her *salon*—how Ishmael Ameer was to return to Cairo with twenty, thirty, forty thousand of his followers and some fantastic dream of establishing a human society that should be greater, nobler, wider, and more God-like than any that had yet dwelt on this planet; how the diplomats laughed at the ridiculous hallucination, but were nevertheless preparing to support it in order to harass the Government and dishonour England.

"But how?"

"By finding arms for the people to fight with if you attempt to keep their Prophet out! Ask your inspectors! Ask your police! See if rifles bought with foreign money are not coming into Cairo every day. They tell *me* because I'm a Turk, but a Turk need not be a traitor, so I'm telling you."

The iron face of the Consul-General grew white and rigid.

"Why don't you turn them all out? They are making nothing but mischief. The head of the idle man is the house of the devil, and the best way is to pull it down. Why not? Capitulations? Pooh! While the meat hangs above the dogs will quarrel below. Dogs, that's what I call them. Excuse the word. I speak what I think."

"And the Egyptians—what are they doing?"

"What are they always doing? Conspiring with your enemies to turn you out of the country on the ground that you are trampling on their religious liberty."

"Which of them?"

"All of them—pashas, people, effendis, officials, your own Ministers—everybody."

"Everybody?"

"Everybody! The stupids! They can't see farther than the ends of their noses, or realize that they would only be exchanging one master for fourteen. What would Egypt be then? A menagerie with all the gates of the cages open. Oh, I know! I say what I think. I'm their Princess, but they can take my rank to-morrow if they wish to."

A second cigarette was thrown away and a powder-puff and small mirror were taken from a silver bag that hung by the lady's wrist.

"But serve you right, you English! You make the same mistake everywhere. Education! Civilization! Judicial reform! Rubbish! The Koran tells the Moslem what to believe and what to do, so what does he want with your progress?"

The powder-puff made dabs at the white cheeks, but the lady continued to talk.

"Your Western institutions are thrown away on him. It's like a beautiful wife married to a blind husband—a waste!"

The sun began to set behind the wall of purple creeper, and the lady rose to go.

"No news of your Gourdan yet? No? He was the best of the bunch, and I simply lost my heart to him. You should have kept him more in hand, though. . . . You couldn't? You, the greatest man in . . . Well, there's something to say for the Eastern way of bringing up boys, it seems."

Hardly had the Consul-General returned to his library after the departure of the Princess, when his Secretary brought him a telegram from the Sirdar—the same that he had dictated at Khartoum—telling of the intended visit to Cairo, of the preparations for Ishmael's projected pilgrimage, and of the danger that was likely to arise from the growing belief in the Prophet's "divine" inspiration.

"So our friend is beginning to understand the man at last," he said, with an expression of bitter joy. "Meet him on his arrival. Tell him I have much to say."

That night, when the Consul-General went up to his bedroom—the room in which alone the machine became the man—he was thinking, as usual, of Gordon.

"Such power, such fire, such insight, such resource! My own son, too—and worth all the weaklings put together. Oh, that he could be here now—now, when every hand seems to be raised against his father! But

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where is he? What is he doing? Only God can say."

After that the Consul-General thought of Ishmael, and then the bitterness of his soul almost banished sleep. He had known from the first that the man could not be working alone; he had known, too, that some of England's allies were her secret enemies; but a combination of Eastern mummery with Western treachery was more than he had bargained upon.

"No matter! I'll master both of them," he thought.

A great historical tragedy should be played before the startled audience of disunited Europe, whose international jealousies were conspiring with religious quackeries to make the government of Egypt impossible, and when the curtain fell on that drama England would be triumphant, he would himself be vindicated, and the "fossils of Whitehall" would be ashamed.

Last of all, he thought of his Egyptian Ministers and colleagues. These were the ingrates he had made and worked with, but they were no fools, and it was difficult to understand why they were throwing in their lot with a visionary mummer who was looking for a millennium.

"I am at a loss to know what to think of a world in which such empty quackery can be supported by sane people," he thought.

There was one sweeter thought left, though, and as the Consul-General dropped off to sleep he told himself that, thanks to Helena, he would soon have Ishmael in his hands, and then he would kill him as he would kill a dangerous and demented dog.

CHAPTER III.

DURING the next few days the Consul-General was closely occupied. The Law of Public Security being promulgated, he called upon the Minister of the Interior to order the Commandant of Police to issue a warrant for the arrest of Ishmael Ameer.

"But where *is* Ishmael Ameer?" asked the Minister.

When this was reported to the Consul-General his stern face smiled, and he said:—

"Let him wait and see."

Early one morning his Secretary came to his room to say that the Sirdar had arrived from Khartoum and had gone on to head-quarters, but would give himself the pleasure of calling upon his lordship before long.

"Tell him it must be soon; there is much to do," said the Consul-General.

Later the same day the Commandant of Police came, with a knowing smile on his ruddy face, to say that the "Bedouin" had reached Cairo and that he had been followed to the Serai Fum el Khalig, the palace of the Chancellor of El Azhar, where he had already been visited by the Grand Mufti, some of the Ministers, certain of the Diplomatic Corps, and nearly the whole of the Ulema.

"Was he alone?" asked the Consul-General.

"Quite alone, your lordship. And now he is as safely in our hands as if he were already under lock and key."

"Good! What did you say his address was?"

"Serai Fum el Khalig."

"Palace Fum el Khalig," repeated the Consul-General, making a note on a marble tablet which stood on his desk.

Still later, very late, the Grand Cadi came with the same news. The suave old Moslem judge was visibly excited. His pale, lymphatic, pock-marked cheeks, his earth-coloured lips, his base eyes, and his nose as sharp as a beak gave him more than ever the appearance of a fierce and sagacious bird of prey. After exaggerated bows he began to speak in the oily, half-smothered voice of one who lives in constant fear of being overheard.

"Your Excellency will remember that when on former occasions I have had the inestimable privilege of approaching your honourable person in order to warn you that if you did not put down a certain Arab innovator the result would be death to the rule of England in Egypt, your Excellency has demanded proofs."

"Well?"

"I am now in a position to provide them."

"State the case precisely," said the Consul-General.

"Your Excellency will be interested to hear that a person of some consequence has arrived in Cairo."

Trained to self-control, the Consul-General conquered an impulse to say, "I know," and merely said, "Who is he?"

"He calls himself Sheikh Omar Benani, and is understood to be the wise and wealthy head of the great tribe of the Ababdah Bedouins, who inhabit the country that lies east of Assuan to the Red Sea."

"Well?"

"The man who calls himself Omar Benani is—Ishmael Ameer!"

At that the base eyes flashed up with a look of triumph, but the Consul-General's face remained immovable.

"Well?"

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"No doubt your Excellency is asking yourself why he comes in this disguise, and if your Excellency will deign to give me your attention I will tell you."

"I am listening."

"Ishmael Ameer pretends to be a reformer intent upon the moral and intellectual regeneration of Islam, and he preaches the coming of a golden age in which unity, peace, and brotherhood are to reign throughout the earth."

"Well?"

"With this ridiculous and impracticable propaganda he has appealed to many wild and ardent minds, so that a vast following of half-civilized people whom he has gathered up in the Soudan are to start soon—may have started already—for this city, which they believe to be the Mecca of the new world."

"Well?"

"Ishmael Ameer pretends to have come to Cairo in advance of his followers to prepare for that millennium."

"And what has he really come for?"

"To establish a political State."

Down to that moment the Consul-General had been leaning back in his chair in the attitude of one who was listening to something he already knew, but now he sat up sharply.

"Is this a fact?"

"It is a fact, your Excellency. And if your Excellency will once more deign to grant me your attention, I will put you in possession of a secret."

"Go on," said the Consul-General.

Instinctively the suave old judge drew his legs up on his chair and fingered his amber beads.

"Your Excellency will perhaps remember that owing to differences of opinion with the Khedive—may Allah bless him!—you were compelled to require that for a while he should leave the country."

"Well?"

"He went to Constantinople with the intention of laying his grievances against England before His Serenity the Sultan—may the Merciful give him long life!"

"Well?"

"The Sultan is a friend of England, your Excellency—the Khedive was turned away."

"And then?"

"Then he went to Paris, as your Excellency is probably aware."

"Well?"

"Perhaps your Excellency supposes that he occupied himself with the frivolities of the gay capital of France—dinners, theatres, dances, races? But no! He had two enemies now—England and Turkey, and he presumed to think he could punish both."

"How? In what way?"

"By founding a secret society for the conquest of Syria, Palestine, and Arabia, and the establishment of a great Arab Empire with himself as its Caliph and Cairo as its capital."

"Well? What happened?"

"Need I say what happened, your Excellency? By means of his great wealth he was able to send out hundreds of paid emissaries to every part of the Arabic world,



"THE MAN WHO CALLS HIMSELF OMAR BENANI IS—ISHMAEL AMEER."

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and Ishmael Ameer was the first of them."

The Consul-General was at length startled out of all his composure.

"Can you prove this?" he said.

"Your Excellency, if I say anything I can always prove it."

The Consul-General's brow grew more and more severe.

"And his name—his assumed name—what did you say it was?"

"Sheikh Omar Benani."

"Sheikh Omar Benani," repeated the Consul-General, making another note on his marble tablet.

"That is enough for the present," he said. "I have something to do to-night. I must ask your Eminence to excuse me."

After the Grand Cadi had gone—with many sweeping salaams, various oily compliments, and that cruel gleam in his base eyes which proceeds only from base souls—the Consul-General rang sharply for his Secretary.

"We have not yet made out our invitations for the King's Dinner; let us do so now," he said.

He threw a sheet of paper across the table to his Secretary, who prepared to make notes.

"First, the Diplomatic Corps—every one of them."

"Yes, my lord."

"Next, our Egyptian Ministers and the leading members of the Legislative Council."

"Yes, my lord."

"Next, the more prominent pashas and notables."

"Yes."

"Of course, our own people as usual; and finally . . ."

"Yes?"

"Finally, the Ulema of El Azhar."

The Secretary looked up in astonishment.

"Oh, I know," said the Consul-General. "They have never been invited before, but this is a special occasion."

"Quite so, my lord."

The Consul-General fixed his eyeglass and took up his marble tablet.

"In writing to the Chancellor of El Azhar at the Palace Fum el Khalig," he said, "enclose a card for the Sheikh Omar Benani."

"Sheikh Omar Benani."

"Say that, hearing that one so highly esteemed among his own people is at present on a visit to Cairo, I shall be honoured by his company."

"Yes, my lord."

"That will do. Good night!"

"Good night, my lord."

It was early morning before the Consul-General went to bed. The Grand Cadi's story, being so exactly what he wanted to believe, had thrown him entirely off his guard. It appeared to illuminate everything that had looked dark and mysterious—the sudden advent of Ishmael, the growth of his influence, the sending out of his emissaries, his projected pilgrimage, and the gathering up of camels and horses in such enormous quantities as even the Government could not have commanded in time of war.

It accounted for Ishmael's presence in Cairo, and his mission (as described by Helena) of drawing off the allegiance of the Egyptian Army. It accounted, too, for the treachery of the Ministers, pashas, and notables, who were too shrewd and too selfish (whatever the riff-raff of the Soudan might be) to risk their comfortable incomes for a religious chimera.

Yes, the Khedive's money and the substantial prospect of establishing a vast Arab empire, not the vague hope of a spiritual millennium, had been the power that worked these wonders.

It vexed him to think that his old enemy whom he had banished had been more powerful in exile than at home, and it tortured him to reflect that Ishmael had developed, with the religious malady of the Mahdi, his political mania as well.

But no matter! He would be more than a match for all these forces, and when his great historical drama came to be played before the eyes of astonished humanity it would be seen that he had saved, not England only, but Europe, and perhaps civilization itself.

Thus, for three triumphant hours, the Consul-General saw himself as a patriot trampling on the enemies of his country; but hardly had he left the library and begun to climb the stairs of his great, empty, echoing house, switching off the lights as he ascended and leaving darkness behind him, than the statesman sank back on the man—the broken, bereaved human being—and he recognised his motives for what they were.

A few minutes after he had reached his bedroom Fatimah entered it with a jug of hot water and found him sitting with his head in his hands, looking fixedly at the portrait in the silver frame of the little lad in an Arab fez.

"Ah! everybody loved that boy," she said. Whereupon the old man raised his head and dismissed her brusquely.

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"You ought to be in bed by this time—go at once," he said.

"Dear heart, so ought your lordship," said the Egyptian woman.

The Consul-General could dismiss Fatimah, but there was someone he could not get rid of—the manly, magnificent, heart-breaking young figure that always lived in his mind's eye, with its deadly-white face, its trembling lower lip, and its quivering voice which said: "General, the time may come when it will be even more painful to you to remember all this than it has been to me to bear it."

Where was he now? What was he doing? His son, his only son, all that was left to him!

There was only one way to lay that ghost, and the Consul-General did so by telling himself with a sort of fierce joy that wherever Gordon might be he must soon hear that Ishmael, in a pitiful and tricky disguise, had been discovered in Cairo, and then he would see for himself what an arrant schemer and unscrupulous charlatan was the person for whom he had sacrificed his life.

With that bitter-sweet thought the lonely old man forced back the tears that had been gathering in his eyes and went to bed.

CHAPTER IV.

Serai Fum el Khalig, Cairo.

MY DEAREST HELENA,—Here I am, you see, and I am not arrested, although I travelled in the same train with the Sirdar, met him face to face on the platform at Khartoum, again on the platform at Atbara, again on the landing-place at Shelal, and finally in the station at Cairo, where he was received on his arrival by his officers of the Egyptian Army, by my father's First Secretary, and by the Commandant of Police.

I was asking myself what this could mean, whether your black boy had reached his destination and if your letter had been delivered, when suddenly I became aware that I was being observed, watched and followed to this house, and by that I knew that in this land of mystery my liberty was to be allowed to me a little longer for reasons I have still to fathom.

This is the home of the Chancellor of El Azhar, and I have delivered Ishmael's letter announcing the change of plan whereby I have come into Cairo instead of himself, but I have pledged the good old man to secrecy on that subject, for the present at all events, giving him my confident assurance that in common with the best of the Ulema he is being wickedly deceived and made an innocent instrument for the destruction of his own cause.

My dear Helena, I was right. My vague suspicions of that damnable intriguer, the Grand Cadi, were justified. Already I realize that, after fruitless efforts to inveigle Ishmael into schemes of anarchical rebellion, it was he who conceived the conspiracy which has taken our friend by storm, in the form of a passive mutiny of the Egyptian Army. The accursed scoundrel knows well it cannot be passive, that somewhere and somehow it will break into active resistance, but that is precisely what he desires. As I told you, it is the old trick of Caiaphas over again, and that is the lowest, meanest, dirtiest thing in history.

Query, is he playing the same game with the Consul-General? I am sure he is, and when I think that England and my father may be in as much danger as Egypt and Ishmael from the man's devilish machinations, I am more than ever certain that Providence had a purpose in bringing me to Cairo, and I feel reconciled to the necessity of living here in this threefold disguise, being one thing to Ishmael, another to the Grand Cadi and Co., and a third to the Government and police. I feel reconciled, too, or almost reconciled, to the necessity of leaving you where you are, for the present at all events, although it rips me like a sword-cut as often as I think of it.

I have sent for Hafiz, and expect to hear through him what is happening at the Agency, but I am hoping he will not come until morning, for to-night I can think of nothing but ourselves. When I left you at Khartoum I felt that higher powers were constraining and controlling me, and that I was only yielding at last to an overwhelming sense of fatality. I thought I had made every possible effort, had exhausted every means, and had nothing to reproach myself with, but hardly had I got away into the desert when a hand seemed to grasp me at the back of my neck and to say, "Why did you leave her behind?"

In Ishmael's house and in that atmosphere of delirious ecstasy in the mosque it was easy to think it necessary for you to remain, or my purpose in going away must from the first be frustrated; but awakening in the morning in my native compartment, with men and boys lying about on sacks, the sandy daylight filtering through the closed shutters of the carriage and the train full of the fetid atmosphere of exhausted sleep, I could not help but protest to myself that at any cost whatever I should have found a way to bring you with me.

Thank God, if I have left you behind in that trying and false position, it is with no Caliph, no corrupt and concupiscent fanatic, but a man of the finest and purest instincts, who is too much occupied with his spiritual mission, praise the Lord, to think of the beautiful woman by his side, so I tell myself it was the will of Providence, and there is nothing to do now but to leave ourselves in the hands of fate.

Good night, dearest! D.V., I'll write again to-morrow.

II.

HAVE just seen Hafiz. The dear old fellow came racing up here at six o'clock this morning, with his big, round face, like the aurora borealis, shining in smiles and tears. Heavens, how he laughed and cried and swore and sweated!

He thought his letter about my mother's death had brought me back, and when I gave him a hint of my real errand he nearly dropped with terror. It seems that among my old colleagues in Cairo my reputation is now of the lowest, being that of a person who was bribed—God knows by whom—to do what I did. As a consequence it will go ill with me, according to Hafiz, if I should be discovered; but, as that is pretty certain to happen in any case, I am not too much troubled, and find more interest in the fact that your boy, Mosie, is staying at the Agency, and that consequently my father must have received your letter.

My dear Helena, my "mystic sense" has been right again. The Grand Cadi continues to pay secret visits to the Consul-General. That much Hafiz could say out of his intercourse with his mother, and it is sufficient to tell me that, by keeping a running sore open with my father, the scoundrel counts on

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destroying not only Ishmael but England, by leading her to such resistance as will result in bloodshed and thus dishonour her in the eyes of the civilized world and leave Egypt a cockpit in which half the foreign Powers will fight for themselves, no matter who may suffer.

What should I do? God knows! I have an almost unconquerable impulse to go straight to my father and open his eyes to what is going on. He is enveloped by intrigues and surrounded by enemies in high places—his Egyptian Ministers, the creatures of his own creation; some of the foreign diplomats, the European leeches who suck his blood while they pretend to be his friends; and above all this rascally Cadi, with his sleek face and double-sword game.

But what can I say? What positive fact can I yet point to? Will my father believe me if I tell him that Ishmael's following which is coming up to Cairo is not, as he thinks, an armed force? That the Grand Cadi and company are a pack of lying intriguers, each one playing for his own hand?

My dear Helena, where are you now, I wonder? What is happening to you? What occurred after I left Khartoum? These are the questions which, during half the day and nearly the whole of the night, are hammering, hammering, hammering on my brain. Ishmael was to follow me in a few days, so I suppose you are on the desert by this time.

It gives one a strange sensation, and is almost like seeing things from another state of existence, to be here in Cairo walking about unrecognised amid the familiar sights and hearing the gun fired from the Citadel every day; but the sharpest twinge comes of the hacking thought of where *you* are and what circumstances surround you. In fact, memory is always playing some devilish trick with me and raking up thoughts of the condition in which I found you in Khartoum.

Helena, my dear Helena, I have an immense faith in your strength and your courage. You are mine, mine, mine—remember that! *I* do—I have to—all the time. That is what sets me at ease in my dark hours and gives sleep, as the Arabs say, to my eyelids. For the rest, we must resign ourselves and continue to wait for the direction of fate. The fact that I was not arrested in the character of Ishmael immediately on my arrival in Cairo makes me think Hafiz may be right—that D.V., one way or another, God knows how, everything is working out for the best. So keep up heart, my poor old girl, and God bless you! GORDON.

P.S.—I'll hold this letter back until I think you must be nearing Assuan, and then send it (D.V.) by safe hands to be delivered to you there.

P.P.S.—I open my envelope to tell you of a new development! I am invited with the Chancellor of El Azhar to the Consul-General's dinner in honour of the King's Birthday. This in the character of Sheikh Omar Benani, who is, it seems, the chief of the tribe of the Ababdah, inhabiting the wild country between Assuan and the Red Sea.

What does it mean? One thing certainly—that, acting on the information contained in your letter, the authorities are mistaking me for Ishmael Ameer, and proposing some scheme to capture me. But why don't they take me without further ado?

Meantime, I am asking myself where the real Ishmael is and what he is doing now. Is the belief in his "divine" guidance increasing? Is he acquiring the influence of a Mahdi? If so, God help him!

But sit tight, my girl. Something good is going to happen to us. I feel it, I know it. All my love to you, Helena. Maa-es-salaams!

CHAPTER V.

Khartoum.

MY DEAR, DEAR GORDON.—Gone! You are actually gone! I can hardly believe it. It must be like this to awaken from chloroform after losing one's right hand, only it must be something out of my heart in this instance, for though I have not shed a tear since you went away, and do not intend to shed one, I have a wild sense of weeping in the desolate chambers of my soul.

Writing to you? Certainly I am. Gordon, do you know what you have done for me? You have given me faith in your "mystic senses," and by virtue of certain of my own I am now sure that you are not dead, and that you are not going to die, so I am writing to you out of the chaos that envelops me, having no one here to speak to, literally no one, and being at present indifferent to the mystery of what is to become of my letter.

It seems I fainted in the mosque after that wild riot of barbaric sounds, and did not come back to full consciousness until next morning, and then I found the Arab woman and the child attending on me in my room. Naturally I thought I might have been delirious, and I was in terror lest I had betrayed myself, so I asked what I had been saying in my sleep, whereupon Zenoab protested that I had said nothing at all, but Ayesha, the sweet little darling, said I had been calling upon the great White Pasha (meaning General Gordon), whose picture (his statue) was by the Palace gates. What an escape!

Of course, my first impulse was to run away, but at the next moment I saw that to do so would be to defeat your own scheme in going, and that, as surely as it had been your duty to go into Cairo, it was mine to remain in Khartoum. But, all the same, I felt myself to be a captive—as surely a captive as any white woman who was ever held in the Mahdi's camp—and it did not sweeten my captivity to remember that I had first become a prisoner of my own free will.

If I am a captive I am under no cruel tyrant, though, and Ishmael's kindness is killing me. I was certainly wrong about him in Cairo, and his character is precisely the reverse of what I expected.

The time has come for the people to start on their pilgrimage, but Ishmael insists upon postponing the journey until I am quite recovered. Meantime Zenoab is trying to make mischief, and to-day, when the door of my room was ajar, I heard her hinting to Ishmael that the White Lady was not really ill, but only pretending to be—a bit of treachery for which she got no thanks, being as sharply reproved as she was on the morning of your mother's letter.

That woman makes a wild cat of me. I can't help it—I hate her! Of course, I see through her, too. She is in love with Ishmael, and though I ought to pity her pangs of jealousy there are moments when I want to curse her religion, and the dawn of the day of her birth, and her mother and her grandmother.

There! You see I have caught the contagion of the country; but I am really a little weak and out of heart to-night, dear, so perhaps I had better say good night. Good night, my dearest!

II.

OH, dear! Oh, dear! I could not bear to play the hypocrite any longer, so I got up to-day and told Ishmael I was well, and therefore he must not keep back his pilgrimage any longer. Such joy! Such rejoicing! It would break my heart if I had any here, but, having sent all I possess to Cairo, I could do nothing but sit in the guest-room and look on at the last of the people's preparations for the desert

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journey—tents and beds being packed, and camels and horses and donkeys brought in to a continuous din of braying and grunting and neighing.

We are to start away to-morrow morning, and this afternoon, when that fact was announced to me, I was so terrified by the idea of being dragged over the desert like a slave that I asked Ishmael to leave me behind. His face fell, but—would you believe it?—he agreed, saying I was not strong enough to travel and Zenoab should stay to nurse me. At that I speedily repented of my request and asked him to allow me to go, whereupon his face lightened like a child's, and with joy he agreed again, saying the Arab woman should go to take care of me, for Ayesha was a big girl now and needed a nurse no longer. This was jumping out of the frying-pan into the fire, and I protested that I was quite able to look after myself, but, out of his anxiety for my health, Ishmael would not be gainsaid and the Arab woman said, "I'll watch over you like my eyes my sister." I am sure she will, the vixen!

III.

We have left Khartoum and are now on the desert. The day had not yet dawned when we were awakened by a tattoo of pipes and native drums—surely the weirdest sound in the darkness that ever fell on mortal ear, creeping into the pores and getting under the very skin. Then came a din, a roar, a clamour—the grunting and gurgling and braying of five thousand animals and as much shouting and bellowing of human tongues as went to the building of the tower of Babel.

The sun was rising and there was a golden belt of cloud in the eastern sky by the time we were ready to go. They had brought a litter on a dromedary for me, and I was almost the last to start. It was hard to part from the child, for though her sweet innocence had given me many a stab, and I felt sometimes as if she had been created to torture me, I had grown to love her, and I think she loved me. She stood as we rode away with a big tear ready to drop on to her golden cheek, and looked after me with her gazelle-like eyes. Sweet little Ayesha, creature of the air and the desert, I shall see her no more!

Crossing the Mahdi's open-air mosque at Omdurman, where we said morning prayers, we set our faces northward over the wild halfa grass and clumps of mimosa scrub, and as soon as we were out in the open desert with its vast sky I saw how gigantic was our caravan. The great mass of men and animals seemed to stretch for miles across the yellow sand.

We camped at sunset in the Wadi Bishara, the signal for the bivouac being the blowing of a great elephant's horn, which had a thrilling effect in that lonesome place. But more thrilling still was the effect of evening prayers, which began as soon as the camels and horses and donkeys had been unsaddled, and their gruntings and brayings and gurglings, as well as the various noises of humanity, had ceased.

The afterglow was flaming along the flat sand, giving its yellow the look of bronze, when all knelt with their faces to the East—Ishmael in front, with sixty or seventy rows of men behind him. It was really very moving and stately to see, and made me understand what was meant by somebody who said he could never look upon Mohammedans at prayers, and think of the millions of hearts which at the same hour were sending their great chorus of praise to God, without wishing to be a Moslem. I did not wish to be that, but, with the odious Arab woman always watching me, I found myself fingering my rosary and pretending to be a good Muslemeh, though in reality I was repeating the Lord's Prayer.

I must now try to sleep, so good night, dearest, and God bless you! I don't know what is to be the end of all this, or where I am to dispatch my letter, or when you are to receive it, but I am sure you are alive and listening to me—and what should I do if I could not talk to you?

HELENA.

CHAPTER VI.

Soudan Desert (somewhere).

IT is ten days, my dear Gordon, since I wrote my last letter, and there has never been an hour between when I dare pretend to this abomination of Egypt (she is now snoring on the angerib by my side, sweetheart) that I must while away an hour by writing in my "Journal."

Such a time! Boil and bubble, toil and trouble! Every morning before daybreak the wild peal of the elephant's horn, then the whole camp at prayers with the rising sun in our faces, then the striking of tents and the ruckling, roaring, gurgling, and grunting of camels, which resembles nothing so much as a styful of pigs *in extremis;* then twelve hours of trudging through a forlorn and lifeless solitude with only a rest for the midday meal; then the elephant's horn again and evening prayers, with the savage sun behind us, and then settling down to sleep in some blank and soundless wilderness—such is our daily story.

My goodness, Ishmael is a wonderful person! But all the same, the "divine" atmosphere that is gathering about him is positively frightening. I suspect Black Zogal of being the author and "only begetter" of a good deal of this idolatry. He gallops on a horse in front of us, crying, "There is no god but God!" and "The Messenger of God is coming!" with the result that crowds of people are waiting for Ishmael at every village, all eager to entertain him, to open their secret granaries to feed his followers, or at least to kiss the hem of his caftan.

Every day our numbers increase, and we go off from the greater towns to the beating of copper war-drums, the blowing of antelope horns, and sometimes to the cracking of rifles. It is all very crude in its half-savage magnificence, but it is almost terrifying, too, and the sight of this emotional creature, so liable to spasms of religious ecstasy, riding on his milk-white camel through these fiercely fanatical people like a God, makes one tremble to think of the time that will surely come when they find out, and *he* finds out, that after all he is nothing but a man.

What sights! what scenes! The other day there was a fearful sandstorm, in which a fierce cloud came sweeping out of the horizon, big with flame and wrath, and it fell on us like a mountain of hell. As long as it lasted the people lay flat on the sand, or crouched under their kneeling camels, and when it was over they rose in the dead blankness with the red sand on their faces and sent up, as with one voice, a cry of lamentation and despair. But Ishmael only smiled and said, "Let us thank God for this day, O my brothers," and when the people asked him why, he answered, "Because we can never know anything so bad again."

That simple word set every face shining, and as soon as we reached the next village—Black Zogal, as usual, having gone before us—lo, we heard a story of how Ishmael had commanded a sand-storm to pass over our heads without touching us—and it had!

Another day we had stifling heat, in which the glare of the sand made our eyes to ache and the air to burn like the breath of a furnace. The water in the water-bottles became so hot that we dare not pour it on to the back of our hands, and even some of the camels dropped dead under the blazing heat.

And when at length the sun sank beneath the

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horizon and left us in the cool dark night, the people could not sleep for want of water to bathe their swelling eyelids and to moisten their cracking throats, but Ishmael walked through their tents and comforted them, telling them it was never intended that man should always live well and comfortably, yet God, if He willed it, would bring them safely to their journey's end.

After that the people lay down on the scorching sand as if their thirst had suddenly been quenched, and next day, on coming to the first village, we heard that, in the middle of a valley of black and blistered hills, Ishmael smote with his staff a metallic rock that was twisted into the semblance of a knotted snake, and a well of ice-cold water sprang out of it, and everybody drank of it and then "shook his fist at the sun."

Good night, my dear dear! Oh, to think that all this wilderness divides us! But *ma'aleysh!* In another hour I shall be asleep and then—then I shall be in your arms.

II.

Oh, my! Oh, my! Two incidents have happened to-day, dearest, that can hardly fail of great results. Early in the morning we came upon the new convict settlement—a rough-bastioned place built of sun-dried bricks in the middle of the Soudan desert. It contains the hundred and fifty notables who were imprisoned by the special tribunal for assaults on the Army of Occupation when they were defending the house of your friend the Grand Cadi. How Ishmael discovered this I do not know, but what he did was like another manifestation of the "mystic sense."

Stopping the caravan with an unexpected blast of the elephant's horn, he caused ten rows of men to be ranged around the prison, and after silence had been proclaimed he called on them to say the first Surah: "Praise be to God, the Lord of all creatures."

It had a weird effect in that lonesome place, as of a great monotonous wave breaking on a bar far out at sea, but what followed was still more eerie. After a breathless moment, in which everybody seemed to listen and hold his breath, there came the deadened and muffled sound of the same words repeated by the prisoners within the walls: "Praise be to God, the Lord of all creatures."

When this was over Ishmael cried, "Peace, brothers! Patience! The day of your deliverance is near! The Redeemer is coming! All your wrongs will be righted, all your bruises will be healed! Peace!"

And then there came from within the prison walls the muffled answer, "Peace!"

The second of the incidents occurred about midday, when, crossing a lifeless waste of gloomy volcanic sand, we came upon a desert graveyard, with those rounded hillocks of clay which make one think that the dead beneath must be struggling in their sleep.

At a word from Ishmael all the men of our company who belonged to that country stepped out from the caravan, and, riding round and round the cemetery, shouted the names of their kindred who were buried there: "Ali!" "Abdul!" "Mohammed!" "Mahmud!" "Said!"

After that Ishmael himself rode forward, and, addressing the dead as if they could hear, he cried: "Peace to you, O people of the graves! Wait! Lie still! The night is passing! The daylight dawns!"

It was thrilling! Strange, simple, primitive, crude in its faith, perhaps, but such love and reverence for the dead contrasted only too painfully with the vandalism of our "Christian" vultures (yclept Egyptologists), who rifle the graves of the old Egyptians for their jewels and mummy beads, and then leave their bones in tons to bleach on the bare sand.

But, my dear Gordon, I quite expect to find at the next stopping-place a story of how Ishmael recited the Fatihah and the walls of a prison fell down before him, and how he spoke to the dead and they replied.

III.

It has happened! I knew it would! I have seen it coming and it has come—without any help from Black Zogal's crazy imagination either. There was only one thing wanted to complete the faith of these people in Ishmael's "divinity," a miracle, and it has been performed!

I suppose it really belongs to the order of things that happen according to natural law—magnetism, suggestion, God knows what—but my pen positively jibs at recording it, so surely will it seem as if I had copied it out of a Book I need not name.

This afternoon our vast human tortoise was trudging along, and a halt was being called to enable stragglers to come up, when a funeral procession crossed our track on its way to a graveyard on the hillside opposite.

The sheikh of a neighbouring village had lost his only child, a girl twelve years of age, and behind the blind men chanting the Koran, the hired mourners with their plaintive wail, and the body on a bare board, the old father walked in his trouble, rending his garments and tearing off his turban.

It was a pitiful sight, and when the mourners came up to Ishmael and told him the sheikh was a God-fearing man who had not deserved this sorrow I could see that he was deeply moved, for he called on the procession to stop, and, making his camel kneel, he got down and tried to comfort the old man, saying, "May the name of God be upon thee!"

Then, thinking, as it seemed to me, to show sympathy with the poor father, he stepped up to the bier and took the little brown hand which, with its silver ring and bracelet, hung over the board, and held it for a few moments while he asked when the child had died and what she had died of, and he was told she had died this morning and the sun had killed her.

All at once I saw Ishmael's hand tremble and a strange contraction pass over his face, and at the next moment, in a quivering voice, he called on the bearers to put down the bier. They did so, and at his bidding they uncovered the body, and I saw the face. It was the face of the dead! Yes, the dead, as lifeless and as beautiful as a face of bronze.

At the next instant Ishmael was on his knees beside the body of the girl, and asking the father for her name. It was Helimah.

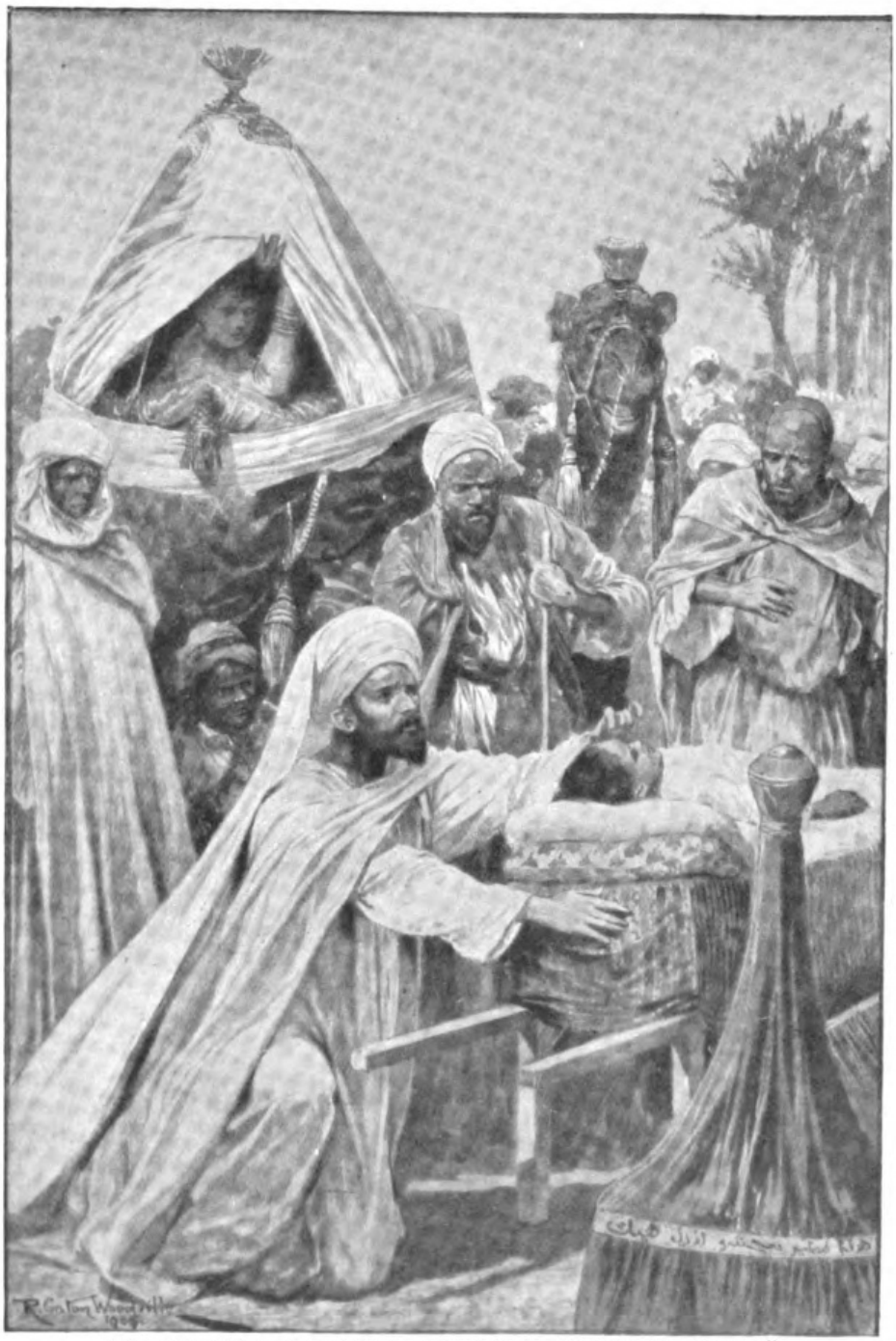
"Helimah! Your father is waiting for you! Come!" said Ishmael, touching the child's eyes and smoothing her forehead, and speaking in a soft, caressing voice.

Gordon, as I am a truthful woman I saw it happen. A slight fluttering of the eyelids, a faint heaving of the bosom, and then the eyes were open, and at the next moment the girl was standing on her feet!

God, what a scene it was that followed! The sheikh on his knees, kissing the hem of Ishmael's caftan, the men prostrating themselves before him, and the women tearing away the black veils that covered their faces and crying, "Blessed be the woman that bore you!"

It has been what the Arabs call a red day, and at that moment the setting sun catching the clouds of dust raised by the camels made the whole world one brilliant fiery red. What wonder if these poor, benighted people thought the Lord of Heaven himself had just come down?

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"HELIMAH! YOUR FATHER IS WAITING FOR YOU! COME!"

We left the village loaded with blessings (Black Zogal galloping frantically in front), and when we came to the next town—Berber, with its miles of roofless mud-huts, telling of dervish destruction—crowds came out to salute Ishmael as the "Guided One," "the true Mahdi," and the "Deliverer," bringing their sick and lame and blind for him to heal them and praying of him to remain.

Oh, my dear Gordon, it is terrifying! Ishmael is no longer the messenger, the forerunner; he is now the Redeemer he foretold. I believe really *he* is beginning to believe it! This is the pillar of fire that is henceforth to guide us on our way. Already our numbers are three times what they were when we left Khartoum. What is to happen when thirty thousand persons, following a leader they believe to be divine, arrive in Cairo and are confronted by five thousand British soldiers?

No! It is not bloodshed I am afraid of—I know *you* will prevent that. But what of the awful undeceiving, the utter degradation, the crushing collapse?

And I? Don't think me a coward, Gordon—it isn't everybody who was born brave like you—but when I think of what I have done to this man, and how surely it will be found out that I have betrayed you, I tell myself that the moment I touch the skirts of civilization I must run away.

But meantime our pilgrimage is moving on—to its death, as it seems to me—and I am moving on with it as a slave—the slave of my own actions. If this is Destiny it is wickedly cruel, I will say that for it, and if it is God I think He might be a jealous God without making the blundering impulse of one poor girl the means of wrecking the hopes of a whole race of helpless people. Of course, it acts as a sop to my conscience to remember what you said about God never making mistakes, but I cannot help wishing that in His inscrutable wisdom He could have left me out.

Oh, my dear dear! Where are you now, I wonder? What are you doing? What is being done *to* you? Have you seen your father, the Princess, and the Grand Cadi? I suppose I must not expect news until we reach Assuan. You promised to write to me, and you will—I know you will. Good night, dearest! My love, my love, my only love! But I must stop. We are to make a night journey. The camp is in movement and my camel is waiting. Adieu!

HELENA.

(*To be continued.*)

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A NEW ILLUSION. What is its Scientific Explanation?

By JAMES FRASER,

Deputy Medical Superintendent, Central London Sick Asylum.

IN the March number of THE STRAND MAGAZINE there appeared among the "Curiosities" a block (which will be found reproduced, marked Fig. 6, on the following page) representing the word "Life," wherein the letters appear to be tilted at different angles to the perpendicular, instead of being, as they really are, absolutely upright. The publication of this illusory figure, which along with others of the same character were first described by me in a paper in the *British Journal of Psychology* for January, 1908, led to a request from the Editor of THE STRAND MAGAZINE that I should write a short article on such illusions, and the following pages are the result.

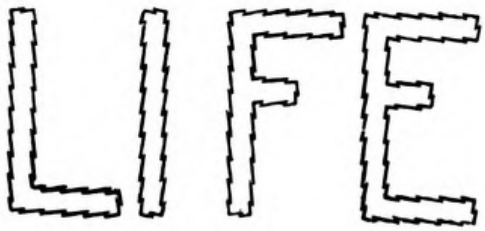


FIG. 1.



FIG. 2.

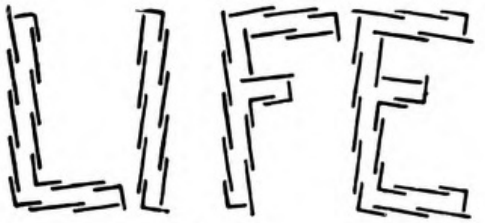


FIG. 3.

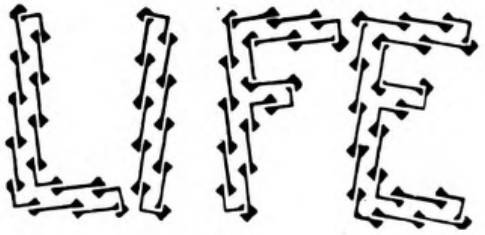


FIG. 4.

In almost all previously-published illusions of direction the lines or bands employed are uninterrupted and uniform in character throughout their length, but in the illusion of direction now to be described each band is made up of visibly separate similar parts, all inclined at the same small angle to the line of direction of the series to which they belong. Such constituent parts may be conveniently termed units of direction. This arrangement will be quite clearly understood by a glance at Fig. 1, where the small lines or units give the letters the appearance of having a zigzag outline. In this case the illusion of tilted letters is absent, but appears when the figure is magnified. Let us now separate the units from each other by taking away each alternate one, as in Fig. 2. The illusion at once appears. It increases in Fig. 3, where the lines are overlapped at their extremities. In Fig. 4 a small triangle is added at the end of each of these units, when the illusion increases somewhat. In Fig. 5 the small square which is formed by each pair of these triangles has been multiplied so as to form a background of black chequers. In Fig. 6 grey squares are added to this background in such a way as to produce a plaid or tartan pattern. This latter form of background produces the maximum amount of illusion. In Figs. 6 and 7 the small composing lines, or units, are, it will be observed, alternately white and black.

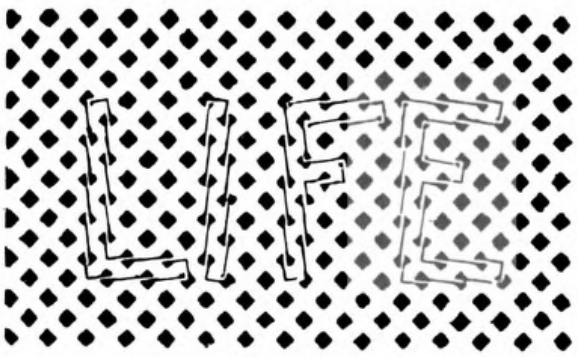


FIG. 5.

The word "Life," reproduced here and on the following page in letters of different forms, shows the illusion increasing in amount by successive stages from 1 to 6.

Before passing on to a consideration of the circular figures, it may be worth while to describe a method by which the sceptic may easily satisfy himself as to the correctness of what has just been stated. Let him place a piece of

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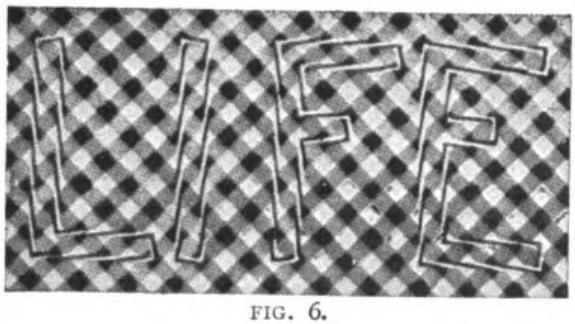


FIG. 6.

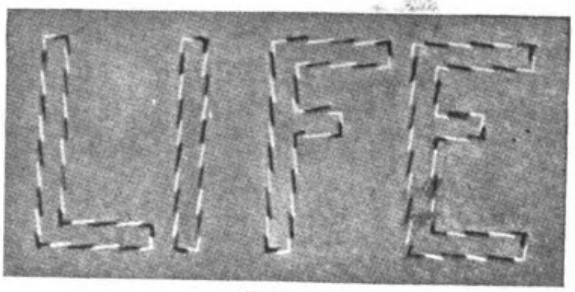


FIG. 7,
Giving a smaller amount of the illusion than Fig. 6, represents the twisted cord on a plain grey background.

tracing paper over Fig. 1 and trace in fairly thick *straight* strokes the outlines of the four letters. He will then have the word "Life" drawn in letters the uprightness of which is beyond doubt. If he now places this tracing over each of the remaining six examples, he will find that every letter stands perfectly upright.

For the sake of clearness it will be found

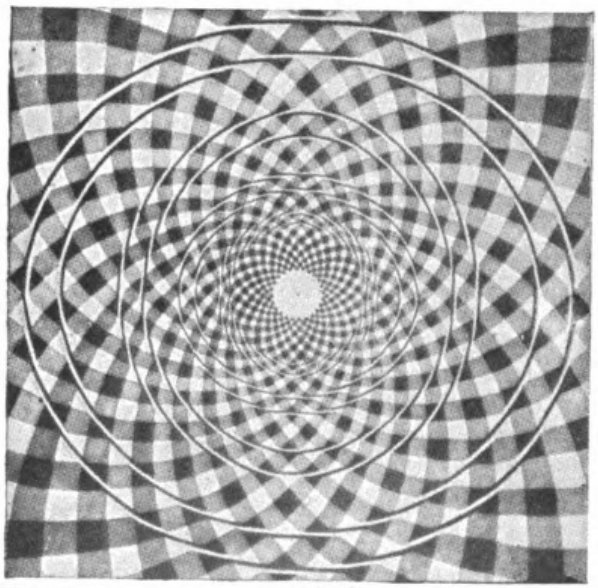


FIG. 8.

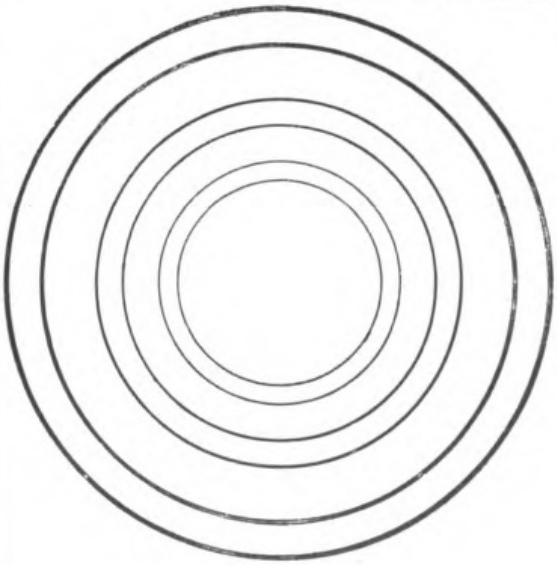


FIG. 9

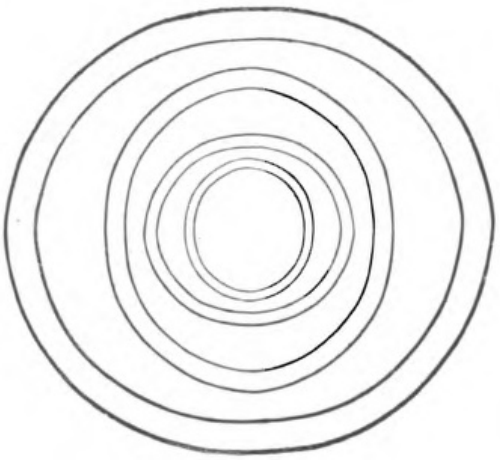


FIG. 10.

The rings in Fig. 8 are perfect circles, as in Fig. 9, though by being placed on the chequered background they appear to take the form shown in Fig. 10.

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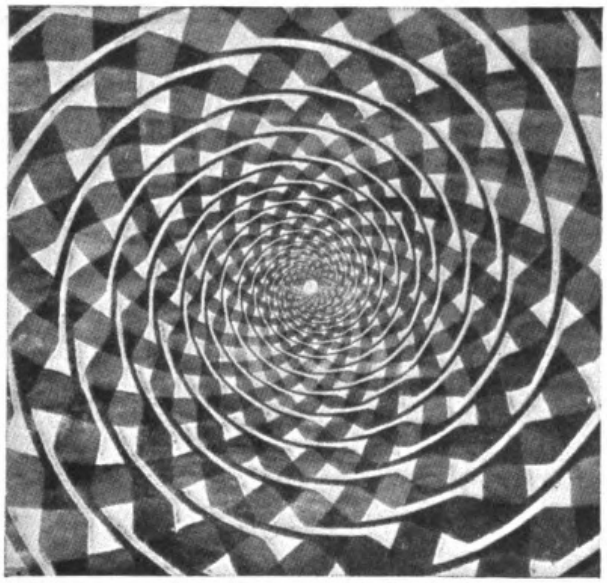


FIG. 11.

In the above figure the illusion that a black and white cord is placed in the form of a spiral is so strong that it is almost impossible to believe that the figure is made up of separate circles.

convenient, where the lines consist of alternate black and white sections or units, to regard each complete line as representing a cord consisting of two strands, black and white, twisted together. This arrangement will be referred to as the twisted cord. Figs. 6 and 8, and Figs. 11 to 16, may be considered as made up of pieces of such twisted cord laid upon a chequered background. In Fig. 7 the pieces of twisted cord are laid upon a plain uniform background of grey.

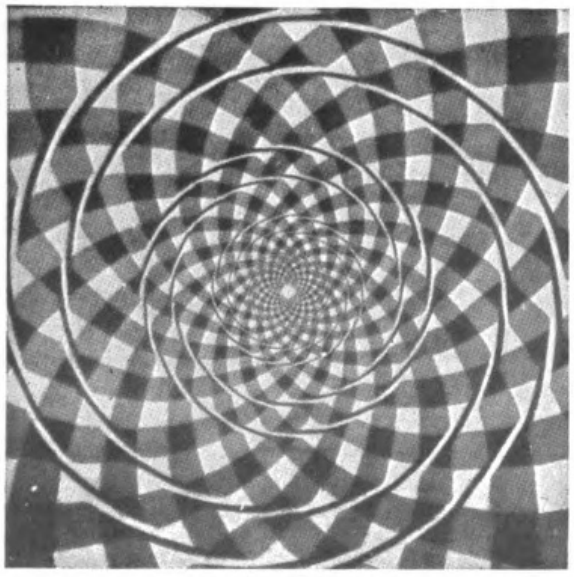


FIG. 12.

The illusion in Fig. 12 is similar to that in Fig. 11, though the placing of the circles in pairs gives them somewhat the effect of the spiral curve seen on many forms of shell-fish.

Let us now take a background made up of chequers diminishing in size as they approach the centre, as is shown in Fig. 8. Upon this background let us lay in perfect circles pieces of our twisted cord from without inwards, so that we have a series of concentric circles. These cords must, of course, diminish in thickness in the same proportion as the chequers diminish in size. The illusion gives these circles the form drawn in Fig. 10.

It will be observed that the chequers are so divided by the strands of cord which pass across them as to form triangles at the ends of each section of the strand, whether black or white, after the manner represented in Fig. 4.

The exact form of the illusion which

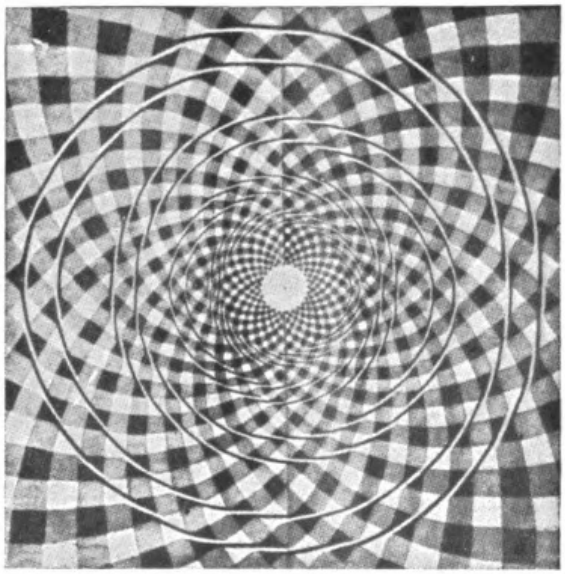


FIG. 13.

Here again the cords are placed in perfect circles, though appearing to pursue most fantastic curves.

will be obtained by placing our twisted cord on the chequered background will vary according to the direction in which the black and white portions or units cut across the chequers. In Fig. 11 the eye is deluded into the belief, which it is almost impossible to refute without experiment, that it is looking upon one or more cords laid in spiral form. Yet we have here, as before, only perfect circles of cords placed one inside the other. The reader may test this for himself in a moment with a pair of compasses, or, still more simply, by laying the point of a pencil on any portion of the cord and following it round, when, instead of approaching or receding from the centre in a continuous line, as he would do in the case of a spiral, he will find the pencil simply

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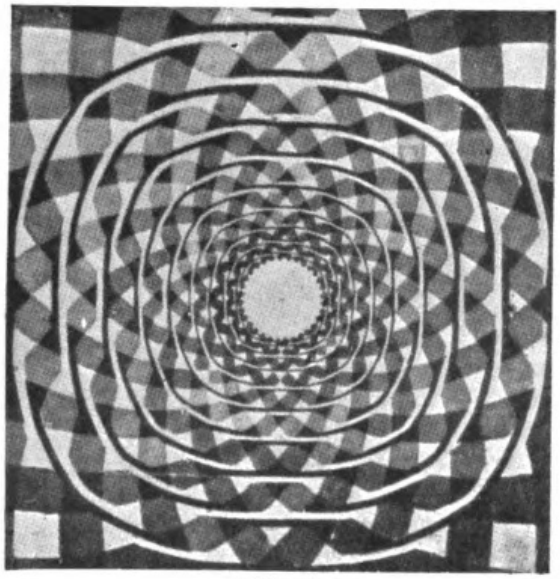


FIG. 14.

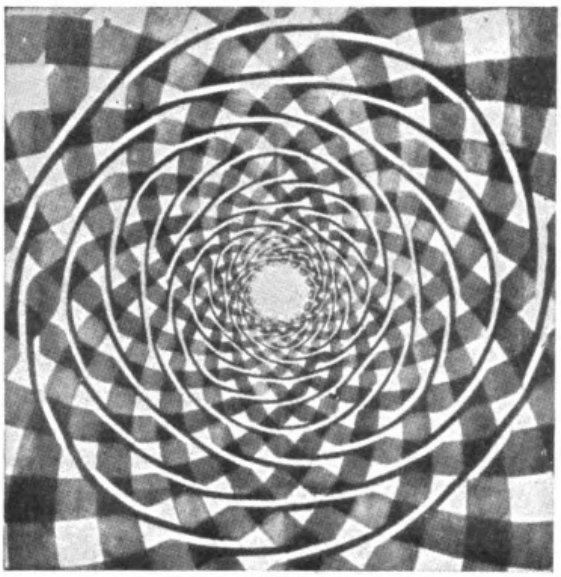


FIG. 15.

Both these distorted figures are pure illusions as in each case the cords are placed in perfect circles on the chequered background.

returning to the point from which it started. Fig. 12, where pairs of curves appear to follow opposing directions, bears a strong likeness to the spiral curve seen on the shells of snails and many kinds of shell-fish. In Fig. 13 the four pairs of curves run also apparently in opposing directions, and are of indefinite unnamable form. In Fig. 14 the circles are "squared." In Fig. 15 the circles present a confusing tangle. In Fig. 16 straight pieces of cord stretching across a chequered background appear to be bent in a marked degree.

Certain points of interest may be noted in connection with the illusion:—

(1) In examining the figures which have a chequer-work background of black, white, and grey, the illusion will be found to change in character as the result of changes in the size or distance of the figure. On the whole, the amount of the illusion increases as the figure is magnified or viewed nearer. As the figure is diminished in size, or viewed farther off, the letters or curves tend to break up into their constituent fragments or units (producing a streaky overlapping appearance), but so long as the letters or curves are distinctly recognizable as such on their background the illusion is still present. These facts can be appreciated also by examining the curves of the circular figures from the circumference towards the centre, or vice versa. The smaller the size of the parts, it will be found, the more the curves tend to break up into their constituent units. In these respects the illusion differs from other optical illusions.

(2) In Figs. 2 to 7 and in Fig. 16 the illusion tends to be increased by regarding the figure from the side or by putting the figure into an oblique position by turning the page through one-eighth of a circle in the plane of the paper. In this respect the illusion resembles some other optical illusions.

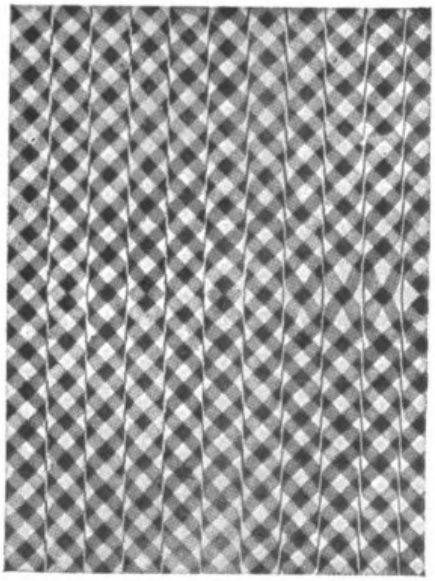


FIG. 16.

The ten pieces of cord shown above are stretched in parallel lines, though they appear to be bent in a marked degree.

(3) On fixing the vision steadily for some little time on any point in any of the figures the illusion does not tend to diminish or disappear, as is the case with some optical illusions.

Such, briefly, is the nature of the phenomenon which I have ventured to name "The Unit of Direction Illusion." It is shown in its simplest naked form in Fig. 2. No explanation of the why and wherefore of such strange results from such simple arrangements of black and white or of black, white, and grey has as yet been offered. Is it possible that the ingenuity of the readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE may evolve a theory to explain them?

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THE PILLAR OF FIRE.

By HERMAN SCHEFFAUER.

DMITRI KORINSKI, the assistant engineer, gazed out through the windows of the engine-room into the spacious yard of the Cyclops Steel Works. In his hand he held a torn envelope. Before him, like a tapering tower, rose the huge brick smoke-stack, thrusting its grey, rolling billows into the heavens. The chimney stood free in the centre of the court and communicated by an underground duct with the furnace-room. Its shadow fell directly towards Korinski across the sunny ground and darkened the window at which he stood. Masons were at work repairing or altering the broad base. Part of this had been cut away and jack-screws temporarily supported the immense superincumbent weight.

Dmitri Korinsky was sunk in desperate thought. Though few suspected it, he was an apostle of Anarchy—from Novgorod—one whose work in the Brotherhood consisted more in thought than in action. His violent words burned like fire in many a publication devoted to the Cause. Some fatal warp or kink in his destiny had turned awry the currents of his human sympathies and caused him to embrace the wild red creed of Chaos. He had become a volcano of torrential eloquence; his writings were winged with lightnings and seared like molten lava. He deemed it ignoble to accept pay for them, so he supported himself through his knowledge of mechanics. Although he was so potently the spring of action in others, yet he had been twitted by some of his rasher colleagues.

"All words and no deeds," they said; "all mouth and no hands."

These words had rankled and festered in little Korinski's heart. He resolved that some day he would show them that the man of thought was greater than the man of action—that he could act as well as think and write. Five years ago persecution had driven him to hospitable England, where he had obtained this post as assistant engineer. Faithful and industrious had he been in the service of the Cyclops Works, yet for all that he had been discharged! The directors wished to reduce expenses, and he had been given a week's notice. Mallon, his chief, had been very friendly with him.

"I'll see what I can do to keep you on," Mallon had said.

Yet here lay the final discharge in his hand—cold, brief, pitiless. It was signed by two directors. Korinski's heart was like a flaming coal within him; his blood tore like poison through his veins. It was the old story—the rich against the poor, the powerful against the helpless! Against the helpless! Was he so very helpless, then? No; his time for action had come. He would vindicate, nay, glorify, himself in the eyes of his colleagues; they would see! At the thought his small, black eyes glittered like agates, his swarthy cheeks flushed with darkling fire, and his coal-black hair seemed to bristle. In his under-sized, ill-shapen body he now felt the strength of many men. But the means—the means! He scorned the common methods of the fraternity—the brutal, erratic bomb, the cowardly dagger, the uncertain revolver, strange to his hand. His plans, once perfected, would display some originality, some stroke of his master-genius. He would become a Brutus in the Cause.

A party of some seven men crossed the yard without. They wore frock-coats and silk hats.

"The directors!" muttered Korinski.

They passed between him and the great brick chimney. As they traversed its shadow a strange, hideous thought leaped into Korinski's mind. If only the chimney might fall and crush them! If only, by pulling upon a lever or pressing upon a button, he might cause that lofty pillar of brick to topple over on these his enemies! They were going to the company's offices, these elegant men of wealth—these gentlemen—who had discharged him. Gentlemen! Unto whom were they gentle? Unto themselves? To their women-folk? Surely not to him! They laughed and jested. Their well-fed bodies, contented faces, and fine clothes were the very opposite extremes of all that fell to him. In a few days he would again be a weary, homeless wanderer in search of work. The seven men were going to the monthly meeting in the small building to the right of the engine-house. The eyes of the Russian followed them with a baleful malevolence. He clenched his hands.

"They fear nothing but force," he muttered to himself; "they are armoured with gold

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against the law as we are with fire, but force they fear."

At noon Korinski wandered aimlessly about the sunny yard. He passed by the foot of the tall chimney. About half of the base was cut away, but the enormous weight of the overhang was sustained by powerful steel jack-screws. These were set some distance apart. The chimney stood like a tree into which the axe had cut half way. Steel cables lay along the ground, half buried beneath broken brick, earth, and mortar. They had been used for bracing the chimney before the screws were put in place. All this Korinski observed in a mechanical fashion. His mind was brooding darkly upon his wrongs and his revenge.

He approached the building where the directors were assembled. As he passed by its rear, he glanced up at the windows of the committee-room. High above the roof he saw the mighty shaft of the chimney soaring into the air. Its shadow had moved far since that morning and now fell across the low building before him. The stack, the offices, and the engine-room formed the points of an equilateral triangle. Korinski seemed seized with a sudden inspiration. A satanic smile spread over his dark visage; an evil joy shone in his eyes. He strode carelessly back into the yard. With deliberate steps he measured off the distance between the offices and the base of the chimney.

"One hundred and ninety-seven feet," he said, in a whisper. "What is the height of the stack?" he inquired casually of a mason eating his lunch in the shade.

"She was two hundred and thirty feet when we built her five year ago," answered the man, "and I'm not thinking she's shrunk any since. She's the highest in all the Midlands. We that built her calls her Big Moll."

"I call it Moloch—a monster!" burst forth the Russian passionately. "You—we are the slaves they fling and feed to it—we are the fuel—fools that——"

The man stared. Korinski checked himself and resumed in a milder tone:—

"Two hundred and thirty feet. It's a very high stack. The tallest I ever saw before was at Odessa. That was not nearly so high. Those screws look rather light—for all that weight," he added, pointing to the two jacks. "What if they should give way?"

"Oh, they're chilled steel," replied the brickmason, "and they'll carry a thousand ton to the square inch."

"But if they should give way?" asked Korinski.

"Well, if this one broke, over Big Moll would go right on to that little building yonder; if that one broke, the engine-house over there would be smashed flatter'n sheet-iron."

The man spoke true. If the screw to the right gave way, the entire mass of the gigantic chimney would be hurled down directly in a line with the company's offices. On the other hand, the collapse of the screw on the left would precipitate the stack in the direction of the engine-house. Korinski closely observed every detail of the construction and the method of support. That night he was to be on duty alone in the engine-room. That night, likewise, an extra meeting was to be held by the directors—no doubt to discharge other employés, or to cut down in their remorseless way the wretched wages they were paying the men. But now he held them in his hands; their lives and their destinies were subject unto him. A sense of majestic power possessed him. His little crooked frame seemed to expand with the thought of his victory, his vindication, and his revenge.

That afternoon Korinski was off duty. He climbed a neighbouring hill from which he could see the various buildings of the ironworks spread out below him. Only the shaft of the great stack rose somewhat higher than the hill. It still poured forth its dense volumes of smoke. They rolled away across the blue heavens and wove long, drifting shadows over the landscape.

"It's a cloud of smoke by day, a pillar of fire by night," murmured the man from Novgorod, "to lead me on. It is the monument of my revenge. Who of all the Brotherhood will ever have struck a blow like this? The dolts must learn that brains, and not bombs and bludgeons, count in our work!"

He shook his fist towards the pretty little building where the directors met. He saw the roof of his own comfortable engine-room and recalled that in a few days it would shelter him no more. Well, much might happen in a week, in a day, in an hour! That evening at six he must be at his post again. Mallon, the chief engineer, had his night off.

All the afternoon he sat on the grass covered hill, his legs doubled under his chin, his eyes fixed upon the buildings below. There he crouched like some deformed gargoyle, or like a vulture watching his prey from some mountain scarp — a demon plotting the

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"THERE HE CROUCHED LIKE SOME DEFORMED GARGOYLE."

ruin of men and their works. Evening came and then the early autumn night. He saw the monster furnaces open and shut their doors, while sudden bursts of ruddy splendour were flung across the open spaces. The doors and windows of the buildings glowed at times like crimson coals, then sank into instant night, leaving vague blots floating before his eyes. The steam from the exhaust pipes ascended in beautiful snowy forms like huge white flowers blooming to the night. He saw the workers—whom he pitied—come and go, dark shapes flitting hither and thither. Stalwart men were they, yet to him with his knowledge, what, indeed, but feeble babes? The great steel works with its muffled hum and roar and clangour lifted up its stirring hymn of incessant toil to the brooding heavens. To what end was all that toil? What but to create new monsters of iron to devour them—to forge new manacles of steel to chain them as slaves to relentless engines and machines? He raised his eyes. The tapering mass of the chimney stood out, a softened shadow, against the nightly blue. A large star glittered like a gem directly above it.

"It is a good omen," said Korinski.

The dusky smoke, as it poured rapidly away into the farther darkness towards the hills, now and again blotted out the star. But always it emerged again, pure and brilliant as before. It returned to Korinski's eyes like the sign and symbol of a resolve that must not flag. Now a burst of flame issued from a steel flue over the buildings that contained the blast furnaces. Grandly it flickered upward like some enormous torch. The red brick of the smoke-stack glowed like blood in this bath of crimson light, like a shaft of red-hot iron soaring into the startled night. The smoke from its deep throat took on a tinge of crimson

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orange, in exquisite contrast to the deep-blue firmament. The soul of the Slav was not insensible to the grandeur of the scene. For a time he seemed plunged in dreams, perhaps in doubt, then——

"That is my pillar of fire by night," he murmured. A church-bell from the adjacent village struck the quarter before six.

Korinski slowly descended the hill. Once more he passed by the base of the stupendous stack. The masons had left it some time before; the yard was deserted. He walked quickly to the opening in the base. The two steel jack-screws stood plainly forth. Seizing the heavy hook that was fixed to the end of one of the steel cables, he placed it about the neck of the screw to the right. It hung there loosely and insecurely. Korinski propped a loop of the cable between two bricks, so as to support the hook in its position. The cable extended to within thirty feet of the engine-house, and its end terminated in another hook. The misshapen figure disappeared into the brightly-lighted engine-room. A few minutes later a tall man came forth. It was Mallon, the chief engineer, homeward bent.

Korinski sat in his chair beneath an electric lamp, his eyes upon the gleaming machinery, so silent and resistless in its working. The ponderous fly-wheels whirled in their circles, the balls of the governors spun and danced, the great piston and connecting rods reached out like mighty arms and then drew back along their noiseless guides. Close by the door stood an auxiliary engine with a large drum, on which was wound a coil of steel rope. This engine was at times used for dragging heavy castings or machinery about the yard, or for hoisting purposes. It was now half-past six. At seven little Fanny Hillers, the nine-year-old daughter of his landlady, would bring Korinski his supper. All the affection that unrequited love, suffering, persecution, and ingratitude had not driven out of the heart of the ill-favoured Russian refugee had gone forth in a fatherly tenderness to little Fanny. She was the one object on earth for which love still throbbed in his distorted soul. Such a child, he often thought, might once have been his—if only—if only she—she, Natalia—but no! His love had now been consecrated to the great Cause—the Cause that was mother, wife, and daughter to him. What were women to him—or he to women? Evil dreams of a dead past, long since entombed beneath black and bitter years. But his comrades were his brothers—they were right! Deeds, deeds, deeds must be their children. To-night his brain should bear a child into the world—a child whose birth-cry should make all mankind thrill, some with terror, some with joy. The hands of the clock crept slowly on towards seven. Almost on the stroke of the hour pretty Fanny Hillers appeared with her basket.

"Here is your supper, Korrie," she said. "I told mamma you liked those apple-tarts so much. See, I brought you—one—two—three of them; and they are nice and warm, Korrie." Korrie was her childish version of Korinski, and when it fell from her lips the name seemed full of an infinite sweetness to him.

"You're a dear little girl, Fanny," he said, with a smile; "you're a darling."

He placed his hand on her head, stroking the curls that welled forth from beneath her bonnet. Even so, he mused, Natalia's child must be—Natalia, the playmate of his infancy, she who was married in distant Loginova long ago. Perhaps she was dead now, perhaps she had forgotten him; but he—he had not forgotten! The girl had set his supper on a wooden bench and stood ready to depart with her basket.

"Good night, Korrie. You mustn't come home so late to-night."

Her foot was on the stone step that led to the yard.

"Fanny!" called Korinski. "Fanny, come here!"

The girl turned and approached him. He placed his arm about her; he lowered his swarthy features towards the pure, rose-leaf face of the little maid. His eyes looked into her own with a profound, compelling pathos. His voice shook.

"Will Fanny give Korrie a kiss?"

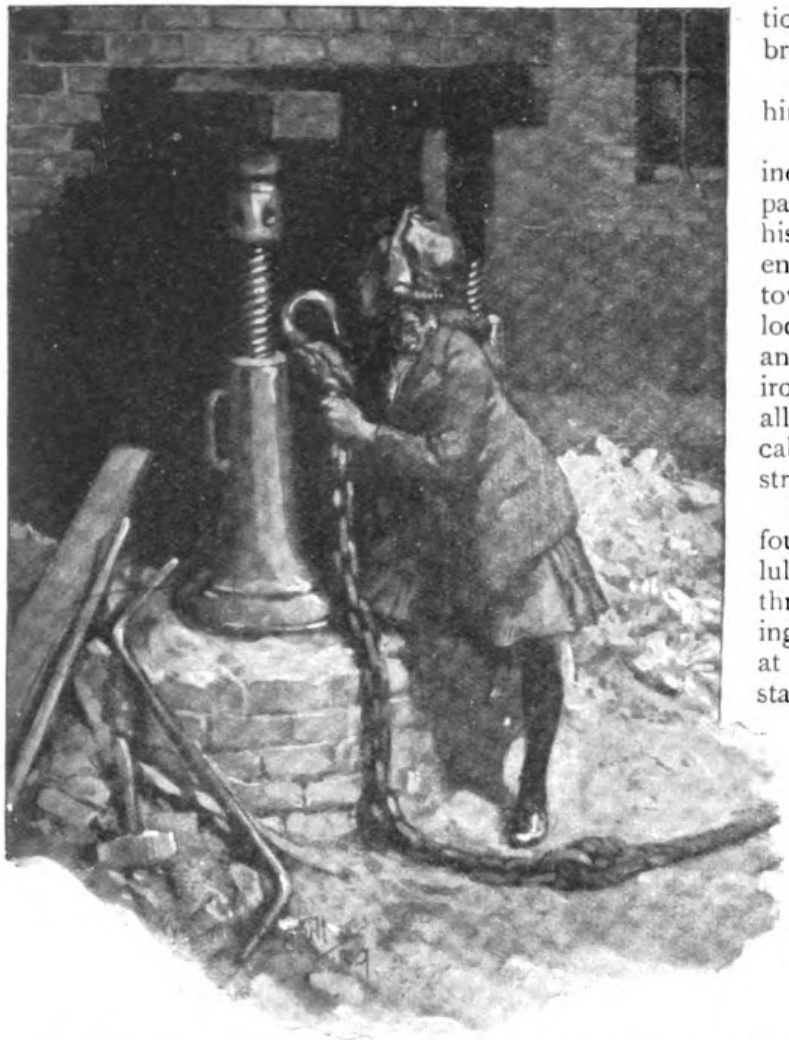
"'Course I will, Korrie," said Fanny, and kissed him impulsively on the cheek.

"Thank you, Fanny," said the Russian. "Good night."

His eyes, dimmed with a mist, saw her bright face vanish through the door.

Fanny ran lightly across the yard. She passed by the base of the big chimney, as she had done when she came. Here something caught her foot. She tripped and fell. There was a clatter and a ringing of metal. She scrambled to her feet and looked about her. She had fallen over a loop of cable that lay in her path. The child realized that by her fall she had disturbed some obvious arrangement of this steel rope. The hook now lying at her feet had been attached to one of the screws. With her tiny hands she lifted the

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"WITH HER TINY HANDS SHE LIFTED THE MASSIVE THING AND PLACED IT IN POSITION."

massive thing and placed it in position. Then, half frightened at what she had done, she ran swiftly home.

Half-past eight by the engine-room clock. Korinski sat still and silent as a sphinx. The night meeting of the directors was now taking place. What evil were these lords of gold and greed now plotting and planning against the toilers in the deeps and the darkness? These tireless monsters of steel and steam which he controlled toiled for them, too. Korinski rose. Slowly he started the auxiliary engine. The cable began to unwind from the drum. Taking the end in his hands the Anarchist passed through the door into the yard. Almost instantly he returned and stopped the engine. From without he heard the voices of the directors on their way to the meeting.

The seal of a deep purpose seemed stamped upon his face; excitement and exultation sparkled in his eyes. Panting from his exertions he sat down and wiped his brow.

"At nine," he whispered to himself—"a little after nine!"

The hands of the clock crept inexorably on. At ten minutes past the hour Korinski leaped to his feet, rushed to the lever of the engine, and pulled it deliberately towards him. The snake-like loops straightened and stiffened, and wound themselves about the iron reel until the slackness was all drawn in. Then the powerful cable stretched, quivered, and strained.

A weary workman in the foundry, resting during a brief lull, was at that moment gazing through the windows of the casting-room. He was looking up at the great smoke-stack and the star-studded sky beyond. Suddenly it seemed to him as if the sky began to rock and tremble. Some of the stars vanished behind the shadowy bulk of the chimney, others emerged and again disappeared. Then, in a flash, the illusion passed away. The chimney and not the sky was moving. Its outlines, as it swayed to right and left, hid or disclosed the stars. He saw it reel and dance like a drunken thing. Then the lofty, shadowy column plunged forward and, like some mighty mast in a storm, rushed downward into the night. The simple workman could not believe the evidence of his senses; he thought himself gone mad. He gave a loud yell and rushed from the window.

"Gentlemen," said Henry Latrobe, the chairman of the meeting in the offices of the Cyclops Steel Works, "among a few minor details that require our attention is the dismissal of one Dmitri Korinski, assistant to Engineer Mallon. Mallon says he needs the man, and has asked us to retain him. I move that we agree to Mallon's request."

"I second the motion," said one of the directors.

"It is moved——"

There was a deafening and tremendous crash, a stunning and appalling uproar, like thunder ten times multiplied. A violent

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shock, as of an earthquake, made the building creak and tremble. The men leaped to their feet, their faces full of wild alarm and fear. Only Henry Latrobe remained standing in his place, calm, self-possessed, unamazed.

"Gentlemen, there has evidently been an explosion. I move that we adjourn to investigate." All rushed from the room, bareheaded, into the open air.

The stupendous chimney, like a vanquished giant, lay prostrate on the ground. It was broken into many sections, that rested intact amidst the gloomy wreck. From the flue-opening in the ragged base clouds of black smoke poured out over the ruins like fumes from some volcanic crater sprung to sudden life. The engine-house was a mass of mangled wreckage, shattered walls, and shivered machinery. The hissing of steam was heard and its white clouds rolled slowly upward like the breath of some expiring animal. The body of the chimney had crushed through the building as if it had been of pasteboard. Scores of men, like active ants, swarmed over the wreck.

"Who was in the engine-house?" asked Latrobe of a mechanic.

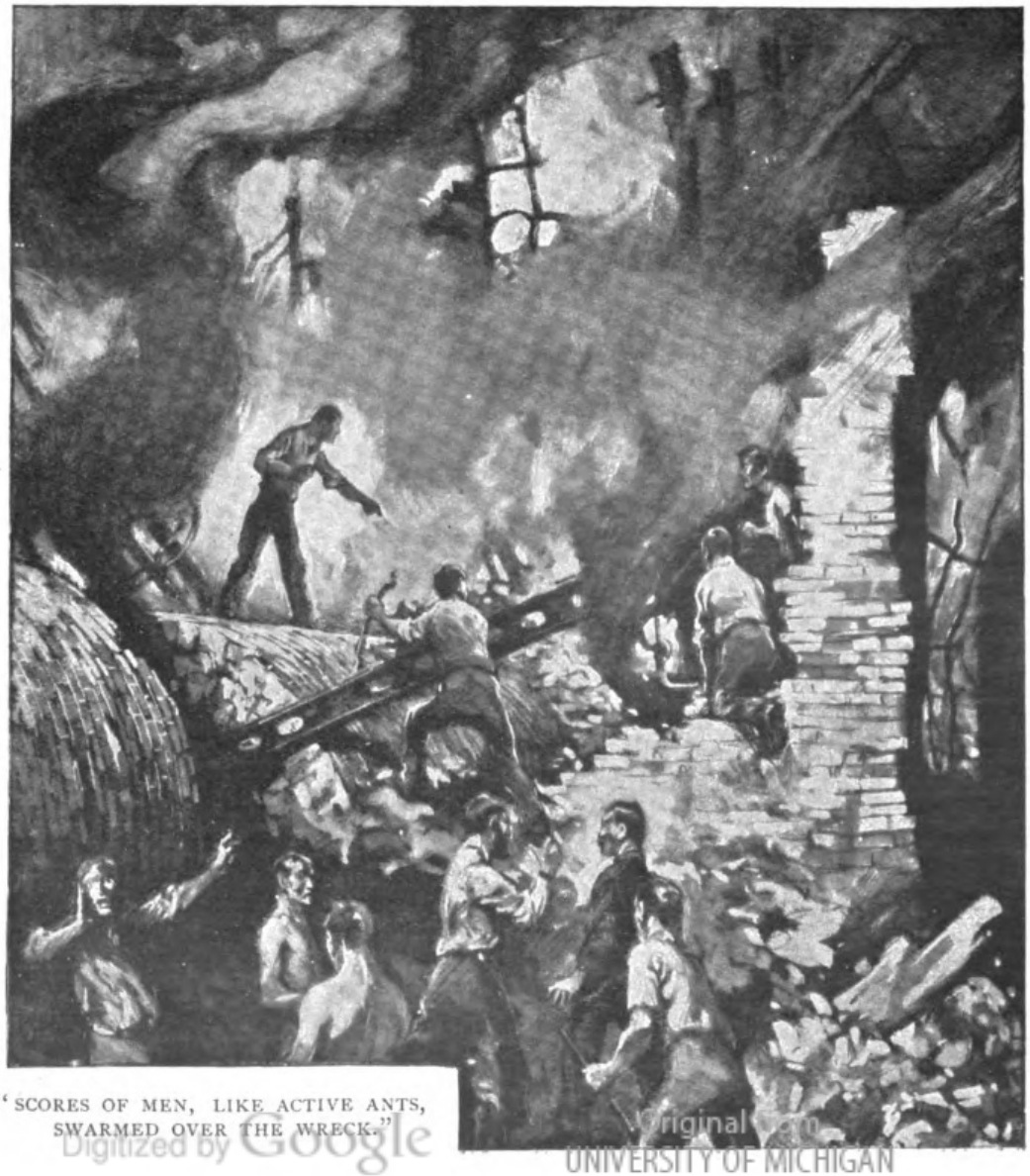
"Only that Russian assistant of Mallon's, sir," replied the man.

The troubled look that had settled upon the features of Henry Latrobe passed instantly away.

"Gentlemen," he said solemnly, "a human life has been lost. In comparison with that our own loss is as nothing."

Then glancing at the papers he still carried in his hand, this strong and dignified man said vaguely in a low tone, as if to himself:—

"Dmitri Korinski has his final discharge."



"SCORES OF MEN, LIKE ACTIVE ANTS, SWARMED OVER THE WRECK."

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DUPLICATED CELEBRITIES.

By STEWART EASTLAKE.

[In each pair of portraits the second face is precisely the same as the first, the costumes only having been modernized.]

SOME eminent naturalist has remarked that the most wonderful thing in Nature is the general identity amongst members of a species. It almost seems as if Nature turned out men and sheep and horses and dogs from certain definite moulds kept in her busy workshop, so much alike is each to the other. It has been asserted that in a field of grass there cannot be found two blades in all respects identical. It will be seen, however, that if the blades of grass are more numerous than the differences between them perceptible to the eye, then there must be at least two blades exactly alike, or at least not to be distinguished from each other by inspection. We may apply the same reasoning, not only to blades of grass in a field, but to faces of human beings in the world. If the number of perceptible differences between two faces be not greater than the total number of the human race, then, by parity of reasoning, there must exist at least two persons who are to all appearances exactly alike. Now, when it is considered that the human countenance does not vary except within comparatively narrow limits—no man, for example, having his nose in the centre of his forehead or his eyes placed below his chin—when we consider the effects of this limitation it will be seen that the number of these perceptible differences is probably immensely less than the estimated number of individuals existing on the globe—some fifteen hundred millions.

We are thus brought to the curious conclusion that there not only may be, but must be, pairs of individuals living who are, to all intents and purposes, exactly alike. This result, it need scarcely be observed, is borne out by the remarkable number of cases of mistaken identity to be found in the records of the Law Courts. But this is not all. We may, if we choose, push the same reasoning a step farther, and consider not merely all persons living at one time, but all who have existed on the earth since the first appearance of mankind. We shall then be forced, with a vast increase of certainty, to this conclusion—that among those untold millions there must have been not one or two, but a very considerable number of individuals whose counterparts have existed with such exactness of resemblance that, could the members of such pairs of duplicates have been brought together, each would have started back in horror and amazement as if, like the hero of Poe's weird story, he had encountered his own ghost.

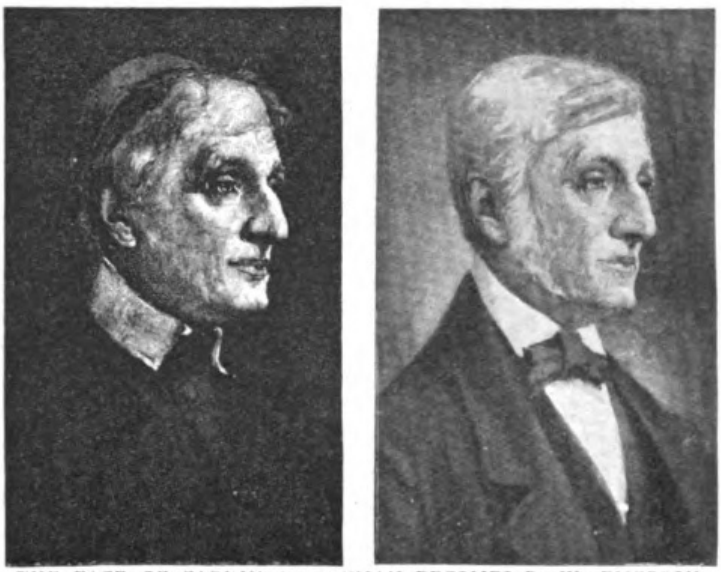
So, then, doubles *must* occasionally present themselves—doubles in feature, if not in figure and disposition. Oliver Cromwell had his double—a humble shoemaker; Sir Robert Walpole had his double—a Suffolk publican. In fact, upon examination we should probably find that there is hardly a single celebrated character who has not had his physical counterpart discovered for him by his friends—or his enemies—during his lifetime. There were several doubles of Her late Majesty Queen Victoria, and it is only a few months since that quite a sensation was caused on the Continent by the appearance there of a gentleman bearing a truly astonishing likeness, in face, form, and habiliments, to King Edward VII.

But if the chances of a given celebrity having a double are calculable, what are the odds against a celebrity's double being himself a celebrity? Of course, we can lessen these odds if, instead of confining ourselves to contemporaries, we extend our field backwards a century or more. We shall then find facial traits, like history, repeating themselves. We shall find one statesman resembling another statesman who flourished ages ago; one poet the very image of another poet in another and distant age, and so on.

To the custodians of the National Gallery, to dealers and collectors of painted and engraved portraits, this curious phenomenon

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has long been well known. Sometimes the resemblance between portraits of different persons is so striking as utterly to deceive experts when off their guard. Thus, it is not many years since an Edinburgh publisher issued a little book of Gladstone's speeches, with a portrait of Daniel Webster as a frontispiece. The mistake was pointed out, but it might well have been persisted in, inasmuch as not one person in ten, perhaps not one in a hundred, would have suspected a blunder; and in truth the likeness in the portraits is astonishing, although one would have said that Mr. Gladstone was one of the few men not likely to have his features and expression duplicated elsewhere. "He had the face of a lion," says Gladstone's biographer, and that is exactly what Webster's biographer says of him.



THE FACE OF CARDINAL NEWMAN BECOMES R. W. EMERSON.

The striking likeness between John Henry Newman and Ralph Waldo Emerson was much commented on in their lifetime. It comes out very clearly in their portraits — the same shaped head, the high-bridged nose, and prominent chin. Moreover, which is rare, the expression in both men is the same.



THE FACE OF SIR HENRY SIDNEY BECOMES THE DUKE OF NORFOLK.

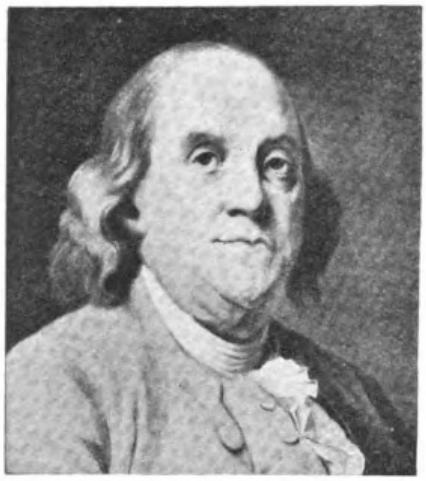
It must be borne in mind that in the portrait of Emerson (as of all the other portraits which follow) the face has been entirely transferred untouched from the portrait of Newman, different dress only being added.

But in the foregoing we are dealing with characters who, being contemporaries, dress and arrange their hair more or less alike. But what an alteration is wrought by costume! We have an interesting evidence of this in the case of the present Duke of Norfolk and Sir Henry Sidney.



THE FACE OF HENRY VII. BECOMES MR. ASQUITH.

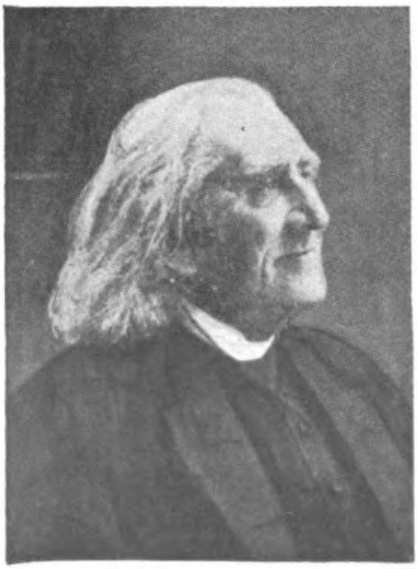
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THE FACE OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN BECOMES WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.




THE FACE OF AGNOLO DONI BECOMES SIR EDWARD GREY.




THE FACE OF LISZT BECOMES MR. HENRY CHAPLIN, M.P.

In the same way the portrait of Henry VII. in the National Gallery and that of Mr. Asquith bear an astonishing resemblance. Probably in reality the King possessed the same order of physiognomy as the Premier flourishing four centuries later, and in the portraits this is most manifest. One might travel through a portrait gallery containing thousands of pictures and not find a single one showing in the least degree the Asquith features, which are distinguished by a prominent forehead, a firm mouth, and a recession of the lower part of the face.

"We are often asked," said a King Street expert, "to identify portraits supposed to be of famous persons. Sometimes we identify them, but as portraits of quite other people. In that way many well-known likenesses of such men as Milton, Pope, Gray, Cromwell, and Wolfe have come to light. Having settled on the exact order of features from an existing portrait, we are able by the date of costume to make a correct attribution."

But for the costume the expert confessed he would often be sorely puzzled. What a very important part

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costume and coiffure play! Take a portrait of Benjamin Franklin, add a little hair and an obtrusive shirt-collar, and we have an almost perfect likeness of William Makepeace Thackeray.

Again, is it not a proof of the kinship between the ages that the celebrated fifteenth-century Italian, Agnolo Doni, should reappear in the twentieth century as Sir Edward Grey, British Secretary for Foreign Affairs?

It is really marvellous, the metamorphosis wrought by the fashion of wearing the hair alone. Let us take a portrait of Liszt; deprive him of his exuberant chevelure, alter his coat and collar, and stick a glass in his eye, and, presto! Mr. Henry Chaplin, M.P., stands before you.

As long ago as the time of the Diamond Jubilee somebody called attention to the extraordinary resemblance in feature between portraits of the Canadian Premier, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, and of George Colman, the eminent English dramatic author of the eighteenth century. This resemblance may duly be marked.

In the same way an admirer sent Mr. Cyril Maude an engraved portrait, by



THE FACE OF GEORGE COLMAN BECOMES SIR WILFRID LAURIER.



THE FACE OF SIR WILLIAM GARROW BECOMES MR. CYRIL MAUDE.



THE FACE OF SIR EYRE COOTE BECOMES SIR EDWARD CARSON, K.C.

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THE FACE OF SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN BECOMES MR. FORBES-ROBERTSON.




THE FACE OF A BYGONE EARL OF OXFORD BECOMES LORD CURZON.




THE FACE OF FIELD-MARSHAL THE MARQUESS OF CORNWALLIS BECOMES THE LATE SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT.

Romney, of Sir William Garrow, with the inquiry: "DEAR MR. MAUDE,—Can you have lived before?" Which, be it said, opens up a very pretty theory with regard to some of the "doubles" here represented.

Was Sir Edward Carson, K.C., for example, Sir Eyre Coote, the distinguished Indian soldier? Certainly the features are the same, and it would be interesting to inquire if the moral and intellectual equipment of the two men resemble each other.

Very incongruous in their respective careers have been Sir Christopher Wren and Mr. Forbes-Robertson, and yet why may not destiny have ordained that Sir Christopher should be the popular histrion and Mr. Robertson the great architect of St. Paul's?

Lord Curzon's connection with Oxford as Chancellor of the University makes it interesting that he should bear such a strong physical likeness to the bygone Earl of Oxford, the famous statesman of Queen Anne's day.

A resemblance even more diverting is that between the eighteenth-century Field-Marshal, the Marquess of Cornwallis, and the late Sir William Harcourt, with which our gallery of duplicated celebrities closes.

Most of the portraits of past celebrities in this article are reproduced from photographs, by Emery Walker, of the original paintings.

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PETER'S PENCE



BY

W. W. JACOBS

SAILORMEN don't bother much about their relations, as a rule, said the night watchman; sometimes because a railway-ticket costs as much as a barrel o' beer, and they ain't got the money for both, and sometimes because most relations run away with the idea that a sailorman has been knocking about 'arf over the world just to bring them 'ome presents.

Then, agin, some relations are partikler about appearances, and they don't like it if a chap don't wear a collar and tidy 'imself up. Dress is everything nowadays; put me in a top-'at and a tail-coat, with a twopenny smoke stuck in my mouth, and who would know the difference between me and a lord? Put a bishop in my clothes, and you'd ask 'im to 'ave a 'arf-pint as soon as you would me—sooner, p'r'aps.

Talking of relations reminds me of Peter Russet's uncle. It's some years ago now, and Peter and old Sam Small and Ginger Dick 'ad just come back arter being away for nearly ten months. They 'ad all got money in their pockets, and they was just talking about the spree they was going to have, when a letter was brought to Peter, wot had been waiting for 'im at the office.

He didn't like opening it at fust. The last letter he had 'ad kept 'im hiding indoors for a week, and then made him ship a fortnight afore 'e had meant to. He stood turning it over and over, and at last, arter Sam, wot was always a curious man, 'ad told 'im that if he didn't open it he'd do it for 'im, he tore it open and read it.

"It's from my old uncle, George Goodman," he ses, staring. "Why, I ain't seen 'im for over twenty years."

"Do you owe 'im any money?" ses Sam.

Peter shook his 'ead. "He's up in London," he ses, looking at the letter agin, "up in London for the fust time in thirty-three years, and he wants to come and stay with me so that I can show 'im about."

"Wot is he?" ses Sam.

"He's retired," ses Peter, trying not to speak proud.

"Got money?" ses Sam, with a start.

"I b'leeve so," ses Peter, in a off-hand way. "I don't s'pose 'e lives on air."

"Any wives or children?" ses Sam.

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"No," ses Peter. "He 'ad a wife, but she died."

"Then you have 'im, Peter," ses Sam, wot was always looking out for money. "Don't throw away a oppertunity like that. Why, if you treat 'im well he might leave it all to you."

"No such luck," ses Peter

"You do as Sam ses," ses Ginger. "I wish I'd got an uncle."

"We'll try and give 'im a good time," ses Sam, "and if he's anything like Peter we shall enjoy ourselves."

"Yes; but he ain't," ses Peter. "He's a very solemn, serious-minded man, and a strong teetotaller. Wot you'd call a glass o' beer he'd call pison. That's 'ow he got on. He's thought a great deal of in 'is place, I can tell you, but he ain't my sort."

"That's a bit orkard," ses Sam, scratching his 'ead. "Same time, it don't do to throw away a chance. If 'e was my uncle I should pretend to be a teetotaller while 'e was here, just to please 'im."

"And when you felt like a drink, Peter," ses Ginger, "me and Sam would look arter 'im while you slipped off to get it."

"He could 'ave the room below us," ses Sam. "It is empty."

Peter gave a sniff. "Wot about you and Ginger?" he ses.

"Wot about us?" ses Sam and Ginger, both together.

"Why, you'd 'ave to be teetotallers, too," ses Peter. "Wot's the good o' me pretending to be steady if 'e sees I've got pals like you?"

Sam scratched his 'ead agin, ever so long, and at last he ses, "Well, mate," he ses, "drink don't trouble me *nor* Ginger. We can do without it, as far as that goes; and we must all take it in turns to keep the old gentleman busy while the others go and get wot they want. You'd better go and take the room downstairs for 'im, afore it goes."

Peter looked at 'im in surprise, but that was Sam all over. The idea o' knowing a man with money was too much for 'im, and he sat there giving good advice to Peter about 'is behaviour until Peter didn't know whether it was 'is uncle or Sam's. 'Owever, he took the room and wrote the letter, and next arternoon at three o'clock Mr. Goodman came in a four-wheel cab with a big bag and a fat umbrella. A short, stiffish-built man of about sixty he was, with 'is top lip shaved and a bit o' short grey beard. He 'ad on a top 'at and a tail-coat, black kid gloves and a little black bow, and he didn't answer the cabman back a single word.

He seemed quite pleased to see Peter, and by and by Sam, who was bursting with curiosity, came downstairs to ask Peter to lend 'im a boot-lace, and was interduced. Then Ginger came down to look for Sam, and in a few minutes they was all talking as comfortable as possible.

"I ain't seen Peter for twenty years," ses Mr. Goodman—"twenty long years!"

Sam shook his 'ead and looked at the floor.

"I happened to go and see Peter's sister—my niece Polly," ses Mr. Goodman, "and she told me the name of 'is ship. It was quite by chance, because she told me it was the fust letter she had 'ad from him in seven years."

"I didn't think it was so long as that," ses Peter. "Time passes so quick."

His uncle nodded. "Ah, so it does," 'e ses. "It's all the same whether we spend it on the foaming ocean or pass our little lives ashore. Afore we can turn round, in a manner o' speaking, it 'as gorn."

"The main thing," ses Peter, in a good voice, "is to pass it properly."

"Then it don't matter," ses Ginger.

"So it don't," ses Sam, very serious.

"I held 'im in my arms when 'e was a baby," ses Mr. Goodman, looking at Peter.

"Fond o' children?" ses Sam.

Mr. Goodman nodded. "Fond of everybody," he ses.

"That's 'ow Peter is," ses Ginger; "specially young——"

Peter Russet and Sam both turned and looked at 'im very sharp.

"Children," ses Ginger, remembering 'imself, "*and* teetotallers. I s'pose it is being a teetotaller 'imself."

"Is Peter a teetotaller?" ses Mr. Goodman. "I'd no idea of it. Wot a joyful thing!"

"It was your example wot put it into his 'ead fust, I b'leeve," ses Sam, looking at Peter for 'im to notice 'ow clever he was.

"And then, Sam and Ginger Dick being teetotallers, too," ses Peter, "we all, natural-like, keep together."

Mr. Goodman said they was wise men, and, arter a little more talk, he said 'ow would it be if they went out and saw a little bit of the great wicked city. They all said they would, and Ginger got quite excited about it until he found that it meant London.

They got on a bus at Aldgate, and fust of all they went to the British Museum, and when Mr. Goodman was tired o' that—and long arter the others was—they went into a place and 'ad a nice strong cup of tea and a

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"MR. GOODMAN CAME IN A FOUR-WHEEL CAB WITH A BIG BAG AND A FAT UMBRELLA."

piece o' cake each. When they come out o' there they all walked about looking at the shops until they was tired out, and arter wot Mr. Goodman said was a very improving evening they all went 'ome.

Sam and Ginger went 'ome just for the look o' the thing, and arter waiting a few minutes in their room they crept downstairs agin to spend wot was left of the evening. They went down as quiet as mice, but, for all that, just as they was passing Mr. Goodman's room the door opened, and Peter, in a polite voice, asked 'em to step inside.

"We was just *thinking* you'd be dull up there all alone," he ses.

Sam lost 'is presence o' mind, and afore he knew wot 'e was doing 'im and Ginger 'ad walked in and sat down. They sat there for over an hour and a 'arf talking, and then Sam, with a look at Ginger, said they must be going, because he 'ad got to call for a pair o' boots he 'ad left to be mended.

"Why, Sam, wot are you thinking of?" ses Peter, who didn't want anybody to 'ave wot he couldn't. "Why, the shop's shut."

"I don't think so," ses Sam, glaring at 'im. "Anyway, we can go and see."

Peter said he'd go with 'im, and just as they got to the door Mr. Goodman said he'd go too. O' course, the shops was shut, and arter Mr. Goodman 'ad stood on Tower Hill admiring the Tower by moonlight till Sam felt ready to drop, they all walked back. Three times Sam's boot-lace come undone, but as the others all stopped too to see 'im do it up it didn't do 'im much good. Wot with temper and dryness 'e could 'ardly bid Peter "Good night."

Sam and Ginger 'ad something the next morning, but morning ain't the time for it; and arter they had 'ad dinner Mr. Goodman asked 'em to go to the Zoological Gardens with 'im. He paid for them all, and he 'ad a lot to say about kindness to animals and 'ow you could do anything with 'em a'most by kindness. He walked about the place talking like a book, and when a fat monkey, wot was pretending to be asleep, got a bit o' Sam's whisker, he said it was on'y instink, and the animal had no wish to do 'im 'arm.

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"Very likely thought it was doing you a kindness, Sam," ses Ginger.

Mr. Goodman said it was very likely, afore Sam could speak, and arter walking about and looking at the other things they come out and 'ad a nice, strong, 'ot cup o' tea, same as they 'ad the day before, and then walked about not knowing what to do with themselves.

Sam got tired of it fust, and catching Ginger's eye said he thought it was time to get 'ome in case too much enjoyment wasn't good for 'em. His idea was to get off with Ginger and make a night of it, and when 'e found Peter and his uncle was coming too, he began to think that things was looking serious.

"I don't want to spile your evening," he says, very perlite. "I must get 'ome to mend a pair o' trowsis o' mine, but there's no need for you to come."

"I'll come and watch you," ses Peter's uncle.

"And then I'm going off to bed early," ses Sam.

"Me, too," ses Ginger, and Peter said he could hardly keep 'is eyes open.

They got on a bus, and as Sam was about to foller Ginger and Peter on top, Mr. Goodman took hold of 'im by the arm and said they'd go inside. He paid two penny fares, and while Sam was wondering 'ow to tell 'im that it would be threepence each, the bus stopped to take up a passenger and he got up and moved to the door.

"They've gone up there," he ses, pointing.

Afore Sam could stop 'im he got off, and Sam, full o' surprise, got off too, and follered 'im on to the pavement.

"Who's gone up there?" he ses, as the bus went on agin.

"Peter and Mr. Ginger Dick," ses Mr. Goodman. "But don't you trouble. You go 'ome and mend your trowsis."

"But they're on the bus," ses Sam, staring. "Dick and Peter, I mean."

Mr. Goodman shook his 'ead.

"They got off. Didn't you see 'em?" he ses.

"No," ses Sam, "I'll swear they didn't."

"Well, it's my mistake, I s'pose," ses Peter's uncle. "But you get off home; I'm not tired yet, and I'll walk."

Sam said 'e wasn't very tired, and he walked along wondering whether Mr. Goodman was quite right in his 'ead. For one thing, 'e seemed upset about something or other, and kept taking little peeps at 'im in a way he couldn't understand at all.

"It was nice tea we 'ad this arternoon," ses Mr. Goodman at last.

"De-licious," ses Sam.

"Trust a teetotaller for knowing good tea," ses Mr. Goodman. "I expect Peter enjoyed it. I s'pose 'e is a very strict teetotaller?"

"Strict ain't the word for it," ses Sam, trying to do 'is duty by Peter. "We all are."

"That's right," ses Mr. Goodman, and he pushed his 'at back and looked at Sam very serious. They walked on a bit further, and then Peter's uncle stopped sudden just as they was passing a large public-'ouse and looked at Sam.

"I don't want Peter to know, 'cos it might alarm 'im," he ses, "but I've come over a bit faint. I'll go in 'ere for 'arf a minnit and sit down. You'd better wait outside."

"I'll come in with you, in case you want help," ses Sam. "I don't mind wot people think."

Mr. Goodman tried to persuade 'im not to, but it was all no good, and at last 'e walked in and sat down on a tall stool that stood agin the bar, and put his hand to his 'ead.

"I s'pose we shall 'ave to 'ave something," he ses in a whisper to Sam; "we can't expect to come in and sit down for nothing. What'll you take?"

Sam looked at 'im, but he might just as well ha' looked at a brass door-knob.

"I—I—I'll 'ave a small ginger-beer," he ses at last, "a very small one."

"One small ginger," ses Mr. Goodman to the barmaid, "and one special Scotch."

Sam could 'ardly believe his ears, and he stood there 'oldin' his glass o' ginger-beer and watching Peter's teetotal uncle drink whisky, and thought 'e must be dreaming.

"I dessay it seems very shocking to you," ses Mr. Goodman, putting down 'is glass and dryin' 'is lips on each other, "but I find it useful for these attacks."

"I—I s'pose the flavour's very nasty?" ses Sam, taking a sip at 'is ginger-beer.

"Not exactly wot you could call nasty," ses Mr. Goodman, "though I dessay it would seem so to you. I don't suppose you could swallow it."

"I don't s'pose I could," ses Sam, "but I've a good mind to 'ave a try. If it's good for one teetotaller I don't see why it should hurt another."

Mr. Goodman looked at 'im very hard, and then he ordered a whisky and stood watching while Sam, arter pretending for a minnit to look at it as though 'e didn't know wot to do with it, took a sip and let it roll round 'is mouth.

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"Well?" ses Mr. Goodman, looking at 'im anxious-like.

"It ain't so 'orrid as I 'ad fancied," ses Sam, lapping up the rest very gentle. "'Ave you 'ad enough to do you all the good it ought to?"

Mr. Goodman said that it was no good 'arf doing a thing, and p'r'aps he 'ad better 'ave one more; and arter Sam 'ad paid for the next two they went out arm-in-arm.

"'Ow cheerful everybody looks!" ses Mr. Goodman, smiling.

"They're going to amuse theirselves, I expect," ses Sam—"music-'alls and such-like."

Mr. Goodman shook his 'ead at 'em.

"Music-'alls ain't so bad as some people try to make out," ses Sam. "Look 'ere; I took some drink to see what the flavour was like; suppose you go to a music-'all to see wot that's like?"



"'IT AIN'T SO 'ORRID AS I 'AD FANCIED,' SES SAM."

"It seems on'y fair," ses Peter's uncle, considering.

"It is fair," ses Sam, and twenty minutes arterwards they was sitting in a music-'all drinking each other's 'ealths and listening to the songs—Mr. Goodman with a big cigar in 'is mouth and his 'at cocked over one eye, and Sam beating time to the music with 'is pipe.

"'Ow do you like it?" he ses.

Mr. Goodman didn't answer 'im because 'e was joining in the chorus with one side of 'is mouth and keeping 'is cigar alight with the other. He just nodded at 'im; but 'e looked so 'appy that Sam felt it was a pleasure to sit there and look at 'im.

"I wonder wot Peter and Ginger is doin'?" he ses, when the song was finished.

"I don't know," ses Mr. Goodman, "and, wot's more, I don't care. If I'd 'ad any idea that Peter was like wot he is I should never 'ave wrote to 'im. I can't think 'ow you can stand 'im."

"He ain't so bad," ses Sam, wondering whether he ought to tell 'im 'arf of wot Peter really was like.

"*Bad!*" ses Mr. Goodman. "I come up to London for a 'oliday—a change, mind you—and I thought Peter and me was going to 'ave a good time. Instead o' that, he goes about with a face as long as a fiddle. He don't drink, 'e don't go to places of amusement—innercent places of amusement—and 'is idea of enjoying life is to go walking about the streets and drinking cups o' tea."

"We must try and alter 'im," ses Sam, arter doing a bit o' thinking.

"Certainly not," ses Mr. Goodman, laying his 'and on Sam's knee. "Far be it from me to interfere with a feller-creature's ideas o' wot's right. Besides, he might get writing to 'is sister agin, and she might tell my wife."

"But Peter said she was dead," ses Sam, very puzzled.

"I married agin," ses Peter's uncle, in a whisper, 'cos people was telling 'im to keep quiet, "a tartar—a perfect tartar. She's in a 'orsepittle at present, else I shouldn't be 'ere. And I shouldn't ha' been able to come if I 'adn't found five pounds wot she'd hid in a match-box up the chimbley."

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"But wot'll you do when she finds it out?" ses Sam, opening 'is eyes.

"I'm going to 'ave the house cleaned and the chimbleys swept to welcome her 'ome," ses Mr. Goodman, taking a sip o' whisky. "It'll be a little surprise for her."

They stayed till it was over, and on the bus he gave Sam some strong peppermint lozenges wot 'e always carried about with 'im, and took some 'imself. He said 'e found 'em helpful.

"What are we going to tell Peter and Ginger?" ses Sam, as they got near the 'ouse.

"Tell 'em?" ses Mr. Goodman. "Tell 'em the truth. How we follered 'em when they got off the bus, and 'ave been looking for 'em ever since. I'm not going to 'ave my 'oliday spoilt by a teetotal nevvy, I can tell you."

He started on Peter, wot was sitting on his bed with Ginger waiting for them, the moment he got inside, and all Ginger and Peter could say didn't make any difference.

"Mr. Small see you as plain as what I did," he ses.

"Plainer," ses Sam.

"But I tell you we come straight 'ome," ses Ginger, "and we've been waiting for you 'ere ever since."

Mr. Goodman shook his 'ead at 'im. "Say no more about it," he ses, in a kind voice. "I dessay it's rather tiresome for young men to go about with two old ones, and in future, if you and Peter keep together, me and my friend Mr. Small will do the same."

Sam shook 'ands with 'im, and though Peter tried his 'ardest to make 'im alter his mind it was no good. His uncle patted 'im on the shoulder, and said they'd try it for a few days, at any rate, and Ginger, wot thought it was a very good idea, backed 'im up. Everybody seemed pleased with the idea except Peter Russet, but arter Sam 'ad told 'im in private wot a high opinion 'is uncle 'ad got of 'im, and 'ow well off he was, 'e gave way.

They all enjoyed the next evening, and Sam and Mr. Goodman got on together like twin brothers. They went to a place of amusement every night, and the on'y unpleasantness that happened was when Peter's uncle knocked a chemist's shop up at a quarter-past twelve one night to buy a penn'orth o' peppermint lozenges.

They 'ad four of the 'appiest evenings together that Sam 'ad ever known; and Mr. Goodman would 'ave been just as 'appy too if it hadn't ha' been for the thoughts o' that five pounds. The more 'e thought of it the more unlikely it seemed that 'is wife would blame it on to the sweep, and one night he took the match-box out of 'is pocket and shook his 'ead over it till Sam felt quite sorry for 'im.

"Don't take up your troubles afore they come," he ses. "'Orsepittles are dangerous places."

Mr. Goodman cheered up a bit at that, but he got miserable agin the next night because 'is money was getting low and he wanted another week in London.

"I've got seven shillings and fourpence and two stamps left," he ses. "Where it's all gone to I can't think."

"Don't you worry about that," ses Sam. "I've got a pound or two left yet."

"No, I ain't going to be a burden on you," ses Mr. Goodman, "but another week I must 'ave, so I must get the money somehow. Peter can't spend much, the way he goes on."

Sam gave a little cough.

"I'll get a pound or two out of 'im," ses Mr. Goodman.

Sam coughed agin. "Won't he think it rather funny?" he ses, arter a bit.

"Not if it's managed properly," ses Mr. Goodman, thinking 'ard. "I'll tell you 'ow we'll do it. To-morrow morning, while we are eating of our breakfast, you ask me to lend you a pound or two."

Sam, what 'ad just taken up 'is glass for a drink, put it down agin and stared at 'im.

"But I don't want no money," he ses; "and, besides, you 'aven't got any."

"You do as I tell you," ses Mr. Goodman, "and when you've got it, you hand it over to me, see? Ask me to lend you five pounds."

Sam thought as 'ow the whisky 'ad got to Mr. Goodman's 'ead at last. 'Owever, to pacify 'im he promised to do wot 'e was told, and next morning, when they was all at breakfast, he looks over and catches Mr. Goodman's eye.

"I wonder if I might be so bold as to ask a favour of you?" he ses.

"Certainly," ses Peter's uncle, "and glad I shall be to oblige you. There is no man I've got a greater respect for."

"Thankee," ses Sam. "The fact is, I've run a bit short owing to paying a man some money I owed 'im. If you could lend me five pounds, I couldn't thank you enough."

Mr. Goodman put down 'is knife and fork and wrinkled up 'is forehead.

"I'm very sorry," he ses, feeling in 'is pockets; "do you want it to-day?"

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"HE REACHED ACROST THE TABLE AND SHOOK 'ANDS WITH PETER."

"Yes; I should like it," ses Sam.

"It's most annoying," ses Mr. Goodman, "but I was so afraid o' pickpockets that I didn't bring much away with me. If you could wait till the day arter to-morrow, when my money is sent to me, you can 'ave ten if you like."

"You're very kind," ses Sam, "but that 'ud be too late for me. I must try and get it somewhere else."

Peter and Ginger went on eating their breakfast, but every time Peter looked up he caught 'is uncle looking at 'im in such a surprised and disappointed sort o' way that 'e didn't like the look of it at all.

"I could just do it for a couple o' days, Sam," he ses at last, "but it'll leave me very short."

"That's right," ses his uncle, smiling. "My nevvy, Peter Russet, will lend it to you, Mr. Small, of 'is own free will. He 'as offered afore he was asked, and that's the proper way to do it, in my opinion."

He reached acrost the table and shook 'ands with Peter, and said that generosity ran in their family, and something seemed to tell 'im as Peter wouldn't lose by it. Everybody seemed pleased with each other, and arter Ginger Dick and Peter 'ad gone out Mr. Goodman took the five pounds off of old Sam and stowed 'em away very careful in the match-box.

"It's nice to 'ave money agin," he ses. "There's enough for a week's enjoyment here."

"Yes," ses Sam, slow-like; "but wot I want to know is, wot about the day arter to-morrow, when Peter expects 'is money?"

Mr. Goodman patted 'im on the shoulder. "Don't you worry about Peter's troubles," he ses. "I know exactly wot to do; it's all planned out. Now I'm going to 'ave a lay down for an hour — I didn't get much sleep last night—and if you'll call me at twelve o'clock we'll go somewhere. Knock loud."

He patted 'im on the shoulder agin, and Sam, arter fidgeting about a bit, went out. The last time he ever see Peter's uncle he was laying on the bed with 'is eyes shut, smiling in his sleep. And Peter Russet didn't see Sam for eighteen months.

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The Best Puzzles with Coins—Solutions.

By HENRY E. DUDENEY.

IN order to place five pennies so that every penny shall touch every other penny, first lay three of the pennies on the table as in Fig. 1. Now hold the remaining two pennies in the position shown in Fig. 2, so that they touch one another at the top, and at the base are in contact with the three horizontally-placed coins.



FIGS. 1–2.—THE EQUIDISTANT PENNIES.

In the little test of one's power of correctly judging distances the large majority of readers will doubtless have found that they did not move the central penny nearly far enough away from the other two coins. Our diagram (Fig. 3) shows the correct distance, CD and EF being equal to AB.

As to the three tests of memory, of course the date on a penny is on the same side as Britannia—the "tail" side. Six pennies may be laid around another penny, all flat on the table, so that every one of them touches the central one. The number of threepenny-pieces that may be laid on the surface of a half-crown, so that no piece lies on another or overlaps the edge of the half-crown, is one. A second threepenny-piece will overlap the edge of the larger coin. Few people guess fewer than three, and many persons give an absurdly high number.

In the Elephant Puzzle our illustration (Fig. 4) shows that if you conceal with the thumb all but the part represented, the top of the Queen's head makes a very tolerable elephant. The second question is a catch, for the "one on the other side" is the word "ONE" in "ONE SHILLING."

In the Cross Puzzle there are nineteen different squares to be indicated. Of these nine will be of the size shown by the four *a*'s in the diagram (Fig. 5), four of the size shown by the *b*'s, four of the size shown by the *c*'s, and two of the size shown by the *d*'s. If you now remove the six coins marked *e*, not one of these squares can be formed from the coins that remain.

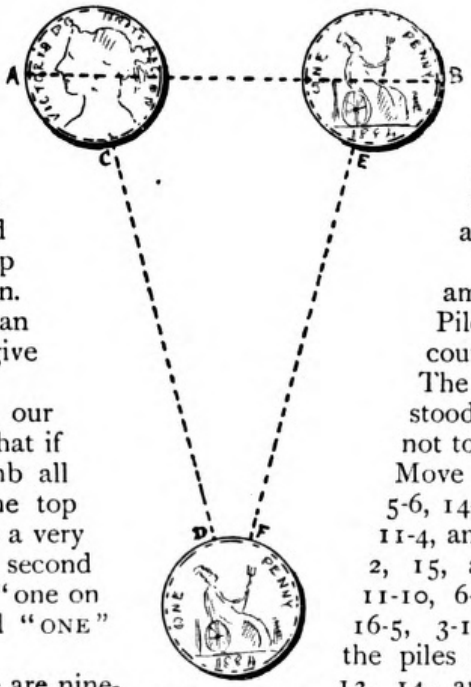


FIG. 3.—THE DISTANCE-JUDGING PUZZLE.

To solve the Square Puzzle, simply arrange sixteen of the coins in the form of a square. Then place a second coin on top of the first one in the first row, one on the third one in the second row, one on the fourth one in the third row, and one on the second one in the fourth row. There are now five coins in every row, every column, and in each of the two diagonals.

The magic square with coins is solved by placing thirteen additional coins as in the illustration (Fig. 6). Every row, column, and diagonal now adds up fifteen shillings, and these fifteen coins are the fewest possible with which the puzzle can be solved.



FIG. 4.—THE ELEPHANT PUZZLE.

In the Even Rows Puzzle there are eight coins on the side of the square. Now, the number of combinations of eight things taken three at a time is 56, the square of which is 3,136, and six times this number is 18,816, the correct answer.

The three specimen examples of "patience" with the Pile Puzzle with sixteen counters are solved as follows. The numbers must be understood to refer to the coins, and not to their positions in the row. Move 7-2, 8-7, 9-8, 10-15, 6-10, 5-6, 14-16, 13-14, 12-13, 3-1, 4-3, 11-4, and we have piles on Nos. 1, 2, 15, and 16. Play 9-4, 10-9, 11-10, 6-14, 5-6, 12-15, 8-12, 7-8, 16-5, 3-13, 2-3, 1-2, and three of the piles are left close together on 13, 14, and 15. Again play 8-3, 9-14, 16-12, 1-5, 10-9, 7-10, 11-8, 2-1, 4-16, 13-2, 6-11, 15-4, and the piles are left on 3, 5, 12, and 14.

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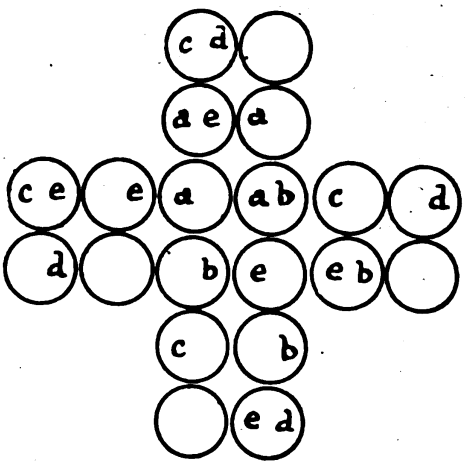


FIG. 5.—THE CROSS PUZZLE.

solutions in three are more difficult to discover.

The solution to the Eight Engines Puzzle is as follows: The engine that has had its fire drawn and therefore cannot move is No. 5. Move the other engines in the following order: 7, 6, 3, 7, 6, 1, 2, 4, 1, 3, 8, 1, 3, 2, 4, 3, 2, seventeen moves in all, leaving the eight engines in the required order.

The way to arrange the seven pennies for the eccentric deal is as follows, reading from the top to the bottom of the pile: head, tail, tail, head, head, head, tail. In committing it to memory, all you need remember is, "1, 2, 3," which will remind you that there must be one head, two tails, three heads, and the final tail. You can then quickly adjust the coins without any apparent thought, and greatly perplex the novice who tries to repeat your performance.

The trick with the eleven coins lies in a little quibble over the wording of the question. There are eleven coins on the table. You remove five of them to another part of the table, "add four coins" (to the second heap) "and leave nine" (in the second heap!).

On the next page is the table of the numbers of different ways in which the current coins of the realm may be changed.

4s. 6d.	4s. 4s.	2s.6d.
2s. 1s.	5s.	5s. 2s.
5s. 2s.6d	2s.	5s. 6d.

FIG. 6.—THE MAGIC SQUARE WITH COINS.

The answer to the Ten Coins Puzzle is that there are just 2,400 different ways. Any three coins may be taken from one side to combine with one coin taken from the other side. I give four examples (Fig. 7). We may thus select three from the top in ten ways and one from the bottom in five ways, making fifty selections. But we may also select three from the bottom and one from the top in fifty ways. We may thus select the four coins in one hundred ways, and the four that are removed may be arranged by permutation in twenty-four ways. Thus there are $24 \times 100 = 2{,}400$ different solutions.

The simple rule for solving Sharp's Puzzle is this: "Always move *to* the point that you last moved *from*." Thus, if you start by touching point No. 1 and moving to an adjoining point (say 4), you must next touch the point (6) that will enable you to move to No. 1 and leave your penny there. And so with all the subsequent moves.

In the puzzle of the plates and coins number the plates from 1 to 12 in the order that the boy was seen to be going in the illustration. Starting from 1, proceed as follows, where "1 to 4" means that you take the coin from plate No. 1 and transfer it to plate No. 4: 1 to 4, 5 to 8, 9 to 12, 3 to 6, 7 to 10, 11 to 2, and complete the last revolution to 1, making three revolutions in all. Or you can proceed this way: 4 to 7, 8 to 11, 12 to 3, 2 to 5, 6 to 9, 10 to 1. It is easy to solve in four revolutions, but the

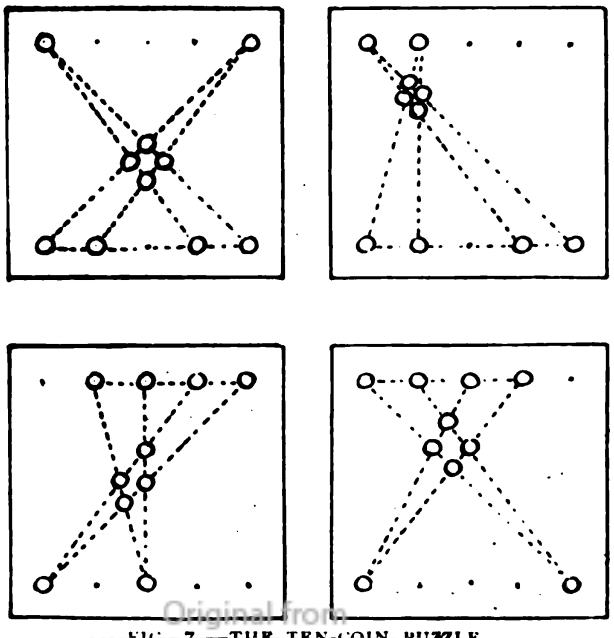


FIG. 7.—THE TEN-COIN PUZZLE.

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Farthing in	0 way.
Halfpenny in	1 way.
Penny in	3 ways.
Threepenny-piece in ...	16 ways.
Sixpence in	66 ways.
Shilling in	402 ways.
Florin in	3,818 ways.
Half-crown in	8,709 ways.
Double-florin in	60,239 ways.
Crown in	166,651 ways.
Half-sovereign in	6,261,622 ways.
Sovereign in	500,291,833 ways.

The way to help the American tradesman out of his dilemma is this. Describing the coins by the number of cents that they represent, the tradesman puts on the counter 50 and 25; the buyer puts down 100, 3, and 2; the stranger adds his 10, 10, 5, 2, and 1. Now, considering that the cost of the purchase amounted to 34 cents, it is clear that, out of this pooled money, the tradesman has to receive 109, the buyer 71, and the stranger his 28 cents. Therefore, it is obvious at a glance that the 100-piece must go to the tradesman, and it then follows that the 50-piece must go to the buyer, and then the 25-piece can only go to the stranger. Another glance will now make it clear that the two 10-cent pieces must go to the buyer, because the tradesman now only wants 9 and the stranger 3. Then it becomes obvious that the buyer must take the 1 cent, that the stranger must take the 3 cents, and the tradesman the 5, 2, and 2. To sum up, the tradesman takes 100, 5, 2, and 2; the buyer, 50, 10, 10, and 1; the stranger, 25 and 3. It will be seen that not one of the three persons retains any one of his own coins.

In the case of the three broken coins, if these, when perfect, were worth 253 pence, and are now, in their broken condition, worth 240 pence, it should be obvious that $\frac{13}{253}$ of the original value has been lost. And as the same fraction of each coin has been broken away, each coin has lost $\frac{13}{253}$ of its original bulk.

In tossing with the five pennies all at the same time, it is obvious that there are 32 different ways in which the coins may fall, because the first coin may fall in either of two ways, then the second coin may also fall in either of two ways, and so on. Therefore, five 2's multiplied together make 32. Now, how are these 32 ways made up? Here they are:—

(*a*) 5 heads	1 way
(*b*) 5 tails	1 way
(*c*) 4 heads and 1 tail ...	5 ways
(*a*) 4 tails and 1 head ...	5 ways
(*e*) 3 heads and 2 tails ...	10 ways
(*f*) 3 tails and 2 heads ...	10 ways

Now, it will be seen that the only favourable cases are *a*, *b*, *c*, and *d*—12 cases. The remaining 20 cases are unfavourable, because they do not give at least four heads or four tails. Therefore the chances are only 12 to 20 in your favour, or (which is the same thing) 3 to 5. Put another way, you have only 3 chances out of 8.

The amount that should be paid for a draw from the bag that contains three sovereigns and one shilling is 15s. 3d. Many persons will say that, as one's chances of drawing a sovereign were 3 out of 4, one should pay three-fourths of a pound, or 15s., overlooking the fact that one must draw at least a shilling—there being no blanks.

In order to be sure of winning in the game of fifteen you must draw first, and that first draw must be 2. Then, after every draw that your opponent makes you must draw the difference between that last draw of his and 4. That is to say, if he draws 1 you draw 3, if he draws 3 you draw 1, and if he draws 2 you draw 2 also. The general rule for winning with any number of coins in the heap is this. You must always leave your opponent after your first play, and every play, a number of coins that leaves 1 over when divided by 4. Thus, we have seen that with 15 coins you draw 2, and so leave 13, which is 1 more than a multiple of 4. If he put 20 counters on the table you would draw 3 and win, because the 17 left when divided by 4 leaves 1 over. If he put down 26 coins you would draw 1, and so on. But if the number that he places on the table should happen to be a number that itself leaves 1 over when divided by 4, then you must insist on your opponent playing first. By following this simple little rule you can thus always be sure of winning, no matter how many coins he places on the table.

To perform the trick with the sixpence under the tumbler, it is necessary that there shall be a table-cloth. You have then merely to scratch the cloth with the nail of the forefinger just in front of the sixpence and the coin will be gradually brought outside into a position in which it can be picked up.

The answer to the little Purse Puzzle is this. It is true that twenty pennies may be placed in "a purse," and that twenty pennies may be placed "all at the same time" in "an empty purse"; but you cannot "one at a time" place more than one penny in "an empty purse," because after you have put in the first penny the purse is no longer empty. The correct answer is therefore "one."

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HARDINGS' LUCK.



A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

By E. NESBIT.

CHAPTER VII.

DICKIE LEARNS MANY THINGS.

NOW Dickie made a resolution—that he would not set out the charm of Tinkler and seal and moonseeds until he had established Mr. Beale in an honourable calling and made a life for him in which he could be happy.

The pawnbroker, always a good friend to Dickie, had the wit to see that the child was not lying when he said that the box and the bag and the gold pieces had been given to him.

He changed the gold pieces stamped with the image of Queen Elizabeth for others stamped with the image of Queen Victoria. And he gave five pounds for the wrought-iron box, and owned that he should make a little—a very little—out of it.

"Thank you very much," said Dickie; "you've been a good friend to me. I hope some day I shall do you a better turn than the little you make out of my boxes and things."

The Jew sold the wrought-iron box that very week for twenty guineas.

And Dickie and Mr. Beale now possessed nearly thirty pounds. New clothes were bought—more furniture. Twenty-two pounds of the money was put in the savings bank. Dickie bought carving tools, and went to the Goldsmiths' Institute to learn to use them. The front bedroom was fitted with a bench for Dickie. The back sitting-room was a kennel for the dogs which Mr. Beale instantly began to collect. The front room was a parlour—a real parlour. A decent young woman—Amelia by name—was engaged to come in every day and "do for" them. The clothes they wore were clean; the food they ate was good. Dickie's knowledge of an ordered life in a great house helped him to order life in a house that was little. And day by day they earned their living. The new life was fairly started. And now Dickie felt that he might dare to go back through the three hundred years to all that was waiting for him there.

"But I will only stay a month," he told

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himself; "a month here and a month there, that will keep things even; because if I were longer there than I am here, I should not be growing up so fast here as I should there, and everything would be crooked. And how silly if I were a grown man in that life and had to come back and be a little boy in this!"

Beale was asleep in bed. Dickie had stayed awake and crept down into the parlour, where a little layer of clear red fire still burned. He put out the moonseeds and Tinkler and the seal, and the magic worked, and he knew that he had left the world where Beale was and gone back to that other time when James the First was King. Dickie, thrilled to feel how cleverly he had managed everything, moved his legs in the bed, rejoicing that he was no longer lame. But the room where he opened his eyes was not the big tapestried room he was used to. It was small and panelled; also it was rather dark.

This surprised Dickie more than anything else that had ever happened to him; and it frightened him a little, too. If the spell of the moonseeds and the rattle and the white seal was not certain to take him where he wished to be, nothing in the world was certain. He might be anywhere where he didn't wish to be; he might be anyone whom he did not wish to be.

"I'll never try it again," he said, "if I get out of this. I'll stick to the wood-carving, and not go venturing about any more among dreams and things."

He got up and looked out of the narrow window. From it he saw a garden, but it was not a garden he had ever seen before. It had marble seats, with balustrades, and the damp dews of autumn hung chill about its almost leafless trees.

He turned to open the door and there was no door. All was dark, even panelling. He was not shut in a room, but in a box. Nonsense! Boxes did not have beds in them and windows.

And then suddenly Dickie had a most odd feeling, rather as if a clock had struck—or had stopped striking — a feeling of sudden change. But he could not wait to wonder about it or to question what it was he really felt.

His brave little heart was the only thing that helped, and gave him the desperate courage to beat on the panels and shout, "Nurse! Nurse! Nurse!"

A crack of light split and opened between two panels. They slid back, and between them the nurse came to him, the nurse with the ruff and the frilled cap and the kind, wrinkled face.

He got his arms round her big, comfortable waist.

"There, there, my lamb," she said, petting him. His clothes hung over her arm, his doublet and little fat breeches, his stockings, and the shoes with rosettes.

"Oh, I am here! Oh, I am so glad! I thought I'd got to somewhere different."

She sat down on the bed and began to dress him, soothing him back to confidence with gentle touches and pet names.

"Listen," she said, when it came to the



"THEY SLID BACK, AND BETWEEN THEM THE NURSE CAME TO HIM."

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silver sugarloaf buttons of the doublet. "You must listen carefully. It's a month since you went away."

"But I thought time didn't move—I thought everything stayed still while I was in the other world?"

"It was the money upset everything," she said. "It always does upset everything. I ought to have known. Now attend carefully. No one knows you have been away. You've *seemed* to be here—learning and playing and doing everything like you used. And you're on a visit now to your cousins at your uncle's town house. Thou'lt have lessons alone to-day. One of thy cousins goes with his mother to be her page and bear her train at the King's revels at Whitehall, and the other must sit and sew her sampler. Her mother says she hath run wild too long."

So Dickie had lessons alone, and when the task was done he rushed into the room where his cousins were. He was astonished to find that he knew his way about the house quite well, though he could not remember ever having been there before, and cried out:—

"Thy task done? Mine is, too. So now we are free. Come, play ball in the garden!"

Now, if you have read a book called "The House of Arden" you will already know that Dickie's cousins were called Edred and Elfrida, and that their father, Lord Arden, had a beautiful castle by the sea, as well as a house in London, and that he and his wife were great favourites at the Court of King James the First. If you have not read that book and didn't already know these things—well, you know them now. And Arden was Dickie's own name too, in his old life, and his father was Sir Richard Arden, of Deptford and Aylesbury.

"We're going to find our father," said Edred, after a time; "but you mustn't be in it, because we're going away, and you've got to stay here."

"I don't see," said Richard, "why I shouldn't have a hand in it."

"There is a reason," said Edred. "You go to bed, Richard."

"Not me," said Dickie of Deptford, firmly.

"If we tell you," said Elfrida, explaining affectionately, "you won't believe us."

"You might at least," said Richard Arden, catching desperately at the grand manner that seemed to suit these times of ruff, and sword, and cloak, and conspiracy — "you might at least make the trial."

"Very well, I will," said Elfrida, abruptly. "No, Edred, he has a right to hear. He's one of us. He won't give us away, will you, Dickie, dear?"

"You know I won't," Dickie assured her.

"Well, then," said Elfrida, slowly, "we are—you listen hard and believe with both hands and with all your might, or you won't be able to believe at all. We are not what we seem, Edred and I. We don't really belong here at all. Haven't we seemed odd to you at all—different, I mean, from the Edred and Elfrida you've been used to?"

The remembrance of the stopped-clock feeling came strongly on Dickie and he nodded.

"Well, that's because we're not the ones you've been used to. We don't belong here. We belong three hundred years later in history. Only we've got a charm—because in our time Edred is Lord Arden, and there's a white mole who helps us and we can go anywhere in history we like."

"Not quite," said Edred.

"No—but there are chests of different clothes, and whatever clothes we put on we come to that time in history. I know it sounds like silly untruths," she added, rather sadly, "and I knew you wouldn't believe it, but it is true. And now we're going back to our own times—Queen Alexandra, you know, and King Edward the Seventh, and electric light, and motors, and nineteen hundred and eight. Don't try to believe it if it hurts you, Dickie, dear. I know it's most awfully rum—but it's the real, true truth."

Richard said nothing. He had never thought it possible that magic like this could happen to anyone else.

And then the nurse came for them, and Richard was sent to bed. But he did not go. There was no sleep in that house that night. Sleeplessness filled it like a thick fog. Dickie put out his rushlight and stayed quiet for a little while; but presently it was impossible to stay quiet another moment, so, very softly and carefully, he crept out and hid behind a tall press at the end of the passage. He felt that strange things were happening in the house, and that he must know what they were. Then there were voices below, voices coming up the stairs—the nurse's voice, his cousins'—and another voice. Where had he heard that other voice? The stopped-clock feeling was thick about him as he realized that this was one of the voices he had heard on that night of the first magic—the voice that had said, "He is more yours than mine."

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The light the nurse carried gleamed and disappeared up the second flight of stairs. Dickie followed. He had to follow. He could not be left out of this, the most mysterious of all the happenings that had so wonderfully come to him.

He saw, when he reached the upper landing, that the others were by the window, and that the window was open. A keen wind rushed through it, and by the blown candle's light he could see snowflakes whirled into the house through the window's dark, star-studded square. There was whispering going on. He heard the words—"Here, now jump."

And then a little figure—Edred it must be—no, Elfrida—climbed up on to the window-ledge and jumped out—out of the third-floor window—undoubtedly jumped. Another followed it—that was Edred.

"It *is* a dream," said Dickie to himself. "But if they've been made to jump out I'll jump, too."

He rushed past the nurse, past her voice and the other voice that was talking with hers, made one bound to the window, set his knee on it, stood up, and jumped. He heard, as his knee touched the icy window-sill, the strange voice say "Another," and then he was in the air, falling—falling.

"I shall wake when I reach the ground," Dickie told himself, "and then I shall know it's only a dream—a silly dream."

But he never reached the ground. He had not fallen a couple of yards before he was caught by something soft as heaped feathers or drifted snow — it moved and shifted under him—took shape. It was a chair—no—a carriage. And there were reins in his hand—white reins. And a horse? No—a swan with wide, white wings. He grasped the reins and guided the strange steed to a low swoop that should bring him near the flare of torches in the street outside the great front door. And as the swan laid its long neck low in the downward flight, he saw his cousins in a carriage like his own rise into the sky and sail away towards the south. Quite without meaning to do it, he pulled on the reins; the swan rose; he pulled again, and the carriage stopped at the landing window.

Hands dragged him in—the old nurse's hands. The swan glided away between snow and stars, and on the landing inside the open window the nurse held him fast in her arms.

"My lamb," she said; "my dear, foolish, brave lamb!"

Dickie was pulling himself together.

"If it's a dream," he said, slowly, "I've had enough. I want to wake up. If it's real—real, with magic in it—you've got to explain it all to me—every bit. I can't go on like this. It's not fair."

"Oh, tell him, and have done," said the voice that had begun all the magic, and it seemed to him that something small and white slid along the wainscot of the corridor and vanished quite suddenly, just as a candle-flame does when you blow the candle out.

"I will," said the nurse. "Come, love. I *will* tell you everything." She took him down into a warm, curtained room, blew to flame the grey ashes on the open hearth, gave him elder wine to drink, hot and spiced, and kneeling before him, rubbing his cold bare feet, she told him.

"There are certain children born now and then—it does not often happen, but now and then it does—children who are not bound by time as other people are. And if the right bit of magic comes their way, those children have the power to go back and forth in time just as other children go back and forth in space—the space of a room, a playing field.

"Sometimes it comes to them so gradually that they hardly know when it begins—and leaves them as gradually, like a dream when you wake and stretch yourself. Sometimes it comes by the saying of a charm. That is how Edred and Elfrida found it. They come from the time that you were born in, and they have been living in this time with you, and now they have gone back to their own time."

Then she told him all about the white Mouldiwarp of Arden and how it was the badge of Arden's House, its picture being engraved on Tinkler, and how it had done all sorts of magic for Edred and Elfrida and would do still more.

Dickie and the nurse sat most of the night talking by the replenished fire, for the tale seemed endless. Dickie learned that the Edred and Elfrida who belonged to his own times had a father who was supposed to be dead. "I am forbidden to help them," said the nurse, "but thou canst help them, and shalt."

"I should like that," said Dickie—"but can't *I* see the white Mouldiwarp?"

"There are three white Mouldiwarps friends to thy house," she told him; "the Mouldiwarp who is the badge, and the Mouldiwarp who is the crest, and the great Mouldiwarp who sits on the green and white chequered field of Arden's shield of arms. It was the first two who talked of you."

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"And how can I find my cousins and help them to find their father?"

"Lay out the moonseeds and the other charms and wish to be where they are going. Then thou canst speak with them."

After this he talked with the nurse every day and learned more and more wonders, of which there is no time now for me to tell you. But they are all written in the book of "The House of Arden." In that book, too, it is written how Dickie went back from James the First's time to the time of the eighth Henry and took part in the merry country life of those days, and there found the old nurse herself and Edred and Elfrida, and helped them to recover their father from a far country. And when all this was over, Elfrida and Edred wanted Dickie to come back with them to their own time. But he would not. He went back instead to the time he loved, when James the First was King. And when he woke in the little panelled room it seemed to him that all this adventure with his cousins was only dreams and fancies. In the course of this adventure he met the white Mouldiwarp—and it was just a white mole, very funny and rather self-important. The second Mouldiwarp he had not yet met. I have told you all these things very shortly because they were so dreamlike to Dickie, and not at all real, like the double life he had been leading.

"That always happens," said the nurse; "if you stumble into someone else's magic it never feels real. But if you bring them into yours it's quite another pair of sleeves. These children can't get any more magic of their own now, but you could take them into yours. Only for that you'd have to meet them in your own time that you were born in —and you'll have to wait till it's summer, because that's where they are now. The season they came out of was summer, and the season you'll go back to is autumn; so you must live the seven months in their time, and then it'll be summer and you will meet them.

"Edred and Elfrida first went into the past to look for treasure. It is a treasure buried in Arden Castle, by the sea, which is their home. They want the treasure to restore the splendour of the old castle, which in your time is fallen into ruin and decay, and to mend the houses of the tenants, and to do good to the poor and needy. But they have used their magic to get back their father, and can no longer use it to look for treasure. But *your* magic will hold. And if you lay out your moonseeds round *them*, in the old shape, and stand with them in the midst, holding your Tinkler and your white seal, you will all go whithersoever you choose."

"I shall choose to go straight to the treasure, of course," said practical Dickie.

"That thou canst not. Thou canst only choose some year in the past—any year—go into it, and then seek for the treasure there and then."

"I'll do it," Dickie said, "and then I may come back to you, mayn't I?"

"If thou'rt not needed elsewhere. The Ardens stay where duty binds them and go where duty calls."

"But I'm not an Arden *there*," said Dickie, sadly.

"Thou'rt Richard Arden there as here," she said. "Thy grandfather's name got changed, by breathing hard on it, from Arden to Harden, and that again to Harding. Thus names are changed ever and again. And Dickie of Deptford has the honour of the House of Arden to uphold there as here."

"I shall call myself Arden when I go back," said Dickie, proudly.

"The time is not ripe for thee to take up all thine honours there," she said. "Set out thy moonseeds and, when thou hearest the voices, say, 'I would see both Mouldiwarps,' and shalt see them both."

So he set out the moonseeds and said the words of wishing, and everything faded away from before his eyes in a blue-grey mist in which he could feel nothing solid—not even the ground under his feet or the touch of his clenched fingers against his palms.

And out of the mist came two white moles, like figures on a magic-lantern sheet. They were very white, the Mouldiwarps, outlined distinctly against the grey-blueness, and the Mouldiwarp he had seen in that wonderful adventure in the far country smiled—as well as a mole can—and said:—

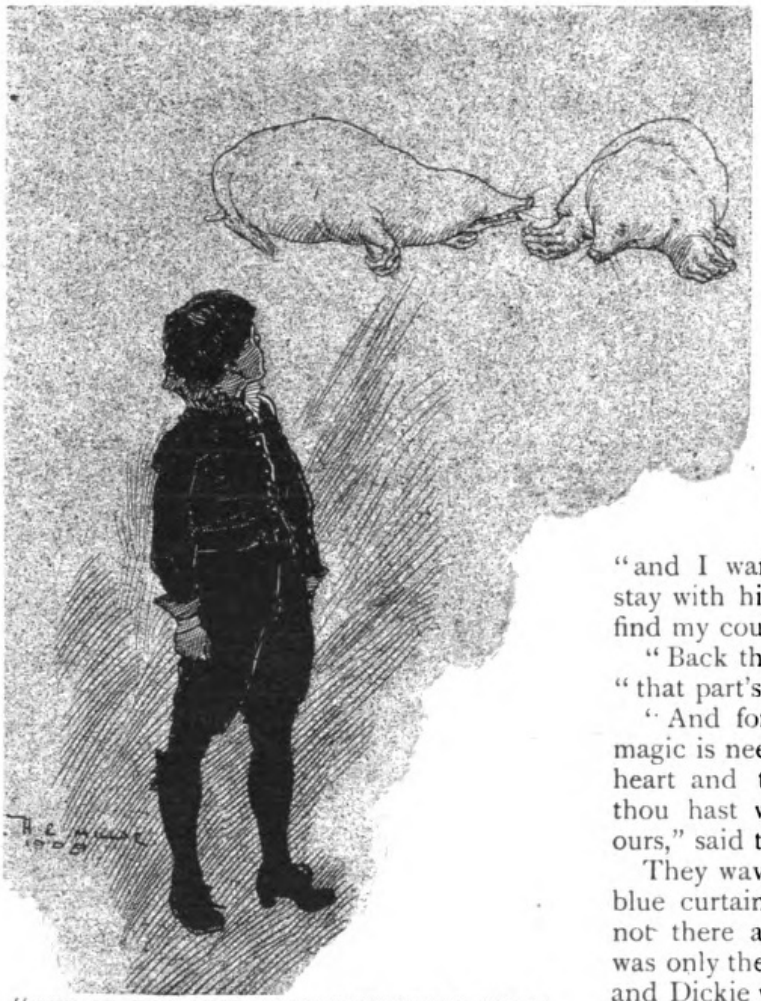
"Thou'rt a fair sprig of de old tree, Muster Dickie, so 'e be," in the thick speech of the peasant people round about Talbot House, where Dickie had once been a little burglar.

"He is indeed a worthy scion of the great house we serve," said the other Mouldiwarp, with precise and gentle utterance. "As Mouldierwarp to the Ardens I can but own that I am proud of him."

The Mouldierwarp had, as well as a gentle voice, a finer nose than the Mouldiwarp; his fur was more even and his claws sharper.

"Eh! you be a gentleman, you be," said the Mouldiwarp; "so's 'e—so there's two of ye, sure enough."

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"OUT OF THE MIST CAME TWO WHITE MOLES, LIKE FIGURES ON A MAGIC-LANTERN SHEET."

It was very odd to see and hear these white moles talking and looking like figures on a magic-lantern screen. Still, one must always be polite, so he said:—

"I am very glad to see you both."

"There's purty manners," the Mouldiwarp said.

"The pleasure is ours," said the Mouldierwarp instantly. Dickie could not help seeing that both these odd creatures were extremely pleased with him.

"When shall I see the other Mouldiwarp?" he asked, to keep up the conversation; "the one on our shield of arms?"

"You mean the Mouldiestwarp?" said the Mouldier, as I will now call him for short; "you will not see him till the end of the magic. He is very great. I work the magic of space—my brother here works the magic of time, and the great Mouldiestwarp controls us and many things besides. You must only call on him when you wish to end our magics and to work a magic greater than ours."

"What could be greater?" Dickie asked, and both creatures looked very gratified.

"He is a worthier Arden than those little black and white chits of thine," the Mouldier said to the Mouldy (which is what, to save time, we will now call the Mouldiwarp).

"An' so should be—an' so should be," said the Mouldy, shortly. "All's for the best and the end's to come. Where d'ye want to go, my lord?"

"I'm not my lord, I'm only Richard Arden," said Dickie, "and I want to go back to Mr. Beale and stay with him for seven months, and then to find my cousins."

"Back thou goes, then," said the Mouldy; "that part's easy."

"And for the second half of thy wish no magic is needed but the magic of a steadfast heart and the patient purpose; and these thou hast without any helping or giving of ours," said the courtly Mouldierwarp.

They waved their white paws on the grey-blue curtain of mist, and behold, they were not there any more, and the blue-grey mist was only the night's darkness turning to dawn, and Dickie was able again to feel solid things—and what he felt was the hard floor under him, his hand on the sharp edge of the table in the parlour of the house where he lived with Beale, and the soft-breathing, comfortable weight of True, asleep against his knee. He moved, the dog awoke, and Dickie felt its soft nose nuzzled into his hand.

"And now for seven months' work and not one good dream," said Dickie. Then he got up, put Tinkler and the seal and the moonseeds into a very safe place, and crept back to bed beside Mr. Beale.

He felt rather heroic. He did not want the treasure. It was not for him. He was going to help Edred and Elfrida to get it. He did not want the life at Lavender Terrace. He was going to help Mr. Beale to live it. So let him feel a little bit of a hero—since that was what indeed he was—even though, of course, all right-minded children are modest and humble and fully sensible of their own intense unimportance, no matter how heroically they may happen to be behaving.

(To be continued.)

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Motoring Up Mountains.

By E. DOUGLAS FAWCETT.

ALL folk, with or without actual experience of cars, can easily picture how delightful motor-touring must be. The charm of the driving and of the movement, the independence, the widened fields of exploration opened to the traveller, the "free life," with all the comforts of civilization at call—these are considerations which, as they say across the Channel, "leap to the eye." Even when only a week or fortnight can be spent in this way, the wanderers are well rewarded in respect both of pleasure and health. But, of course, the dark factor in the programme of the short-holiday tourist is the weather. Motoring "for pleasure" in bad weather is sheer waste of time, whether one travels in a huge covered vehicle or not.

Now, the popular notion is that this ideal kind of wandering is only for millionaires and the like. Get rid of this stupid prejudice at once, reader; lavish outlay is the very last thing necessary. Motor-touring can be enjoyed on a first-class small two-seated car (with ample accommodation for baggage), the initial cost of which will be some two hundred and thirty pounds, and the upkeep of which will not amount to sixty pounds a year.

Such a light car is practically immune from tyre troubles, is easily kept "tuned," and, being of modest dimensions, can always find some shelter wherever you elect to stop. But, above all, she is satisfactory in the mountains. Big cars in the Alps are by no means so reliable as might be supposed by those who have seen them scurrying in dust-clouds along familiar home highways.

I have now, I trust, begun to interest the reader in motor-mountaineering, a novel sport which is bound to attract many votaries ere long. The climbing is done not by way of roads, but by rough mule-tracks and foot-paths, and at times even by slopes of sheer grass. The motor-car of late years has been put to strange uses. But it will be admitted, I think, that this last development is the most unexpected of all!

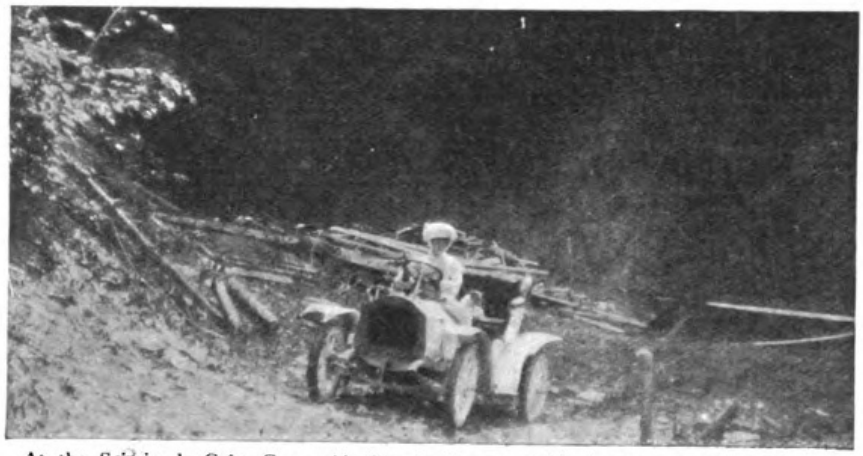
The mountaineering car which I used last autumn and shall use again this year is a De Dion having one cylinder of only 4in. bore, but with a long stroke. It is "geared" lower than is usual in the case of touring vehicles, though not so low as to prevent us from enjoying it as an ordinary travelling car.

This car had been piloted previously by M. Boutin up the mule-path which leads from St. Gervais (High Savoy) to the top of Mount Prarion, a rounded green alp, some six thousand feet high, which faces Mont Blanc at the bottom of the Chamonix Valley. Mule-track gradients of over thirty-five per cent. in places, and towards the top stretches of grass slope, here and there very steep, and difficult to negotiate without slip, had been surmounted. It will be gathered that I had no doubt as to the reliability of the car when it passed into my hands. My campaign opened in a quarter which presented difficulties considerably greater even than those just mentioned. An attempt was made to mount



A specimen of the mule-paths climbed by the De Dion car during the ascent of Mount Prarion.

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At the Scierie de Crêve-Cœur, Aiguille de Varens. This is the only car which has succeeded in reaching this spot. Though not a mule-path, the road is extraordinarily steep, with long stretches of 1 in 3 gradient.

forest path tilted at an angle which severely tried the brakes. The weather being discouraging and the Chamonix season well-nigh over, we deferred our next attack till 1909 and left for Switzerland. In passing Sallanches, in the Arve Valley, we encountered the hardest ordinary road-climb (a woodman's road) which I have ever seen — that up to the Scierie de Crève-Cœur, in the heart of the Aiguille de Varens. The climb — which has baffled numerous venturesome cars, great and small—is about five miles in length, and includes many bits of gradient of one in three. A letter from the Mayor of St. Martin attests the facts. Not to dwell on numerous ascents in little-known places, I will refer briefly to some interesting "first climbs" which we were enabled to effect, thanks to the courtesy of the Council of State of the Canton du Valais. Permits were given for the climbing of the Grimsel and Furka passes *viâ* Brigue, Munster, and Gletsch; for runs to Vermala and Montana (the well-known winter resort) from Sierre; for the "course" Martigny—Col de la Forclaz—Tête Noire, up the difficult

the Montanvert mule-path, the tortuous, rocky, and somewhat dangerous track which leads from Chamonix up to the world-famous outlook over the Mer de Glace. We succeeded in getting up some distance, but were baffled at last by rocks, having to descend ignominiously backwards, with great difficulty, a narrow

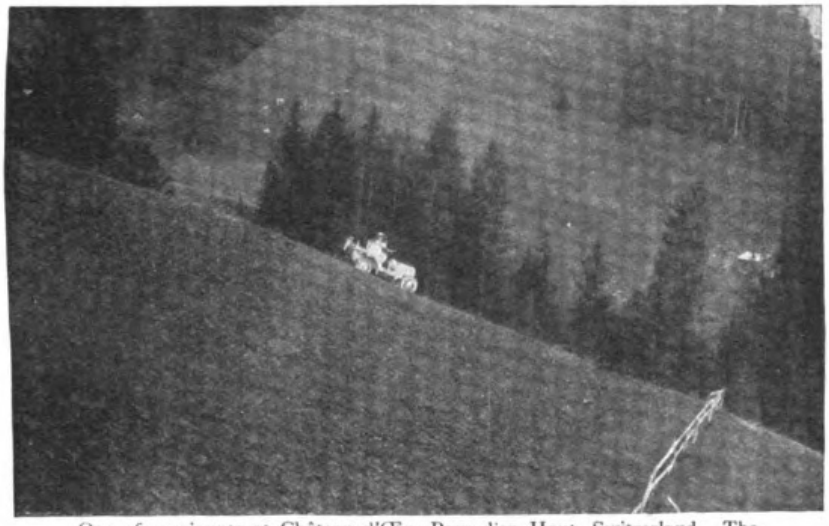


We were very kindly entertained by these peasants of St. Martin, near Sallanches, after the record ascent to the Scierie de Crêve-Cœur.



A backward descent of a forest path above Vermala (sur Montana), Valley of the Rhône. Special permission, the first ever accorded to motorists, was given for this journey. The gradient is 1 in 2¾ to 1 in 2½.

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One of our jaunts at Château d'Œx, Pays d'en Haut, Switzerland. The descent from the Châlet le Clôt.

serpentine path to Finhaut and Salvan, and thence down by fifty-four steep curves (Col de Vernayaz) into the Rhône Valley; and for the first crossing, *viâ* Monthey and Morgins, into the (French) Val d'Abondance — the last-named, however, quite an easy excursion, which no motorist should be forbidden to enjoy.

What happens, it will be asked, when the car's advance is stopped by a rock which cannot be jumped? Supposing, for instance, one does not "declutch"—*i.e.*, disconnect the engine and main shaft—does the motor stop? Not a bit of it. The power of the long-stroke motor is such that the driving tyres, armoured though they are, spin fiercely without propelling the car. This spinning takes place frequently on grass. On one occasion, when mounting a most difficult path in the Pays d'en Haut, Vaud, we came upon a patch of moist turf, the tip of the gradient being extreme. As soon as the back wheels, which had already been slipping and getting us up by fits and starts, reached the turf the car stopped, and two streams of grass and soft soil were shot out behind us. Yet those wheels had been liberally roped! I descended the path backwards twice, attacking the grass patch with what mild rush was possible on the low gear, but failed badly.

The photographs which illustrate the text show effectively where the modern motor-car can go and spare me the necessity of multiplying accounts of climbs in places which, for many readers, must be mere names. This article, moreover, must be regarded as introductory chat, and will be followed, I trust, by a contribution on much more concrete and realistic lines anon. I have not yet acknowledged defeat in the matter of the Montanvert climb, and hope to submit later a detailed and fully illustrated account of how this and some equally formidable ascents have been dealt with. At Chamonix it is not believed that the ascent of the Montanvert mule-path is practicable—not even with the well-tried De Dion mountaineering car under one—and last year the mayor jestingly observed that, if any motorist ever succeeded in getting up, a statue would have to be erected in honour of the event! Well, I must allow that the prophets are not encouraging. Still, where there is no difficulty nor uncertainty there is no sport, and I, for one, do not regard the view of the Chamoniard folk as decisive.



Going up a very steep Swiss mountain-path, Château d'Œx, Vaud. Notice the roped back wheel of the car.

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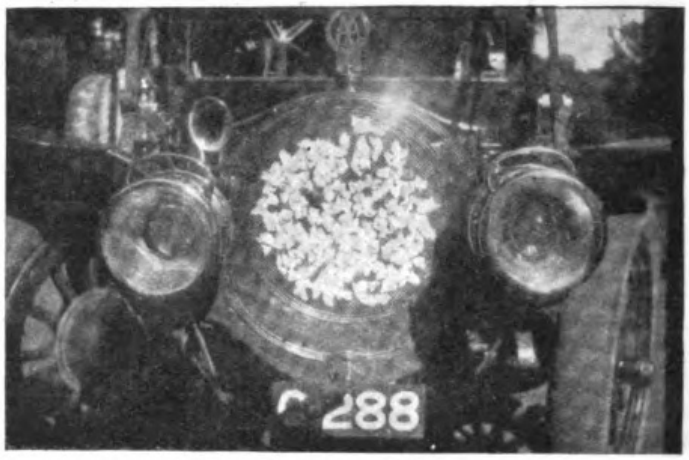
CURIOSITIES.

[*We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.*]

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A MOTOR-CAR STOPPED BY BUTTERFLIES.

IN the low country in Ceylon millions of butterflies settle along the road in damp places, and when a motor-car passes they are killed in thousands. This photograph shows the radiator of a car covered with butterflies, which prevented the air from cooling the engines, and necessitated the car being frequently stopped to remove the obstruction.—Miss H. J. Fairlie, 2, University Gardens, Glasgow.



THE LONG AND THE SHORT OF IT.

THE extremes of which Nature is capable could hardly be better shown than in the following photograph. The Englishman looking with such admiration at



the splendid specimen of humanity at his side is himself five feet eight inches in height, so that the proportions of the two natives may be readily gauged. —Supplied by Messrs. Gallichan and Gasquoine, 188, Strand.

A TRICK ROOSTER.

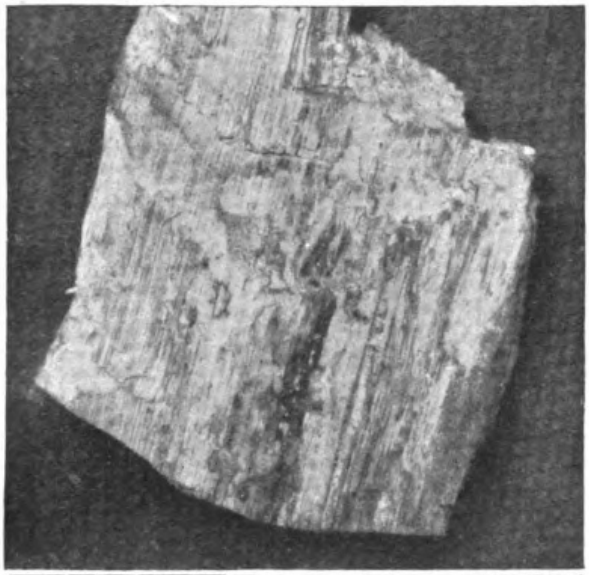
ONE of the oddest sights imaginable is that of little thirteen-year-old Ralph J. Eidemiller, of 55, East Walnut Street, Pasadena, California, riding his bicycle up and down the crowded business thoroughfares, with a great, dignified Plymouth Rock rooster riding contentedly behind him, quite unafraid of noises and dogs and people, and seeming to enjoy his ride as much as the boy. Whenever they stop, an interested crowd surrounds them. Then Sammy, the rooster, is put through his tricks, and smartly he does them too, proving that he has a good thinking apparatus, or perhaps scientists would call it "instinct." When his little master says, "Sammy, jump down," he hops from his bicycle platform to the pavement. When told to crow, he straightens up proudly and crows as enthusiastically as if waiting for breakfast in his grandfather's farmyard. He will jump back on the platform when told to do so, and will also climb the rounds of a ladder. His proud owner trained him at home, just for amusement, and then conceived the idea of exhibiting him on the streets for profit. His father made some postcard photographs of Sammy and the boy, and now, when they stop on the streets, he sells these postcards like "hot cakes."—Helen Lukens Gaut, 182, East Walnut Street, Pasadena, California, U.S.A.

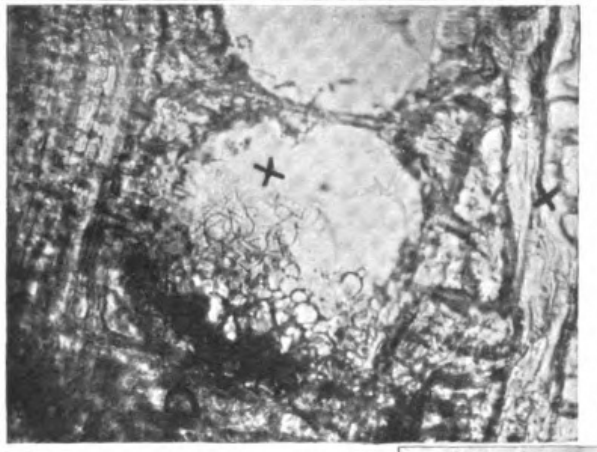


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AN INCANDESCENT TREE.

SOME months ago the inhabitants of the town of Motherwell were startled by reports of an ash tree which glowed in the dark. The tree was visited by thousands, who hacked it about until hardly a root was left. The piece of wood shown in the first of the accompanying photographs formed part of the trunk of the tree. The whole surface gave out a peculiar greenish incandescent light, this being more marked at three areas on its surface. A newspaper could be read quite easily at a distance of a few feet. The lower photograph shows a

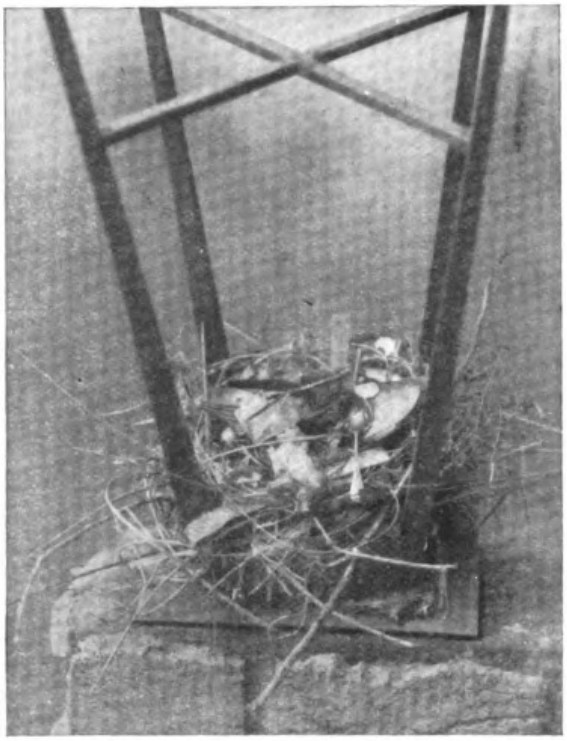




microscopic section of one of the areas mentioned, magnified three hundred times. The filaments of a fungus, name unknown, which was the cause of the light are seen within the vessels of the tree in cross and longitudinal section.—Dr. W. J. McFeat, Calderview, Motherwell.

AN EXTRAORDINARY NEST.

THE freaks of the wily crow in Calcutta are constant and varied, and the photograph I send of a crow's nest may prove of some interest to your readers. It was constructed in the top of an inverted tea-table, which had been stowed away in a large furniture warehouse in Calcutta. The crow



could only obtain access to this warehouse between the hours of eight a.m. and six p.m., and his perseverance is to be admired when one reads the following list of articles of which this remarkable nest was made: Thirty-nine pieces of bone of various kinds, one silver Indian toe ring, three milk-tin lids, five other pieces of tin of various sorts, four teaspoons, two dessert spoons, one fork, one large ostrich plume, eleven feet six inches of hoop iron in short lengths, and twenty-six feet of wire of various gauges and lengths.—Mr. A. S. Cattell, 60, Bentinck Street, Calcutta, India.

WHY NOT A S.P.C.I.T.?

"WATER, water everywhere, but not a drop to drink!" is so often the cry of the aggrieved householder during the period of frosts and snows and the bursting of pipes that the inhabitants of the village of Northaw, Herts, have formed themselves into an unofficial "Society for the prevention of cruelty to inanimate things," and have dealt with the village pump in the drastic manner here shown.—Mr. M. D. Stott, The Corner, Pevensey Bay, Sussex.



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BAT OR DOG?

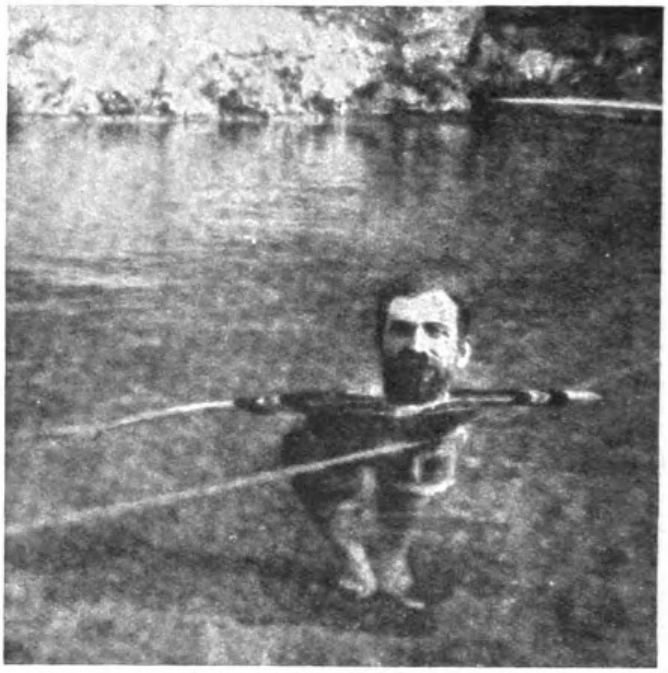
BY covering up the wings and body of the fruit bat shown in this photograph, so as to leave only the head visible, one might readily believe it to be the head of a dog, the dentition giving further colour to such belief.—Mr. F. J. Pittock, Restholme, Palmer's Green, N.

MODELS MADE OF FLOWERS.

IN presenting the portrait of Miss Rose Bud one should, perhaps, offer apologies to the popular



actresses of the day. The dainty little lady was formed entirely of rose; a full-blown flower provided the wherewithal for the short, full skirt; whilst buds of different sizes entered into the composition of the body and head. Material for the arms and legs was found in the stalks of the plant. The pedestal on which the beauty posed was simply a piece of candle! Nothing but foxglove flowers and buds went to compose the "Girls' School." As can be readily seen, the bonnets of the young ladies and the teacher are fitted on through small holes to the upper part of fully-expanded blossoms.—Mr. S. Leonard Bastin, Lyndhurst, Hants.

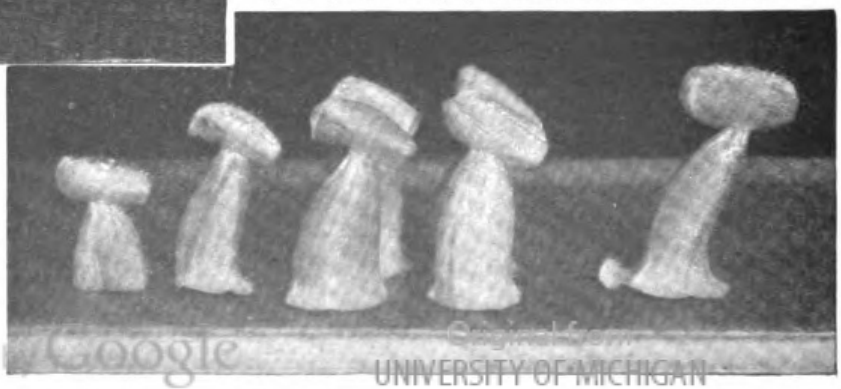


AN UNDER-WATER PHOTOGRAPH.

THIS photograph of a friend standing up to his neck in water may induce some of your photographic readers to try their hand at this form of portraiture. The distortion caused by the light striking the water is more curious than beautiful, and may prevent under-water portraits from ever becoming popular—at least, among the fair sex.—Mr. Montague Troup, Cedars Mansions, West Kensington.

SOLUTION TO LAST MONTH'S CLOCK PUZZLE.

IT is, perhaps, impossible to say definitely how many mistakes are shown in the photograph of the imitation clock published in the last number. The following is a list of seven, but, of course, there may be others: 1. Seventy-two instead of sixty minutes. 2. IV. should be IIII. 3. Hour hand should be nearer to IIII. according to time = twenty to four. 4. No minutes dial at bottom (the top small dial is to "set" alarm). 5. Hour hand should be tipped at end, and minute hand thin and straight. 6. No legs for clock to stand upon. 7. Inner circle below hour figures is not necessary.—Mr. S. M. Jones, Fair View, 2, Ethel Road, Seacombe, Cheshire.



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THERE IS NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN.

THE above drawing by George Cruikshank, and the accompanying verses, taken from "The Comic Almanack" for 1843, show that the subject of airships and their possibilities was a popular one more than sixty years ago. For the opportunity of reproducing this curious old print we are indebted to Mr. J. Storrs Fry.

AIR-UM SCARE-UM TRAVELLING.

"Who's for the excursion round the moon?
Here's the 'Original Fly Balloon.'"
"Is it this that calls
At the top of St. Paul's,
Where I'm to take up my wife and babby?"
"No, sir, it's not ours;
We only touch at the towers
Of Westminster Abbey."

We stop at the Great Bear
To take in air;
Then at once, without waiting at all, we fly on,
In hopes of being in time to hear
Some of the music of the sphere,
Accompanied by the band of Orion.
What a funny sensation it is the clouds to enter!
Oh, don't you know the reason why
You feel rather comic when up in the sky?
'Tis caused by your distance from gravity's centre.

But here's the Zodiac, where we dine,
The Bull or the Lion is the sign;
To stop at Aquarius does not answer,
But we call to-day at the Crab, if we Can-sir.
Here's a lawyer wants to be starting soon
To watch the action of the moon;
A barrister wishes much to know
If a place is vacant, that he may go
To study the laws of the stars' rotation,
With them keep pace
As they roll through space,
And join their circuit in the long vacation.

The day of railways will be o'er,
And steam will be esteem'd no more,
When the result is seen
Of the experiment of Mr. Green,
Who says he can, as a matter of course,
In a balloon the Atlantic cross.

And, by way of proving he can,
He shows us a part of his plan,
Which looked, in miniature, very neat,
At the Polytechnic in Regent Street,
And answered, the truth to tell,
Uncommonly well
As far as it went; but, the fact to say,
It went but a very little way.
No one could doubt the success of the notion,
If Hanover Square
One might compare
To the wide Atlantic Ocean.
It's a very fine thing
To take hold of a string,
Attached to a pretty toy balloon,
Guiding it easily either way,
And undertaking to say,
The Atlantic may be traversed soon
By similar means;
Which will be credited by men
When all the world are Greens,
But not till then!

A FLOATING POST-OFFICE.

BELOW is a photograph of our floating post-office, which shows the way in which we post our letters when passing convenient places. I have posted letters in this way several times when passing Santa Cruz, Teneriffe, and have met with success each time. The water-tight tin contains the bag of letters all stamped with English stamps and sealed up, to which is attached a note with a donation for the finder. The tin is secured to a raft and dropped overboard, care being taken to drop the raft flat on the water, so as to keep the flag flying, in order to attract attention. It will be noticed that the line attached to the four corners of the raft is held in the hand of the man on the left of the picture. There were ninety letters posted to various parts of the world in our last floating post-office.—Mr. A. E. Dunn, Chief Officer, s.s. *Kaipara*.



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TATTOOED ON A BALD HEAD.

THERE can be few more successful examples of the art of tattooing than the portrait of King Edward here shown. The work, as will be seen, has been done on the skull, and the design was carried out in twelve hours by Mr. George Burchett.—Mr. Massa W. Mandoo.

A MONUMENT WITH A PATHETIC STORY.

TO gratify the death-bed whim of his father, Dr. Walter O. Blaisdell, of Punxsutawney, Pa., had shipped from Maine, to the cemetery in McDonough County, Illinois, a huge granite boulder which has been placed at the head of his parent's grave in obedience to his last request. Chiselled on it is the single word "Blaisdell." Around this flinty relic of the glacial era there clusters a story of filial duty well performed and of age recalling the fond memories of youth. The elder Blaisdell, who was a pioneer practitioner of Central Illinois, was stricken with illness and sent for his son from Pennsylvania. When the latter realized that his father was on his death-bed, he asked him if he had any last request to make. The parent replied that his mind continually dwelt upon the scenes of his childhood, and especially about a granite boulder which lay on his father's farm in Maine. This boulder was the centre of his playground when a boy. He felt that he could rest in peace if his son would find that boulder and place it over his grave. The son solemnly promised to comply, and, when the end came, hastened back to Maine in search of the boulder. He found it just where his parent had told him it was lying. A flat car was chartered and it was shipped West. Without ceremony the stone was placed at the head of the elder Blaisdell's grave, and there it promises to lie for all time, recalling a pathetic story of age reverting to the golden memories of youth when the shadows commenced to fall.—Mr. E. E. Pierson, Bloomington, Ill., U.S.A.





A NOVEL CLOTHES-HORSE.

THE native servants of one of the hotels here have found a novel use for an aloe by utilizing it to dry clothes on. As a rule, the spikes of the aloe go right through, making a large hole in every dinner napkin, duster, etc.—Mrs. Theodora Purefoy Robinson, St. George's, Bermuda.

A MILLION ANCESTORS.

I ASKED a friend a short time back how many ancestors he had in the direct line twenty generations back. After a minute's reflection he suggested fifty. It may be a little surprising and of interest to some of your readers to learn that they each have had more than a million ancestors within comparatively recent years, and that without taking into account uncles and aunts. Starting with one's parents, each person usually has two, a father and a mother. The father had his two parents and the mother had hers. Thus each person has four grandparents. One step farther and we have eight great-grandparents. I know a case within living memory where a man had four great-grandparents all living. A simple calculation gives the astonishing result that our lineal ancestors during twenty generations numbe no fewer than 1,048,576, as shown below, or sufficient people if all living to populate the whole of Wales.

1st	Generation	2	11th	Generation	2,048
2nd	,,	4	12th	,,	4,096
3rd	,,	8	13th	,,	8,192
4th	,,	16	14th	,,	16,384
5th	,,	32	15th	,,	32,768
6th	,,	64	16th	,,	65,536
7th	,,	128	17th	,,	131,072
8th	,,	256	18th	,,	262,144
9th	,,	512	19th	,,	524,288
10th	,,	1,024	20th	,,	1,048,576

—Mr. B. C. Tillett, Myrtleville, Eaton, Norwich.

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PROGRESS AND PROMISE IN QUEENSLAND.

THERE have been many interesting reminders of the progress and promise of Queensland of late; and that country of magnificent distances, salubrious climate, and surpassing resources is being much talked about. It is the youngest State of the Australian Commonwealth, not having been granted a separate Constitution until 1859, in the December of which year Sir George Bowen, the first Governor, assumed his official duties at Brisbane.

An interesting reference to this was made the other day by Sir Horace Tozer, K.C.M.G., Agent-General for the State, in a speech delivered on the occasion of the opening of the new Queensland Government offices in the Strand, London. Sir Horace pointed out that it was not until the arrival of Sir George Bowen that Queensland really started business on her own account. Prior to 1859 this great territory had formed a portion of the Mother State of New South Wales, and had been known as the Moreton Bay District, and in the fifty years that have since come and gone Queensland has achieved a record of which her people have just reason to be proud.

When the first Queensland Legislative Assembly began its sittings, the population of the State did not exceed 25,000, counting children; and the estate given over to the rule of this handful of people was 670,500 square miles in extent—a country large enough to contain France, Germany, and Austria-Hungary, and still leave room enough to accommodate Holland. This area represented nearly 27 square miles to each person, young and old.

But those 25,000 pioneers were of hardy British stock, possessed of the true colonizing spirit, and were content to labour and look ahead, conscious of inhabiting a land of boundless, though then in a large measure unknown, resources. The pioneers were for the most part engaged in grazing cattle and sheep; agriculture in its higher meaning—the cultivation of the soil—not being seriously attempted. "It was more a question of wool, tallow, and other products



BANANA GROVE, NEAR BRISBANE.

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of cattle and sheep," says Sir Horace Tozer, "than of anything else, with gold-mining just beginning. Farming, such as is known in this country, was despised, and referring to the splendid wheat lands of the Darling Downs, on which now waves the golden grain, the pasturalists used to say, 'The land won't grow a cabbage'!"

It seems amazing to us in these days that the early settlers, not only in Queensland but in other parts of Australia, and even in Canada, should have made such mistakes of judgment. They saw long stretches of country, and did not probe the soil to see what lay underneath.

In this way millions of acres of hidden fertility, only awaiting a proper turning to account, were suffered to run to waste. But little by little there came an awakening to the real condition of things, and to-day a retiring Governor of the State (Lord Northcote), in laying down office, is able to say, "There is no State in the Commonwealth which exceeds, even if it equals, the enormous variety of resources and potentialities of wealth possessed by Queensland."

It is, indeed, the variety of the opportunities offered by this State that renders it so desirable a country for the right class of men to settle in. As the Agent-General shows, it is this that enables the State to offer such excellent security to bondholders and to invite settlers to engage in the industries of the temperate and tropic zones in whatever manner they desire. They can work a dairy-farm and a vineyard on the Darling Downs, graze sheep and cattle, mine for gold or copper, obtain opals and sapphires from the deposits in the west, grow sugar-cane and tropical fruits from Bundaberg to Cooktown, or, if inclined to go to the far north, they can take up pearl-shelling in Torres Straits, among the reefs and islands of those wondrous seas. Dugong-fishing may be carried on profitably in various places off the coast, and *bêche-de-mer* gathering on the Great Barrier Reef. All these industries can be worked profitably, and beautiful homes can be established in a climate which constitutes Queensland a winter paradise.

From the time of Queensland becoming a self-governing State its opening up proceeded rapidly. Within a year the 25,000 population grew to 28,000. In 1859 there were no railways, and outside of Brisbane and Ipswich there was not a mile of made road in the colony — nothing but bush-tracks, or perhaps only a marked-tree line to guide the traveller. At the present time Queensland has a population of nearly 560,000, and

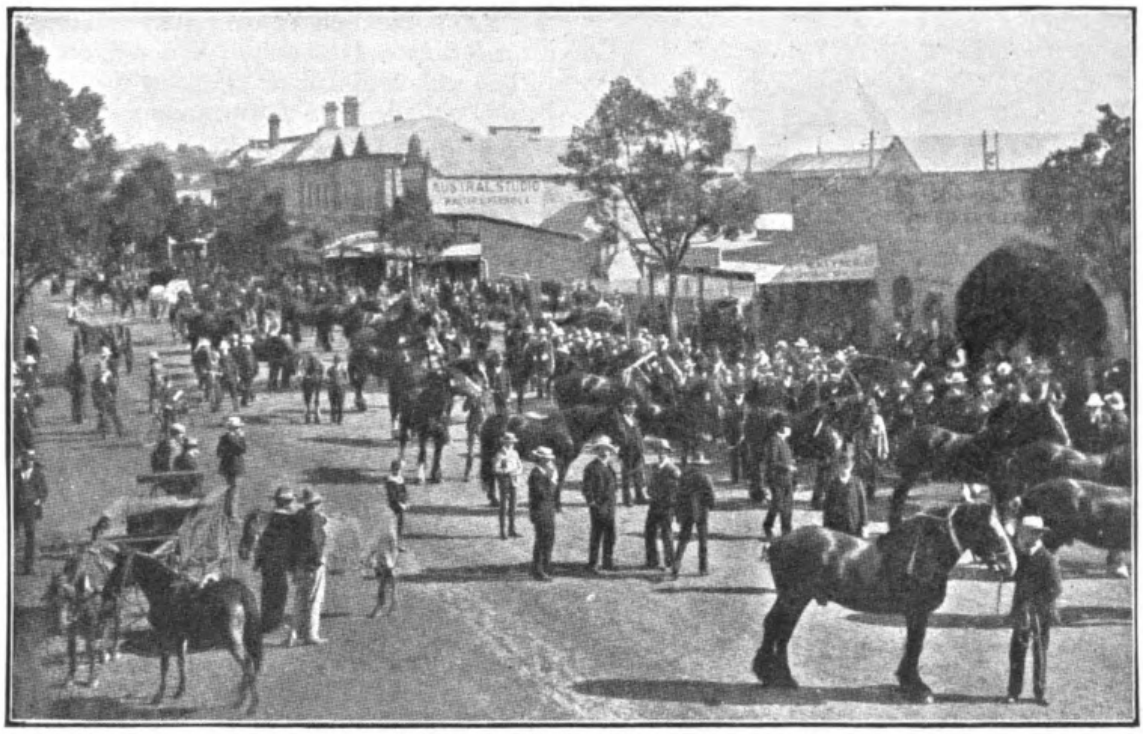


TREASURY AND EXECUTIVE BUILDINGS, GEORGE STREET, BRISBANE.

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3,560 miles of State-owned railways. Then, as regards the utilization of the land, the revolution has been marvellous. It is still a great pastoral country, more than half its whole territory being even now, in some way

land had not more than 3,353 acres under crop, whereas to-day there are some 600,000 acres under cultivation. The range of production is very wide. Wheat is grown chiefly in the Darling Downs and in the more



HORSE SALE IN A QUEENSLAND COUNTRY TOWN.

or other, connected with the handling of sheep, wool, and cattle. In 1860 Queensland produced 5,000,000lb. of wool and possessed 3,449,350 sheep; in 1907 the wool produce was 77,860,948lb. and the number of sheep 15,428,902.

As regards cattle-grazing, in spite of fluctuations and lean years, the general advance has been no less remarkable. In 1860 the State held 432,890 head of cattle, while Victoria had nearly twice as many, and New South Wales nearly six times the number. But year by year Queensland has increased her herds, and for upwards of a quarter of a century has now been the leading cattle State of Australia; and to-day has some 4,000,000 head, upwards of a million in excess of New South Wales, which holds the second place in this industry, with Victoria a good third. In 1860 Queensland exported 640 tons of tallow; while the value of her export under this head in 1907 was £235,824.

In later years, however, agriculture has established itself in all parts of the State. All kinds of cereals and fruits are now produced in abundance. In 1860 Queens-

western Maranoa district, the average yield for the past twenty years being 13·72 bushels per acre.

Maize, which is the farmer's stand-by and his first crop, can be grown practically all over the State, two crops a year being yielded in the sub-tropical and coastal districts. Over 127,000 acres are now under this crop, and the yield averages 24·34 bushels to the acre. Barley is also grown to a fair extent; pumpkins and melons flourish in abundance everywhere.

Dairying is also a great Queensland industry. The progress made in this direction is strikingly evidenced in the fact that sixteen years ago the State had to import 781,422lb. of butter; while in 1907 it not only supplied all its own wants, but exported 14,076,897lb., the total butter production being nearly 23,000,000lb., and there are over 13,000 establishments up and down the State concerned in the handling of milk, cream, and butter.

Fruit-production in Queensland is an easy matter, and in some directions is a very profitable commercial proposition. Bananas, pineapples, oranges, and grapes all do well.

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PINEAPPLE PLANTATION, WOOMBYE—PLANTS FIFTEEN MONTHS OLD.

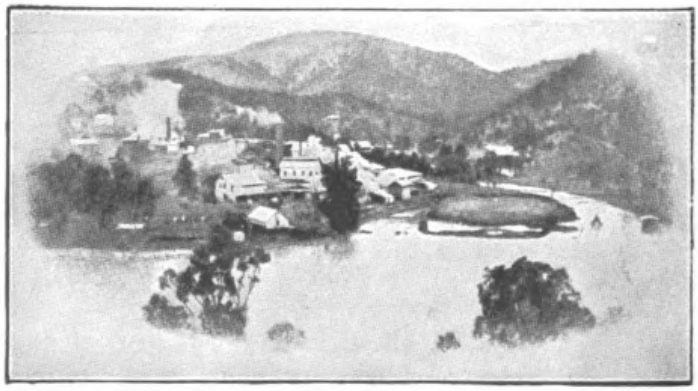
The banana crop amounts to over a million and a half bunches, the produce of about five thousand acres, lying mostly on the rich alluvial coastal lands of North Queensland, within the tropical belt. Pineapples are grown in great abundance and of fine quality, both in the south and the north; while in the respective tropical, sub-tropical, and temperate regions the fruits proper to such sections are grown well. The list is embarrassingly long and varied, including, in addition to the fruits already named, apples, pears, plums, apricots, lemons, peaches, paw-paws, passion fruit, mangoes, and many others.

There is another industry that has made great headway in Queensland—that of the sugar-cane. The only other State of the Commonwealth that grows this article of commerce is New South Wales, but Queensland has from the first taken the lead in this industry, being now responsible for a yearly produce of some 1,750,000 tons, as against about 230,000 tons yielded in New South Wales. In recent years, the conditions of production and handling having greatly changed, a protective tariff against foreign sugars secured the Australian markets to the home producers, and this has meant a good deal to the Queensland sugar-growers, giving them a population of over four millions to cater for instead of only half a million.

The coloured labour question is gradually being settled by a Government bonus on cane grown solely by white labour. In 1907 the product of white-grown sugar amounted to 162,480 tons, while sugar grown by black or alien labour did not reach more than 25,827 tons.

Turning for a moment to the record of the mineral wealth of Queensland, we touch the solid fact that the State has yielded a total gold output of the value of £66,314,528, the amount for 1907 being £1,978,938. The chief centres of gold production are Charters Towers, Gympie, Mount Morgan, Ravenswood, Croydon, Hodgkinson, and Palmer. Great hopes are entertained of the Etheridge district when it becomes further developed. In recent years there has been a slight falling off in the returns from the Queensland goldfields, but this has been more than made up by the increase in the yield of other minerals, there having been an output in 1907 of the value of £2,153,266 in minerals other than gold. Silver figures in the returns to the amount of £112,540; lead, £75,330; copper, £1,028,179; coal, £222,135; and tin, £496,766. Tin-smelting, by the way, is becoming quite an important industry, and is being carried on under very favourable conditions.

As to the general physical features of Queensland, its climatic advantages, and its attractions from the settler's point of view, the difficulty is to know where to begin and when to end. With a coast line of from 2,000 to 3,000 miles in extent; with three



TIN-SMELTING WORKS AT IRVINEBANK, NORTH QUEENSLAND.

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separate and distinct climates — a coastal climate of moderate and even temperature, a western climate of wider extremes of heat and cold, and the interior climate, where these conditions are intensified; and with far-extending mountain ranges and a wonderful series of rivers coursing through picturesque valleys from the hill regions to the ocean, the natural aspects are too varied to admit of any generalized description.

That Queensland is a healthy country to live in is shown by the fact that its death-rate is only 9·56, one of the two lowest in the world. "Great in area, vast in resources, highly favoured in climate," writes Mr. R. Sanderson Taylor, "she has all the elements essential to the existence of a prosperous State, capable of sustaining in health and contentment, under conditions impossible in most other countries, millions of British people."

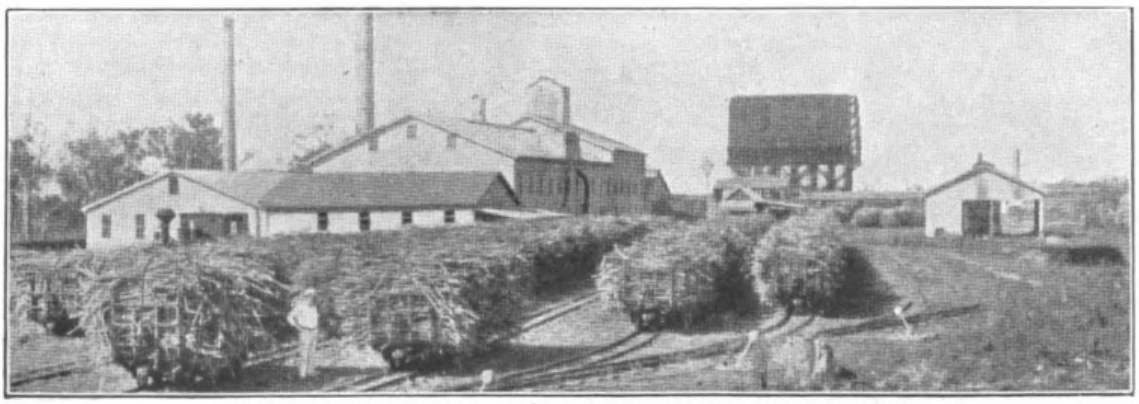
The inducements, indeed, to British settlers are many. It is a fine, healthy life that the State has to offer, and the conditions under which land can be obtained are most favourable. As to the class of settlers required, the authority just quoted says the most likely are those who possess a small capital, or men who will first have to work for others. "For men who have the command of moderately large sums there are profitable avenues for investment in sheep and cattle stations, farming and dairying on a large scale, city and country properties, mining and timber-getting, and the secondary industries. The small capitalist—the man with, say, £150 or £200, and the more valuable asset of a stout heart and a strong constitution—may make a start in a small way as a dairy-farmer, a fruit-grower, or a market-gardener.

Every emigrant is entitled to take up 163 acres of land for nothing, provided he is prepared to settle upon it and make his home there, the more accessible lands near lines of railways, centres of population, and navigable waters being set apart for agricultural selection.



CUTTING SUGAR-CANE BY WHITE LABOUR IN NORTH QUEENSLAND.

The latest returns demonstrate that, under the various forms of land tenure existing in Queensland, within three months over 1,500,000 acres of agricultural land were selected. There is also free education as well as free land, and the conditions altogether are in harmony with British sentiment, modes of life, and aspirations.



COLONIAL SUGAR COMPANY'S MILL, CHILDERS, QUEENSLAND.

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Conquering the Rocky Mountains.

By FREDERICK A. TALBOT.

THE railway administrator was in his office. A new trans-continental railway—the thin bond of steel to link the activities of the Atlantic with those of the Pacific seaboard—was being planned. Scattered round him on every side was a maze of papers and drawings. These were pages of figures; huge sheets covered with a labyrinth of designs. Here was a sectional profile through a heavy, mountainous region which threatened to dispute the path of the annihilator of time and space, showing every peak, irrespective of whether it was a mere hump or a jagged head resting in the region of eternal snow; there a plan indicating every inch of the country traversed, recording embankments, depressions, rivers, brooks, bog-land, or forest—in short, a geometrical photograph of the country.

To the man in the street they were so much Greek, but to this controlling spirit of the enterprise they brought a district 2,000 odd miles away to his desk, and far more vividly than the most elaborate representations of the photographer's art. Mentally he was travelling over every inch of the ground, grasping the topography of the country as easily as if he were treading it afoot.

That railway administrator was Mr. Charles M. Hays, the controlling force of the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada. That trans-continental railway was the All-Red line through the Dominion which the enterprising citizens of British North America have pledged themselves to carry through to finality, come what may, and which to-day is within easy reach of realization. The plans were those prepared by the army of surveyors who for three years had been buried in the heart of the frowning, majestic Rocky Mountains, braving untold perils and suffering inconceivable privations, in the quest for the easiest path through that broken barrier for the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway.

"We must get through the Rockies at less than a two per cent. grade. That's the limit. Find that route. The more you can reduce the climb the better."

That was the last injunction that had been uttered by the railway administrator when the small army of surveyors—the best that could be found by Mr. Hays, and for which he had scoured five continents—left Montreal for the West.

You figure it out. Two per cent. through the Rockies. That means for every 100ft. you go forward you must not rise more than 2ft.—a maximum climb of only 105·6ft. to the mile. You recall that the Rockies have an unenviable reputation, owing to their broken, rugged character; that Nature was unduly playful when she moulded this part of the American continent and left her work badly finished; remember the terrors they have presented to engineers in the past. To get through with such a low grade as 2 per cent. appeared an impossible task.

You reflect. The rival Canadian iron artery from east to west attempted a 2 per cent. maximum, but, finally, could not get through with a rise of less than 237ft. to the mile on the eastward and 116ft. to the mile on the westward run, while not one of the great trans-continental railways of the



RAILWAY ENGINEERS IN THE FAR NORTH-WEST ON A WINTER CAMPAIGN.

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A HEAVY CUT THROUGH SOLID ROCK ON THE LAKE SUPERIOR BRANCH.

United States could tap Pacific's golden shores at less than 116ft. to the mile.

Yet that little band of engineers set out to subjugate that range at a more northern latitude than had ever been attempted before. Little was known concerning the country through which the new line was to pass. It was a pioneer enterprise, but those engineers were infused with Mr. Hays's resolve to build an up-to-date railway—the largest undertaking of its type ever conceived as a concrete whole—where the modern heavy trains could rattle through the mountains at the same speed as they rush over the galloping-grounds on the prairies.

For three years they continuously toiled among the crags, snow-clad peaks, canyons—mere cracks in the earth—and rushing torrents of the Rockies. They scaled towering combing cliffs rising sheer as a plumb-line from the depths of the ravines, swung in mid-air at the ends of frail ropes lowered over precipices, crept along narrow ledges which scarcely offered foothold to a mountain goat, crawled gingerly around bluffs upon wooden logs slung from chains hung like pictures upon iron spikes driven into the granitic walls of the giant peaks, and which swayed so ominously with every step that certain death appeared inevitable in the yawning gulch below; clambered over jagged boulders—splinters torn from the mountain flanks by the elements during the passage of centuries—paddled in frail canoes amid the turbulent rapids of the raging torrents, defied physical fatigue, laughed at wind and weather, and suffered the tearing pangs of hunger—all to plot the path of that 2 per cent. grade railway.

This scouting army exhaustively explored every foot of ground, traversed and re-traversed times out of number over a round dozen different passes, including those of the Peace River, Pine, Wapiti, and the famous Yellowhead.

It was a grim battle with Nature in her sternest mood. The magnitude of the fight was from time to time vividly brought home to those promoting the enterprise by the sad intelligence of disaster which had overwhelmed these engineering outposts. A rolling avalanche, a thundering landslide, a missed footing on the edge of a precipice, a slip in the scaling of a cliff, the upset of a barque in a foaming torrent, floods—all contributed to the sad story of accident to limb, and tore gaps in the ranks of the little band. But engineering science was destined to triumph, and at last the engineers returned to Montreal, bearing voluminous records of

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their work in the mass of plans, maps, and reams of calculation.

"Can you take a line through the Rockies at two per cent.?" I asked one of the engineers.

"Certainly. We have got out the plans, and here they are," he proudly replied, as he pointed to a huge roll under his arm.

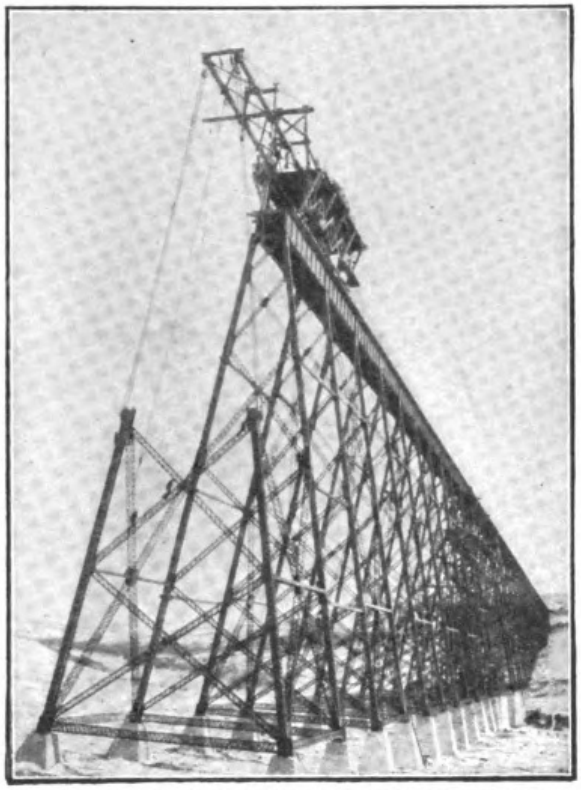
That was before the final decision as to route was made. The surveyors had carried out their work so thoroughly that they brought back a round dozen alternative paths for that line each of which possessed its distinctive advantages. To consider these minutely occupied time, for it was no light matter to settle which one should be adopted. The responsibility was grave, and might reflect seriously upon the fortunes of the railway in the course of a few years.

But Mr. Hays is the right man in the right place. Prolonged experience in the railway school of the United States, where the struggle for supremacy among the railways is keen, combined with his innate capacity, enabled him to grasp the situation firmly and to undertake a bold move with unswerving courage.

"This railway is not being built for to-day. A two per cent. grade would do for that. But we must think of to-morrow. The level line wins. We'll get to the Pacific through the Yellowhead Pass."

The decision was keenly criticized, but upon reflection it was seen that in this move the railway organizer had seized the strategical point through the Rockies. He was going to force his way through that terrible barrier at a lower altitude than it had ever before been crossed by the iron road, and would, moreover, have only one summit to negotiate. This altitude is 3,712ft., and is approached on the eastern side by a rise of only 21ft. to the mile, and on the western slopes by 26ft. to the mile. He had stipulated for a maximum grade of 2 per cent. His engineers had found him a route which only gave a maximum of four-tenths of 1 per cent.

What does this mean? Simply that the line will traverse the mountains with no heavier banks than are encountered on the prairie stretches. There will be no points on this line where extra locomotives have to be kept waiting night and day ready to give a push and pull to help a train over a hill.



A LOFTY SPIDERY VIADUCT SPANNING A DEEP DEPRESSION.

True, it is a task that eats up money in construction, does threading the mountains at such a low grade as this, but, as Mr. Hays significantly explained to his detractors, "The line could be built for half the money; that I'll admit. But where's the economy if you are going to blow away the half you save in construction in belching partially-consumed fuel from the funnels of teams of locomotives in helping you over a bank? Reconstruction would have to be carried out sooner or later, and that would be twice or thrice as expensive as building it properly in the first instance."

Never was a statement more fully substantiated. It is *reconstruction* that eats up money, as experience is now proving, for to undertake such work upon a patchwork basis is not conducive to economy.

"The level line wins" has always been Mr. Hays's battle-cry, and events justify his attitude. It was this policy by which he lifted the Grand Trunk Railway from bankruptcy to its present unassailable position, and it is the policy which will make the Grand Trunk Pacific the great high-road from Great Britain to the East and the Antipodes, achieved by a successful grapple with a difficulty which has hitherto proved insurmountable. Such a conquest is not merely remarkable—it is monumental.

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Canada's Sunny Land of Vine and Peach Tree.

THE NORTH SHORE OF LAKE ERIE.

By AGNES DEANS CAMERON.

YOU hadn't thought of vineyards and peach-orchards in connection with Canada? The idea of snow-shoes and dog sleds and ice-palaces and "Our Lady of the Snows" still clings. Well, theories can best be crowded out by facts.

It is a fact that there are over 3,000,000 grape-vines on the north shore of Lake Erie in the Province of Ontario, which in one year produced 23,156,478lb. of grapes, a considerable portion of which was used in the manufacture of wine.

It is a fact that this same beautiful shoreline boasts 500,000 peach trees. And with the peaches and grapes grow apricots, quinces, plums, sweet cherries and sour. It is a second sunny Mediterranean.

A line of latitude followed round the world is a great illuminator. Take down an atlas and note that, while Canada extends far within the Arctic Circle to the north, her southern boundaries in this part of the Province of Ontario that we are looking at drop down below the parallel of 42deg.

Windsor (Ontario) surrounded by its grape-vines and peach-orchards is only twenty-five miles farther north than Rome, while Niagara Falls and Hamilton drop nearer the Equator than Nice. Pelee Island in Lake Erie, where Ontario grows those world-famed grapes of hers, is on a line with the northern boundary of California. People in the Mother Land are beginning to recognize Canada as John Bull's Bread-Basket; they have yet to realize that for hundreds of square miles in Canada pears, peaches, and grapes grow in the open air.

And this industry is no new thing. While England has considered Canada a remote land of rigour given over to ice and austerity, for ninety consecutive years the farmers on Lake Erie shores have placidly produced fine peaches. Away back in 1820 Dennis Wolverton, M.P.P., grew at Grimsby Ontario's first commercial peaches for market.

Along the whole north shore of Lake Erie to-day grow tender and semi-tropical fruits of the finest quality in the world, and the industry has developed into splendid commercial proportions.

The visitor, astonished to-day at the splendid modern facilities for growing and shipping fruit from the Lake Erie region, here and there stumbles across a reminder of the early foundation of this industry. Down in the south-west corner of the province one touches the fringe of an old civilization. We are able to produce with this the photograph of one of the few remaining French pear trees which we came across on the Canadian side of the Detroit River. We sought out old Mr. Edros Parent, a patriarch of over eighty, and asked him about the tree.

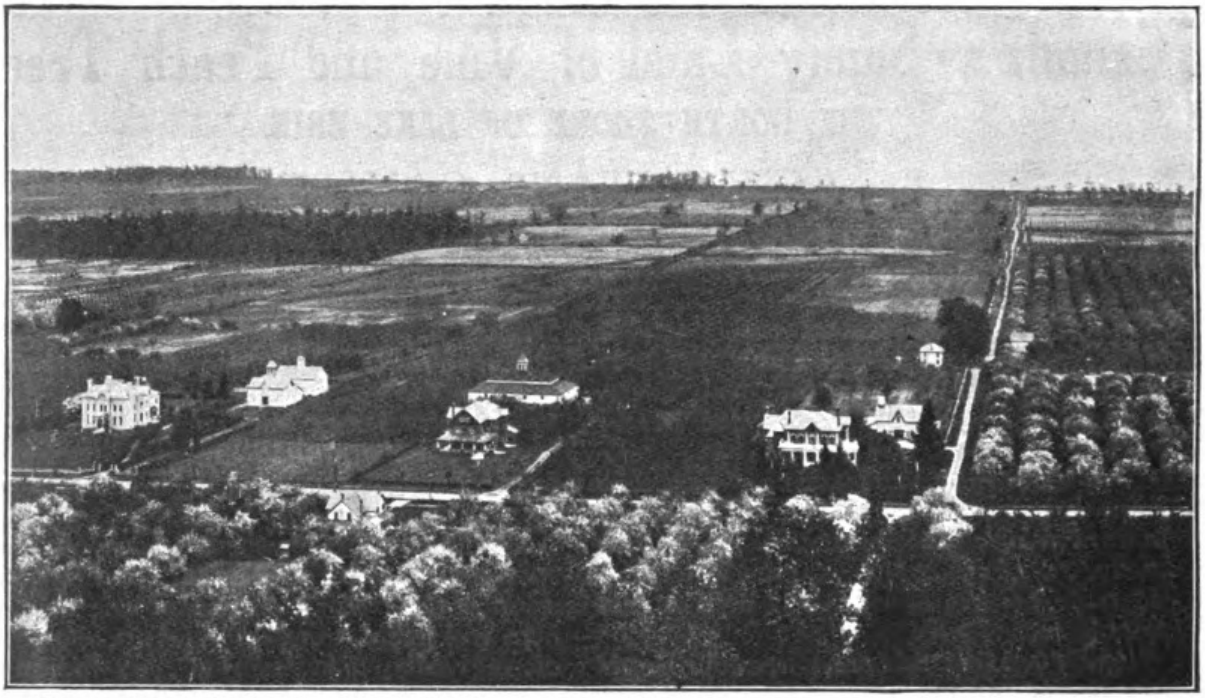
"When I was leedle boy de pear tree was beeg lak dat; when my fader was a boy jus' de sam'." Without doubt this pear tree is one of the few survivors of the orchards planted here by the Jesuits who explored this frontier "in the beginning." The splendid tree is over 90ft. high, and still bears abundant and regular crops.



ONE OF THE ORIGINAL FRENCH PEAR TREES PLANTED BY THE JESUIT FATHERS—THE TREE IS 90FT. HIGH AND BEARS REGULAR AND ABUNDANT CROPS.

The man who sowed this pear-seed builded better than he knew. Here has been a bank account yielding compound interest at a rate which, if demanded by any man-made corporation, would easily come under the head of usury. And the opportunity for the man who plants an orchard to-day is ten times better than it was for him who did *this* planting. The soil of this north lake shore is the same mellow, generous earth that it has

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FRUIT-GROWERS' HOUSES AND ORCHARDS, AS SEEN FROM THE MOUNTAIN NEAR GRIMSBY, ONTARIO.

always been, the climate is just as kindly; but what has science and applied art not done to aid the fruit-culturist in ninety years?

The man who experimented with fruit in the old days worked with an untried soil and untested varieties of fruits. If he would be a shipper, he had to ship in small quantities to untried markets; fruit-growing was a speculation, with all the chances against the most enterprising.

How about the orchardist who comes in to this north shore of Lake Erie to grow tender fruits to-day—what conditions face him? Fortune favours him; he is in a position to reap where others have sown. The experimental stage has long been passed; every experience of those who went before him is his to use with wise discrimination.

In no part of the world, perhaps, is the ameliorating influence of a large body of water more distinctly marked than in this fruit-growing belt north of Lake Erie. It is perfect land for grape-culture. Light, warm, deep, and well-drained, the sandy soils and light loams along the foreshore afford the best opportunity in the world for the peach-orchardist who would have the minimum of wood-growth with the maximum of fruit

J. H. Hale, of Georgia, America's acknowledged authority on peaches and peach-growing, pays a generous tribute to one section of this belt; he says, "The Niagara Escarpment is the best peach-district on the map of America." Here already fruit has crowded out almost entirely general farming, the beautiful vineyards and orchards of from twenty to one hundred acres in extent giving the land the appearance of a second California. There is peach-growing area enough on this north shore to supply all America with peaches.

A drive through any of these fruit counties gives us one continuous vista of cherry, peach, pear, plum, and apple orchard, interspersed with long rows of vineyards. The very names of the counties are homelike to the ears of an Englishman—Essex County, and Kent, and Norfolk, and Middlesex, and Lincoln.

One sees the result of orchard enterprise here, and looks for a reason for this almost tropic growth. It is the low altitude and the benign influence of the Lake Erie breezes which moderate the winter climate. It will be a surprise for many to learn that the average temperature of Ontario for the six growing months is 56·2deg.

Throughout all this section grapes grow prolifically as a field-crop. Passing through, one thinks of Italy and the sunny slopes of Spain Here are eight to ten thousand acres planted to grapes, the product turning, perhaps, four tons to the acre, and selling at from twenty-four to thirty dollars a ton. The grape-culturist is guided in his choice of stock by the scientific knowledge at his disposal in the Dominion Experimental Farm at Ottawa, where they grow 100 distinct varieties of grapes.

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The proportions to which this Lake Erie tender-fruit trade has already grown is a surprise to many. The St. Catherines Cold Storage and Forwarding Company handled during the past season 400,000 baskets of fruit, in addition to large quantities of lower-priced fruits sent out in boxes and barrels. This one city of St. Catherines last summer shipped out 200 cars of tender fruit, with approximately twelve tons of fruit to each car —peaches, grapes, strawberries, raspberries, cherries, plums, all grown in the open air.

The three counties of Welland, Wentworth, and Lincoln grew in 1908 20,000 tons of grapes, which brought to their lucky growers a round 1,000,000dols. The nine shipping points of St. Catherines, Niagara Falls, Dalhousie, Stony Creek, Jordan, Winona, Niagara-on-the-Lake, Grimsby, Beamsville, sent out an average of 2,000 tons of fruit each last year.

The markets? Lake Erie grapes are sent west as far as Vancouver on the Pacific Coast. Between the vineyards and British Columbia is the great stretch of prairie country with its big cities, its half-grown ones, and those that grow up in the night. Here is a splendid and ever-appreciating market for the grapes, peaches, quinces, and cherries of sunny Ontario.

Then there is the Mother Country. An exhibition of Ontario peaches was sent last year to the Franco-British Exhibition in London, and the shippers lost nothing by their plucky experiment, as, at the close of the exhibition, several cases were disposed of at a wholesale price of ten cents each peach. A consignment of Bartlett pears sent as a trial to Glasgow did well, and it would seem to be only a question of wisely studying transportation facilities until peaches and pears and quinces could find almost as many lucrative markets as the apple has already done.

The excellent quality of Ontario apples and the acumen of her shippers are demonstrated in the fact that Ontario apples are being exported to twenty-one countries. They are appreciatively munched by small boys in Great Britain, Germany, France, and Denmark. Kaffirs at the Cape eat the Canadian-grown Red Astrachan, and so do the balloon-trousered little Hollanders. In the hot lands of Bermuda, Cuba, and the West Indies, Ontario apples are deemed a delicious dessert. They are shipped to British Guiana



VIEW AT BEAMSVILLE STATION, GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY, IN THE NIAGARA DISTRICT, DURING THE FRUIT-SHIPPING SEASON.

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and South America; Hong-Kong buys them, and far Fiji.

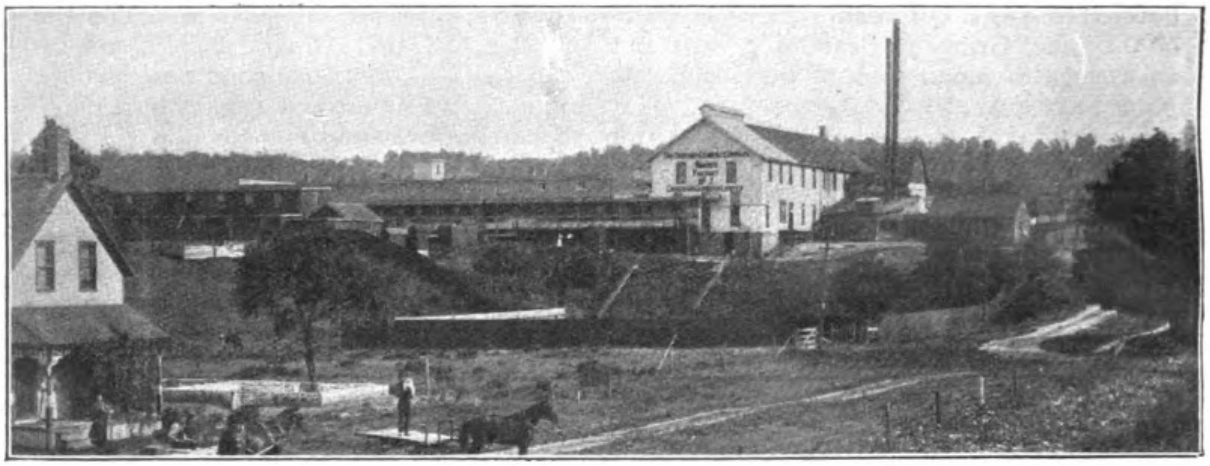
In the orchard season along the Lake Erie shore the whole family works in the open air. Fathers bring up their sons to the orchard business, and everybody thinks fruit and talks fruit and dreams fruit. Every modern facility aids scientific fruit-culture. The schools teach agriculture. Each little community has its local horticultural society, and there are available county, provincial, national, and international fruit conferences.

Not only does the Dominion Government maintain experimental farms, but it co-operates with the fruit-growers in securing refrigerator-cars and up-to-date transportation for the crop. Are there fruit farms in this southern district yet to be obtained by the new-comer from Britain, and would he feel at home if he came here? Yes; there are farms available, and of the best. The fruit-growers that he would find established here before him are but his own people some generations ahead of him in the game. Down among the grape-vines of the Niagara Peninsula, and indeed all along the north shore of Lake Erie, are the sturdy descendants of the old United Empire Loyalists.

"By *Tre*, *Pol*, and *Pen*, you may know the Cornish men." In the southern half of the county of Essex, in the very south-west corner of Ontario, every man, woman, and child is either descended from or married to the *Wigles*, *Scratches*, or *Foxes*, the old soldiers of Fort Malden below Amherstburg. The names persist in every school-register and voting-list on the shore-line of South Essex.

Which kind of men from the Old Land will succeed here? First, those who have been accustomed to outdoor manual labour and have some knowledge of fruit-growing; and, second, those who are young, strong, adaptable, and willing to make a study of this lucrative industry. Shopmen, clerks, and commercial travellers will not be likely to succeed, and cannot be advised to undertake fruit-growing here.

The north shore of Lake Erie holds out rich inducement to the British agriculturist with a small amount of capital and a large amount of ambition. This man may bring his little capital and buy a cleared and bearing fruit-farm for little more than it costs him to rent a farm at home. He will find in the fruit-belt of Southern Ontario organizations ready to help him, he will find experimental farms splendidly equipped to advise him, and he will be at home among people of his own blood, who, if he be made of the right mettle, will heartily welcome him as a neighbour and fellow-producer.



ONE OF THE 600 FRUIT-CANNING FACTORIES OF ONTARIO.

The words of wise old Cato are as true in Southern Ontario to-day as they were when he uttered them sitting under his own vine and fig tree 200 years before the Christian era: "In the pleasures of husbandry I greatly delight; they are not interrupted by age, and seem the pursuits in which a wise man's life should be spent. The earth does not rebel against authority; it gives back with usury what it receives; the tillage of the earth is salutary to all."

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"ONE HAD SOME EXCITING MOMENTS AS IT WAVED ITS GREAT FINS IN THE AIR OR TRIED TO REACH US WITH ITS TAIL."

(*See page* 272.)

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THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

Vol. xxxviii. SEPTEMBER, 1909. No. 225.

Some Recollections of Sport.

By ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE.

AS one approaches one's fiftieth birthday one looks back at one's career in sport—a very humble one in my case—as a thing which approaches completion. Yet I have at least held on to it as long as I could, for I played a hard match of Association football at forty-four, I still play cricket of a declining quality, and I am good for three rounds with the gloves when I can get the chance. But if I have never specialized, and have therefore been a second-rater in all things, I have made up for it by being an all-rounder, and have had, I dare say, as much fun out of sport as many an adept. It would be odd if a man could try as many games as I for so many years without having some interesting experiences or forming a few opinions which would bear recording and discussion.

And first of all let me "damn the sins I have no mind to" by recording what most of my friends will regard as my limitations. I never could look upon flat-racing as a true sport. Sport is what a man does, not what a horse does. Skill and judgment are shown, no doubt, by the professional jockeys, but I think it may be argued that in nine cases out of ten the best horse wins, and would have equally won, could his head be kept straight, had there been a dummy on his back. But making every allowance, on the one side, for what human qualities may be called forth, and for any improvement of the breed of horses (though I am told that the same pains in other directions would produce infinitely more fruitful and generally useful results), and putting on the other side the demoralization from betting, the rascality among some bookmakers, and the collection of undesirable characters brought together by a race meeting, I cannot avoid the conclusion that the harm greatly outweighs the good from a broadly national point of view. Yet I recognize, of course, that it is an amusement which lies so deeply in human nature—the oldest, perhaps, of all amusements which have come down to us—that it must have its place in our system until the time may come when it will be gradually modified, developing, perhaps, some purifying change, as prize-fighting did when it turned to contests with the gloves.

I have purposely said "flat-racing," because I think a stronger case, though not, perhaps, an entirely sound one, could be made out for steeplechasing. Eliminate the mob and the money, and then, surely, among feats of human skill and hardihood there are not many to match that of the winner of a really stiff point-to-point, while the man who rides at the huge barriers of the Grand National has a heart for anything. As in the old days of the ring, it is not the men nor the sport, but it is the followers who cast a shadow on the business. Go down to Waterloo and meet any returning race train, if you doubt it.

If I have alienated half my readers by my critical attitude to the Turf, I shall probably offend the other half by stating that I cannot persuade myself that we are justified in taking life as a pleasure. To shoot for the pot must be right, since man must feed, and to kill creatures which live upon others (the hunting of foxes, for example) must also be right, since to slay one is to save many; but the rearing of birds in order to kill them, and the shooting of such sensitive and inoffensive animals as hares and deer, cannot, I think, be justified. I must admit that I have shot a good deal before I came to this conclusion. Perhaps the fact, while it prevents my assuming any airs of virtue, will give my opinion greater weight, since good shooting is still within my reach, and I know nothing more exhilarating than to wait on the borders of an autumn-tinted wood, to hear the crackling advance of beaters, to mark the sudden whir and the yell of "Mark over," and then, over the topmost branches, to see a noble cock

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pheasant whizzing down wind at a pace which pitches him a hundred yards behind you when you have dropped him. But when your moment of exultation is over, and you note what a beautiful creature he is and how one instant of your pleasure has wrecked him, you feel that you had better think no longer if you mean to slip two more cartridges into your gun and stand by for another. Worse still is it when you hear the child-like wail of the wounded hare. I should think that there are few sportsmen who have not felt a disgust at their own handiwork when they have heard it. So, too, when you see the pheasant fly on with his legs showing beneath him as sign that he is hard hit. He drops into the thick woods and is lost to sight. Perhaps it is as well for your peace of mind that he should be lost to thought also.

Of course, one is met always by the perfectly valid argument that the creatures would not live at all if it were not for the purposes of sport, and that it is presumably better from their point of view that they should eventually meet a violent death than that they should never have existed. No doubt this is true. But there is another side of the question as to the effect of the sport upon ourselves—whether it does not blunt our own better feelings, harden our sympathies, brutalize our natures. A coward can do it as well as a brave man; a weakling can do it as well as a strong man. There is no ultimate good from it. Have we a moral right, then, to kill creatures for amusement? I know many of the best and most kind-hearted men who do it, but still I feel that in a more advanced age it will no longer be possible.

And yet I am aware of my own inconsistency when I say I am in sympathy with fishing, and would gladly have a little if I knew where to get it. And yet, is it wholly inconsistent? Is a cold-blooded creature of low organization like a fish to be regarded in the same way as the hare which cries out in front of the beagles, or the deer which may carry the rifle bullet away in its side? If there is any cruelty it is surely of a much less degree. Besides, is it not the sweet solitude of Nature, the romantic quest, rather than the actual capture which appeals to the fisherman? One thinks of the stories of trout and salmon which have taken another fly within a few minutes of having broken away from a former one, and one feels that their sense of pain must be very different from our own.

I once had the best of an exchange of fishing stories, which does not sound like a testimonial to my veracity. It was in a Birmingham inn, and a commercial traveller was boasting of his successes. I ventured to back the weight of the last three fish which I had been concerned in catching against any day's take of his lifetime. He closed with the bet and quoted some large haul, a hundred pounds or more. "Now, sir," he asked, triumphantly, "what was the weight of your three fish?" "Just over two hundred tons," I answered. "Whales?" "Yes, three Greenland whales." "I give you best," he cried; but whether as a fisherman, or as a teller of fish stories, I am not sure. As a matter of fact, I had only returned that year from the Arctic Seas, and the three fish in question were, in truth, the last which I had helped to catch.

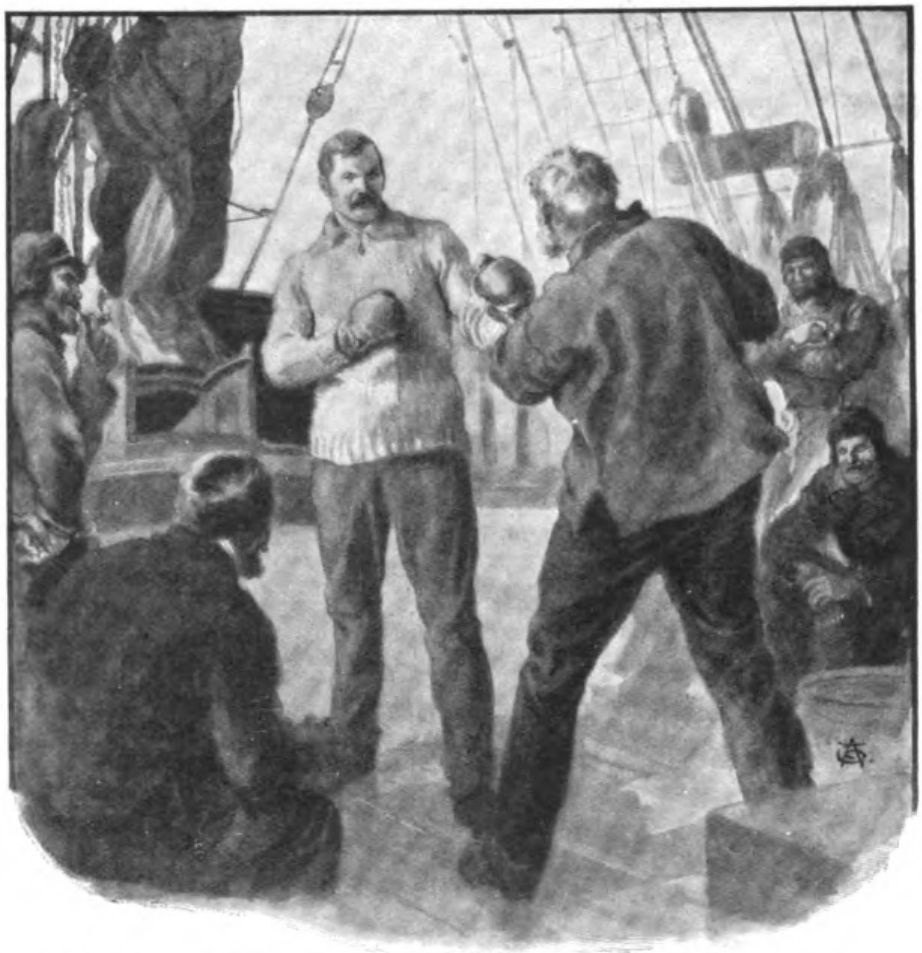
There is, indeed, a royal sport, the greatest on earth, if the size and value of the quarry be taken into account. At the time whalebone was fifteen hundred pounds a ton, and that amount could be taken from a large fish, besides another thousand pounds' worth of oil. To have the value of two thousand five hundred pounds at the end of a line, and to master it by sheer skill and audacity, is the apotheosis of fishing. In the course of my voyage I had the good fortune once to be in the harpooning boat and once in the lancing boat, which actually kills the exhausted creature. In the former instance, I was too busy in pulling and backing according to the whispered orders of the harpooner to have any thought beyond my oar, but in the second case the boat was for half an hour alongside the dying fish, and one had some exciting moments as it waved its great fins in the air or tried to reach us with its tail, while we boat-hooked ourselves to its shoulder. But the danger of the sport is less than one would imagine, for the great Greenland whale is not a vicious creature, and if it occasionally splinters a boat it is, I think, as often by accident as design.

My only actual experience of heavy game shooting was during this cruise, though I still live in hopes of getting a tiger before I finish. We shot a considerable variety of seals and about fifty Polar bears. It was our habit when anchored to an icefield to burn a few bones, with the result that the fumes carried down wind would fetch up any bears within twenty miles of us. It was strange to see them coming up, two at a time, quite yellow against the Arctic snow, shuffling swiftly along, and pausing continually to snuff the appetizing smell. In an

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hour or two their skins were usually drying upon our deck.

I took two pairs of gloves aboard the whaler with me, and taught several of the men to box. I have always been keen upon the noble old English sport, and, though of no particular class myself, I suppose I might describe my form as that of a fair average amateur. I should have been a better man had I taught less and learned more, but after my first tuition I had few chances of professional teaching. However, I have done a good deal of mixed boxing among many different types of men, and had as much pleasure from it as from any form of sport. It stood me in good stead aboard the whaler. Upon the very first evening I had a strenuous bout with the steward, who was an excellent sportsman. I heard him afterwards, through the partition of the cabin, declare that I was "the best sur-r-r-geon we've had, Colin—he's blacked my ee." It struck me as a singular test of medical ability, but I dare say it did no harm.



"I TOOK TWO PAIRS OF GLOVES ABOARD THE WHALER WITH ME, AND TAUGHT SEVERAL OF THE MEN TO BOX."

I remember when I was a medical practitioner going down to examine a man's life for insurance in a little Sussex village. He was the gentleman farmer of the place, and a most sporting and jovial soul. It was a Saturday, and I enjoyed his hospitality that evening, staying over till Monday. After breakfast it chanced that several neighbours dropped in, one of whom, an athletic young farmer, was fond of the gloves. Conversation soon brought out the fact that I had a weakness in the same direction. The result was obvious. Two pairs of gloves were hunted from some cupboard, and in a few minutes we were hard at it, playing light at first and letting out as we warmed. It was soon clear that there was no room inside a house for two heavy-weights, so we adjourned to the front lawn. The main road ran across the end of it, with a low wall of just the right height to allow the village to rest its elbows on it and enjoy the spectacle. We fought several very brisk rounds, with no particular advantage either way, but the contest always stands out in my memory for its queer surroundings and the old English picture in which it was set.

They say that every form of knowledge comes useful sooner or later. Certainly my own limited experience in boxing and my very large acquaintance with the history of the prize-ring found their scope when I wrote "Rodney Stone." No one but a fighting man would ever, I think, quite understand or appreciate some of the detail. A friend of mine read the scene where Boy Jim fights Berks to a prize-fighter as he lay in what proved to be his last illness. The man listened with growing animation until the reader came to the point where the

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second advises Boy Jim, in technical jargon, how to get at his awkward antagonist. "That's it! By ——, he's got him!" shouted the man in the bed. It was an incident which gave me pleasure when I heard it.

I have never concealed my opinion that the old prize-ring was an excellent thing from a national point of view—exactly as glove-fighting is now. Better that our sports should be a little too rough than that we should run a risk of effeminacy. But the ring outlasted its time. It was ruined by the villainous mobs who cared nothing for the chivalry of sport or the traditions of British fair play as compared to the money gain which the contest might bring. Their blackguardism drove out the good men—the men who really did uphold the ancient standards, and so the whole institution passed into rottenness and decay. But now the glove contests carried on under the discipline of the National Sporting or other clubs perpetuate the noble old sport without a possibility of the more evil elements creeping into it once more. To have an exhibition of hardihood without brutality, of good-humoured courage without savagery, of skill without trickery, is, I think, the very highest which sport can give. People may smile at the mittens, but a twenty-round contest with four-ounce gloves is quite as punishing an ordeal as one could wish to admire. There is as little room for a coward as in the rougher days of old, and the standard of endurance is probably as high as in the average prize-fight.

One wonders how our champions of to-day would have fared at the hands of the heroes of the past. I know something of this end of the question, for I have seen nearly all the great boxers of my time, from J. L. Sullivan down to Tommy Burns and Johnson, not forgetting Ian Hague, who, we all hope, may restore the long-eclipsed fame of the British heavy-weight. But how about the other end—the men of old? Wonderful Jem Mace is the only link between them. On the one hand, he was supreme in the 'sixties as a knuckle-fighter; on the other, he gave the great impetus to glove-fighting in America, and more especially in Australia, which has brought over such champions as Frank Slavin and Fitzsimmons, who, through Mace's teaching, derive straight from the classic line of British boxers. He of all living men might draw a just comparison between the old and the new. But even his skill and experience might be at fault, for it is notorious that many of the greatest fighters under the old *régime* were poor hands with the mittens. Men could bang poor Tom Sayers all round the ring with the gloves, who would not have dared to get over the ropes had he been without them.

If boxing is the finest single-man sport, I think that Rugby football is the best collective one. Strength, courage, speed, and resource are great qualities to include in a single game. I have always wished that it had come more my way in life, but my football was ruined, as many a man's is, by the fact that at my old school they played a hybrid game peculiar to the place, with excellent points of its own, but unfitting the youngster for any other. All these local freak games, wall games, Winchester games, and so on are national misfortunes, for while our youths are wasting their energies upon them—those precious early energies which make the instinctive players—the young South African or New Zealander is brought up on the real universal Rugby, and so comes over to pluck a few more laurel leaves out of our depleted wreath. In Australia they used to have a hybrid game of their own, but they have had the sense to fall into line, and are already taking the same high position which they hold in other branches of sport. I hope that our head masters will follow the same course.

In spite of my wretched training I played for a time as a forward in the Edinburgh University team, but my want of knowledge of the game was too heavy a handicap. Afterwards I took to Association, and played first goal and then back for Portsmouth when that famous club was an amateur organization. Even then we could put a very fair team in the field, and were runners-up for the County Cup the last season that I played. In the same season I was invited to play for the county. I was always too slow, however, to be a really good back, though I was a long and safe kick. After a long hiatus I took up football again in South Africa, and organized a series of inter-hospital matches in Bloemfontein which helped to take our minds away from enteric. My old love treated me very scurvily, however, for I received a foul from a man's knee which buckled two of my ribs and brought my games to a close. I have played occasionally since, but there is no doubt that as a man grows older a brisk charge shakes him up as it never did before. Let him turn to golf, and be thankful that there is still one splendid game which can never desert him. There may be objections to the "ancient and royal"—Mr. Hornung wittily expressed a

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cricketer's point of view when he said that it seemed "unsportsmanlike to hit a sitting ball"—but a game which takes four miles of country for the playing must always have a majesty of its own.

Personally I am an enthusiastic, but a most inefficient, golfer—a ten at my best, and at my worst outside the pale of all decent handicaps. But surely it is a great testimony to the qualities of a game when a man can be both enthusiastic and inefficient. It is a proof at least that a man plays for the game's sake and not for personal kudos. Golf is the coquette of games. It always lures one on and always evades one. Ten years ago I thought I had nearly got it. I think so to-day. And ten years hence I may still have the same delusion. But my scoring cards will show, I fear, that the coquette has not yet been caught. The middle-aged lover cannot hope to win her smile.

I used in my early golfing days to practise on the very rudimentary links in front of the Mena Hotel, just under the Pyramids. It was a weird ground, where, if you sliced your ball, you might find it bunkered in the grave of some Rameses or Thothmes of old. It was here, I believe, that the cynical stranger, after watching my energetic but ineffectual game, remarked that he had always understood that there was a special tax for excavating in Egypt. I have a pleasant recollection of Egyptian golf in a match played with the present Sirdar, then head of the Intelligence Department. When my ball was teed I observed that his negro caddie pointed two fingers at it and spat, which meant, as I was given to understand, that he cursed it for the rest of the game. Certainly I got into every hazard in the course, though I must admit that I have accomplished that when there was no Central



"I USED IN MY EARLY GOLFING DAYS TO PRACTISE ON THE VERY RUDIMENTARY LINKS IN FRONT OF THE MENA HOTEL, JUST UNDER THE PYRAMIDS."

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African curse upon me. Those were the days before the reconquest of the Soudan, and I was told by Colonel Wingate—as he then was—that his spies coming down from Omdurman not unfrequently delivered their messages to him while carrying his golf clubs, to avoid the attentions of the Calipha's spies, who abounded in Cairo. On this occasion the Sirdar beat me well, but with a Christian caddie I turned the tables on him at Dunbar, and now we have signed articles to play off the rubber at Khartoum, no cursing allowed. When that first match was played we would as soon have thought of arranging to play golf in the moon.

There is said to be a considerable analogy between golf and billiards, so much so that success in the one generally leads to success in the other. Personally, I have not found it so, for though I may claim, I suppose, to be above the average amateur at billiards, I am certainly below him in golf. I have never quite attained the three-figure break, but I have so often topped the eighty, and even the ninety, that I live in constant hope. My friend, the late General Drayson, who was a great authority upon the game, used to recommend that every player should ascertain what he called his "decimal," by which he meant how many innings it took him, whether scoring or not, to make a hundred. The number, of course, varies with the luck of the balls and the mood of the player; but, taken over a dozen or twenty games, it gives a fair average idea of the player's form, and a man by himself can in this way test his own powers. If, for example, a player could, on an average, score a hundred in twenty innings, then his average would be five, which is very fair amateur form. If a man finds his "decimal" rise as high as ten over a sequence of games, he may be sure that he can hold his own against most players that he is likely to meet.

My earliest recollection of cricket is not a particularly pleasant one. When I was a very small boy at a preparatory school, I was one of a group of admirers who stood around watching a young cricketer who had just made his name hitting big hits off the school bowlers. One of the big hits landed on my knee-cap, and the cricketer in his own famous arms carried me off to the school infirmary. The name, Tom Emmett, lingers in my memory, though it was some years before I appreciated exactly what he stood for in the game. I think, like most boys, I would rather have been knocked down by a first-class cricketer than picked up by a second-rater.

That was the beginning of my acquaintance with a game which has on the whole given me more pleasure during my life than any other branch of sport. I have ended by being its victim, for a fast bowler some years ago happened to hit me twice in the same over on my left knee, which has left a permanent weakness, growing from year to year, and now enough, I fear, to hold me from the game. But I bear it no grudge for that, since I have had as long an innings as one could reasonably expect, and carry many pleasant friendships and recollections away with me.

I was a keen cricketer as a boy, but in my student days was too occupied to touch it. Then I took it up again, but my progress was interrupted by work and travel. I had some cause, therefore, to hold on to the game as I had lost so much of it in my youth. Finally, I fulfilled a secret ambition by getting into the fringe of first-class cricket, though rather, perhaps, through the good nature of others than my own merits. However, I can truly say that in the last season when I played some first-class cricket, including matches against Kent, Derbyshire, and the London County, I had an average of thirty-two for those games, so I may claim to have earned my place. I was more useful, however, in an amateur team, for I was a fairly steady and reliable bowler, and I could generally earn my place in that department, while with the M.C.C. the professional talent is usually so strong that the amateur who fails in batting and is not a particularly good field has no chance of atoning with the ball. Yet even with the M.C.C. I have occasionally had a gleam of success. Such a one came only two years ago, when the team presented me with a little silver hat for getting three consecutive clean-bowled wickets against the Gentlemen of Warwick. One of my victims explained his downfall by assuring me that he had it thoroughly in his head that I was a left-handed bowler, and when the ball came from my right hand he was too bewildered to stop it. The reason is not so good as that of an artist who, when I had bowled him out, exclaimed: "Who can play against a man who bowls in a crude pink shirt against an olive-green background?"

A bowler has many days when everything is against him, when a hard, smooth wicket takes all the spin and devil out of him, when he goes all round and over the wicket, when lofted balls refuse to come to hand, or, if they do come, refuse to stay. But, on the other hand, he has his recompense with many a stroke of good fortune. It was in

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such a moment that I got the wicket of the greatest of all cricketers. Alas! there was nothing in the ball to make the deed memorable. It was a little short of a half-volley outside the off wicket. But that is just where luck comes in. Four first-class professionals had done nothing against Grace's impenetrable defence because he was on his guard against them. But this innocuous ball was above suspicion. He tried to pull it, and getting under it sent it up to an amazing height into the air. My heart seemed to go about as high as I saw Storer run from the wickets to get under it, but it was very safe in the hands of the Derbyshire crack. That moment of supreme good fortune atoned for many a missed chance and many a day's pounding on a hard wicket.

The grand old cricketer had his speedy revenge, for he had my scalp at his girdle before we finished. There is nothing more childlike and bland than that slow, tossed-up bowling of his, and nothing more subtle and treacherous. He is always on the wicket or about it, never sends down a really loose ball, works continually a few inches from the leg, and has a perfect command of length. It was the latter quality which was my downfall. I had made some thirty or forty, and began to relax in the deep respect with which I faced the Doctor's deliveries. I had driven him for four, and jumped out at him again the next ball. Seeing my intention, as a good bowler does, he dropped his ball a foot or two shorter. I reached it with difficulty, but again I scored four. By this time I was very pleased with myself, and could see no reason why every one of these delightful slows should not mean a four to me. Out I danced to reach the next one on the half-volley. It was tossed a little higher up in the air, which gave the delusion that it was coming right up to the bat, but as a matter of fact it pitched well short of my reach, broke sharply across, and Lilley, the wicket-keeper, had my bails off in a twinkling. One feels rather cheap when one walks from the middle of the pitch to the pavilion, longing to kick oneself for one's own foolishness all the way. I have only once felt smaller, and that was when I was bowled by A. P. Lucas, by the most singular ball that I have ever received. He propelled it like a quoit into the air to a height of at least thirty feet, and it fell straight and true on to the top of the bails. I have often wondered what a good batsman would have made of that ball. To play it one would have needed to turn the blade of the bat straight up, and could hardly fail to give a chance. I tried to cut



"THE MOST SINGULAR BALL I HAVE EVER RECEIVED."

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it off my stumps, with the result that I knocked down my wicket and broke my bat, while the ball fell in the midst of this general chaos. I spent the rest of the day wondering gloomily what I ought to have done—and I am wondering yet.

I have had two unusual experiences upon Lord's ground. One was that I got a century in the very first match that I played there. It was an unimportant game, it is true, but still the surprising fact remained. It was a heavy day, and my bat, still encrusted with the classic mud, hangs as a treasured relic in my hall. The other was less pleasant and even more surprising. I was playing for the Club against Kent, and faced for the first time Bradley, who was that year one of the fastest bowlers in England. His first delivery I hardly saw, and it landed with a terrific thud upon my thigh. A little occasional pain is one of the advantages of cricket, and one takes it as cheerfully as one can, but on this occasion it suddenly became sharp to an unbearable degree. I clapped my hand to the spot, and found to my amazement that I was on fire. The ball had landed straight on a small tin vesta box in my trouser pocket, had splintered the box, and set the matches ablaze. It did not take me long to turn out my pocket and scatter the burning vestas over the grass. I should have thought this incident unique, but Alec Hearne, to whom I told it, assured me that he had seen more than one accident of the kind.

There are certain matches which stand out on one's memory for their peculiar surroundings. One was a match played against Cape de Verde at that island on the way to South Africa. There is an Atlantic telegraph station there with a large staff, and they turn out an excellent eleven. I understand that they played each transport as it passed, and that they had defeated all, including the Guards. We made up a very fair team, however, under the captaincy of Lord Henry Scott, and after a hard fight we defeated the islanders. I don't know how many of our eleven left their bones in South Africa; three at least—Blasson, Douglas Forbes (who made our top score), and young Maxwell Craig never returned. I remember one even more tragic match in which I played for the Incogniti against Aldershot Division a few months before the war. The regiments quartered there were those which afterwards saw the hardest service. Major Ray, who made the top score, was killed at Magersfontein. Young Stanley, who went in first with me, met his death in the Yeomanry. Taking the two teams right through, I am sure that half the men were killed or wounded within two years. How little we could have foreseen it that sunny summer day! When one thinks of all the good cricketers who took their turn at the war—Jackson, Spooner, Milligan (killed in action), Turner of Essex (wounded in several places), Lewis, the old Blue, Mitchell of Yorkshire, and so many others—one feels that sport was justified of its children, though, on the whole, I believe the Rugby footballers had the better record to show.

One reform is badly needed in order to improve cricket as a spectacular game. It is the abolition of left-handed batting. The left-handed bowler hurts no one, but the batsman is undeniably a perfect nuisance, delaying the game and giving the field an immense amount of extra trouble. Why should he be permitted to do this when he is in so immense a minority? Of course, any legislation upon the subject should respect the position of all existing batsmen, and should give a margin of three or four years, so that those players who are coming on might not be disqualified. But after that date I would enact that no new player be admitted as a left-handed batsman into first-class cricket. In most cases a lad who shows an inclination to be left-handed can be easily trained into using his right hand, and so, by encouraging him in the beginning, the matter can be set right at the source. At present, however, there is no reason why the youngster should be trained as a right-hander, and so we have the perpetuation of a nuisance which a little foresight and firm legislation could easily remove.

I could devote the whole of this article very easily to experiences and reminiscences of cricket if I could hope to interest others in that which interested myself. However, my intention was rather to take a bird's-eye glance at many branches of sport than to hold forth upon any one, so I will turn away before I become garrulous.

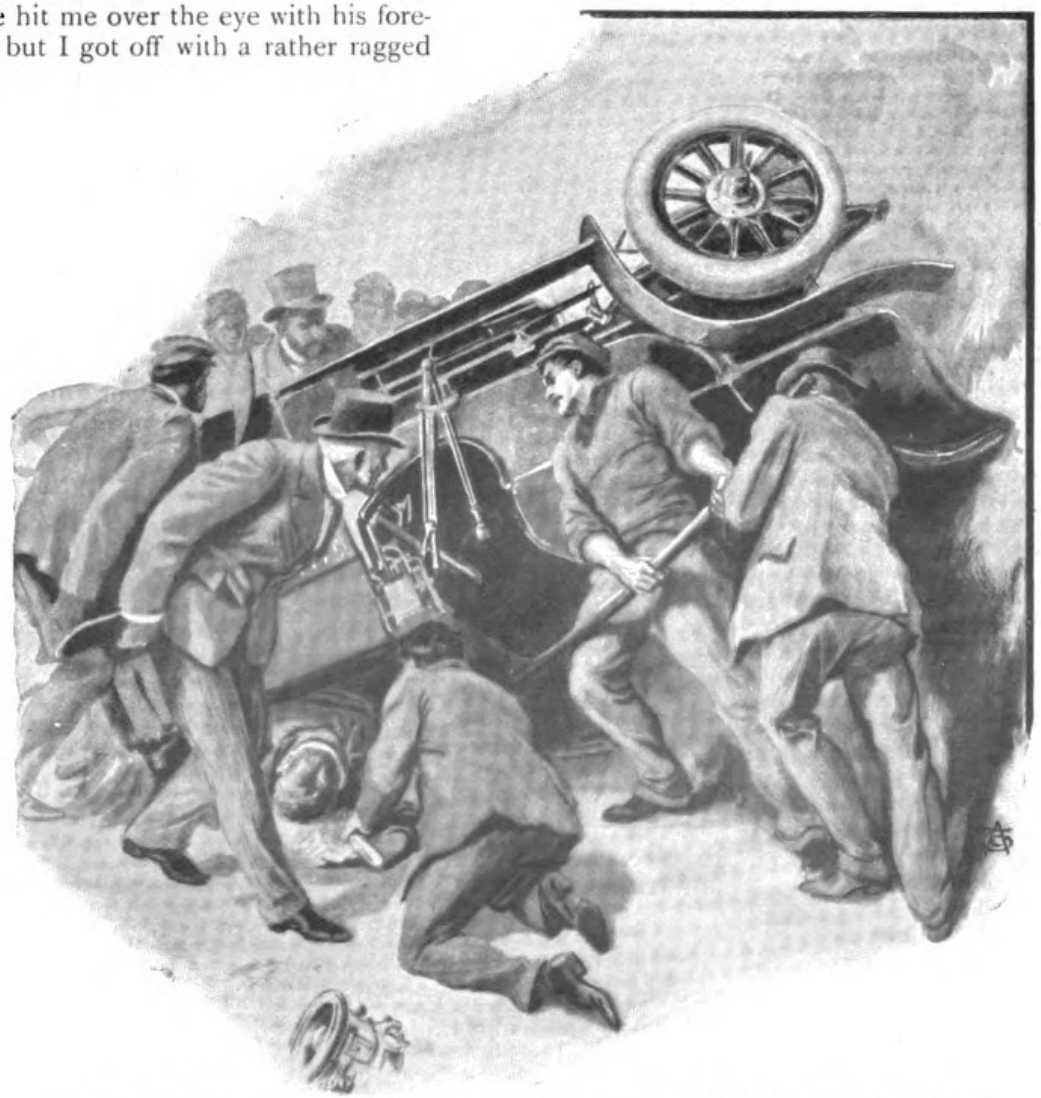
Of fencing my experience has been limited, and yet I have seen enough to realize what a splendid toughening exercise it is. I nearly had an ugly mishap when practising it. I had visited a medical man in Southsea who was an expert with the foils, and at his invitation had a bout with him. I had put on the mask and glove, but was loath to have the trouble of fastening on the heavy chest plastron. He insisted, however, and his insistence saved me from an awkward wound, for, coming in heavily upon a thrust, his foil broke a few inches from the end, and the

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sharp point thus created went deeply into the pad which covered me. I learned a lesson that day.

On the whole, considering the amount of varied sport which I have done, I have come off very well as regards bodily injury. One finger broken at football, two at cricket (one after the other in the same season), the disablement of my knee, which may, I fear, prove permanent—that almost exhausts it. Though a heavy man and quite an indifferent rider, I have never hurt myself in a fair selection of falls in the hunting field and elsewhere. Once when I was down the horse hit me over the eye with his forefoot, but I got off with a rather ragged wound, though it might have been very much more serious.

Indeed, when it comes to escapes, I have had more than my share of luck. One of the worst was in a motor accident, when the machine, which weighed over a ton, ran up a high bank, threw me out on a gravel drive below, and then, turning over, fell upon the top of me. The steering-wheel projected slightly from the rest, and thus broke the impact and undoubtedly saved my life, but it gave way under the strain, and the weight of the car settled across my spine just below the neck, pinning my face down on to the gravel, and pressing with such terrific force as to make it impossible to utter a sound. I felt the weight getting heavier moment by moment, and wondered how long my vertebræ could stand it. However, they did so long enough to enable a crowd to collect and the car to be levered off me. I should think there are few who can say that they have held up a ton weight across their spine and lived unparalyzed to talk about it. It is an acrobatic feat which I have no desire to repeat.

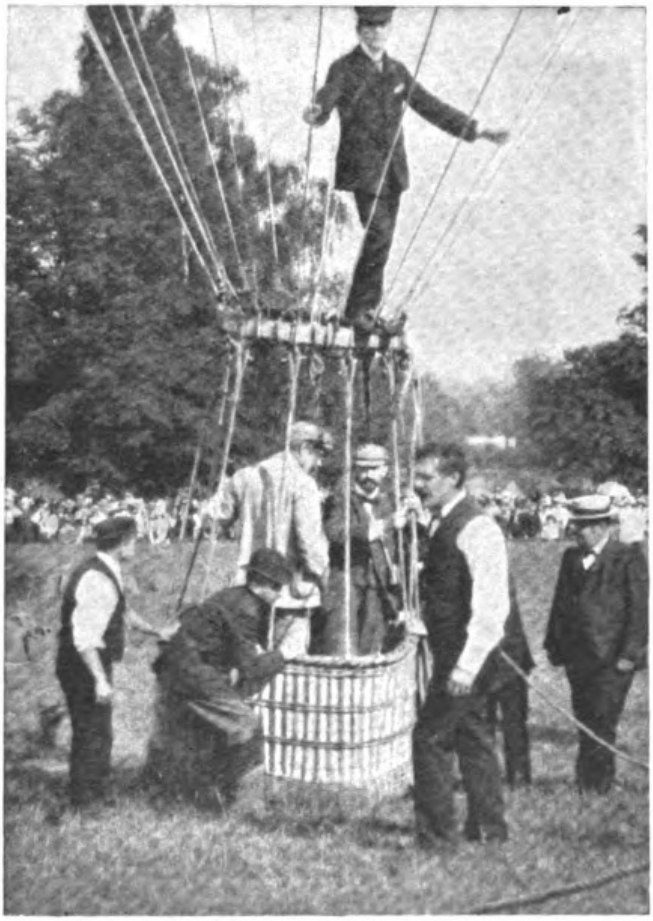


"I FELT THE WEIGHT GETTING HEAVIER MOMENT BY MOMENT, AND WONDERED HOW LONG MY VERTEBRÆ COULD STAND IT."

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There is plenty of sport in driving one's own motor and meeting the hundred and one unexpected roadside adventures and difficulties which are continually arising. These were greater a few years ago, when motors were themselves less solidly and accurately constructed, drivers were less skilled, and frightened horses were more in evidence. No invention of modern civilization has done so much for developing a man's power of resource and judgment as the motor. To meet and overcome a sudden emergency is the best of human training, and if a man is his own driver and mechanician on a fairly long journey he can hardly fail to have some experience of it.

No doubt the coming science of aviation will develop the same qualities in an even higher degree. It is a form of sport in which I have only aspirations and little experience. I had one balloon ascent in which we covered some twenty-five miles and ascended six thousand feet, which was so delightful an expedition that I have always been eager for another and a longer one.



STARTING ON A BALLOON TRIP.
From a Photograph.

A man has a natural trepidation the first time he leaves the ground, but I remember that, as I stood by the basket with the gas-bag swinging about above me and the assistants clinging to the ropes, someone pointed out an elderly gentleman and said, "That is the famous Mr. So-and-so, the aeronaut." I saw a venerable person and I asked how many ascents he had made. "About a thousand," was the answer. No eloquence or reasoning could have convinced me so completely that I might get into the basket with a cheerful mind, though I will admit that for the first minute or so one feels very strange, and keeps an uncommonly tight grip of the side-ropes. This soon passes, however, and one is lost in the wonder of the prospect and the glorious feeling of freedom and detachment. As in a ship, it is the moment of nearing land once more which is the moment of danger—or, at least, of discomfort; but, beyond a bump or two, we came to rest very quietly in the heart of a Kentish hop-field. If anyone desires to make his first flight under safe and pleasant auspices, I can confidently recommend him to Mr. Percival Spencer at the Crystal Palace.

There is one form of sport in which I have, I think, been able to do some practical good, for I can claim to have been the first to introduce skis into the Grisons division of Switzerland, or at least to demonstrate their practical utility as a means of getting across in winter from one valley to another. It was in 1894 that I read Nansen's account of his crossing of Greenland, and thus became interested in the subject of ski-ing. It chanced that I was compelled to spend that winter in the Davos valley, and I spoke about the matter to Tobias Branger, a sporting tradesman in the village, who in turn interested his brother. We sent for skis from Norway, and for some weeks afforded innocent amusement to a large number of people who watched our awkward movements and complex tumbles. The Brangers made much better progress than I. At the end of a month or so we felt that we were getting more expert, and determined to climb the Jacobshorn, a considerable hill just opposite the Davos Hotel. We had to carry our unwieldy skis upon our

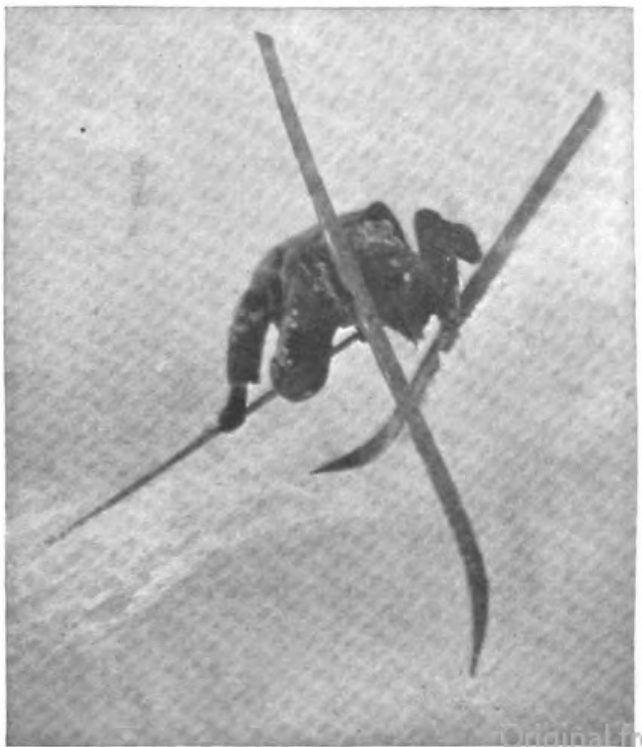
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backs until we had passed the fir trees which line its slopes, but once in the open we made splendid progress, and had the satisfaction of seeing the flags in the village dipped in our honour when we reached the summit. But it was only in returning that we got the full flavour of ski-ing. In ascending you shuffle up by long zigzags, the only advantage of your footgear being that it is carrying you over snow which would engulf you without it. But coming back you simply turn your long toes and let yourself go, gliding delightfully over the gentle slopes, flying down the steeper ones, taking an occasional cropper, but getting as near to flying as any earth-bound man can. In that glorious air it is a delightful experience.



THE RUNNING WOLF—A NORWEGIAN SNOW APPARATUS BEING TESTED IN THE ENGADINE.
From a Photograph.

Encouraged by our success with the Jacobshorn, we determined to show the utility of our accomplishment by opening up communications with Arosa, which lies in a parallel valley and can only be reached in winter by a very long and roundabout railway journey. To do this we had to cross a high pass, and then drop down on the other side. It was a most interesting journey, and we felt all the pride of pioneers as we arrived in Arosa. I remember that when we signed the hotel register Tobias Branger filled up the space after my name, in which the new arrival had to describe his profession, by the word "Sportesmann," which I took as a compliment. It was at any rate more pleasant than the German description of my golf clubs, which went astray in the railway and turned up at last with the official description of "Kinderspieler" (child's toys) attached to them. To return to the skis, they are no doubt in very general use, but I think I am right in saying that these and other excursions of ours first demonstrated their possibilities to the people of the country. If my rather rambling career in sport has been of any practical value to anyone it is probably in this matter, and also, perhaps, in the opening up of miniature rifle-ranges when the idea was young in this country. It is splendid to see how this movement has spread, so that already we seem within measurable distance of the time when every village will once again, as in the Middle Ages, have its own butts. What is most needed now is that they should have the moral courage to open on Sunday afternoons, as their ancestors did before them, and as is done to day in every Protestant country in Europe. Patriotism has its duties as well as Religion, and they may well be fulfilled upon the same day.



[From a] A FALL IN SKIS. [Photograph.

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ON FARLINGFORD WASTE.

By C. C. ANDREWS.

ALTHOUGH it is now some time ago, there are many good people in the City and other places who remain hopelessly tangled in their ideas as to the circumstances that produced the crisis on 'Change which is still spoken of in financial circles as "the big panic." And there are others—with whom these same good people have nothing to do—who will believe to their last day that Clementina Wylie did her utmost to elope on the night of her birthday. The following, however, is the true account of what really happened on Farlingford Waste and elsewhere.

It was as they passed the lodge that Sunderland, turning to his chauffeur, broke the silence he had maintained throughout the whole of the thirty-mile run that had followed upon the breakdown.

"Stop!" he said. "I'll walk up to the house."

The car stopped and he got out. In the moment that he stood looking after it his hand went involuntarily towards his breast-pocket—alone in the moonlight silence of the crisp white glittering night the temptation to look at the paper again was absurdly strong. He half drew it out; pushed it back. As though a thousand readings could alter one letter of what had stopped his breath once already! It was when—after what seemed an interminable time — the snapped insulator wire had been discovered and replaced, and he waited for a brandy and soda in the bar of the roadside tavern luckily close by, that he had remembered, pulled it out, and seen the name.

"It's — it's too horrible!" groaned Sunderland.

He went on. The drive was a short one; in a minute a sharp curve brought the house into view—the great gorgeous granite, free-stone, and marble palace that "Bulldog" Wylie had finished building not so many months ago. Its every window was a blaze of light; from the lofty-domed annexe that ran entirely along one side came, as he drew nearer, the sound of a band; the dance was evidently in full swing. Which might mean —what? Sunderland swung round suddenly towards the right-hand belt of shrubbery. The snow-fall had been so very slight and followed by a frost so sharp that, although every leaf and twig glittered in a shining sheath, not a flake fell from the laurels that he had heard rustle and seen move. What was it? A creature hiding—escaping? He sprang in among them.

"It's I—Sunderland," he said, whispering. "Come out if it's you, sir."

He waited, straining eyes and ears, but neither stir nor sound followed. Standing for a moment to reflect, he did not come out upon the drive again, but made his way by a path he knew to a certain side door, entered, and got rid of motor-coat and cap. Then he went on to Mr. Wylie's study.

Quite empty, orderly, peaceable; bright with fire and electric light; on the big writing-table a little pile of letters and a smaller pile of telegrams. All the letters were unopened; they lay tidily waiting. The telegrams—Sunderland, making towards them, drew back his hand—the buff envelopes were quite as eloquent as their contents could be. His look shifted from them to the one picture in the room, the portrait of "Bulldog" Wylie painted for that year's Academy by an eminent R.A. There were the thick-set, short-necked figure, the big broad head and bald forehead, the strong nose and deep-set, humorously twinkling eyes, and the great projecting club of aggressive jaw, beloved of caricaturists, that had given him the nickname by which all financial England knew its most daring and dazzlingly-successful financier.

Sunderland swung round to the door and stood hesitating, his hand pulling at his short moustache. Then he went to the writing-table and scribbled a few lines—as a rule he was not apt at composition, but these seemed to come without effort—read them over, blotted them, and put them into his pocket. Then he went out again—to a certain draped doorway leading into the ball-room. "If only she will! And if only this blessed mob weren't here to get rid of!" he said, and pulled aside the curtain, looked in, and saw Clementina—dark, slim, pretty—in a very-nearly-priceless Empire lace frock and possibly rather too profuse diamonds. Her big, translucent hazel eyes caught sight of the square shoulders, the square,

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tanned face surmounted by its surprised-looking brush of short fair hair, and Sunderland, seeing her coming, and drawing back out of sight, braced himself as he might have done for a plunge into icy-cold water. When she reached the gallery he was standing at some little distance, but came forward at once with hand extended.

Miss Wylie chose to ignore it and make a curtsy.

"So good of you to come, Lord Sunderland—quite in time for supper," she said, sweetly.

"I'm most tremendously sorry," said Sunderland. "Upon my honour, not my fault, though—something went wrong with the car—couldn't get along. Train was awfully late, too—they've had a big snowstorm up North—line was pretty near blocked, don't you know." He trailed and blundered. "I say, I hope you didn't trouble to keep that dance?"

"Certainly not." She laughed; she was always a little inclined to laugh at Sunderland. "You are both disgraceful!" she said, severely. "But I'll wait till I get you both together and make one bullying do for the two." She glanced towards the gallery entrance. "Where is he?"

"He!" echoed Sunderland, and could have groaned it.

"Dad!" cried Clementina. She stared. "Hasn't he come down with you?"

"With me? I've come straight from the North. Isn't he here?" fenced Sunderland, feebly.

"No. Didn't you know?" She looked bewildered. "I can't understand it. He 'phoned yesterday that he was motoring down with the new Thorneycroft car, but that he might be very late—he'd got something extra-big on. So we didn't know until this morning that he hadn't come."

"Have you 'phoned?" began Sunderland.

"I can't; there's something wrong with the telephone; I've had a wire from Mr. Churton, asking whether he was here."

"His secretary?"

"Yes. I wired back that he wasn't, and that he hadn't been home. And just at dinner-time such a queer man came and asked to see me. But all he did was to ask the oddest questions—When had I seen dad last?—Hadn't he come home?—Didn't I know where he was?—and didn't seem to believe me when I answered him! I thought he was most abominably rude, and almost told him so." She paused, breathless, and came a pace nearer with appealing big eyes; it was a look that had long ago made Sunderland abject. "I really am getting most awfully anxious, Lord Sunderland. Of course, he'd have Hudson with him, and he's a splendid driver; but, you know, it was ever so foggy late last night, and——"

"No, no—no, no! You mustn't fancy that," said Sunderland, soothingly. And felt as though the folded pink paper in his pocket were scorching his very flesh. Oh, the poor little, helpless, innocent, spoilt, unconscious girl! he thought. Why couldn't he pick her up in his arms and carry her away out of it all? If only she would come! Perhaps he had been mistaken in the idea at which Peter Wylie had so vociferously scoffed—that she had any fancy for Hilyard. Certainly he had not been hovering near her to-night—had been nowhere visible, and certainly after to-night he would hover no more. If only she would come! Once again he braced himself for a plunge into icy water.

"I shouldn't worry," he said, gently. "You—you'll hear in the morning, anyhow." He looked at her, and went a little white under his tan. "I say, I didn't get that dance, you know, so you might give me a minute or two for—for something else, if you don't mind. You—you know, when I spoke to Mr. Wylie six months ago—he told you, didn't he?—he said that as soon as you were twenty-one I might try my luck, and——"

"Oh, please!" cried Clementina, drawing back. "Oh, I'm so—so sorry!" she said.

"Ah!" said Sunderland, and whitened more. "So it isn't any use?" he asked, quietly.

"Oh, I'm so sorry!" repeated Clementina. She looked at him—he was a dear, although ugly, and she did like him so much. What a pity it was! "No, please," she said again.

"All right, dear—if you can't. . . . But you won't let it make any difference, will you?"

"Difference?" asked Clementina, blinking her black lashes.

"Yes; I mean—if—or when there's anything I can do—one never knows—you'll come to me and let me do it. Forget I asked you, and all that, you know."

"Of course I will," said Clementina, somewhat ambiguous, and dabbing wet eyes. "And—and you don't mind so very much, do you?"

"Oh, I don't mind more than other people, I suppose," said Sunderland, briskly. "Don't bother about me." He glanced

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"FORGET I ASKED YOU, AND ALL THAT, YOU KNOW."

towards the ballroom. "They're beginning to dance in there again, aren't they? I'm keeping you from your partner."

"No, you're not; I'm not dancing this—I'm tired. . . There is only one more dance after this—would you like it? I've kept it open."

"Thanks—I don't think I'll dance to-night," said Sunderland. "Why, you're not going out?"

She had turned away to a chair and picked up a cloak that lay upon it. She nodded, pulling the big soft hood over her dark head. "Yes, I want some air. . . . My head aches. . . . I shall be so stupid by and by if I don't. . . . No, I sha'n't catch cold—I can't. . . . Of course, I won't be long," she said, as she stepped out. "Mind you come in to supper, won't you?" she cried, and ran across the path.

"When they'll drink her health! Oh, poor, poor little girl!" groaned Sunderland, looking after the slender, shining white figure as it vanished behind a group of laurels.

Clementina stole away by a zigzag path through the frozen bushes, and came out upon a broad walk, where a circle of turf surrounded a fish-pond and a fountain. The fish-pond had a wide stone edge, and from it somebody, with an exclamation of pleasure, started up and came to meet her.

"You have come?" he said, eagerly.

"Of course. Aren't you cold?" said Clementina.

Her blush made her prettier than ever as she looked up at the face that looked down at her. If her eyes artlessly betrayed that she thought it handsome it was a verdict that its owner was well used to reading in many eyes. The good looks of Captain Hilyard were as proverbial among his acquaintances as his extravagance and his poverty. He shrugged with a half-laugh.

"Cold? I might have felt so if I had not been waiting for you. . . . You've really kept me that dance, then?"

"I promised I would and I did," said Clementina, in a practical little voice. "I think you are ever so silly not to come and have it in the proper way, you know."

"Do you? I'm afraid I could hardly do that after Mr. Wylie had practically turned me out of the house and——"

"Oh, now, he didn't," remonstrated

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Clementina. "He—he only said that—that——"

"That he did not choose to encourage me in any way, and that he would prefer it if I —abandoned my pretensions—yes," said Hilyard, quietly. "To be called a fortune-hunter——"

"Well, I don't think that was turning you out," said Clementina. "Anyhow, you might have come to my dance. You were invited, and dad knew it. . . . I mustn't stay long, you know — they were beginning when I came out. . . . Oh, you motored over?"

They had come to a point of the walk where a path led through a belt of shrubbery to the lodge gates, and at the juncture a small car stood, its lamps shining.

"Yes—it's that little Mercédès I told you about—jolly goer. I—I had hoped you would try it with me one of these days." He hesitated. "Get in, won't you? It will be less cold for you than standing."

"It is cold," agreed Clementina, and got in, repeating that she must not stay long, and adding that there was one more dance before supper. Hilyard pulled the big fur rug round her.

"That's better. Comfortable, isn't she? Another dance, is there? Wonder what lucky beggar that belongs to?"

"Nobody. I told Lord Sunderland he might have it—he came too late for the one I'd promised him—but—but he doesn't care about waltzing."

"Sunderland, eh?" He laughed. "Oh, I know he was late. I was in among the bushes there when he came up the drive, and caught sight of him. Suppose he saw me, for he dived in and came after me."

"Oh! But did he really see you?" cried Clementina.

"No. I could have touched him, but he was none the wiser. I haven't done scout's work in the Transvaal for nothing. But don't stay here—come for a run."

"What, in the car?" cried Clementina.

"Yes—just a little one—do! It will freshen you up for supper—you say nothing does that like a spin. We'll make a round and be back in no time."

His tone was entreating, the expression of his handsome face more so; Clementina was one of the kindest-hearted little souls alive, and just now her mood was unusually softened.

After all, why should she not go if it pleased him so? Certainly it was much better fun than the dancing, of which she had had quite enough already; she loved motoring. Very well, they might go for just a little spin, she conceded—a very little one—but he must bring her back in plenty of time for supper. Where were they going? Round by Little Cudham and Chipping Thornbury? No. She didn't know either. They had never motored quite in this direction. . . . Fifteen miles? Well, perhaps they might do as much as that. . . .

"Why, this looks exactly like Farlingford Waste!" cried Clementina.

There had been a good deal more talk at considerable length before she made this exclamation, staring at the wild, wide, heath-like stretch that spread before them in the light of the moon. The road wound away over it like a frosted white ribbon, and the car, with a sudden increase of speed, was flying along it. "It is Farlingford Waste!" she cried.

"No, no! Place they call Bridge Common, I think," said Hilyard.

"But it is Farlingford Waste," persisted Clementina. "I hadn't noticed where we were going, we've come such a round-about way, but I'm sure. Why, there's the road ahead that comes from Burnchester—I know the big finger-post. . . . Don't go faster—stop the car!"

Her raised voice was peremptory, her clutch at the wheel not less so. Hilyard stopped the car.

"I believe you are right. I must have made a mistake," he said. "But we'll soon —what the deuce—oh, confound it all!"

There had been a crack and a snap; the car gave a jolt and stopped with a jar as he turned it. Clementina gave a scream, for the wheel and about a foot of the steering-rod were loose in his hands.

"Broken!" she cried, horrified.

"Snapped clean as I turned her—must have been flawed. What the deuce shall we do?" said Hilyard.

He got out of the car. Clementina's little face stared from her hood, blank with consternation.

"How ever shall I get home? I can't walk fourteen miles."

"In dancing-shoes and in the middle of the night? Scarcely." He looked at her hard, flushed, and made a sudden movement towards her. Captain Hilyard's professional and other courage was of the dashing order, and Clementina, in the middle of Farlingford Waste, looked very helpless and scared and small. "Don't look so frightened, darling. What does it matter? Why, it's the luckiest accident in the world."

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"Lucky!" cried Clementina.

"The very luckiest. Don't bother your dear little head about going back. Come with me instead."

"With you?" cried Clementina.

"Of course." He laughed, looking his handsomest, coming nearer—he believed in the tactics of assault. "I know you like me, dear—you know you do. If I had asked you plainly, instead of going to your father first, you would have said 'Yes,' wouldn't you? He'll give in fast enough once we are married—too fond of you to do anything else—and you're twenty-one now, you know. We'll go to Rexford — the night train from Exeter stops there—be in town by breakfast-time, and get a special licence. It isn't much more than a mile. You can manage that?"

He moved to lift her down—the most successful assault is carried with a rush—but he had omitted to take into calculation the modicum of his own nature with which it chanced that "Bulldog" Wylie had endowed his daughter. Two resolute little hands met his broad chest with a push that made him stagger. Clementina jumped out of the car.

"I think you are mad, Captain Hilyard!" She stared at him, haughtily merciless. "Elope? I have not the slightest idea, I assure you, of doing anything half so ridiculous!"

"Ridiculous?" He had expected the rebuff as little as the thrust, and for the moment was absurdly thrown out. "Ridiculous?"

"Absolutely ridiculous! What in the world do you suppose I should do it for?" Her eyes, sweeping over him, left him to understand that they saw no reason whatever. "Since by your carelessness you have got me into this most silly position, you will be good enough, if you please, to see me home."

She gathered up her skirts as though the fourteen miles were fourteen yards. Hilyard recovered himself—there were other tactics than those of assault.

"If you choose to blame me for an accident, I cannot of course help it," he said,



"TWO RESOLUTE LITTLE HANDS MET HIS BROAD CHEST WITH A PUSH THAT MADE HIM STAGGER."

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and shrugged deprecatingly. "But, my dear little girl, surely you don't seriously ask me what you should do it for?"

"What do you mean?" cried Clementina.

"Isn't it plain enough? You may not have been missed yet, it's true, but it must be hours before you can possibly reach home, and by that time . . . I'm afraid, too, that the lodge-keeper caught a glimpse of you as we passed—when you're missed he's sure to remember it. . . . Don't you see what everybody will think?"

"That I've run away with you?" Clementina gasped.

"Of course they will." He approached her again. "Come, dear, I'm sorry you are angry, but it doesn't really matter, does it? You know how desperately fond of you I am, don't you? Give them a real elopement to talk about, and——"

"Oh, there's somebody coming! Look—look!" cried the girl. A car was sweeping swiftly down upon them from the cross-road leading to Burnchester. Hilyard gave an exclamation and caught her hand.

"Come this way. It may be somebody who knows you," he urged, quickly.

"I hope it is!" She stared and pulled her hand away. "Please don't touch me, Captain Hilyard. Whoever it is will take me home if I ask, no doubt. . . . Why—oh! Lord Sunderland!"

The car slowed down and stopped. Sunderland, with a loud ejaculation of amazement, sprang out. Clementina clutched his arm.

"Oh, I'm so glad you've come!" she gasped, hysterically. "The car's broken down—we can't get on. Look!"

"Broken down!" Sunderland echoed, bewildered. He stared at Hilyard, at her, at the broken wheel to which she pointed. "Broken down? Queer sort of break!" He picked it up, held the fractured end of the rod to one of his lamps, dropped it, and looked at the other. "You unspeakable cad!" he said, deliberately.

"Lord Sunderland!" cried Hilyard, fiercely, and Sunderland laughed.

"You cur; but I'd like to thrash you!" he said. "To trap a girl by an infernal trick like that!" He turned to her. "Miss Wylie, that rod had been filed about three parts through. A good twist and wrench would break it at any minute, and that's what's been done. I don't know how you came to let Captain Hilyard bring you so far away from home at such a time, but——"

"I didn't; oh, I didn't!" cried Clementina, indignant, and for a minute was voluble, incoherent, and exhaustively explanatory. Sunderland nodded and pulled her cloak round her.

"That's all right—I understand," he said, soothingly. "Don't be upset—I'm here, you know. If I hadn't been—never mind that. Let me put you into the car."

He put her into the car, got in himself, and started it. Captain Hilyard was left alone beside the disabled Mercédès to express his feelings—if the fancy took him—to Farlingford Waste at large. Sunderland presently slowed down again, feeling the slender figure beside him shiver.

"You're cold," he said. "No wonder, poor little thing! I've some brandy here—drink a little. You must, or you'll take a chill."

He produced a flask. Clementina drank obediently and handed it back.

"He said"—she flicked a scornful hand behind her—"that everybody would think I'd eloped with him."

"I wouldn't mind what he said," replied Sunderland.

"I won't. I'm only ashamed to think I thought I liked him so much." She hesitated. "I—I suppose you came out to look for me, didn't you?"

"No. I didn't know. I thought you were at home all right. Fact is, I just motored over to see my sister—at Burnchester Court, you know."

"Your sister? What, in the middle of the night?" cried Clementina, bewildered.

"Perhaps it was a bit late—or early—depends on how you look at it. She didn't mind, though, if I did wake her up. I've told you what a brick Bab is. She promised she'd do what I wanted in a minute."

"It must be very important, I should think," said Clementina, perplexed.

"Yes. . . . I was just sprinting back when—halloa! Here comes somebody along from Rexton. The Waste is all alive to-night!"

The somebody was in a trap and the trap was close. Clementina glanced up at its driver, gave a scream, and sprang out of the car so recklessly that had not Sunderland caught her she must have fallen headlong.

"It's Hudson—Hudson!" she cried, wildly. "Oh, Hudson, where, where, wherever *is* dad?"

"Miss Clementina!" ejaculated the man. He pulled up and jumped down, staring, as well he might, at her lace frock and the diamonds shining in her hair and round her throat—the cloak had fallen back. "Mr.

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Wylie——" he began, bewildered, and Sunderland struck in sharply.

"Where is Mr. Wylie?" he demanded.

"I don't know, my lord. I have not seen him since I left him last night."

"Last night?" cried Clementina.

"I should say the night before, my lord. I—I am forgetting the time." The man's face wore a ludicrous expression of astonished perplexity as he looked again at the girl. "I beg your pardon, madam, but I hope Mr. Wylie is not angry at the mistake I was so foolish as to make. I wired as soon as I could this morning—I should say, yesterday morning—explaining that I had unfortunately fallen asleep in the train, and so, instead of changing at the junction and going on to town according to his orders, had got carried on to Carlisle. I should have been back by the afternoon, as I said, but a snowstorm has blocked the line and I was delayed for hours. I did not reach Euston until nearly eleven o'clock, and was barely able to call at Grosvenor Place, get the parcel, and rush back to Paddington in time for the last train to Rexford. I was delayed there again before I could get the trap to bring me on. . . . I—I am exceedingly sorry. I hope Mr. Wylie will be so good as to excuse it."

He had been feeling in an inner pocket, and now produced a small sealed parcel. Clementina, listening helplessly, kept from interruption by Sunderland's gesture, looked at it listlessly as she took it.

"What is it?" she asked.

"I understood it was something for your birthday, madam. Mr. Wylie was most vexed when he found he had forgotten it. He sent me back to fetch it at once—it was close outside Rexton Station—and said he would drive himself the rest of the way home. He would take the short cut over the Waste, he said, and——"

"Yes, yes; never mind that!" Sunderland interposed. "You had best get along home, Hudson; I will bring Miss Wylie." His tone and gesture were peremptory, but it was his look that sent the man, after a glance back, climbing quickly into the trap and driving off again. Clementina, standing with the packet in her hand, looked at Sunderland bewilderedly.

"Why did you send him on?" she said. "I wanted to ask him——"

"My dear, he could have told you nothing more," said Sunderland.

"How do you know? He saw dad last." She gave a little moaning cry, a wild movement as though she would run. "Where can he be—where can he be? We must look for him."

"We will look when it is light. Let me take you home," said Sunderland.

"No, no!" She pushed him away. "Light! It will not be light for hours! And he was coming across the Waste, and it was foggy—I told you so. Perhaps he is somewhere, hurt."

"No, no! If there had been an accident——" began Sunderland.

"There must have been an accident! Perhaps he missed the way where the road forks on to Ballingford. Take me there—it isn't far. I will go!"

She sprang into the car. For a moment only Sunderland hesitated.

"Which way do you want to go? On to Rexford?"

"No, towards Ballingford. . . . I'd forgotten—there are great abandoned gravel-pits on the right; you can hardly see them unless you look—the grass and bushes grow so thickly. . . . They're marked 'Dangerous,' and in the dark . . . We're close now—go slowly—slower. . . . Ah, look—look!" screamed Clementina.

Her frantic movement was so quick that Sunderland never quite knew how he dragged her back, how he brought the car to a stand, and set her safely on her feet. She pulled away and ran to the side of the pit, pointing down; but he had been as quick as she to see what lay at its bottom—half in, half out, of an ice-glazed pool—a great overturned motor, one wheel smashed, and its green and cream-coloured coach-work a mass of splinters. The girl gave a second cry.

"It's the Thorneycroft!" she gasped. "Dad's new car. He's killed—he's killed!"

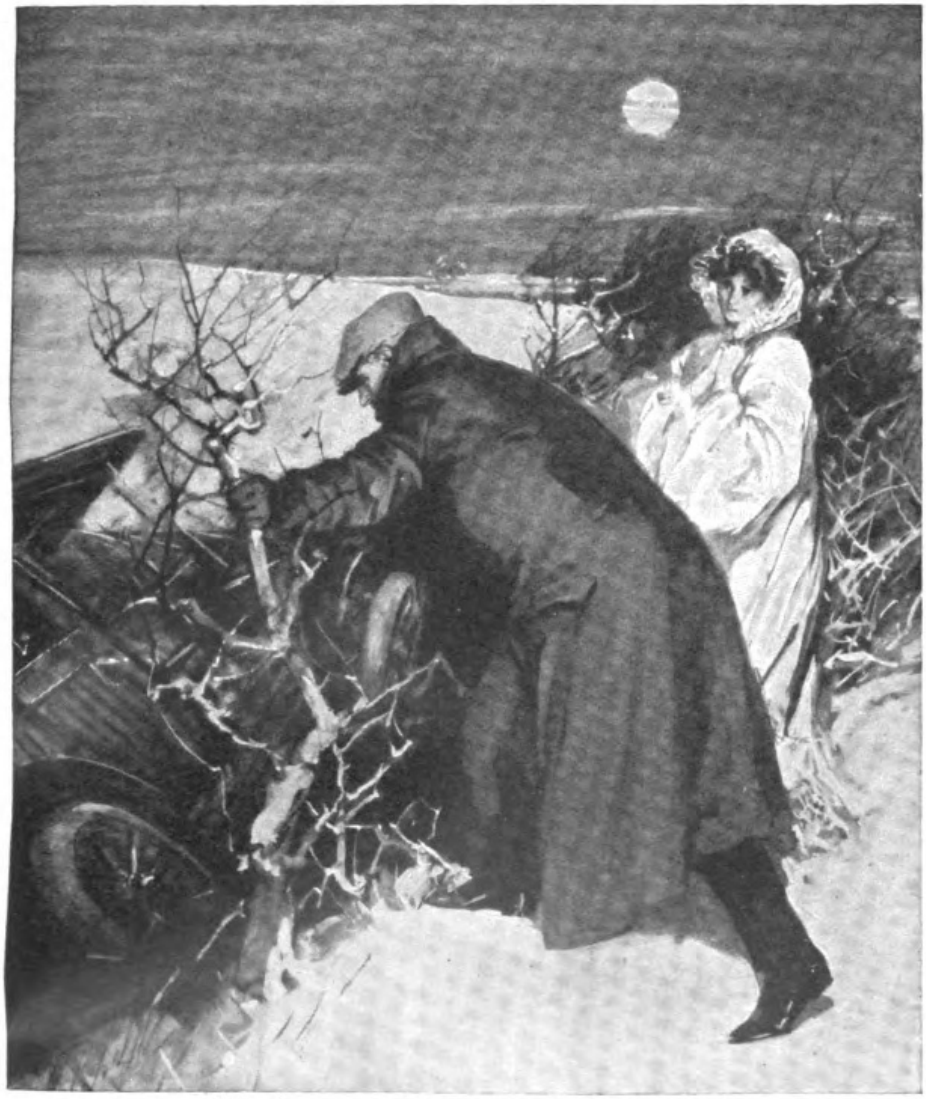
"No, no, dear, no." Sunderland's arm round her drew her back; he looked at her, torn with love and pity. "Oh, poor, poor little girl! I've got to tell you, and I'd almost as soon cut off my hand! It's not as you think; your father's safe, and far enough away by this time. He's not hurt, but—but there's something wrong."

She had been mechanically striving to free herself. Now she stood absolutely still.

"There's something wrong!" she repeated; "something wrong! Dad's not hurt, but he's gone away—gone away! . . . Lord Sunderland, what is it? . . . Quick, please."

She was death-white. Sunderland drew out the paper. "I got it at Euston," he said. "It—the report—was on all the placards, all but the name. He's probably safe, dear.

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"'IT'S THE THORNEYCROFT!' SHE GASPED."

Remember that. I know it's what you'll think of most."

He unfolded the pink sheet, holding it in the light of the car lamp so that she could read the flaming head-lines that sprawled across it. "Disappearance of the world-famous financier, Peter Wylie — alleged colossal frauds—suspected gigantic defalcations—the reported great forthcoming *coup* probably a blind — enormous losses — thousands ruined — panic in City — Stock Exchange paralyzed—absconding plutocrat's daughter interviewed" — all the frenzy of Fleet Street had broken forth in capitals.

The girl stood rigid when she had finished; Sunderland had folded and replaced the paper before she spoke.

"You think," she said, in a dry whisper, "that he—sent Hudson back on purpose?"

"So that he could get away; yes."

"And drove the car in there and left it?"

"I suppose he did." He made a despairing gesture. "It must be so, dear—I'm afraid there's no doubt of it. If he had met with an accident, you see, you would have heard. But I would have sworn he was as straight — I was sure of it. . . . It may be that things suddenly went wrong and got beyond him. . . . Something like that."

There was a painful silence. Clementina moved towards the car.

"I must go home," she said, stupidly. "I can't stay here, can I? I must go home."

"Don't do that." He checked her. "It will be horrible for you—unendurable. There will be people from the papers coming, like that fellow who bothered you yesterday, and—and others, perhaps." He would not add plainly that the police might be in possession. "You won't be able to stand it, dear," he said, pityingly. "Let me take you straight to Bab—that's what I motored over to her about—to ask her to fetch you as soon as it was light. She promised directly."

Clementina made a helpless gesture of assent, and he lifted her in. She was shivering from head to foot, and continued to shiver so violently that presently he stopped the car. A turn of the road had brought a tiny cottage into view a stone's throw away, standing at the very edge of the Waste. Late as it was—or early—it seemed that its inhabitants were astir, for the latticed windows were bright with the light of fire and candle. Sunderland looked from them to Clementina's colourless face.

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"You are half frozen—you'll be ill," he said, anxiously. "They are awake there, at any rate. I'll see if I can possibly take you in to get warm."

He was up the little path in a stride and had knocked at the door, in his impatience turning the handle as he did so, and stepping into the room upon which it directly opened. For an instant he saw only that two people were there—an old woman who was lame, and who stared with a shrilly-quavered ejaculation of astonishment, and a man who sat by the hearth on a three-legged stool. Then he turned his head and Sunderland fell back—for a moment it seemed that the very world turned a somersault and left him gasping.

"Mr. Wylie!" he cried.

Peter Wylie, without a doubt — Peter Wylie, with his clothes torn and draggled, the red, swollen mark of a blow upon his forehead, and a bloodstained bandage tying up one wrist. . . . But the vacant face, the uncertain movement, the vaguely-troubled eyes—it was the body of "Bulldog" Wylie without the soul. He got upon his feet, putting his hand to his head, staring at the other, and advanced a step.

"How do?" he said, and nodded. Then he touched himself perplexedly. "I'm Peter—Peter, ye know. . . . Eh?"

"Of—of course," said Sunderland. For the moment he stammered in sheer bewilderment. "You—you know me, sir? Sunderland—you remember?"

"Sunderland? Sunderland? Ah, yes. Up North. Beastly place," said Peter Wylie.

And then in a flash Sunderland understood. "Bulldog" Wylie, the millionaire, the great financier, whose big hands held the strings controlling half the moneyed interests of England, stood there lost, helpless, shorn of memory, impotent as a child. The old woman began an eager whisper at his shoulder of how "the poor dear gentleman" had come to her door yesterday morning when it was hardly light, bleeding, soaked with mud and water, and able to tell her nothing but that his name was Peter. Yes, he had spoken of an accident and a fall in the dark, but beyond that nothing but that he couldn't remember—couldn't remember!



"'MR. WYLIE!' HE CRIED."

Sunderland listened, his brain working fast, looking at the figure that kept its troubled eyes upon him. What one shock had taken away might not another shock restore? He had read and heard of such things. He

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turned towards the door and stopped, hearing the click of little heels upon the path. Clementina was coming; in a moment she appeared in the doorway.

"Dad!" she screamed, and Peter Wylie gave a great cry in the big voice that the Stock Exchange knew.

"Tina!" he shouted. "Eh—why—what on earth——"

He plunged at her; she rushed at him. The old woman stared with a cackle of bewilderment at the diamonds and the lace frock. Clementina pulled herself a little away.

"Oh, you haven't run away, dad! You haven't absconded!" she cried.

"Eh? What's that?" her father demanded, and indeed the question did seem a little absurd. "Bulldog" Wylie, hugging his girl like an affectionate bear, was so obviously and very much there.

"It was an accident, wasn't it?" sobbed Clementina.

"An accident? Of course it was! Don't think I took a header into that confounded pit for a joke, do you, little maid? It was the beastly fog." He patted her head. "Marvel to me, you know, that I wasn't smashed, Sunderland — must have jumped clear somehow, I suppose. Remember a frightful crack on the head, and the next thing I knew it was getting light and I was scrambling out on to the road. Didn't seem to know a blessed thing, except that I was Peter—Peter. Good Lord!"

"And you haven't paralyzed thousands and ruined the Stock Exchange, have you?" sobbed Clementina again — mixed, but dramatic; and Peter Wylie stared at Sunderland.

"What—the—deuce," he asked, separating the words for emphasis, "does she mean?"

Sunderland, saying a word or two as to what she meant, produced the newspaper, and Mr. Wylie, at sight of it, burst first into a roar of rage and then a shout of laughter. Upon that there followed a good many questions involving much thin ice, which Sunderland—responding to the appeal in Clementina's eyes—contrived to skirt with adroitness. Luckily Mr. Wylie was not in a mood to be curious. Let him get to a telegraph office, that was all! he said, nodding his big head. Rexton Station was the nearest? All right—Rexton would do. So presently the old dame was left at her door, quavering thanks and curtsies over the handful of gold and silver that her guest had dropped into her apron, and watching the motor as it whirled away.

"Panic, eh? George, but I'll panic 'em!" said "Bulldog" Wylie, setting his bulldog jaw as he jumped out when Rexton Station was reached and went striding in.

He sent a great many telegrams—certainly copious and probably explosive and objurgatory. Sunderland presently followed Clementina into a waiting-room, where a great fire was burning. He stood watching her for a moment before he spoke—she was as pink as if she had never been pale, and very, very pretty.

"You feel quite all right, I hope?" he said.

"Quite all right, thanks," said Clementina.

"That's good. . . . I'm going to burn this confounded paper. About the best thing to do with it, don't you think?"

He pulled it out; something else came with it—the piece of paper he had written and folded in "Bulldog" Wylie's study. He did not see it, but Clementina did; she stooped and picked it up. It had opened in falling, and his hand was big and clear—she could not help seeing what was written. She gave a gasp; Sunderland turned, saw what it was, and flushed red as he took it from her.

"I didn't mean you to see that—I'd forgotten it. . . . You see, I wrote it before I—spoke to you. . . . I thought, if only you said 'Yes,' I'd send my man to wire it to all the papers. Whatever people chose to say about your father, they'd have had to keep their confounded tongues off you if it was announced everywhere that you were going to marry me—I'd have troubled them to answer me if they hadn't. . . . Awful cheek of me, of course, but I—I hoped you liked me. I beg your pardon."

He turned towards the fire, crushing the paper in his fingers. There was a soft rush, a soft laugh, and a little hand shot out with a jingle of bangles and gripped his wrist tight.

"Oh — please — you — you needn't burn that, you know," said Clementina. . . .

"If," said Clementina, in an argumentative vein, presently—"if you're quite sure you like me so much and think I'm so nice, I don't see why I shouldn't."

Which was a little involved, and probably not quite what she meant. But it is possible that Sunderland was able to supply the hiatus.

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A SCHOOL OF THE RED CROSS.

By ADELINE DUCHESS OF BEDFORD.



From a] MLLE. GENIN LECTURING TO A CLASS OF STUDENTS. *[Photograph.*

[Why should not Englishwomen imitate this successful French experiment? In the following article, written for "The Strand Magazine," the Duchess of Bedford describes an interesting institution in Paris which should well have its counterpart on this side of the Channel.—Ed.]

IN the Square des Peupliers at the corner of the Rue des Colonies in Paris, a populous quarter little frequented by the ordinary tourist, but not far from a great centre of travel and traffic, the Gare de Lyons, stands a plain but important building. It exhibits the well-known device of the Red Cross, and a brief notice intimates that dressings *(pansements)* are gratuitous, and are performed at certain hours indicated. That is all; and the pedestrian might pass it little thinking of the great and singularly interesting work which is being carried on within its walls.

There is probably no branch of our national life of which we are more justly proud than the development (especially of late years) in our nursing system. The admirable instruction received during a three years' hospital training, together with the element of gentleness and refinement introduced by the increasing number of educated women who adopt the nursing profession, has raised the tone and standard of our nurses, and we are therefore not surprised to learn that the system is receiving attention on the Continent, especially in France.

Notwithstanding these undeniable advantages, we have to turn to our neighbours across the Channel to learn from them the results of an interesting experiment in the sphere of nursing, which has developed with surprising success and rapidity during the last ten years.

The dispensary schools (*dispensaires-écoles*) have been founded with a view to the training of non-professional women in elementary nursing and in the treatment of minor surgical cases.

The movement, which has resulted in the formation of a band of several thousands of ladies capable of rendering assistance to surgeons and doctors in time of war, was initiated in 1884 by the authorities of the Red Cross Society, who recognized the imperative need for the training and organization of women of all classes for such service.

The hospitals having been prevailed upon to receive and train a certain number of ladies

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under the able guidance of Mme. Voisin, widow of the well-known General, a nucleus of superintendents (*dames surveillantes*) was formed, prepared to carry out further developments. Lectures on surgical and medical nursing, together with lessons in bandaging on the "block," were started at the office of the Red Cross Society.

But it was felt that little progress would be made unless practice were added to theory. The president of the society, the Duc d'Auerstadt, having strongly advocated an advance on these lines, a small dispensary was opened in Plaisance—a poor and populous quarter of Paris—in November, 1899. A few pupils, under the admirable lady-superintendent to whom the extraordinary success of the experiment is mainly due, set to work, receiving their instruction from Dr. Maurice Cazin, the pioneer of the movement in the medical profession. Eight years later, in 1907, he was in a position to report to the International Congress of the Red Cross Society, held in London, that thirty-five such schools then existed in France, with a total of nearly four thousand students working for a diploma in elementary training. In the present year (1909) the dispensary schools in Paris and the provinces number fifty-four.

The schools were soon crowded with patients of the same class as those who are to be found in any out-patient department of a general hospital. The cases presented for treatment included contusions, sprains, fractures, sores (septic and otherwise), ulcers, white legs, varicose veins, burns and scalds, hip disease, etc. During the second year of the existence of the Paris dispensary school one thousand one hundred and ninety surgical cases were dealt with, and three hundred and twenty-one operations of a minor character performed.

In the medical department five hundred and forty-nine cases came in for treatment. As regards the students of the same year, we may note that one hundred and eight passed through their four months' course of instruction.

Referring to the monthly bulletin of the society for January, 1906, we find the following entry for six months' work: "From May 1st, 1905, to November 1st of the same year, the dispensary school at Plaisance has dealt with one thousand and four fresh cases in the surgical department. The number of consultations given to both old and new patients amounted to one thousand one hundred and thirty-seven; three hundred and sixteen operations were performed, five of which were under chloroform, and wounds to the number of eleven thousand one hundred and thirty-seven were dressed." In 1909 the figures have proportionately augmented.

Both the number of students desiring tuition and the number of cases requiring treatment having increased in a marked degree, the small premises (consisting of four rooms for waiting, consultation, operations, and dressings) were superseded by the important structure I have referred to in the opening of my article.

And now let me describe my visit.

At nine o'clock on a bright April morning of the present year I entered the waiting-room. A few sufferers had already taken their places, and were engaged in giving their names, addresses, and particulars of their cases to a lady in nurse's uniform who attended for the purpose.

Here I found some of the principal promoters of the scheme, who had kindly arranged to meet me, in order to give all needed explanations. Among them were the Comte and Comtesse d'Haussonville and their daughter—who holds the advanced diploma. They are indefatigable in their efforts, especially in the organization of the work at the head-quarters of the society, and in the no less arduous task of collecting funds for its maintenance.

Here, too, was the Marquise de Montebello (wife of the former French Ambassador in London), with several other ladies, all deeply interested in the progress of the school. The machinery is oiled and worked by many willing hands, but a few minutes' observation sufficed to indicate that the mainspring was the *directrice*, Mlle. Génin, a woman of singular capacity and initiative.

The pupils, to the number of sixty, having assembled in seats raised tier over tier from floor to ceiling, the *directrice* took her place and called the roll. She then proceeded to comment (with strict economy of praise!) on the themes written by the pupils in connection with her own course of lectures on elementary anatomy, physiology, and so forth.

As soon as the necessary corrections were made the doctors appeared on the scene and, the patients having been admitted, each case was briefly examined, while the surgeon gave a short *résumé* of the nature of the accident, wound, or other injury. For example, a youth who had cut his head severely by a fall from his bicycle on the previous day was brought in and treated, explanations of the nature of his injuries being given to the

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class; a wound was probed, and a faulty surgical apparatus readjusted by one of the trained nurses present.

A selected number of pupils entrusted with the duty of performing (under the strict superintendence of the *directrice* and her assistants) the dressings ordered by the surgeon now passed into the *salle des pansements*, where, besides special cases, many out-patients, some chronic and some new-comers, had assembled.

A striking feature of the scene was the order and discipline that prevailed; here was no jostling, crowding, or overlapping of work. Each pupil carried out the task assigned to her under the eye of her monitress, and did not attempt to volunteer for any other, however useful or desirable it might appear at the moment. The patients themselves were deeply appreciative of the quick, practical services rendered in a willing, cheerful spirit, both by students and nurses; for much precious time is saved to working men and women who cannot afford to wait hours for their turn in the out-patients' department of a general hospital.



From a] A PRACTICAL LESSON IN DRESSING WOUNDS. *[Photograph.*

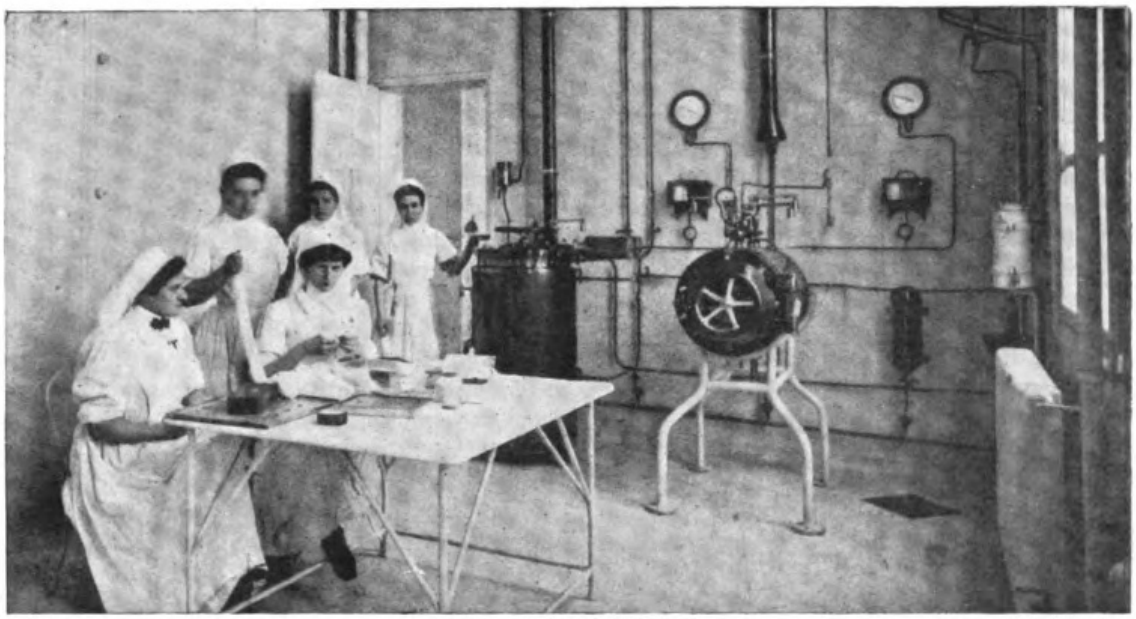
One of our illustrations shows us the sterilizing department. A very careful and elaborate system of sterilization prevails in the school, and students are thoroughly trained in all elementary practical notions concerning aseptic and antiseptic methods.

It is interesting to note that the *école-mère*, which began with six pupils, receives now sixty during a term of four months, one term in the year being exclusively devoted to the instruction of Religious Sisters engaged in work amongst the poor.

It may now be asked by what system the standard of practice is maintained and the information acquired turned to account in ordinary life. To this it may be replied that the services of ladies holding the simple diploma, as well as of those who have followed the advanced course, are well utilized in the small dispensaries which have been opened in poor quarters of Paris. Of these I visited two—viz., the dispensary in the Rue Championnet, and another in the parish of the Church of the Madeleine. The rooms devoted to the purpose were small, but exquisitely clean, the walls and flooring being covered with white tiles, and the whole apparatus was in a condition of perfect order and neatness. Two or three ladies were at work in each, together with the trained superintendent, and the small waiting-room was packed at all hours by a crowd of sufferers. A doctor was present to diagnose the cases, which were then handed over to the *dames infirmières*, as the holders of the simple diploma are termed. It is evident that these small dispensaries, situated in both cases on the ground floor of what we should describe as a parish-house, are centres of great good and comparatively inexpensive. Apart from the cost of plant and initial outlay, the maintenance is generally reckoned at two hundred pounds per annum.

In the provinces the development of the movement has been no less striking. The number of students received and cases treated

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From a] THE STERILIZING-ROOM. *[Photograph.*

is naturally proportional to the population of the town in which the school is situated. In Dijon, for example, an admirably-conducted dispensary school trains from six to twelve pupils each term. For the satisfactory training of a pupil it is considered necessary for her to perform about two hundred and fifty dressings.

The lectures, which form a most important part in the education of the student, deal chiefly with the following subjects: 1. Aseptic and antiseptic treatment. 2. Sterilization of materials and instruments employed in surgery. 3. First aid in cases of fracture. 4. Bandages. 5. First aid in cases of hæmorrhage. 6. Treatment of burns, sores, etc. 7. Syncope, artificial respiration, etc. 8. Disinfection, contagion, use of clinical thermometer, chart-keeping, etc. 9. Poisons and their antidotes. 10. Baths, poultices, fomentations, etc.

The students are expected to attend on two whole days in the week and four half-days (viz., two mornings and two afternoons), the themes being prepared at home. At the end of the course they submit themselves for examination, doctors specially chosen for the purpose being the examiners. A diploma is awarded to the successful student, who is then in a position to undertake the work of a monitress—namely, the supervision of a beginner. This entails her attendance at the dressings two mornings a week in charge of her pupil. The work of a monitress serves the double purpose of keeping up her own practice and of increasing the staff of voluntary helpers in the work of bandaging, dressing, etc.

A word must now be said about income and expenditure. The fees given by pupils are necessarily extremely small (about thirty francs per head, excluding the provision of uniform), as pupils of all ranks of life join the classes, and no prohibitory fee could be attempted.

In the early days of the school, when from six to eight pupils were received, the average outlay was about twenty pounds a month; the present rate of expenditure is quite four times that amount, exclusive of repayment by instalments of loans for building expenses, purchase of site, etc. To meet the maintenance fund the Red Cross Society make a grant of four hundred pounds per annum, subscriptions, donations, and fees supplying a sum of about six hundred pounds per annum. The usual entertainments, such as concerts, bazaars, etc., are resorted to in order to pay off the debt on the building of the present hospice.

So far we have glanced at the work of training in view of the ever-present emergency of invasion, in the preparation for which a woman of leisure and means in France submits herself at no light cost to the constant routine, not of the training only, but of subsequent practical exercise. Some, however, seek a still higher grade, and place themselves under tuition for a more advanced diploma, the course for which involves two years' further work.

It is perhaps unnecessary for our present purpose to describe this course in detail. In some respects it may be compared with that of a nurse under training in one of our own infirmaries.

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It is well known that the St. John's Ambulance Association has, with unflagging zeal, provided courses of instruction in first aid to the injured, home nursing, and so on.

Five lectures on each course are provided, and a certificate is given for successful examination. The syllabus is so well known that it is scarcely needful to recapitulate it. The St. John's Ambulance Brigade is formed by those members who, having submitted themselves for re-examination, are enrolled in a list of persons willing to give first aid in the streets should accidents occur when great crowds are assembled on special occasions.

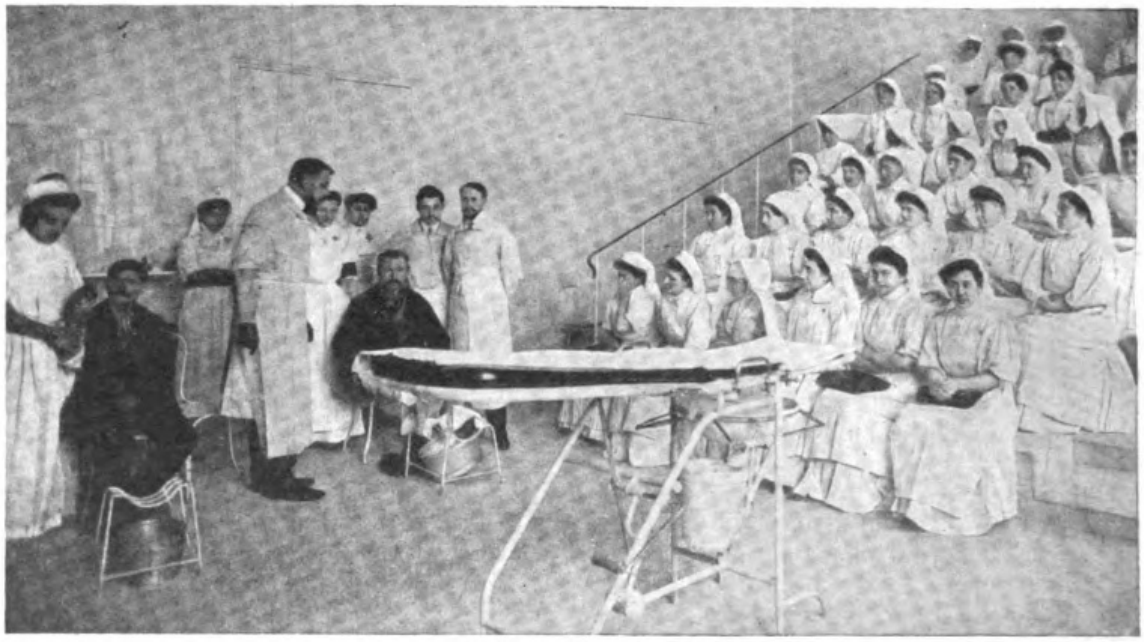
The practical information thus imparted has proved of great value, but it is evident that the prolonged course of four months' instruction (though only dealing with elementary subjects), together with the practice on the patient as well as on the "block," and including some insight into the whole subject of sterilization, necessarily secures a practical knowledge which is not obtainable in this country at the present time by non-professional women.

Can our efforts to raise the scope of higher education of women be said to be thorough or successful so long as one of the most necessary branches of knowledge which can find a place in women's lives has no adequate representation?

Is it not indisputable that a woman should, if possible, be put in the way of learning how to deal with the ordinary accidents and maladies of daily life, and how to apply the precautions to be taken against the evil effects of such accidents or the spread of such maladies?

Many women have to make their homes in distant parts of our Empire—*e.g.*, in the Canadian ranches or the Australian bush. Should they have no opportunity given, before they leave the Mother Country, to fit themselves to render useful and practical service of this description?

It may be objected (1) that the French dispensary schools are avowedly instituted, not for times of peace, but for the stress and emergency of a campaign conducted on their own soil; (2) that we have a nursing system of so superior an order that an intermediate system of instruction would be superfluous;



From a] A SURGICAL CONSULTATION. *[Photograph.*

(3) that, apart from the overmastering motive of preparation for military contingencies, few women would make the sacrifice of giving practically their whole time for a period of four months for the purpose of acquiring instruction which they might never require, or forget for want of practice; and (4) that small dispensaries, which not only offer opportunity for practice, but provide solid benefits for the poor and suffering in large centres of population in France, would not be needed in England, owing to the excellent arrangements of our hospitals in connection with the out-patients' departments.

A few words in reply to these objections—all of which contain a large measure of truth—may, perhaps, induce the readers of

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this short article to think the matter out for themselves.

Taking the objections *seriatim*. (1) It is quite true to say that the object of the French schools is undeniably preparation for helpful elementary service in time of war. It may be urged that so remote a contingency as a campaign on English soil needs no such preparation, or, were such an emergency to arise, that professional service would fully suffice. If we are seriously satisfied on either of these points, then we must not find fault in this connection with the absence of such instruction on the part of the educational, medical, and nursing authorities. But is it a fact that we are all thus satisfied, and therefore unwilling to initiate any scheme for more general instruction? (2) It must not be supposed that all poor, suffering people in scattered rural districts and large centres of population are fully attended to by the excellent ministrations of the district nurses, for large numbers cannot possibly benefit by their services. Those who are responsible for the collection of the funds for the maintenance of the nurses are well aware how inadequate is the supply of nursing help to the needs of the suffering poor. Moreover, if we turn to the homes of the better middle-class, we constantly hear that they cannot afford the services of a highly-trained nurse. In these circumstances a member of a household holding the simple diploma of a dispensary school would surely be a more helpful inmate—though no one would reasonably compare her capacity to that of a hospital-trained nurse—than one who had never dealt with the sick and suffering themselves. (3) We must not forget, in considering this point, that numbers of our countrywomen devote themselves with the same perseverance and with the same sacrifice of time and labour to music, painting, literature, amateur science, embroidery, lace-making, and the like, from a non-professional point of view, and we cannot but urge that the same energy and intelligence might be at least as profitably spent in acquiring useful and practical knowledge of the kind dealt with in this short sketch of the dispensary schools. (4) This objection opens a subject which may very properly be argued from many sides. It is far from improbable that numbers of the working classes would avail themselves of the prompt attention and qualified skill which a small dispensary might enable them to receive. This is one of the points concerning which valuable information might be gathered from district visitors and others.

In the belief that Englishwomen, of whom it is not too much to say that they have moved the whole world on behalf of the sick and suffering, will not be slow to appreciate the example of intelligent and self-sacrificing effort, this short account of the French dispensary schools is presented to their thoughtful consideration.

A large body of public opinion is reached through the wide circulation of this Magazine, and, if such opinion were favourable to the venture, some English version of the French dispensary schools might be one of the many happy results of the good understanding and increased communication between the two countries, rivals only in the peaceful cause of the alleviation of human ills.

P.S.—Correspondence on this subject may be addressed to Adeline Duchess of Bedford, 26, Bruton Street, W.

Adeline M. Bedford



From a] PREPARING DRESSINGS FOR WOUNDED MEN. *[Photograph.*

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The White Prophet.

By HALL CAINE.

[The reader who has not followed the previous portions of this story can readily understand and enjoy the following chapters by simply bearing in mind that Colonel Gordon Lord, who is in love with Helena, the daughter of the General of the British Army of Occupation in Egypt, has been ordered to arrest Ishmael Ameer, known as the "White Prophet," and to close the University of El Azhar (the greatest seat of Mohammedan learning in the world), and, after a terrific struggle between his conscience and his duty as a soldier, has refused to carry out his commands, which are transferred to Colonel Macfarlane. In consequence of this refusal his decorations have been stripped from him and his sword broken by the father of the girl he loves. Subsequently, in a stormy interview, the General attacks him in a fit of fury, and in the ensuing struggle falls dead, while the Colonel believes that he is himself guilty of his murder. Colonel Macfarlane, while carrying out his orders, is assaulted by Colonel Lord, who, feeling his reputation ruined, remains in hiding. Shortly after, in the disguise of a Bedouin, he decides to go to Khartoum, to which place Ishmael Ameer is also on his way, leaving Helena under the impression that her father has been murdered by the "White Prophet." In the dress of a Parsee lady Helena, for purposes of revenge, also goes to Khartoum, where she encounters Ishmael Ameer, and while acting as his secretary becomes his betrothed. In pursuance of her plan, Helena advises the Consul-General (Gordon Lord's father) of Ishmael Ameer's forthcoming return to Cairo. Subsequently she has a dramatic meeting with Gordon Lord, who confesses, to her consternation, that he, and not Ishmael Ameer, killed her father. Fearing that immediately Ishmael Ameer sets foot in Cairo he will be arrested, by reason of Helena's information, Gordon Lord obtains permission to go in his stead. He learns, too, much to his relief, that General Graves's death was due mainly to heart disease. On reaching Cairo, Gordon Lord, being mistaken for Ishmael Ameer, is kept under close watch; while, shortly after, Ishmael and Helena, with thousands of followers, set out for Cairo.]

THE THIRD BOOK:—The Coming Day.

CHAPTER VII.

Serai Fum el Khalig, Cairo.

SALAAM ALEYKOUM! Ten days have passed, my dear Helena, since I wrote my last letter, and during that time I have learned all that is going on here, having in my assumed character of Ishmael in disguise interviewed nearly the whole of the Ulema, including that double-dyed dastard, the Grand Cadi.

Under the wing—the rather fluttered one—of the good old Chancellor of El Azhar, I saw the oily reprobate in his own house, and in his honeyed voice he made pretence of receiving me with boundless courtesy. I was his "beloved friend in God," "the reformer of Islam," called to the task of bringing men back to the Holy Koran, to the Prophet, and to eternal happiness. On the other hand, my father was "the slave of power," the "evil-doer," the "adventurer," and the "great assassin," who was led away by worldly things and warring against God.

More than once my hands itched to take the hypocrite from behind by the ample folds of his Turkish garments and fling him like vermin down the stairs, but I was there to hear what he was doing, so I smothered a few strong expressions which only the recording angel knows anything about and was compelled to sit and listen.

My dear Helena, it is even worse than I expected. Some of the double-dealing Egyptian Ministers, backed by certain of the Diplomatic Corps, but inspired by this Chief Judge in Islam, have armed a considerable part of the native populace, in the hope that the night when England, in the persons of her chief officials, is merry-making on the island of Ghezireh and the greater part of the British force is away in the provinces, quelling disturbances and keeping peace, the people may rise, the Egyptian Army may mutiny, and Ishmael's followers may take possession of the city.

All this, and more, with many suave words about the "enlightening help of God" and the certainty of "a bloodless victory," in which the Almighty would make me glorious, and the English would be driven out of Egypt, the crafty scoundrel did not hesitate to propound as a means whereby the true faith might be established all over Europe, Rome, and London.

Since my interview with the Grand Cadi I have learned of a certainty what I had already surmised, that the Consul-General has been made aware of the whole plot and is taking his own measures to defeat it. Undoubtedly the first duty of a Government is to preserve order and to establish authority, and I know my father well enough to be sure that at any cost he will set himself to do both. But what will happen?

Mark my word—the British Army will be ordered back to the capital—perhaps on the eve of the festival—and as surely as it enters the city on the night of the King's Birthday there will be massacre in the streets, for the Egyptian soldiers will rebel, and the people who have been provided with arms from the secret service money of England's enemies will rise, thinking the object of the Government is to prevent the entrance of Ishmael and his followers.

Result—a holy war, and, as that is the only kind of war that was ever yet worth waging, it will put Egypt in the right and England in the wrong.

Does Ishmael expect this? No, he thinks he is to make a peaceful entry into Cairo when he comes to establish his World State, his millennium of universal faith and empire. Do the Ulema expect it? No; they think the Army of Occupation will be far away when their crazy scheme is carried into effect. Does my father expect it? Not for one moment, so sure is he—I know it perfectly, I have heard him say it a score of times—that the Egyptian soldier will not fight alone and that Egyptian civilians can be scattered by a water hose.

Heaven help him! If ever a man was preparing to draw a sword from its scabbard it is my father at this moment, but it is only because he is played upon and deceived by this son and successor of Caiaphas the damned. I'll go and open his eyes to the Grand

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Cadi's duplicity. I'll say, "Bring your oily scoundrel face to face with me, and see what I will say. If he denies it, you must choose for yourself which of us you will believe—your own son, who has nothing to gain by coming back to warn you, or this reptile, who is fighting for the life of his rotten old class."

The thing is hateful to me, and if there were any other possible way of stopping the wretched slaughter I should not go, for I know it will end in the Consul-General handing me over to the military authorities to be court-martialled for my former offences, and, as you may say, it is horrible to put a father, with a high sense of duty, into the position of being compelled to cut off his own son.

Meanwhile, I am conscious that the police continue to watch me, and I am just as much a prisoner as if I were already within the walls of jail. For their own purposes they are leaving me at liberty, and I believe they will go on doing so until after the night of the King's Birthday. After that God knows what will happen.

I am writing late, and I must turn in soon, so good-night and God bless you and preserve you, my own darling—mine, mine, mine, and nobody else's—remember that! Hafiz continues to protest that the Prophet has a love for you, and will bring out everything for the best. I think so too—I really do, so you must not be frightened about anything I have said in this letter.

Meantime I'll nail my colours to the mast of your strength and courage, knowing that the bravest girl in the world belongs to *me*, and wherever she is she is *mine* and always will be. GORDON.

P.S.—I am now dispatching my two letters to Assuan by Hamid Ibrahim—the second of the two sheikhs who went with me to Alexandria—and if you find you can send me an answer—for God's sake do. I am hungering and thirsting and starving and perishing for a letter from you, a line, a word, a syllable, the scratch of your pen on a piece of paper. Send it, for Heaven's sake!

I hear that hundreds of native boats are going up to Assuan to bring you down the Nile, so look out for my next letter when you get to Luxor—I may have something to tell you by that time.

CHAPTER VIII.

Nubian Desert.

MY DEAREST GORDON, — Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! We camped last night on the top of a stony granite hill, and this morning we can see the silver streak of the Nile with the sweet green verdure along its banks, and the great dam at Assuan with its cascades of falling water. Such joy! Such a frenzy of gladness! The people are capering about like demented children. Just so must the children of Israel have felt when God brought them out of the wilderness and they saw the promised land before them.

Black Zogal galloped into the town at daybreak and has just galloped back, bringing a great company of sheikhs and notables. Egyptians, chiefly, who have come up the Nile to meet us, but many are Bedouins from the wild east country running to the Red Sea. Such fine faces and stately figures! Most of them living in tents, but all dressed like princes. They are saluting Ishmael as the "Deliverer," the "Guided One," the "Redeemer," and even the "Lord Isa"! and *he is not reproving them!*

But I cannot think of Ishmael now. I feel as if I were coming out of chaos and entering into the world. If anything has happened to you I shall know it soon. Shall I be able to control myself? I shall! I must! Oh, how my heart beats and swells! I can scarcely breathe. But you are alive, I am sure you are, and I shall hear from you presently. I shall also escape from this false position and sleep at last, as the Arabs say, with both eyes shut. I must stop. My tent has to be struck. The camp is already in movement. . . .

One word. We were plunging into Assuan, through the cool bazaars with their blazing patches of sunlight and sudden blots of shadow, when I saw your sheikh sidling up to me. He slipped your letter into my hand and is to come back in a moment for mine. I am staying at a Khan. Oh, God bless and love you! El Hamdullillah! My dear, my dear, my dear! HELENA.

CHAPTER IX.

The Nile (between Assuan and Luxor).

OH, MY DEAR, DEAREST GORDON,—Mohammed's rapture when he received from the angel the "Holy Koran" was a mild emotion compared to mine when I read your letter. Perhaps I ought to be concerned about the contents of it, but I am not—not a bit of me! Having found out what the Grand Cadi is doing, you will confound his "knavish tricks."

Never mind, my dear old boy, what the officials are saying. They'll soon see whether you have been a bad Englishman, and in any case you cannot compete with the descendants of *all* the creeping things that came out of the Ark.

Don't worry about me either. I am quite capable of taking care of myself, for I find that in the decalogue you delivered to your devoted slave on the day she saw you first, there was one firm and plain commandment: "Thou shalt have no other love but me." I dare say, being a woman, I am faithless to the first instinct of my sex in saying this, but I have no time for "female" fooleries, however delicious, and be bothered to them anyway!

As you see, I did not run away from Ishmael's camp on reaching the railway terminus, and the reason was that you said you were writing to me again at Luxor. Hence I was compelled to come on, for of course I would not have lost that letter, or let it go astray, for all the value of the British Empire.

I was delighted with my day at Assuan, though, with its glimpses of a green, riotous, prodigal, ungovernable Nature after the white nakedness of the wilderness, its flashlight peep at civilized frivolities, its hotels for European visitors, its orchestras playing "When We Are Married," its Egyptian dragomans with companies of tourists tailing behind them, its dahabeahs and steam launches, and above all its groups of English girls, maddeningly pretty and full of the intoxication of life, yet pretending to be consumed by a fever of culture and devoured by curiosity about mummies and tombs.

It's no use—these pink-white faces after the brown and black are a joy to behold, and when I came upon a bunch of them chattering and laughing like linnets ("Frocks up, children!" as they crossed a puddle made by the watermen), I could hardly help kissing them all round, they looked so sweet and so homelike.

You were right about the boats. A whole fleet were waiting for us, which was a mercy, for the animals were utterly done up after the desert journey, and next morning we embarked under the strenuous supervision of a British Bimbashi who looked as large as if he had just won the Battle of Waterloo.

Of course, the people were following Ishmael like a swarm of bees, and, much to my discomfiture, I came in for a share of reflected glory from a crowd of

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visitors who were evidently wondering whether I was a reincarnation of Lady Hester Stanhope or the last Circassian slave-wife of the Ameer of Afghanistan. One horrible young woman cocked her camera and snapped me. American, of course, a sort of half-countrywoman of yours, sir, shockingly stylish, good-looking and attractive, with frills and furbelows that gave a far view of Regent Street and the Rue de la Paix, and made me feel so dreadfully shabby in my Eastern dress and veil that I wanted to slap her.

We are now two days down the river, five hundred to a thousand boat-loads of us, our peaked white sails looking like a vast flight of seagulls and our slanting bamboo masts like an immense field of ripe corn swaying in the wind. It is a wonderful sight, this flotilla of feluccas going slowly down the immemorial stream, and when one thinks of it in relation to its object it is almost magnificent—a nation going up to its millennium!

They have rigged up a sort of cabin for me in the bow of one of the high-prowed boats, with shelter and shade included, so that I still have some seclusion in which to write my "Journal," in spite of this pestilent Arab woman who is always watching me. In the hold outside there must be a hundred men at least, and at the stern there are a few women who bake durah cakes on a charcoal stove, making it a marvel to me that they do not set fire to the boat a dozen times a day.

The wind being fair and the river in full flood—seven men's height above the usual level, and boiling and bubbling and tearing down like a torrent—we sail from daylight to dark, but at night we are hauled up and moored to the bank, so the people may go ashore to sleep if they are so minded.

Oh, these delicious mornings! Oh, these white enchanting nights! The wide, smooth, flowing water, reflecting the tall palms, the banks, the boats themselves; in the morning a soft brown, at noon a cool green, at sunset a glowing rose, at night a pearly grey! Then the broad blue sky, with its blaze of lemon and yellow and burnished gold as the sun goes down; the rolling back of the darkness as the dawn appears and the sweeping up of the crimson wings of day! If I dare only give myself up to the delight of it! But I daren't, I daren't, having something to do here, so my dear one says, though what the deuce and the dickens it is (except to stay until I receive that letter) I cannot conceive.

II.

THE people are in great spirits now, all their moaning and murmuring being turned to gladness, and as we glide along they squat in the boats and sing. Strangely enough, in a country where religion counts for so much, there is hardly anything answering to sacred music, but there are war-songs in abundance, full of references to the "filly foal" and of invocations to the God of Victory. These songs the men sing to something like three notes, accompanied by the beat of their tiny drums, and if the natives who stand on the banks to listen convey the warlike words to their Mudirs it cannot be a matter for much surprise that the Government thinks an army is coming down the Nile, and that your father finds it necessary to prepare to "establish authority."

As for Ishmael, he is in a state of ecstasy that is bordering on frenzy. He passes from boat to boat, teaching and preaching early and late. Of course, it is always the same message—the great hope, the Deliverer, the Redeemer, the Christ, the Kingdom or Empire that is to come; but just as he drew his lessons from the desert before, so now he draws them from the Nile,

The mighty river, mother of Egypt, numbered among the deities in olden days, born in the heights and flowing down to the ocean, rising and falling and bringing fertility, suckling the land, sustaining it, the great waterway from North to South, the highway for humanity—what is it but a symbol of the golden age so soon to begin, when all men will be gathered together as the children of one mother, with one God, one law, one faith?

It becomes more and more terrifying. I am sure the people are taking their teaching literally, for they are like children in their delirious joy; and when I think how surely their hopes are doomed to be crushed, I ask myself what is to happen to Ishmael when the day of their disappointment comes. They will kill him—I am sure they will.

Gordon, I go through hell at certain moments. It was good of you to tell me I need not charge myself with everything that is happening, but I am hysterical when I think that although this hope may be only a dream, a vain dream, and I had nothing to do with creating it, it is through me it is to be so ruthlessly destroyed.

Thank God, we are close to Luxor now, and when I get that letter I shall be free to escape. Have you seen your father, I wonder? If so, what has happened? Oh, my dear dear! It is four years—days I mean—since I heard from you—what an age in a time like this! My love—all, all my love!

HELENA.

CHAPTER X.

Cairo.

MY DEAREST HELENA,—El Hamdullillah! Hamid brought me the letter you gave him at Assuan, and I nearly fell on his neck and kissed him. He also told me you were looking "stout and well," and added, with an expression of astonishment, that you were "the sweetest and most beautiful woman in the world." Of course you are—what the deuce did he expect you to be?

I am not ashamed to say that while I read your letter I was either laughing like a boy or crying like a baby. What wonder? Helena was speaking to me! I could see her very eyes, hear her very voice, feel her very hand. No dream this time, no dear, sweet, murderous make-believe, but Helena herself, actually Helena!

Thank God, I have always hitherto been able, even in my blackest hours, to rely on your love and courage, and I shall continue to do so, and to tell myself that if you are in Ishmael's camp it must be for some good and useful purpose, although I know that in the dead waste of every blessed night I shall have some damnable pricks from the green-eyed monster, not to speak of downright fear and honest conscience.

I am not surprised, dearest, at what you tell me of the growth of the Mahdist element in and around Ishmael, though that is a pity in itself and a deadly misfortune in relation to the Government. Of course, it is the old wretched story over again—the moment a man arises who has anything of the divine in him, an apostle of the soul of humanity, a flame-bearer in a realm of darkness, the world jumps on him, body and soul, and he finds he has brought, not peace, but a sword. The Governments of the world do not want the divine, for the simple reason that the divine begets divided authority, which begets divided allegiance, which begets riot and insurrection; so down with the divine, hang it, quarter it, crucify it, which is precisely what they have been doing with it for two thousand years, at all events.

That, too, is a reason why I cannot carry out my

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first intention of going to my father, and another is that I see only too plainly now that he is playing for a *coup*. Not that I believe for a moment that, like the authorities under arbitrary Governments (Russian, for example), my father would use "provocation," even if it were the only means by which peaceful work and life seemed possible; but I fear he is becoming a sort of conscientious collaborator of the accursed Grand Cadi, by acquiescing in conspiracy and permitting it to go on until it has reached a head, in order to crush it with one blow.

God forgive me if I am judging my own father, but I cannot help it. There is such a thing as being "drunk with power," as the Arabs say, and everything points to the fact that the Consul-General counts on making one surprising and overwhelming effort to suppress this unrest. That he did not take me (in my character of Ishmael) on my arrival in Cairo points to it, and that he has invited me to the dinner in honour of the King's Birthday puts it beyond the shadow of a doubt.

How do I know that? I'll tell you how. Do you remember that when Ishmael's return was first proposed it was suggested that he should enter the city while the Consul-General and his officials were feasting on Ghezireh, the bridge of their island being drawn and the key of the Pavilion being turned on them? Well, that was the scheme of the Cadi, and I have reason to believe that, having obtained Ishmael's consent to it, he straightway revealed it to my father.

What is the result? The Consul-General has invited the conspirators to join him at his festivities, so that while they think they are to hold him prisoner on Ghezireh until Ishmael's followers have entered Cairo, he will, in fact, be holding them, the whole boiling of them, including myself—especially myself—thus arresting his enemies in a bunch at the very moment when their rebellion is being put down on the other side of the Nile. There is something tragic in the idea that *if* I go to that dinner my father may find that there has been one gigantic error in his calculations, and I hate the thought of going, but if I go, I go, and (D.V.) I shall not shrink.

Good night, dearest! "Where is she now?" I ask myself for the nine-hundredth time, and for the nine-hundred and first time I answer, "Wherever she is, she is mine and nobody else's." In-sha-allah!

II.

WHEW! It's comic, and if I were not such a ridiculously tragic person I should like to scream with laughter. The Ulema are at a loss to know what to do about the invitation to the King's dinner, and have been putting their turbaned heads together like frightened chickens in a storm. Never having been invited to such functions before, they suspect treachery, think their conspiracy has got wind, and are for excusing themselves on the ground of a general epidemic among grandmothers, which will require them to be present at funerals in various parts of the country.

On the other hand, Caiaphas, who is giving himself the airs of a hero—a hero, mind you—counsels courage, saying that, if there is any suspicion of conspiracy, the only way to put it out of countenance is to accept the Consul-General's invitation, which is of the nature of a command, and that this argument applies especially to me (that is to say, Ishmael), who might otherwise expose myself to the inference that I am not the wise and wealthy chief of the Ababdah, but another person who dare not permit himself to be seen. The fox! All the same, I find that it suits my book to go to the King's dinner.

III.

THE day of the festivities is approaching, and already the preparations have begun. Placards on the walls announcing a military tattoo, officials flying about the town, workmen hanging up lanterns for the illumination of the public gardens, and police bands in the squares playing "God Save" and "The Girl I Left," and meantime Ishmael with his vast following coming up the Nile, full of the great Hope, the great Expectation.

Talk about Nero fiddling while Rome burned, that was an act of no particular callousness compared to the infectious merriment of the European population, though many of them know nothing about the tidal wave that is sweeping down, the English Press having been forbidden to mention it, and the one strong man in Egypt waiting calmly at the Agency until the moment comes to dam it.

Of course, the official classes are aware of what is happening, and their attitude towards the mighty flood that is coming on is a wonderful example of our British pluck and our crass stupidity. Not a man will budge, that much I can say for my countrymen, who are ready to face death every day under a vertical sun, amid deadly swamps and human beings almost as dangerous. But they will not see that while the fanaticism of one hallucinated individual (Ishmael, for example) may be a little thing, the soul of a whole nation is a big thing, and God help the Government that attempts to crush it.

In order to realize the situation here at this moment one has to make a daring, audacious, almost impious comparison; one has to think of the day when Christ entered Jerusalem through a dense, delirious crowd that shouted "Hosanna to the Son of David!" and (forgetting that soon afterwards they deserted him when his divinity appeared to fail) ask oneself what would have happened *then* if the Roman Consul, prompted by the Chief Priests, had met that frenzied multitude with a charge of Roman steel!

God keep us from such consequences in Cairo, but meantime, though the Arabic newspapers are suppressed, the natives know that Ishmael's host is coming on, and the effect of the rumour that has gone through the air like a breath of wind seems to be frantically intoxicating. I confess that the sense of that mighty human wave, sweeping down the red waters of the high Nile, coming on and on as they think to the millennium, but as I know to death, sits on me, too, like a nightmare. It has the effect of the supernatural, and I ask myself what in the name of God I can do to prevent the collision that will occur between two forces that seem bent on destroying each other.

Something I must do, that is certain, and seeing that I am now the only one who knows what is being done on both sides, and that it is useless to appeal to either (my father or Ishmael), what I must do must be done by me alone. Alone is a terrible word, Helena, but what I do, I do, and the devil take the consequences.

I expect to get further information from Hafiz tomorrow, so (D.V.) I'll write my last letter to Bedrasheen, where, as I hear, you are to encamp. Look out for it there—I see something I may want you to do for me with Ishmael. Good-bye, my beloved, my dear, my darling! GORDON.

CHAPTER XI.

The Nile (between Luxor and Bedrasheen).

MY DRAR, DEAR GORDON,—I saw your Hamid Ibrahim the moment I set foot in Luxor, and the way he passed your letter to me and I passed mine to

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him would have done credit to Charlie Bates and the Artful Dodger in the art of passing "a wipe."

I really think we escaped the eyes of this odious Arab woman, but I am bound to add that almost as soon as I got back to the boat, and began to read your letter and to weep tears of joy over it, I was conscious of a shadow at the mouth of my cabin, and it was she, the daughter of a dog!

No matter! Who the dickens cares? I shall be gone from here before the woman can do me any mischief, and if I am still in Ishmael's camp it is only because you said you were sending your last letter to Bedrasheen, so, you see, I had no choice but to come on.

What you tell me of the course of affairs in Cairo only fills me with hatred of the Grand Cadi ("whom Allah damn"), and I find that I exhaust all my Christianity in finding names that seem suitable to "his Serenity"—beginning, of course, with the fourth letter of the English alphabet.

I see already what you are going to do, and when I think of it I feel like a shocking coward. If you cannot work with the Consul-General I suppose you will work without him, perhaps against him, and a conflict between you and your father is the tragedy I always foresaw. It will be the end of one or both of you, and I am trembling at the bare thought.

Oh, I know you are the bravest thing God ever made, and at the same time the most unselfish, but I sometimes wish to Heaven you were not—though I suppose in that event you would fall from your god-like pedestal, and I should not love you so much if I admired you less.

We left Luxor immediately, for, although there were still three days to spare before the day of the "festivities" and the river was racing down fast enough to carry a fleet of war, the people were in a fever to reach the end of their journey, so Ishmael consented to go on without a rest.

I find the whole thing more frightening than ever now that we are so near to the end, for I suppose it is certain that, whatever else happens, this vast horde of Ishmael's fanatical followers will never be allowed to enter Cairo, and it will be impossible to convince the Consul-General and the Government that they are not coming as an armed force. Then what will the people do? What will they say to Ishmael? And if Ishmael suspects treachery, what will he say? What will he say to *me?* But no matter—I shall be gone before that can occur.

It is now eleven o'clock at night, yet I cannot sleep, so I shall sit up all night and see the rising of the Southern Cross. A silver slip of a moon has just appeared, and by its shimmering light our vast fleet seems to be floating down the river like ships in a dream. Such calm, such silence! Phantoms of houses, of villages, of funeral palms gliding in ghostly muteness past us. Sometimes an obelisk goes like a dark skeleton down the bank—vestige of a vanished civilization as full, perhaps, of delusive faith as ours. What is God doing with us all, I wonder? Why does He . . .

II.

I DID not sleep a wink last night, but I crept out of my hiding-place under the high prow of the boat when the dawn came up like a bride robed in pearly grey and blushing rosy red. By that time we were nearing Bedrasheen, and now we are moored alongside of it and the people are beginning to land, for it seems they are to camp at Sakkara, in order to be in a position to see the light which is to shine from the minaret of Mohammed Ali.

Such joy, such rapture! Men with the madra pole sounding the depths of the water, men with the sculls pushing the boats ashore; all shouting in strident voices or singing in guttural tones!

Soon, very soon, their hopes will be blighted. Will they ever know by whom? I wonder if anybody will tell them about that letter! Where is Mosie? I trust the Consul-General may keep him in Cairo. The boy is as true as steel, but with this woman to question him . . . ! My God, make her meet a fate as black as her heart, the hussy!

But why do I trouble about this? It matters nothing to me what becomes of the Arab woman, or of the Egyptians, or of the Soudanese, or even of Ishmael himself—the whole boiling of them, as you say. I know I'm heartless, but I can't help it. The only question of any consequence is what is happening to *you.* After all, it was I who put you where you are, and it is quite enough for me to reproach myself with that.

What is the Government doing to you? What has your father done? What is going on among the descendants of the creeping things that came out of the Ark? . . .

I cannot see Hamid among the crowd on the land, but I hope to find him as soon as I go ashore. If I miss him in the fearful chaos I suppose I shall have to go on to the camp, for, besides my anxiety to receive your letter, I am living under the strongest conviction that there is something for me to do for you, and that it has not been for nothing that I have gone through the bog and slush of this semi-barbaric life.

There! You see what you've done for me! You've given me as strong a belief in the "mystic sense" as you have yourself, and as firm a faith in fatality. . . .

No sign of Hamid yet! Never mind! Don't be afraid for me—I am all right.

Gordon, my dear, my dear dear, good-bye!

HELENA.

CHAPTER XII.

FOR more than three weeks the Consul-General had kept his own counsel, and not even to the Sirdar, whom he saw daily, did he reveal the whole meaning of his doings.

When the Sirdar had come to say that through the Soudan Intelligence Department in Cairo he had heard that Ishmael and his vast company had left Khartoum, and that the Inspector-General was of opinion that the pilgrimage must be stopped, or it would cause trouble, the Consul-General had said:—

"No; let the man come on. We shall be ready to receive him."

Again, when the Governor at Assuan, hearing of the approach of the ever-increasing horde of Soudanese, had telegraphed for troops to keep them out of Egypt, the Consul-General had replied:—

"Leave them alone, and mind your own business."

Finally, when the Commandant of Police at Cairo had come with looks of alarm to say that a thousand open boats, all packed with people, were sailing down the river like an invading army, and that if they attempted to enter the city the native police could not

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be relied upon to resist them, the Consul-General had said:—

"Don't be afraid. I have made other arrangements."

Meantime the great man, who seemed to be so calm on the outside, was white-hot within. Every day while Ishmael was in the Soudan, and every hour after the Prophet had entered Egypt, he had received telegrams from his inspectors saying where the pilgrimage was and what was happening to it. So great, indeed, had been the fever of his anxiety that he had caused a telegraphic tape to be fixed up in his bedroom, that in the middle of the night, if need be, he might rise and read the long white slips.

A few days before the date fixed for the festivities one of the Inspectors of the Ministry of the Interior came to tell him that there were whispers of a conspiracy that had been blown upon with hushed rumours of some bitter punishment which the Consul-General was preparing for those who had participated in it. As a consequence, a number of the notables and certain of the diplomats were rapidly leaving the country, nearly every train containing some of them. A sombre fire shone in the great man's eyes while he listened to this, but he only answered, with a sinister smile:—

"The air of Egypt doesn't agree with them, perhaps. Let them go. They'll be lucky if they live to come back."

As soon as the Inspector was gone the Consul-General sent for his Secretary and asked what acceptances had been received of the invitations to the King's Dinner, whereupon the Secretary's face fell, and he replied that there had been many excuses.

Half the diplomats had pleaded calls from their own countries, and half the pashas had protested with apologetic prayers that influenza or funerals in their families would compel them to decline. The Ministers had accepted as they needs must, but, with a few exceptions, the Ulema, after endless invocations of God and the Prophet, had on various grounds begged to be excused.

"And the exceptions—which are they?" asked the Consul-General.

"The Chancellor of El Azhar, his guest the Sheikh Omar Benani, the Grand Mufti, and . . ."

"Good! All goes well," said the Consul-General. "Make a list of the refusals and let me have it on the day of the dinner."

Before that day there was much to do, and on the day immediately preceding it the British Agency received a stream of visitors. The first to come by appointment was the English Adviser to the Ministry of Justice.

"I wish you," said the Consul-General, "to summon the new Special Tribunal to hold a court in Cairo at ten o'clock to-morrow night."

"Ten o'clock to-morrow night? Did your lordship say *ten?*" asked the Adviser.

"Don't I speak plainly?" replied the Consul-General, whereupon the look of bewilderment on the Adviser's face broke up into an expression of embarrassment, and his desire to ask further questions was crushed.

The next visitor to come by appointment was the British Adviser to the Minister of the Interior, the tall young Englishman on whose red hair the red fez sat strangely.

"I wish you," said the Consul-General, "to arrange that the gallows be got out and set up after dark to-morrow night in the square in front of the Governorat."

"The square in front of the Governorat?" repeated the Adviser, in tones of astonishment. "Does your lordship forget that public execution within the city is no longer legal?"

"Damn it, I'll make it legal!" replied the Consul-General, whereupon the red head under the red fez bowed itself out of the library without waiting to ask who was to be hanged.

The next visitor to come to the Agency by appointment was the burly Commandant of Police.

"You still hold your warrant for the arrest of Ishmael Ameer?" asked the Consul-General.

"I do, my lord."

"Then come to Ghezireh to-morrow night and be ready to receive my orders."

Then came the Colonel who, since the death of General Graves, had been placed in temporary command of the Army of Occupation.

"Is everything in order?"

"Everything, my lord."

"All your regiments now in the country can arrive at Abbassiah by the last train to-morrow night?"

"All of them."

"Then wait there yourself until you hear from me. I shall speak to you over the telephone from Ghezireh. On receiving my message you will see that the men carry ammunition as on active service and have case-shot issued to the artillery, and then march them into the city and line them up in the principal thoroughfares. Let them

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"'I WISH YOU,' SAID THE CONSUL-GENERAL, 'TO ARRANGE THAT THE GALLOWS BE GOT OUT AND SET UP AFTER DARK TO-MORROW NIGHT.'"

stay there as long as they may be required to do so—all night if necessary—and if there is unrest or armed resistance on the part of the populace, of the native army, or of people coming into the town, you will promptly put it down. You understand?"

"I understand, my lord."

"But wait for my telephone call. Don't let one man stir out of barracks until you receive it. Mind that. Good-bye!"

The better part of the day was now gone, yet so great had been the Consul-General's impatience that he had not even yet broken his fast, although Fatimah, who alone would have been permitted to do so, had repeatedly entered his room to remind him that his meals were ready.

At sunset he went up to the roof of his house. Every day for nearly a week he had done this, taking a telescope in his hand that he might look down the river for the mighty octopus of demented people who were soon to come. Yesterday he had seen them for the first time—a vast flotilla of innumerable native boats with white three-cornered sails stretching far down the Nile, as a flight of birds of passage might stretch along the sky.

Now the people were encamped on the desert between Bedrasheen and Sakkara, a sinuous line of speckled white and black on the golden yellow of the sand, looking like a great serpent encircling the city on the south. As a serpent they fascinated the Consul-General when he looked at them, but not with fear, so sure was he that, by the machinery he had set to work, the vermin would soon be trampled into the earth.

There they were, he thought, an armed force, the scourings of the Soudan, under the hypnotic sway of a fanatic-hypocrite, waiting to fall on the city and to destroy its civilization. In every saddle-bag a rifle; in every gebbah a copy of the Koran; in every heart a spirit of hatred and revenge.

Since the Grand Cadi had told him of the conspiracy to establish an Arab Empire the Consul-General's mind had evolved developments of the devilish scheme. The practical heart of the matter was Pan-Islamic, a combination of all the Moslem peoples to resist the Christian nations. Therefore, in the great historical drama which he was soon to play he would be seen to be the saviour

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not only of England and of Europe and of civilization, but even of Christianity itself!

It would be a life and death struggle, in which cruel things could not fail to be, but the issues were world-great, and therefore he would not shrink. He who wanted the end must not think too much about the means.

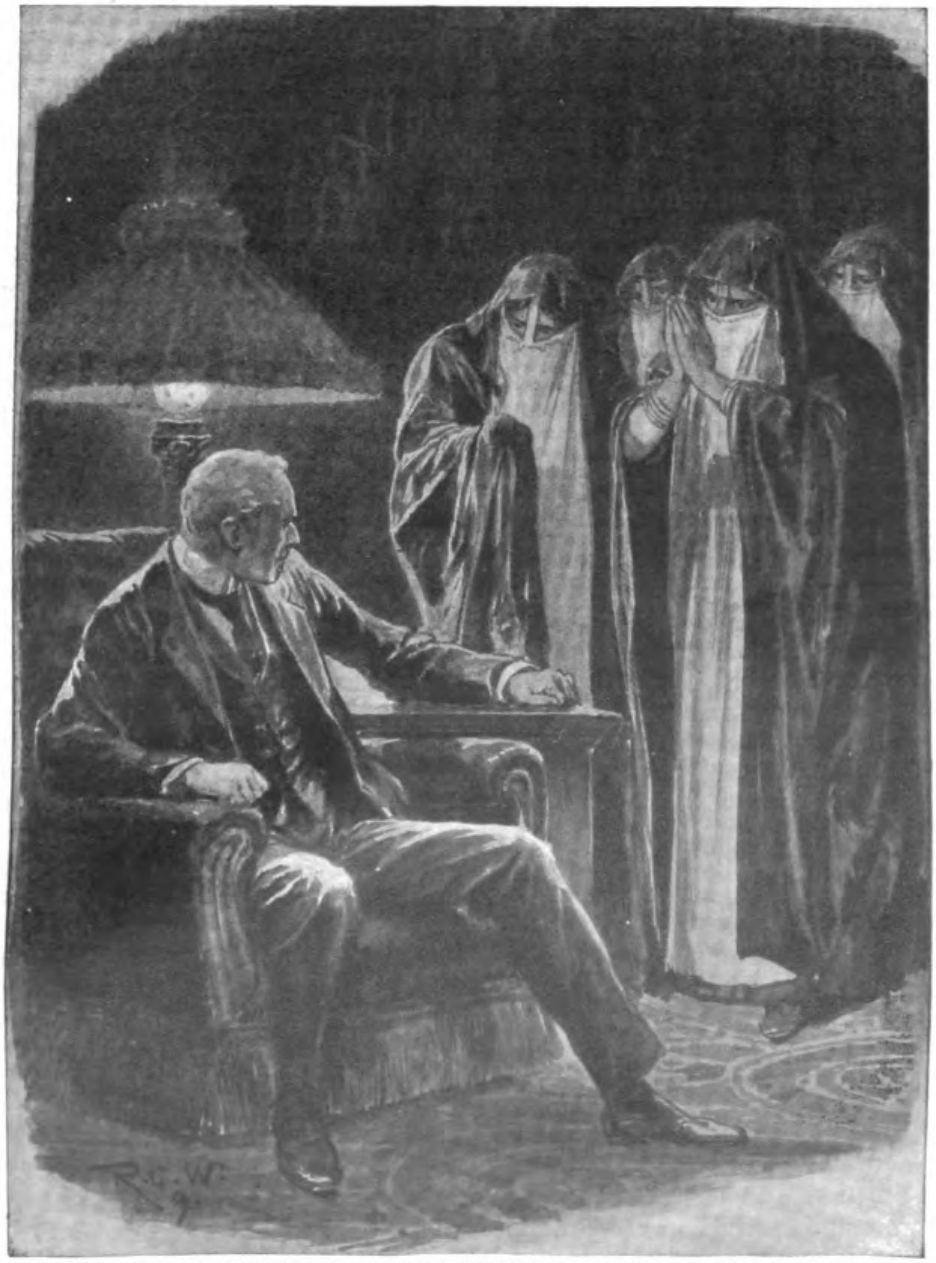
Ishmael? The gallows in the square of the Governorat? Why not? The man might have begun as a mere paid emissary of the Khedive, but having developed the Mahdist malady, a belief in his own divinity, he meant to throw off his allegiance to his master and proclaim himself as Caliph. Therefore they must hang him—hang him before the eyes of his followers and fling his "divine" body into the Nile!

As the Consul-General stepped down from the roof Ibrahim met him with a letter from the Grand Cadi, saying he found himself suspected by his own people, and therefore begged to be excused from attendance at the King's Dinner, but sent this secret message to warn His Excellency that by the plotting of his enemies the Kasr-el-Nil bridge, which connected Ghezireh with Cairo, would be opened immediately after the beginning of the festival.

"The fox!" thought the Consul-General; but interpreting in his own way the dim purpose of the plot—that it was intended to imprison him on the island while Ishmael's followers entered the city—he merely added to his order for his carriage an order for his steam-launch as well.

Daylight had faded by this time, and as soon as darkness fell the Consul-General received a line of other visitors—strange visitors such as the British Agency had never seen before. They were women, Egyptian women, the harem, shrouded figures in black satin and the yashmak, the wives of the Ministers who had felt compelled to accept their invitations, but were in fear of the consequences of having done so.

Unexampled, unparalleled event, never before known in an Eastern country. The women, disregarding the seclusion of their



"THE WOMEN, DISREGARDING THE SECLUSION OF THEIR SEX, HAD COME TO PLEAD FOR THEIR HUSBANDS."

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sex, had come to plead for their husbands, to make tacit admission of a conspiracy, but to say, each trembling woman in her turn, "My husband is not in it," and to implicate other men who were.

The Consul-General listened with cold, old-fashioned courtesy to everything they had to say, and then bowed them out without many words. Instinctively Ibrahim had darkened the Agency as soon as they began to come, so that veiled they passed in, veiled they passed out, and they were gone before anybody else was aware.

The dinner hour was now near, and, leaving the library with the intention of going up to dress, the Consul-General came upon two men who were sitting in an alcove of the hall. They were Reuter's reporters, who for the past ten years had been accustomed to come for official information. Rising as the Consul-General approached, they asked him if he had anything to say.

"Be here at ten o'clock to-morrow night and I shall have something to give you," he said. "It will be something important, so keep the wires open to receive it."

"The wires to London, my lord?"

"To London, Paris, Berlin—everywhere! Good night!"

Going upstairs with a flat and heavy step, but a light and almost joyous heart, the Consul-General remembered his letter of resignation, and thought of the hubbub in Downing Street the day after to-morrow when news of the conspiracy, and of how he had scotched it, fell like a thunderbolt on the "fossils of Whitehall."

In the conflagration that would blaze heaven-high in England it would be seen at last how necessary a strong authority in Egypt was, and then—what then? He would be asked to use his own discretion, unlimited power be reposed in him, he would hoist the Union Jack over the Citadel, annex the country to the British Crown, cast off all futile obligations to the Sultan, and so end for ever the present ridiculous, paradoxical, suicidal situation.

While Ibrahim helped him to dress for dinner, he was partly conscious that the man was talking about Mosie and repeating some bewildering story which the black boy had been telling downstairs of Helena's "marriage to the new Mahdi."

This turned his thoughts in another direction, and for a few short moments the firm and stern, but not fundamentally hard and cruel, man became aware that all his fierce and savage and candid ferocity that day had been no more than the wild ejaculation of a heart that was broken and trembling because it was bereaved.

It was Gordon again—always Gordon! Where was "our boy" now? What was happening to him? Could it be possible that he was so far away that he would not hear of the weltering downfall, so soon to come, of the "charlatan mummer" whose evil influence had brought his bright young life to ruin?

CHAPTER XIII.

THAT night the Sirdar dined with the Consul-General, and as soon as the servants had gone from the dining-room he said:—

"Nuneham, I have something to tell you."

"What is it?" asked the Consul-General.

"Notwithstanding three weeks of the closest observation, I have found no trace of the insubordination in the Egyptian Army; but, nevertheless, in obedience to your warning, I have taken one final precaution. I have given orders that the ammunition with which every soldier is entrusted shall be taken from him to-morrow evening, so that if Ishmael Ameer comes into Cairo at night with any hope of . . ."

"My dear Mannering," interrupted the Consul-General, with his cold smile, "would it surprise you to be told that Ishmael Ameer is already in Cairo?"

"Already? Did you say . . ."

"That he has been here for three weeks, that he came by the same train as yourself, wearing the costume of a Bedouin sheikh, and that . . ."

"But, my dear Nuneham, this is incredible," said the Sirdar, with his buoyant laugh. "It is certainly true that a Bedouin sheikh travelled in the same train with me from the Soudan, but that he was Ishmael Ameer in disguise is, of course, utterly unbelievable."

"Why so?"

"Because a week after I left Khartoum I heard that Ishmael was still living there, and because every other day since then has brought us advices from our Governors saying the man was coming across the desert with his people."

"My dear friend," said the Consul-General, "in judging of the East one must use Eastern weights and measures. The race that could for fourteen centuries accept the preposterous tradition that it was not Jesus Christ who was crucified, but someone else who took on his likeness and died instead of him, is quite capable of accepting for itself and imposing upon others a substitute for this White Prophet."

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"But you bewilder me," said the Sirdar. "Isn't the man Ishmael at this moment lying encamped, with fifty thousand of his demented people, on the desert outside Cairo?"

"No,' said the Consul-General.

And then in his slow, deep, firm voice, grown old and husky, he unburdened himself for the first time, telling of Helena's departure for Khartoum on her errand of vengeance; of her letter from there announcing Ishmael's intention of coming into Cairo in advance of his people in order to draw off the allegiance of the Egyptian Army; of Ishmael's arrival and his residence at the house of the Chancellor of El Azhar; of the visit of the Princess Nazimah and her report of the conspiracy of the Diplomatic Corps; and finally of the Grand Cadi's disclosure of the Khedive's plot for the establishment of an Arab Empire.

"So you see," said the Consul-General, with an indulgent smile, "that all the bad concomitants of an Oriental revolution are present, and that while you, my dear friend, have been holding your hand in the Soudan for fear of repeating the error of two thousand years ago—troubling yourself about Pontius Pilate and moral forces versus physical ones, and giving me the benefit of all the catchwords of your Christian Socialism and Western democracy — a conspiracy of gigantic forces has been gathering about us."

The Sirdar's usually ruddy face whitened, and he listened with a dumb, vague wonder while the Consul-General went on, with bursts of bitter humour, to describe one by one the means he had taken to defeat the enemies by whom they were surrounded.

"So you see, too," he said at last, lifting unconsciously his tired voice, "that by this time to-morrow we shall have defeated the worst conspiracy that has ever been made, even in Egypt—meted out sternly retributive justice to the authors of it; put an end to all forms of resistance, whether passive or active, silenced all chatter about Nationalism and all prattle about representative institutions, destroyed the devilish machinery of this accursed Pan-Islamism, crushed the Khedive, and wiped out this fanatic-hypocrite and charlatan-mummer, Ishmael Ameer."

The Consul-General had spoken with such intensity and the Sirdar had listened so eagerly that down to that moment neither of them had been aware that another person was in the room. It was Fatimah, who was standing with the death-like rigidity of a ghost near to the door, in the half-light of the shaded electric lamps.

The Sirdar saw her first, and with a motion of his hand he indicated her presence to the Consul-General, who, with a face that was pale and stern, turned angrily round and asked the woman what she wanted, whereupon Fatimah, with trembling lips and a quivering voice, as if struggling with the spirit of falsehood, said she had only come to ask if the Sirdar intended to sleep there that night, and whether she was to make a bed for him.

"No, certainly not! Why should you think so? Go to bed yourself," said the Consul-General, and with obvious relief the woman turned to go.

"Wait!" he added. "How long have you been in the room?"

"Only a little moment, O my lord," replied Fatimah.

After that the two men went to the library, but some time passed before the conversation was resumed. The Sirdar lit a cigar and puffed in silence, while the Consul-General, who did not smoke, sat in an arm-chair with his wrinkled hands clasped before his breast. At length the Sirdar said:—

"And all this came of Helena's letter from Khartoum?"

"Was suggested by it," said the Consul-General.

"You told me she was there, but I could not imagine what she was doing—what her errand was. Good heavens, what a revenge! It makes one shiver! Carries one back to another age!"

"A better age," said the Consul-General. "A more natural and less hypocritical age, at all events."

He had risen and was tramping heavily across the room.

"Is there one man alive who will dare to say that he actually orders his life according to the precepts of Christ?"

Then the Sirdar lifted his eyes and said:—

"Do you know, my dear Nuneham, I once heard somebody else talk like that, though from the opposite standpoint of sympathy, not contempt?"

"Who was it?"

"Your own son."

"Humph!"

The Consul-General frowned and there was silence again for some moments. When the conversation was resumed it concerned the dangers of the Arab Empire, which, according to the Grand Cadi, the Khedive (with the help of Ishmael) expected to found.

"What would it mean?" said the Consul-General. "The utter annihilation of the

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unbeliever. Does not the word 'Ghazi signify a hero who slays the infidel? Does not every Mollah when he recites the Khuttab in the mosque invoke Divine wrath on the non-Moslem? What then? The establishment of an Arab Empire would mean the revolt of the whole Eastern world against the Western world, and a return to all the brutality, all the intolerance of the farrago of moribund nonsense known as the Sacred Law."

The Sirdar made no reply, and after a moment the Consul-General said:—

"Then think of the spectacle of a conquering Mohammedan army in Cairo! If the Citadel and the arsenal of the capital could be occupied by that horde outside, it would not be merely England's power in Egypt that would be ended, or the English Empire as a world force that would be injured—it would be Western civilization itself that would in the end be destroyed. The Mohammedans in India would think that what their brethren in Cairo had done they might do. The result would be incalculable chaos, unlimited anarchy, the turning back of the clock ten centuries."

The Consul-General returned to his seat, saying:—

"No, no, my friend; a catastrophe so appalling as that cannot be left to chance, and if it is necessary to blow these fifty thousand fanatics out of the mouths of guns, rather than lay the fate of the world open to irretrievable ruin, I . . . *I will do it!*"

"But all this depends on the truthfulness of the Grand Cadi's story. Isn't it so?" asked the Sirdar.

The Consul-General bent his head.

"And the first test of its truthfulness is whether or not these thousands of Ishmael's followers are an armed force?"

Again the Consul-General bent his head.

"Well," said the Sirdar, rising and throwing away his cigar, "I am bound to tell you that I see no reason to think they are. More than that, I will not believe that when our boy took his serious step he would have sided with this White Prophet if he had suspected that the man's aims included an attack upon England's power in Egypt, and I cannot imagine for a moment that he could be fool enough not to know."

Again the Consul-General frowned, but the Sirdar went on firmly.

"I believe he thought and knew that Ishmael Ameer's propaganda was purely spiritual, the establishment of an era of universal peace and brotherhood, and that is a world-question having nothing to do with England or Egypt or Arab Empires except so far as——"

But the Consul-General, who was cut to the quick by the Sirdar's praise of Gordon, could bear no more.

"Only old women of both sexes look for an era of universal peace," he said, testily.

"In that case," replied the Sirdar, "the old women are among the greatest of mankind—the Hebrew prophets, the prophets of Buddhism, of Islam, and of Christianity. And if that is going too far, then Abraham Lincoln and John Bright, and, to come closer home, your own son, as brave a man as ever drew a sword—a soldier, too, the finest young soldier in the King's service, one who might have risen to any height if he had been properly handled, instead of being . . . "

But the old man, whose nostrils were swelling and dilating like the nostrils of a broken-winded horse, leapt to his feet and stopped him.

"Why will you continue to talk about my son?" he cried. "Do you wish to torture me? He allowed himself to become a tool in the hands of my enemies, yet you are accusing me of destroying his career and driving him away. You are—you know you are!"

"Ah, well! God grant everything may go right to-morrow," said the Sirdar after a while, and with that he rose to go.

It was now very late, and when Ibrahim in the hall, with two sleepy eyes, hardly able to keep himself from yawning, opened the outer door, the horses of the Sirdar's carriage, which had been waiting for nearly an hour, were heard stamping impatiently on the gravel of the drive.

At the last moment the old man relented.

"Reg," he said, and his voice trembled, "forgive me if I have been rude to you. I have been hard hit and I must make a fight. I need not explain. Good night!" And he had gone back to the library before the Sirdar could reply.

But after a while the unconquerable spirit and force of the man enabled him to regain his composure, and before going to bed he went up on to the roof to take a last look at the enemy he was about to destroy. There it lay in the distance, more than ever like a great serpent encircling the city on the south, for there was no moon, the night was very dark, and the dying fires of the sinuous camp at Sakkara made patches of white and black like the markings of a mighty cobra.

Fatimah was at his bedroom door, waiting

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"THE DYING FIRES OF THE SINUOUS CAMP AT SAKKARA MADE PATCHES OF WHITE AND BLACK."

to bring his hot water and to ask if he wanted anything else.

"Yes; I want you to go to bed," he replied, but the Egyptian woman, still dallying about the room and speaking with difficulty, wished to know if it was true, as the black boy had said, that Miss Helena was in Khartoum, and that she had betrothed herself to the White Prophet.

"I don't know and I don't care—go to bed," said the Consul-General.

"Poor Gordon! My poor boy! Wah! Wah! Everything goes wrong with him. Yet he hadn't an evil thought in his heart."

"Go to bed, I tell you!"

It was even longer than usual before the Consul-General slept.

He thought of Helena. Where was she now? He had been telling himself all along that, to save appearances, she might find it necessary to remain for a while in Ishmael's camp, but surely she might have escaped by this time. Could it be possible that she was kept as a prisoner? Was there anything he ought to do for her?

Then he thought of the speech he was to make in proposing the King's health to-morrow, and framed some of the stinging, ironical sentences with which he meant to lash his enemies to the bone.

Last of all he thought of Gordon, as he always did when he was dropping off to sleep, and the only regret that mingled with his tingling sense of imminent triumph was that his son could not be present at the King's Dinner to see—what he would see!

"Oh, if I could have him there to-morrow night — what I would give for it!" he thought.

At length the Consul-General slept, and his big, desolate house was silent. If any human eye could have looked upon him as he lay on his bed that night, the old man with his lips sternly set, breathing fitfully, only the tired body overcome, the troubled brain still working, it would have been a pitiful thing to think that he who was the virtual master of millions appeared to be himself the sport of those inscrutable demons of destiny which seem to toss us about like toys.

His power, his pride, his life-success—what had he gained by them? His wife dead, his son in revolt against him, alone, enfeebled, duped, and self-deluded.

God, what a little thing is man! He who for forty years had guided the ship of State, before whose word Ministers and even Khedives had trembled, could not see into the dark glass of the first few hours before him.

Peace to him—until to-morrow!

CHAPTER XIV.

Serai Fum el Khalig, Cairo.

MY DEAREST HELENA,—I am going to that dinner. Yes, as Ishmael Ameer in the disguise of the Sheikh Omar Benani, chief of the Ababdah, I am to be one of my father's guests.

This is the morning of the day of the festivities, and from Hafiz, by the instrumentality of one who would live or die or give her immortal soul for me, I have at length learned all the facts of my father's *coup*.

Did you ever hear of the incident of the Opera

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House? Well, this incident is to be a replica of that, though the parts to be played in the drama are in danger of being differently cast.

As this is the last letter I shall be able to send to you before an event which may decide one way or other the fate of England in Egypt, my father's fate, Ishmael's, and perhaps yours and mine, I must tell you as much as I dare commit to paper.

The British Army, as I foresaw from the first, is being brought back to Cairo. It is to come in to-night as quietly as possible by the last trains arriving at Calioub. The Consul-General is to go to Ghezireh as if nothing were about to happen, but at the last moment, when his enemies have been gathered under one roof—Ministers, diplomats, notables, Ulema—when the operation of their plot has begun, and the bridge is drawn and the island is isolated, and Ishmael and his vast following are making ready to enter the city, my father is to speak over the telephone to the officer commanding at Abbassiah, and then the soldiers, with a full supply of ammunition, are to march into Cairo and line up in the streets.

Such is my father's *coup*, and to make sure of the complete success of it—that Ishmael's following is on the move and that no conspirator (myself above all) escapes—he has given orders to the Colonel not to stir one man out of the barracks until he receives his signal. Well, my work to-night is to see that he never receives it.

Already you will guess what I am going to do. I must go to the dinner in order to do it, for both the central office of the telephone and the office of the telegraph are now under the roofs of the Ghezireh Palace and Pavilion.

I hate to do the damnable thing, but it must be done. It must, it must! There is no help for it.

I cannot tell you how hard it is to me to be engaged in a secret means to frustrate my father's plans—it is like fighting one's own flesh and blood, and is not fair warfare. Neither can I say what a struggle it has been to make up my mind to intercept an order of the British Army; it is like playing traitor, and I can scarcely bear to think of it.

But all the same I know it is necessary. I also know God knows it is necessary, and when I think of that my heart beats wildly.

It is necessary to prevent the massacre which I know (and my father does not) would inevitably ensue; necessary to save my father himself from the execration of the civilized world; necessary to save Ishmael from the tragic consequences of his determined fanaticism; necessary to save England from the possible loss of her Mohammedan dominions, from being faithless to her duty as a Christian nation, and from the divine judgment which will overtake her if she wantonly destroys her great fame as the one Western Power that seems designed by Providence to rule and to guide the Eastern peoples; and necessary above all to save the white man and the black man from a legacy of hatred that would divide them for another hundred years, and put back the union of races and faiths for countless centuries.

If I am not a vain fool this is what I (D.V.) have got to do, so why in the name of God need I trouble myself about the means by which I do it? And if I am the only man who can, I must, or I shall be a coward skulking out of his plain responsibility, and a traitor not only to England but to humanity itself.

God does not promise me success, but I believe I shall succeed. Indeed, I am so sure of success that I feel as if all the recent events of my life have been leading up to this one. What I felt when I left Cairo for Khartoum, and again when I left Khartoum for Cairo—that everything had been governed by higher powers which could not err—I feel now more than ever.

If I had delivered myself up to the authorities after your father's death my life would have been wasted and thrown away. Nay, if I had obeyed orders over the blunder of El Azhar I should not have been where I am now—between two high-spirited men who are blindly making for each other's ruin, and the destruction of all they stand for.

This reconciles me to all that has happened, and if I have to pay the penalty of playing buffer I am ready to do so. I have great trust that God will bring me out all right, but if that is not His plan, then so be it. I am willing to give my life for England, whatever name she may know me by when she comes to see what I have done, and I am willing to die for these poor Egyptians, because I was born and brought up among them, and I cannot help loving them.

Death has no terrors for me anyway. I think the experiences of the past months have taught me all that death has to teach. In fact, I feel at this moment exactly as I have felt at the last charge in battle, when, fighting against frightful odds, it has not been a case of every man for himself, but of God for us all.

Besides, I feel that on the day of your father's death I died to myself—to my selfish hopes of life, I mean—and if God intends to crush me, in order that I may save my country and these people whom I love and who love me, I really wish and long for Him to do so.

But In-sha-allah! It will be as God pleases, and I believe from the bottom of my heart that He is working out His wonderful embroidery of events to a triumphant issue. So don't be afraid, my dear Helena, whatever occurs to-night. I may be taken, but (D.V.) I shall not be taken in disgrace. In any case I feel that my hour has come—the great hour that I have been waiting for so long.

This may be the last letter I shall write to you, so I am sending it by Mosie, lest Hamid should find a difficulty in getting into your camp. I hope to God you may get it, for I want you to know that my last thoughts are about yourself.

Upon my soul, dear, I believe the end will be all right, but if it is to be otherwise, and we are to be separated, and our lives in this world are to be wasted, remember that deep love bridges death.

Remember, too, what you said to me at Khartoum. "I am a soldier's daughter," you said, "and in my heart I am a soldier's wife as well, and I shouldn't be worthy to be either if I didn't tell you to do your duty, whatever the consequences to me."

Good-bye, my dear, my dear! If anything happens you will know what to do. I trust you without fear. I have always trusted you. I can say it now, at this last moment—never, dearest, never for one instant has the shadow of a doubt of you entered into my heart. My brave girl, my love, my life, my Helena!

May the great God of Heaven bless and protect you! GORDON.

P.S.—Oh, how the deuce did I forget? There is something for you to do—something important—and I had almost sent off my letter without saying anything about it.

Do you remember that on the day I left Khartoum it was ordered by Ishmael that, after the call of the mueddin to midnight prayers, a light was to be set up in the minaret of the mosque of Mohammed Ali as a sign that he might enter the city in peace?

Well, if I fail and the British Army comes into Cairo, Ishmael must be kept out of it. He may be stubborn—a man who thinks God guides and protects him and makes a special dispensation for him is not

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easy to persuade—but if the light does not appear he *must* be restrained.

That is your work with Ishmael—why you are with him still. I knew it would be revealed to us some day. Once more, my dear, my dear, God bless and protect you!

CHAPTER XV.

Under the Pyramids.

MY DEAR GORDON,—Your letter has not yet reached me. What has happened? Has your messenger been caught? Who was it? Was it Hamid?

Not having heard from you, I was, of course, compelled to come on with the camp, and therefore I am with it still. We are under the shadow of the Pyramids, with the mud-built village of Sakkara by our side and Cairo in front of us, beyond the ruins of old Memphis and across a stretch of golden sand.

This is, it seems, the day of "the King's Dinner," and at sunset, when the elephant's horn was blown for the last time, we gathered for prayers under a sea-blue sky on the blood-red side of the step pyramid.

It was a splendid, horrible, inspiring, depressing, devilish, divine spectacle. First Ishmael recited from the Koran the chapter about the Prophet's great vision (the Sirat er Rassoul, I think), while the people on their knees in the shadow, with the sun slanting over their heads, shouted their responses. Then in rapturous tones he preached, and though I was on the farthest verge of the vast crowd I heard nearly all he said.

They had reached their journey's end, and had to thank God, who had brought them so far without the loss of a single life. Soon they were to go into Cairo, the Mecca of the new world, but they were to enter it in the spirit of love, not hate—of peace, not war—doing violence to none, and raising no rebellion. What said the Holy Koran? "Whosoever among Mussulmans, Christians or Jews, believe in God and in another life shall be rewarded."

Therefore let no man think they were come to turn the Christians out of Egypt. They were there on a far higher errand—to turn the devil out of the world! The intolerance and bitterness of past ages had been the product of hatred and darkness. The grinding poverty and misery of the present age was the result of a false faith and civilization. But they were come to bring universal peace, universal brotherhood, and universal religion to all nations and races and creeds—one State, one faith, one law, one God!

Cairo was the gate to the East. It was also the gate to the West. He who held the keys of that gate was master of the world. Who, then, should hold them but God's own, His Guided One, His Expected One, His Christ?

More and yet more of this kind Ishmael said in his thrilling, throbbing voice, and of course the people greeted every sentence with shouts of joy. And then finally, pointing to the minarets of the mosque of Mohammed Ali, far off on the Mokattam hills, he told them that at midnight, after the call to prayers, a light was to shine there and they were to take it for a sign that they might enter Cairo without injury to any and with goodwill towards all.

"Watch for that light, O my brothers! It will come! As surely as the sun will rise on you to-morrow that light will shine on you to-night!"

It is now quite dark and the camp is in a delirious state of excitement. The scene about my tent is simply terrifying. At one side there is an immense Zikr, with fifty frantic creatures crying "Allah!" to a leader who in wild guttural tones is reciting the ninety-nine attributes of God. At the other side there is a huge fire at which a group of men, having slaughtered a sheep, are boiling it in a cauldron, with many pungent herbs, that they may feast and rejoice together in honour of the coming day. People are sitting in circles and singing hymns of victory; tambourines, kettle-drums, and one-stringed lutes are being played everywhere, and strolling singers are going about from fire to fire making up songs that describe Ishmael's good looks, good deeds, and his "divinity"—the wildest ditty being the most applauded.

Where Ishmael himself is I do not know, but he must indeed be carried away by religious ecstasy if he is not trembling at the mere thought of to-morrow morning. What is to happen if these "Allah-intoxicated Arabs" have to meet five thousand British bayonets? Or, supposing you can obviate that, what is to occur when they are compelled to realize that all their high-built hopes are in the dust? O God! O God!

II.

EL HAMDULLILLAH! Your letter has come at last! Perhaps I wish it hadn't been Mosie who brought it, but the boy was clever in getting into the camp unobserved, and now I have sent him outside to hide in the darkness while I scribble a few lines in reply. He is to come back presently, and meantime, please God, he will keep out of the sight of that she-cat of an Arab woman.

You are doing right, darling—I am sure you are! Naturally you must be troubled with thoughts about England and your father, but both will yet see what motives inspired you, and whatever they do now they will eventually make amends.

Bravo, my boy, bravo! Perhaps we shall all become Quakers some day, but let the peace people croak as they please, it is war that brings out the truly heroic virtues, and though you are trying to prevent bloodshed you are really going into battle. Go, then, and God bless you!

What wretched ink this is—it must have got mixed with water.

Oh, yes, certainly. I will stay here to the end, and, if occasion arises, I will do what you desire, though I have not the faintest hope of succeeding. The fact is that, even if I could persuade Ishmael not to enter Cairo, the people would not, under any circumstances, be restrained.

To tell you the truth, I cannot help feeling sorry for him. He really began with the highest aims and the strongest common sense, but he has become the victim of his people's idolatry, and, being made an idol, he may no longer be a man.

I cannot help feeling sorry for the people also, for I suppose they have only tried in their blind way to realize the dream of humanity in all ages, the dream of all the holy books and all the great prophets—the dream of a millennium.

It seems, too, as if God, who puts beautiful ideals in people's hearts, always calls for a scapegoat to pay the price of them. That is what you are to be, dear, and when I think of what you are going to do to save these poor people I begin to see for the first time what is meant by the sacrificial blood of Christ.

I suppose this is shocking, but I don't care a pin about that. Every heroic man who risks his life for his fellow man is doing what Christ did. You are doing it, and I don't believe the good God will ask any question about ways and means.

There! That's something out of my eyes splash on to the very point of my pen. Don't take it as a mark of weakness, though, but as the sign-manual of

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Helena's heart telling you to go on without thinking about her.

Of course I am in a fever of impatience to know what is happening at Ghezireh to-night, but you must not suppose that I am afraid. In any case I shall stay here, having no longer the faintest thought of running away, and if there is anything to do I'll do it.

This *may* be the last letter I am to write to you, so good-bye, my Gordon, and God bless you again! My dear, my dear, my dear! HELENA.

P.S.—I suppose you are in the thick of it by this time, for I see that the illuminations on Ghezireh have already begun. My dear, my dear, my . . . my . . .

CHAPTER XVI.

AT eight o'clock that night the Pavilion of the Ghezireh Palace was brilliantly lit up for the "King's Dinner." A troop of British cavalry were mounted in front of it under the sparkling lights that swung from the tall palms of the garden, and a crowd of eager spectators were waiting to see the arrival of the guests.

The Consul-General came early, driving in his open carriage with two gorgeously-clad sais running before him. When he stepped down at the door in his cocked hat, laced coat, and gold-braided trousers he was saluted like a Sovereign. The band of a British regiment under the trees played some bars of the National Anthem and the English onlookers cheered.

In the open court of the Pavilion, which was walled about by Oriental hangings, the Consul-General's own people were waiting to receive him. His old and weakened but still massive and even menacing personality showed out strongly against the shadowy forms of some of the Advisers and Under-Secretaries who stood behind him.

It was quickly seen that his manner was less brusque and masterful than usual, but that his tone was cynical and almost bitter. When his First Secretary stepped up to him and whispered that a Reuter's telegram, which had just come, announced that the Khedive had left Paris for Marseilles, intending to take steamer for Egypt, he was heard to say:—

"I don't care a —— what the Khedive does or what he intends to do. Let him wait until to-morrow."

The Sirdar was one of the first of the guests to arrive, and, after saying in a low tone that he had just taken the necessary steps to withdraw the ammunition from the native troops, he whispered:—

"The great thing is to keep calm—not to allow yourself to lose your temper."

"I *am* calm, perfectly calm," said the Consul-General.

Then the other guests came in quick succession, Envoys Extraordinary, Ministers-Plenipotentiary, Chancellors and Counsellors of Legation, and Attachés, wearing all their orders; Barons, Counts, and Marquesses attired magnificently in a prodigious quantity of pad and tailor-work, silk stockings, white, blue, and red coats with frogs and fur collars, stars, ribbons, silver shoe-buckles, tight breeches, and every conceivable kind of uniform and Court dress.

Among the Diplomatic Corps came Egyptian Ministers, wearing the tarboosh and many decorations; the Turkish High Commissioner, a gorgeous and expansive person; a Prince of the Khedivial house, a long miscellaneous line of pashas and beys, and finally a few of the Ulema in their turbans and flowing Eastern robes.

The Consul-General received them all with smiles, and it was said afterwards that never before had he seemed to be so ceremoniously polite.

There was a delay in announcing dinner, and people were beginning to ask who else was expected when the First Secretary was seen to approach the host and to say something which only he could hear. A moment later the venerable Chancellor of El Azhar entered the hall in his simple grey farageeyah, accompanied by a tall, strong, upright man in the ample folds of a Bedouin sheikh, and almost immediately afterwards the guests were going into the dining-hall.

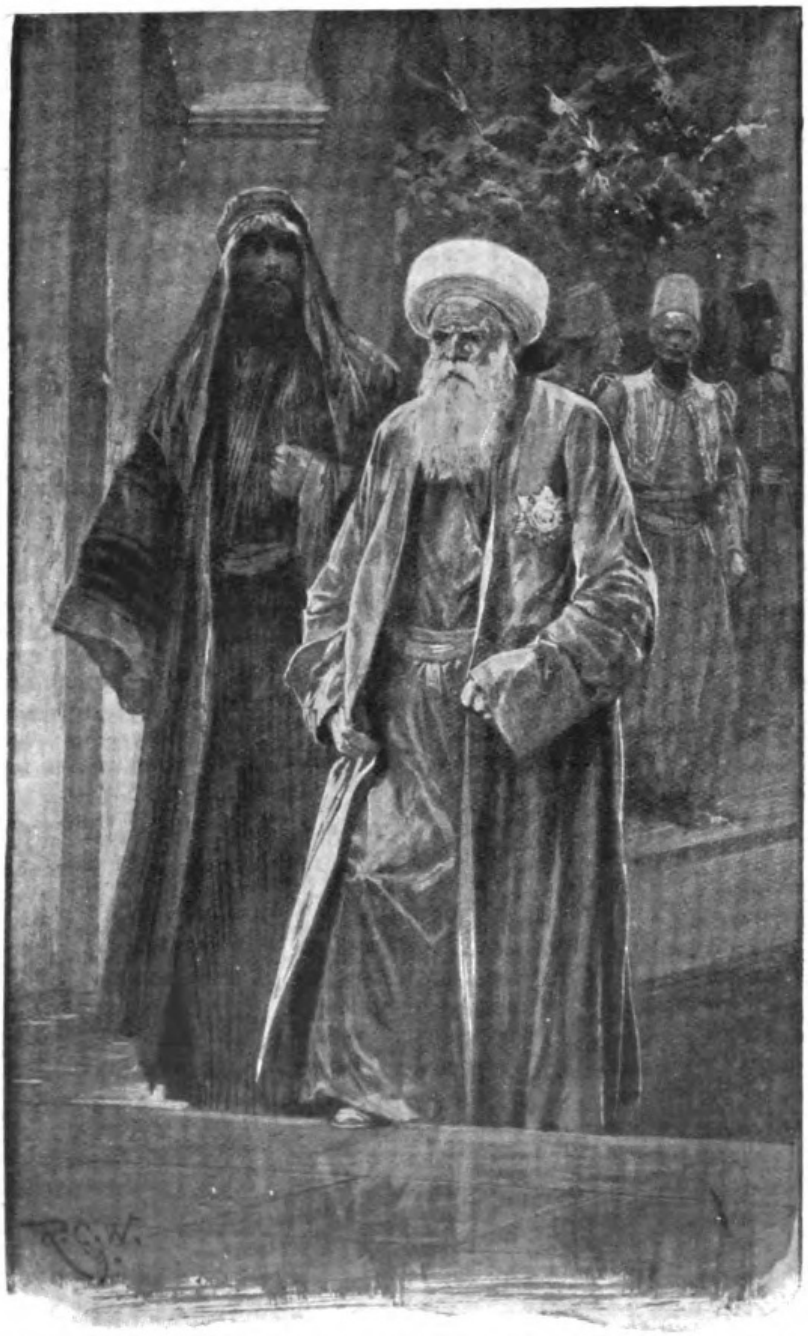
Dinner was served by Arab waiters in white, and while the band in the gardens outside played selections from the latest French operas, some of the European guests consumed a prodigious deal of fermented liquor and buzzed and twittered and fribbled in the manner of their kind.

The Egyptian Ministers and pashas were less at ease, and the Ulema were obviously constrained, but the Consul-General himself, though he continued to smile and to bow, was the most preoccupied person in the room.

He passed dish after dish, eating little and drinking nothing, though his tongue was dry and his throat was parched. From time to time he looked about him with keen eyes, as if counting up the number of those among his guests who had conspired against him. There they were, nearly all of them, his secret enemies, his unceasing revilers, his heartless and treacherous foes. But wait! Only wait! He would soon see their confusion!

The Sirdar, who sat on the left of the

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"THE VENERABLE CHANCELLOR OF EL AZHAR ENTERED THE HALL IN HIS SIMPLE GREY FARAGEEYAH."

host, seemed to be conscious of the Consul-General's impatience, and he whispered again :—

"The great thing is to be calm—perfectly calm."

"I *am* calm," said the Consul-General, but in a tone of anger which belied his words.

Towards the end of the dinner his Secretary stepped up to the back of his chair and whispered to him that the bridge had been opened, and after that his impatience increased visibly until the last dish had been served, the waiters had left the room, the band outside had ceased playing, and the toast-master had called silence for the first toast. Then in an instant all impatience, all nervousness, all anxiety disappeared, and the Consul-General rose to propose "The King."

Never had anyone heard such a bitter, ironical, biting speech. Every word blistered, every sentence cut to the bone.

He began by telling his guests how happy he was to welcome them in that historic hall, "sacred to the memory of the glories of Ishmael Pasha, whose princely prodigality brought Egypt to bankruptcy." Then he assured them that he took their presence there that night as a cordial recognition of what Great Britain had done through forty hard and sleepless years to rescue the Valley of the Nile from financial ruin and moral corruption. Next, he reminded them that England was now reaping the results of the education it had given the country, and among these results were certain immature efforts to found Western institutions on Eastern soil, not to speak of secret conspiracies to embarrass, disturb, and even destroy her rule in Egypt altogether.

"But I am glad to realize," he said, in a withering tone, "that all such attempts to carry the country back from civilization to barbarism have been repelled by the best elements in the community, European and Egyptian alike, and especially by the illustrious leaders by whom I am now surrounded."

Then his eyes flashed like the eyes of an old eagle while, amid breathless silence, in the husky voice that came from his dry throat, turning from side to side, he thanked his guests, class by class, for the help they had given to the representative of the King in putting down political and religious fanaticism.

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"Gentlemen of the Diplomatic Corps," he said, "you are satisfied with what England has done for Egypt, and you do not wish to see her rule disturbed. Between you and ourselves there are no animosities, no selfish interests to serve, no hostile groupings, no rival combinations. Knowing that we are the joint trustees of civilization in a backward Eastern country, nothing could induce you so to act as if you wanted Egypt for yourselves. Gentlemen, in the name of the King I thank you!"

Turning then to the Egyptian Ministers, he said in tones of blistering irony:—

"Your Excellencies, it seems idle to thank you for your loyalty to the nation by whose power you live. You are far too intelligent not to see that a man cannot set fire to his house and yet hope to preserve it from being burnt to the ground—far too sensible of your own interests to listen to the revolutionaries who would tear to pieces the country you govern and give it back to bankruptcy and ruin. Gentlemen, in the name of the King I thank you!"

Then facing the notables, he said, with a curl of his firm lip:—

"It might perhaps be thought that you, of all others, had least reason to be grateful to the Power that took the courbash out of your hands and deprived you of the advantages of forced labour; but you do not want to regain the powers you once held over the great unmoving masses of the people. You are willing to see all false ledgers showing unjust debts burnt in the public squares with your whips and instruments of the bastinado. Therefore, gentlemen, in the name of the King I thank you."

Finally, looking down the middle table to where the Chancellor of El Azhar sat with his Bedouin friend beside him, he said:—

"And your Eminences of the Ulema, I thank you also. Your enemies sometimes say that you continue to live in the Middle Ages, but you are much too keenly alive to your interests in the present hour not to realize how necessary it is to you to be assured for the future against the possible recurrence of Mahdist raids and revolutions. You know that the hydra-headed monster called fanaticism would destroy you and your class, and therefore you support with all the loyalty of your eager hearts the Power which, in the interests of true religion, would crush and quell it. Gentlemen, in the name of the King I thank you."

The effect of the speech was paralyzing. As one by one the Consul-General spoke to the classes represented by his guests, there was not a response, not a sound, nothing but silence in the room, with white faces and quivering lips on every side.

At length the Consul-General raised his glass and, in a last passage of withering sarcasm, called on the company to drink to the great Sovereign of the great nation which, with the cordial sympathy and united help of the whole community, as represented by those who were there present, had done so much for the civilization and progress in the East—"The King!"

They could not help themselves—they rose, a lame, halting, half-terrified company, getting up irregularly, with trembling hands and pallid cheeks, and repeated after the toast-master, in nervous, faltering, broken voices—"The King!"

After the speaker sat down there was a subdued murmur, which rose by degrees to a sort of muffled growl. The Consul-General heard it and his keen eyes flashed around the company. Down to this moment he had done no more than he intended to do, but now, carried away by the excitement created within himself by his own speech, he wished to throw off all disguise and fling out at everybody.

"Better be calm, though," he thought, remembering the Sirdar's advice, and at the next moment the Sirdar himself, whom he had missed from his side, returned and said, in a whisper:—

"Afraid I must go. Just heard that some of the Egyptian soldiers have been knocking down the officers who were sent to remove their ammunition."

At that news, which appeared to confirm predictions and to be the beginning of everything he had been led to expect, the Consul-General lost all control of himself.

"Wait! Wait a little and we'll go together," he whispered back, and then, calling for silence, he rose to his feet again and faced full upon his guests.

"Your Highness, your Eminences, your Excellencies, and gentlemen," he said, in a loud voice, "I have one more toast. I have given you the health of the King, and now I give you 'Confusion to His Enemies!'"

If a bomb had fallen in the dining-hall it could scarcely have made more commotion. The Consul-General saw this and smiled.

"Yes, gentlemen, I say his enemies; and when I speak of the King's enemies I refer to his enemies in Egypt—his enemies in this room."

The sensation produced by these words

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was compounded of many emotions. To such of the guests as were entirely innocent of conspiracy it seemed plainly evident that a kind of mental vertigo had seized the Consul-General. One of them looked round for a doctor, another rose from his seat with the intention of stepping up to the speaker, while a third took out his gold pencil-case and began to scribble a note to the Sirdar, asking him, as the best friend of their host, to remove the Consul-General from the room.

On the other hand, the persons who were actually participating in conspiracy had, by operation of that inscrutable instinct which compels guilty men to expose themselves, risen to their feet and were loudly shouting their protests.

"Untrue!" "Disgraceful!" "False!" "Utterly false!"

"False, is it?" said the Consul-General. "We shall see."

Then glancing over them one by one as they stood about him, his eye fixed itself first upon a foreign representative whose breast was covered with decorations, and he said:—

"Baron, did you not say in the *salon* of a certain Princess that out of your secret service money you were providing arms for the Egyptian populace?"

The Baron gave a start of surprise, made some movement of the lips as if trying to reply, and sank back to his seat. Then the Consul-General turned to one of two Egyptian Ministers who, with faces as red as their tarbooshes, were standing side by side, and said:—

"Pasha, will you deny that as recently as yesterday you sent somebody to me in secret to say that, while *you* were innocent of conspiracy against British rule, your colleague who stands at your right was deeply guilty?"

The Pasha stammered out some confused words and collapsed.

Then the Consul-General faced down to one of the Ulema, the Grand Mufti, who, in his white turban and graceful robes, was trying his best to smile, and said:—

"Your Eminence, can it be possible that you were not present at the house of the Chancellor of El Azhar when a letter was sent to a certain visionary mummer then in the Soudan, asking him to return to Cairo in order to draw off the allegiance of the Egyptian Army?"

The smile passed in a flash from the Grand Mufti's face, and he, too, dropped back to his seat. Then, one by one, the others who had been standing slithered down to their places, as if each of them was in fear that some secret he had whispered in the *salon*, the harem, or the mosque would in like manner be blurted from the housetops.

The Consul-General swept the whole company with a look of triumph, and said:—

"You see, gentlemen, I know everything, and it is useless to deny. In order to overthrow the authority of England in Egypt you have condescended to the arts of Anarchists—you have joined together to provoke rebellion against law and order."

All this time the Sirdar's face had been stamped with an expression of sadness, and now he was seen to be addressing the Consul-General in a few low-toned words; but his warning, if such it was, seemed to be quite unheeded. With increasing excitement and intense bitterness, the Consul-General turned hotly upon the foreign representatives and said:—

"Gentlemen of the Diplomatic Corps, joint trustees with me of peace and civilization in a backward country, you thought you were using the unrest of the Egyptians to serve your own ends; but listen, and I will tell you what you were really doing."

Then, more fiercely than ever, his face aflame, his hoarse voice breaking into harsh cries, he disclosed his knowledge of the Egyptian plot as he understood it to be—how the final aim, the vast and luminous fact to which all Moslem energies were directed, was the establishment of an Arab Empire which should have it for its first purpose to resist the Christian nations; how this Empire had originated in the mind of the Khedive, who wished to put himself at the head of it; and how, since it was necessary in an Eastern country to give a religious colour to political intriguing, Ishmael Ameer, the mock Mahdi, the fanatic-hypocrite, had been employed to intimidate the British authorities by bringing up the scourings of the Soudan to their very doors.

This fell on the whole company, innocent and guilty, like a thunderclap.

The great Proconsul, the strong and practical intellect which had governed the State so long, had been deceived on the main issue, had been fooled, and was fighting a gigantic phantom!

"Is this news to you, gentlemen of the Diplomatic Corps? Ask your friends, the Ulema. Is it news to you, too, gentlemen of El Azhar? Ask your Grand Cadi. But that is not all. You have had no scruples, no shame. In hitting at England you have not

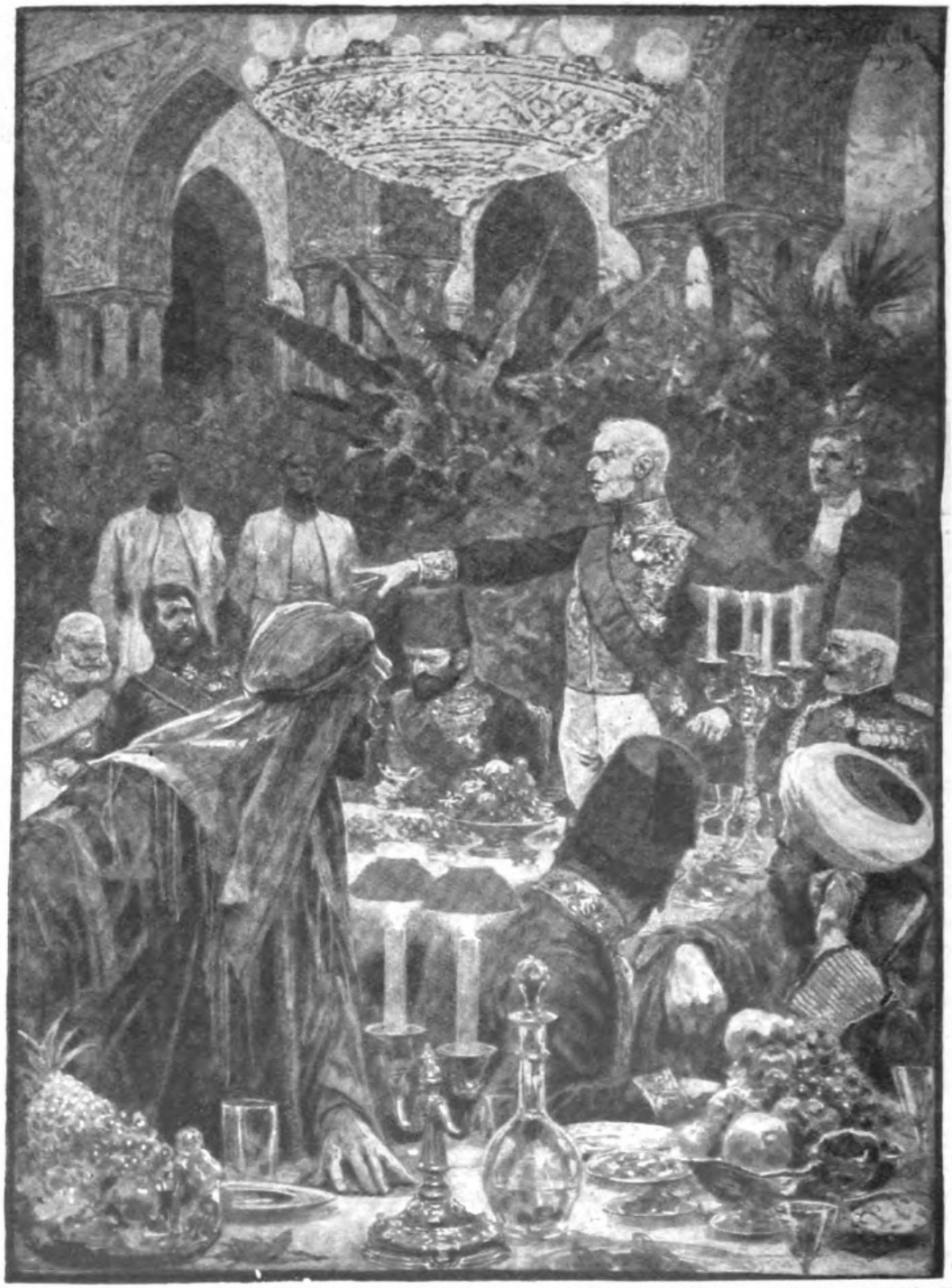
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hesitated to hit at England's servant—myself. You have hit me where I could least bear the blow. By lies, by hypocrisies, by false pretences, you have got hold of my son, my only son, my only relative, all that was left to me . . . the one in whom my hopes in life were centred and . . ."

Here the old man's voice faltered, and it was afterwards remembered that at this moment the Bedouin sheikh rose in obvious agitation, made some steps forward, and then stopped.

At the next instant the Consul-General had recovered himself, and with increasing strength, and still greater ferocity, was hurling his last reproaches upon his enemies.

"But you are mistaken, gentlemen. I may be old, but I am not yet helpless. In the interests not only of England but of Europe



"THE CONSUL-GENERAL HAD RECOVERED HIMSELF, AND WITH INCREASING STRENGTH, AND STILL GREATER FEROCITY, WAS HURLING HIS LAST REPROACHES UPON HIS ENEMIES."

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I have made all necessary preparations to defeat your intrigues, and now—now I am about to put them into execution."

Saying this he left his seat and directed his steps towards the door. Nearly the whole of the company rose at the same moment, and all stood aside to let him pass. Nobody spoke, nobody made a gesture. In that room there were now no longer conspirators and non-conspirators. There were only silent spectators of a great tragedy. Everybody felt that an immense figure was passing from the world's stage, and none would have been more surprised if the pyramid of Gizeh had crumbled before their eyes.

On reaching the door the Consul-General stopped and spoke again, but with something of his old courageous calm.

"I understand," he said, "that it was part of the plan that to-night at midnight, while the British Army were expected to be on the Delta, and I and my colleagues were to be held prisoners at Ghezireh, the horde of armed fanatics now lying outside on the desert were to enter and occupy the city. That was a foolish scheme, gentlemen, such as could only have been conceived in the cobwebbed brains of El Azhar. But whatever it was I must ask you to abide by its consequences. In the interests of peace and of your own safety you will remain on this island until to-morrow, and in the morning you shall see . . . what you shall see!"

Then saying something in a low voice to the Commandant of Police, who was standing near, he passed out of the dining-hall and the door was closed behind him.

CHAPTER XVII.

A FEW minutes afterwards the military band in the garden was playing again, red and white rockets were shooting into the dark sky from the grounds of the Khedivial Sports Club, and the Consul-General was entering the little insular telephone office of Ghezireh, which was under the same roof as the Pavilion.

"Call me up the Colonel commanding at Abbassiah, and ask him to hold the line."

"Yes, my lord."

While the attendant put in the plugs of his machine and waited for a reply the Consul-General walked nervously to and fro between the counter and the door. He was expecting the Commandant of Police to come to him in a moment with news of the arrest of Ishmael Ameer. Without this certainty (though he had never had an instant's doubt of it) he could not allow himself to proceed to the last and most serious extremity.

"Not got him yet?"

"Not yet, my lord."

The Consul-General resumed his restless perambulation. He was by no means at ease about the unpremeditated developments of the scene in the dining-hall, but he had always intended to make sure that his enemies were safely housed on the island, and thereby cut off from the power of making further mischief, before he ordered the army into the city.

"Not got him even yet, boy?"

"Cannot get an answer from the Central in Cairo, my lord."

"Try another line. Quick!"

The Consul-General thought the Commandant was long in coming, but no doubt the police staff had removed the supposed "Bedouin" to a private room, so that in making his arrest, and in stripping off his disguise to secure evidence of his identity, there might be no unnecessary emotion, no vulgar sensation.

"Got him at last?"

"No, my lord. Think there must be something wrong with the wires."

"The wires?"

"They seem to have been tampered with."

"You mean—cut?"

"Afraid they are, my lord."

"Then the island—so far as the telephone goes—the island is isolated?"

"Yes, my lord."

The old man's face, which had been flustered, became deadly pale and his stubborn lower lip began to tremble.

"Who can have done this? Who? Who?"

The attendant, terrified by the fierce eye that looked into his face, was answering with a vacant stare and a shake of the head when the Sirdar entered the office, accompanied by the Commandant of Police, and both were as white as if they had seen a ghost.

"Well, what is it now?" demanded the Consul-General, whereupon the Sirdar answered:—

"The Commandant's men have got him, but . . ."

"But—what?"

"It is not Ishmael Ameer."

"Not Ishma . . . you say it is not Ish . . "

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The Consul-General stopped, and for a long moment he stared in silence into the blanched faces before him. Then he said, sharply, "Who is it?"

The Commandant dropped his head and the Sirdar seemed unwilling to reply.

"Who is it, then?"

"It is . . . it is a British officer."

"A British . . . you say a British . . ."

"A colonel."

The old man's lips moved as if he were repeating the word without uttering it.

"His tunic was torn where his decorations had been. He looked like . . . like a man who might have been degraded."

The Consul-General's face twitched, but in a fierce, almost ferocious, voice, he said, "Speak! Who is it?"

There was another moment of silence, which seemed to be eternal, and then the Sirdar replied:—

"Nuneham, it is your own son!"



"THE SIRDAR REPLIED, 'NUNEHAM, IT IS YOUR OWN SON!'"

CHAPTER XVIII.

FROM THE SLAVE OF THE MOST HIGH, ABDUL ALI, CHANCELLOR OF EL AZHAR, TO ISHMAEL AMEER, THE MESSENGER OF GOD, PRAISE BE TO HIM THE EXALTED ONE.

A WORD in haste to say that he who came here as your missionary and representative has within the hour been arrested by the officials of the Government, having, so far as we can yet learn and surmise, been most treacherously and maliciously betrayed into their hands by means of a letter to the English lord from one who stands near to you in your camp.

In sadness and tears, with faces bowed to the earth and ashes on our heads, we send our sympathy to you and to your stricken followers, entreating you on our knees, in the name of the Compassionate, not to attempt to carry out your design of coming into Cairo, lest farther and more fearful calamities should occur.

This by swift and trusty messenger to your hands at Sakkara.

The Slave of your Virtues—ABDUL ALI.

(*To be continued.*)

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THE LIFE-STORY OF THE PUSS MOTH.

By JOHN J. WARD,

Author of "Life Histories of Familiar Plants," "Some Nature Biographies," "Minute Marvels of Nature," etc., etc.

Illustrated from Original Photographs by the Author.

THE two main factors in the struggle for existence are, necessarily, to eat and to avoid being eaten. The Puss Moth, in the course of its evolution, has had to resort to some most extraordinary devices to escape the latter contingency. Its colours, its habits, and its anatomy, throughout all its stages, clearly indicate that it has had to fight persistently against the attacks of formidable foes, and that only by extreme defensive methods has it been saved from extermination. The history of this insect is, indeed, a most wonderful chapter in insect evolution.

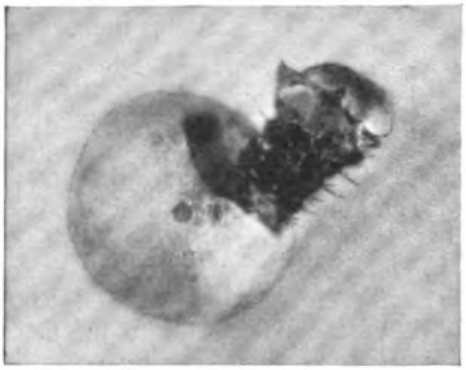


Fig. 1.—The caterpillar appears. It is shown just emerging from the egg deposited by the Puss Moth. Magnified twenty diameters.

This moth may be found from May to July. It deposits its eggs on the leaves of poplar and willow trees, and after about nine days the little caterpillar emerges, often taking eight or ten hours to bite its way through the strong egg-shell. When the head, which is the largest part of its anatomy, is through, the rest emerges quickly. It is of a velvety-black colour, and on its head are two curious, ear-like structures (Fig. 1), which disappear as it gets older;

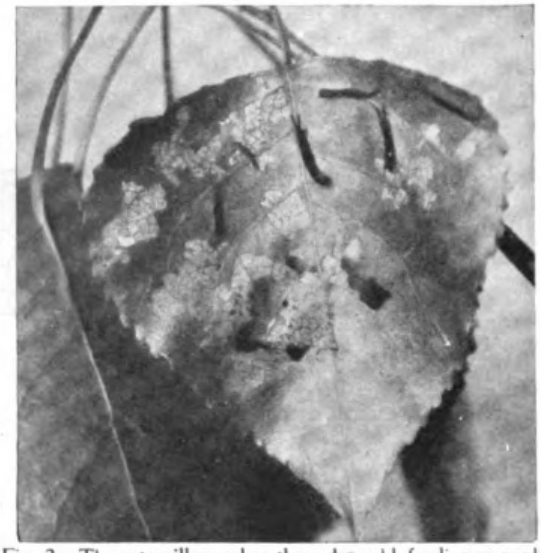


Fig. 2.—The caterpillars, when three days old, feeding on poplar leaves. Natural size.

while at its tail-end it possesses a forked appendage from which, when it is irritated, issue two delicate pink threads, the function of which will be considered later.

The young larvæ make no attempt to hide themselves, but feed boldly on the surface of the leaf (Fig. 2). And now we observe what is probably the first selective device for their protection—viz., their black colour, for the little holes in willow and poplar leaves have a resemblance to black spots and markings, while bruised parts also turn black. Therefore the black larvæ feeding on them are not conspicuous.



Fig. 3.—Half-grown larvæ before they develop their "eye"-spots.

Later on, when they begin to develop to a conspicuous size, they moult their skins and change colour, gradually becoming green, assimilating then with the leaves of the food plants; their upper surface, however, retains a brown hue speckled with grey. In Fig. 3 two half-grown larvæ are shown feeding in their characteristic attitudes.

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At this stage, when about a month old, a curious change takes place. The caterpillar again moults its skin, and it appears in still more brilliant greens, while its dorsal parts have developed more grey colour, giving its body a shaded effect. Also two white wavy bands run from its face to the hump at the back of its head, and from there down the sides of its body to its forked tail. What strikes the observer most, however, is its face, for there has developed here a most remarkable mask of a rose-red colour, shaded with greyish-blue, and bearing what look like two staring black eyes.

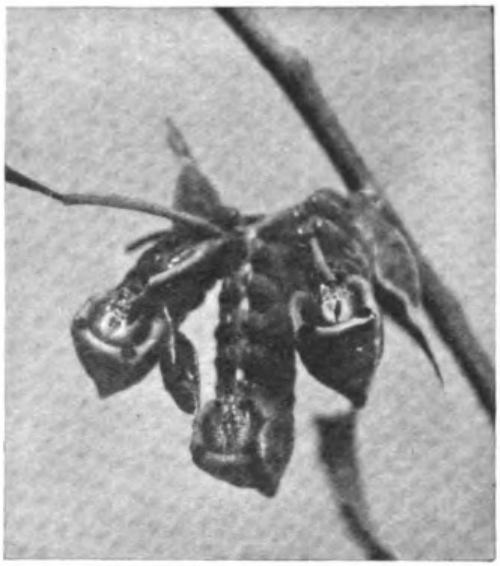


Fig. 4.—After they have moulted their skins and the "eye"-spots have appeared. Note.—This illustration will be better appreciated if viewed upside down.

The change after moulting the skin is so extraordinary that one can scarcely believe it is the same caterpillar. In Fig. 4 is a photograph of three larvæ at this stage, showing their masks. On comparison with Fig. 3 it will be seen that now, in the place of the two ear-like organs which were so conspicuous when the caterpillar emerged from the egg, have developed the eye-spots that give to the caterpillar such a striking and terrifying aspect.

When the caterpillar again moults its skin and reaches its full growth (generally during August or September), its extraordinary mask is still more conspicuous, and its colours are brighter than ever; indeed, the full-grown caterpillar, when seen isolated from its surroundings, presents a most startling appearance, both in colour and form. Two of the larvæ are shown peacefully feeding in Fig. 5 at natural size.

Such, then, are the various changes which the caterpillar undergoes during the six weeks of its life, and one naturally asks the meaning of these curious metamorphoses and the object of this extraordinary mask. I use the word "mask" advisedly, since it is not the caterpillar's real face that is exposed to view. Its flat head is withdrawn into the first ring of the body, and it is this ring, so curiously coloured and bearing conspicuous spots appropriately placed for eyes, that produces the startling caricature of a face. It remains, then, to ascertain what is the object of this singular pretence.

I have mentioned that, when isolated from its surroundings, the caterpillar is a very

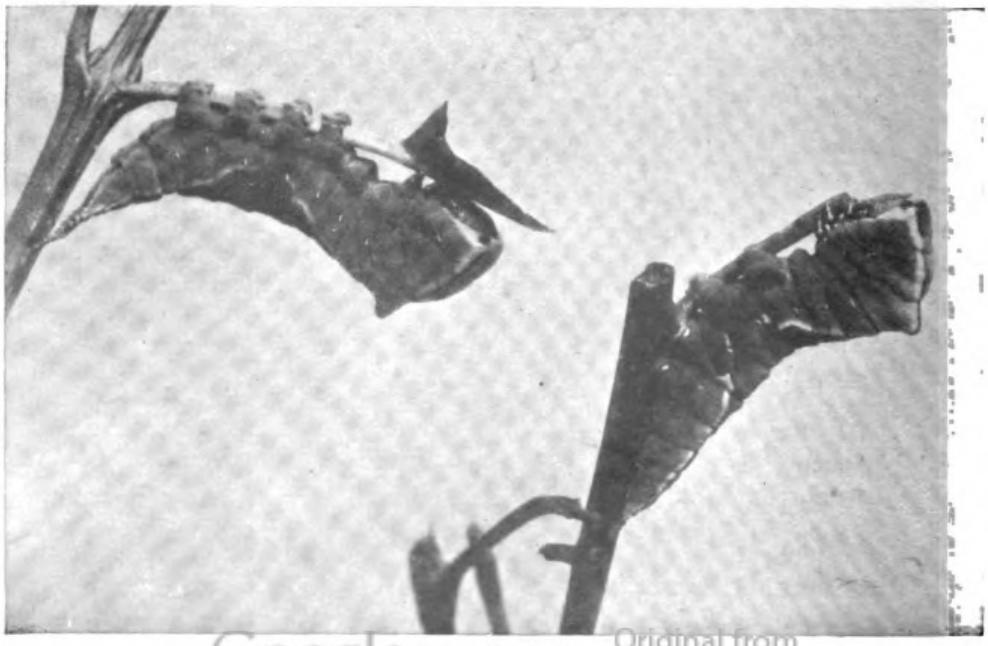


Fig. 5.—Full-grown caterpillars feeding. Natural size.

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striking animal; however, when feeding amongst the leaves and branches, in spite of its bold colouring, it is not at all conspicuous. When so situated. its broken masses of green and brown, and their soft shadings, harmonize so closely with the moving leaves and brown branches that it becomes very difficult to detect it by ordinary methods of observation; hence its apparently conspicuous colouring serves in reality to make it inconspicuous, and so protects it from the eyes of its enemies.

It sometimes happens, though, that the caterpillar is discovered by an enemy, and it is then that the object of its strange disguise becomes apparent. At the slightest touch, when feeding on the tree, the larva instantly turns its repulsive mask towards the source of irritation, and, so to speak, glares wildly at the enemy, the ring of the body bearing the eye-spots being distended to its fullest extent. At a touch from the opposite side round goes the "face" in that direction, bearing the same terrifying aspect, which, by its fixed glare, seems to plainly imply some considerable danger to the enemy if it is further interfered with.

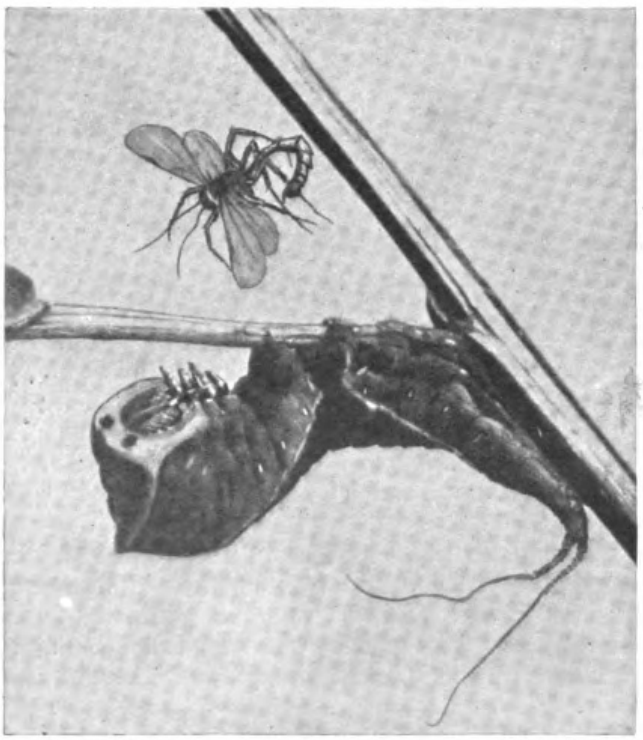


Fig. 6.—The parasitic ichneumon fly approaching the caterpillar. The latter is endeavouring to drive it away by means of its inflated and terrifying face and its tail-whips.

How effective this quick movement of the head and the sudden presentation of a facial monstrosity are as a protective device may be readily appreciated by the effect it has upon a human being who touches one of these larvæ for the first time; rarely will he touch it again without an assurance that no harm will come from the venture. Let us imagine, then, that some bird or small animal meets one of these caterpillars resting or feeding amongst the branches, and, on account of its colouring, is doubtful whether it would make a toothsome morsel. It approaches carefully, and probably gives the suspicious object a preliminary prod, just as man himself would do. Then the caterpillar suddenly faces round with that apparently outraged stare, as if to say, "Who dares?" and the terrified foe takes to flight.

When a healthy larva is feeding, a sudden touch may often produce a further surprise for the enemy. At the moment the terrifying mask is presented to view the forked tail is raised, and from its two prongs the pink threads previously referred to are suddenly protruded to a great length, and lashed like whips over the caterpillar's head and back. In Fig. 6 is shown a caterpillar employing both these artifices.

Now it happens that the worst foes with which the larva of the Puss Moth has to contend are ichneumon flies—parasitic flies which boldly attack the caterpillar and deposit their eggs upon it, usually behind its head. From the eggs of the ichneumon little grubs emerge, which are parasitic upon the caterpillar, sucking its juices from the moment they break through the egg-shell, and adhering firmly afterwards. The caterpillar feeds ravenously, but the appetites of its visitors increase also. Eventually the caterpillar attains its full growth and spins its cocoon, yet it is never destined to become a moth, for the ichneumon grubs then completely devour the soft parts of their host, and attain their full growth, making their own cocoons within that formed by the caterpillar, thus utilizing the caterpillar's home as their own.

The ichneumon fly is, therefore, a formidable enemy that has to be dealt with promptly when it appears. Whether the caterpillar's remarkable simulation of a face has any influence on the ichneumon fly is a doubtful point; probably that feature is only of service in scaring larger foes, including man. Its

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tail-whips, however, have probably been developed purely as a means of reaching the back of its head, where the ichneumon fly usually makes its attack; for these organs are really the caterpillar's last pair of clasper legs modified and evolved into tube-like structures and endowed with delicate muscles, which allow of the sudden protrusion and contraction of the pink threads. It is curious, too, that these whips should be of a colour similar to that of its mask, a fact which seems to imply that that colour may have some influence on the particular enemies which the insect has to combat. In this connection, too, we have to remember that colours and forms which we may regard as merely curious or quaint may affect other animals in a very different way, and have a significance which they have not for man. Especially is this true of insects, the structure of whose eyes is so very unlike our own. We should never overlook the fact that peculiarities in an organism that appear to us useless, and sometimes absurd, may be of great practical value to the creature possessing them.

So far as is known, the tail-whips are perfectly harmless to the ichneumon, and only serve to drive it away, just as a cow removes flies from its back by the switch of its tail. Nevertheless, the parasitic ichneumon takes considerable risk in making its attack upon the caterpillar.

In the lower part of the red mask is a transverse slit, connected with a gland in which a strong solution of formic acid is stored. Professor Poulton, who has made many interesting experiments with this species of caterpillar, states that this solution, in a mature larva, contains a proportion of acid "as high as forty per cent.," which is a much greater percentage than that found in the stings of nettles, wasps, hornets, bees, etc.

This irritant fluid the larva is able to eject as a fine spray when it directs its "face" towards an enemy. I would suggest that the mask may be a means of holding the attention of the enemy in the right direction to receive this shower of acid. Of the effect of this liquid, we have Professor Poulton's statement that he has "seen a marmoset and a lizard affected by it," and has himself "twice experienced sharp pain as the result of receiving a very small quantity in the eye."

It follows, therefore, that the ichneumon fly has also a formidable foe to contend with while carrying out the natural functions of its species; indeed, it is a life and death struggle between the caterpillar and the fly, for Professor Poulton's experiments revealed the fact that the ichneumons collapsed immediately when a little of the acid was placed upon them, "and either died or took many hours to recover."

Such, then, is a page in the incessant warfare between living creatures that may be enacted unseen beneath the green leaves of a poplar or willow tree; a warfare which has been going on throughout the history of this quaint caterpillar, and has brought such an influence to bear upon it during its struggle for existence as to produce those extraordinary modifications in its anatomy which we have noticed, such as its colour simulation of its surroundings, its startling mask, its tail whips, and its poison-secreting gland.

The ichneumon fly is the natural foe of the caterpillar, and only those caterpillars have survived that have inherited features that would best serve as weapons of defence against the attacks of this wily enemy. On the other side, the ichneumon has concurrently developed quickness of movement to avoid the acid shower and a daring in attack, together with such structural details as sharp claws for holding on and an ovipositor highly adapted for securely placing and fixing its eggs upon the caterpillar.

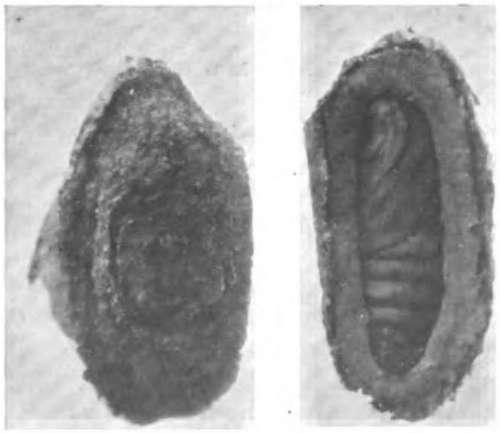


Fig. 7.—A cocoon removed from the bark of the tree; (2) reversed to show the chrysalis within.

Should the caterpillar successfully reach maturity, it then prepares for the next stage of its existence. Here, again, the precautions it takes obviously point to much persecution in the past history of its species. The larva selects a suitable crevice in the bark of a tree, into which it withdraws itself. It then proceeds to spin some glutinous threads over its body, attaching them to the bark on either side, afterwards gradually filling up the interstices. While doing this it bites small portions from the bark and weaves them

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into the substance of the cocoon. When complete and dry the caterpillar is entirely obscured from view, and as the cocoon dries it becomes identical in colour with the bark, looking simply like a rugged portion of it; also, it is then as hard as horn. In this position the developing insect spends the winter.

This mimicry of the bark, combined with so much strength, distinctly indicates that the caterpillar has found it necessary to hide itself from the eyes of its enemies, and even then to put on armour. But, notwithstanding all this self-protective care, cocoons may frequently be found torn open and empty, for hungry tits know well how to seek out such choice morsels as the cocoons contain.

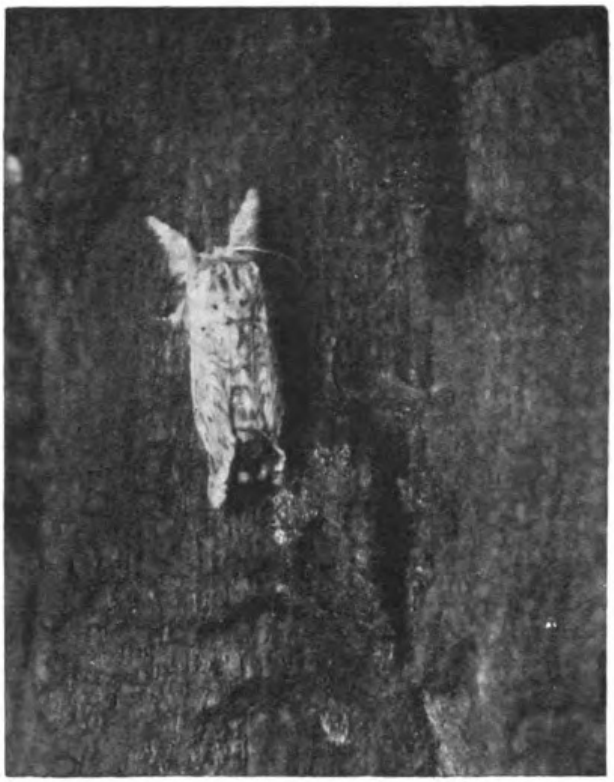


Fig. 8.—Two cocoons on the bark of a poplar tree. From the lowermost a moth has emerged and is seen on the bark developing its wings. Its chrysalis skin is shown left in the cocoon.

Just what is inside is shown in Fig. 7. Also the photograph well shows how strong and well made is the cocoon. The chrysalis is produced when the caterpillar moults its last skin within the cocoon. The thinnest portion of the cocoon is that part where the future moth will emerge the following summer.

In Fig. 8 are shown two cocoons in their natural position, one (from which the moth shown has just emerged) broken open to reveal the empty chrysalis skin left behind.

In the ordinary way the moth makes its appearance from quite a small round hole near the top of the cocoon, the chrysalis being provided with a kind of cutting tool for breaking a way through the weak part. When the cocoon is broken the moth emerges from the chrysalis and secretes a fluid, which moistens and softens the ruptured part of the cocoon, and by this means it is enabled to make its way out on to the bark, where its wings develop. Shortly afterwards the moth appears as shown in Fig. 9.

Its hairy body and legs, and the peculiar softness of its greyish-white wings streaked with black, give it a handsome appearance as it rests upon the bark until nightfall, when it will take to its wings and find a mate.

The meaning of the wavy markings upon its wings is a problem that remains to be solved. These, doubtless, have some significance amidst its surroundings, and although the moth is conspicuous to us as it appears upon the bark, it may not be so to the enemies that attack it at this stage of its development. On the other hand, it may be more conspicuous to them than it is to us, and its bold display may be a warning to birds and other insectivorous foes that it is unpleasant to the taste; for there are many British moths of a white and greyish colour streaked with black and brown that rest with exposed wings upon the dark-coloured bark of trees.



Fig. 9.—The Puss Moth. Natural size.

The moth is found in most parts of the British Isles, and this feature shows how far the extraordinary developments in its caterpillar stage have proved successful; for it does not follow that a highly-evolved insect is necessarily successful in the struggle for existence. Such developments only show how keen has been its struggle, and to what devices it has been driven to hold a place for itself—sometimes a place that it may be hourly losing.

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Celebrities in the "Magic Mirrors."

[We trust the well-known gentlemen whose "reflections" appear in the following pages will regard with good-humoured amusement our endeavour to represent the results of an imaginary visit on their part to a Gallery of Magic Mirrors. These results, as our readers would most likely guess even if we did not tell them, have been obtained by the simple process of placing the respective portraits before small distorting mirrors and photographing the reflections.]

WHEN the late Lord Salisbury, in a moment of relaxation at Earl's Court, was induced to enter the "Hall of Magic Mirrors," he described that entertainment as the "most grotesquely amusing" he had ever seen. One can imagine the portly Marquess's hilarity at finding himself clearly reflected as a tall, thin gentleman to be quite as great as Mr. Gladstone's discovery that he was preposterously stout. Nothing can be more diverting than some of the effects of these distorting mirrors; but the experience is usually a private one, confined to ourselves and our friends unknown to fame. So that the joke is for us alone. Whether our figures and our features be shown fat or thin, our noses long or short, and our necks rivalling the swan of the ballad, mankind, if unaware of our normal proportions, would pass on unmoved.

But when we come to forms and physiognomies with which all the world is acquainted it becomes a universal laughing matter. Indeed, some of the effects exceed the art of the wildest caricaturist, and, while retaining an easily recognizable likeness, produce facial and physical extravagances unattainable by brush and pencil.

"Mechanical caricatures," as they may well be called, exhaust all the possibilities



MR. BALFOUR.

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of caricature. For it must be remembered that not merely concave and convex mirrors are employed, but all species of surface distortion.

Thus, amongst the milder examples, we see Mr. Balfour as some at least of his admirers might see him, with a portentous extension of physique never before vouchsafed,

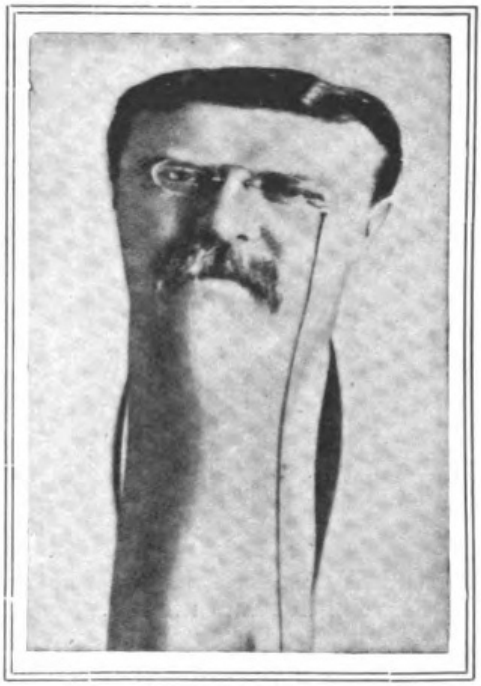


MR. HALDANE.

one may be sure, to the head of either political party. Without undergoing any extravagant permutation of feature, he yet manages to suggest the abnormal and the marvellous.

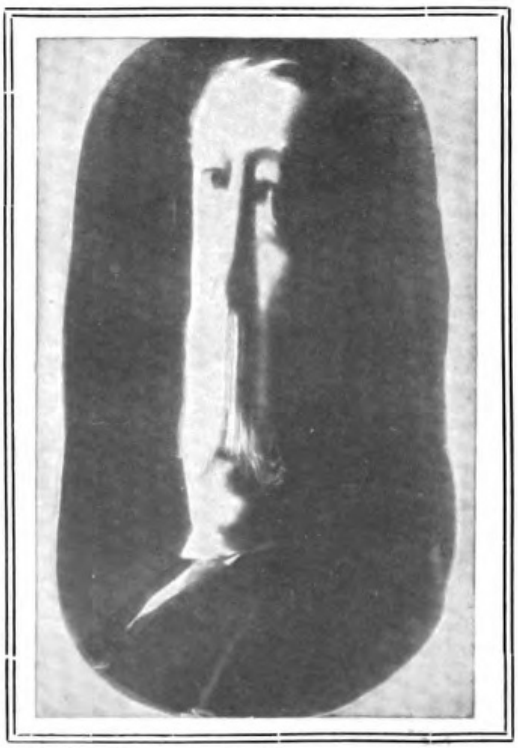
Physically, we suppose that Mr. Haldane is easily the weightiest member of the Cabinet, so that the metamorphosis which converts the able War Secretary into frail tenuity is striking indeed.

Mr. Roosevelt has, in the course of his strenuous political career, been caricatured



MR. ROOSEVELT.

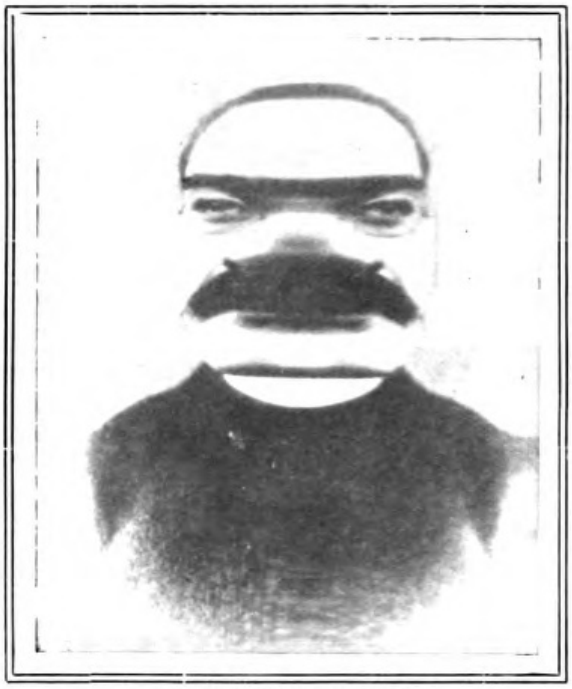
thousands of times, and may therefore be supposed to be accustomed to the process.



MR. TAFT.

But he would probably concede that the science of optics has in the top picture

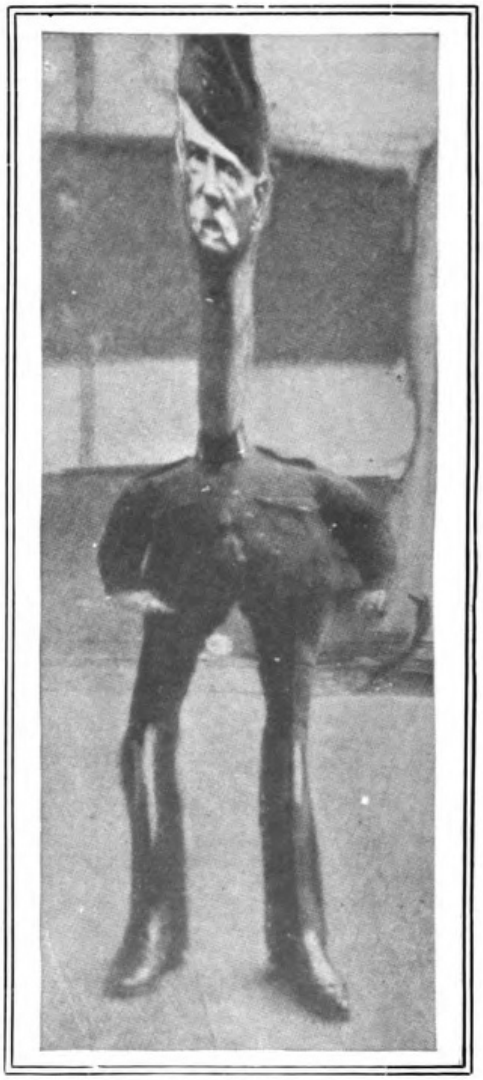
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MR. RUDYARD KIPLING.

bestowed upon him a new guise. Yet he can hardly envy the present occupant of the American Presidential office, Mr. Taft, who, were his a faithful likeness, instead of a very deceitful one, would seem to bear on his visage the marks of the severe conflict he has endured, and from which he has emerged somewhat disfigured, but triumphant.

Leaving the ranks of the politicians, our eye encounters in the magic mirror the woefully altered physiognomy of Mr. Rudyard Kipling—altered, yet unmistakably the poet's. Surely the most confirmed Little Englander could not but feel a pang of pity for the victim of the mechanical caricaturist. Why does he wear clerical garb?



LORD ROBERTS.



MR. BERNARD SHAW.

Out of the ordeal Mr. Bernard Shaw emerges far better. There is even added, in the grotesqueness of the portrayal, a more pronounced Mephistophelian touch.

The military reputation of Lord Roberts assures us that he would not quail even before the truly staggering representation of himself which the magic mirror furnishes him and us.

It is to be feared the admirers of Mr. George Alexander will vehemently protest at

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MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER.



PRINCE RANJITSINHJI.

the way he has been treated by this curious optical agency. "Bottom, thou art translated, indeed!" Scarce a trace is left of that facial blandness which has been long wont to charm London audiences. It is replaced by a stern pugnacity which has been much "milled."

Here, too, we see Sir Thomas Lipton inhabiting a body he would hardly bow to if he met it in the street, with absurdly-abbreviated legs and a bulging chest. The headgear depicted is certainly not Sir Thomas's yachting cap. It is more like those worn in the Russian army. Even more ludicrous is the view Ranjitsinhji would obtain of his princely person in the magic mirror, the head alone of which is shown. It is not given to the famous quondam cricketer to "pull a long face" in any circumstances, however unfavourable.



SIR THOMAS LIPTON.



THE REV. R. J. CAMPBELL.

One would say, in cricket parlance, that the Rev. R. J. Campbell has "scored a wide" in the last photograph. It is certainly a funny presentment, and we hope that none of our readers will object to the humour if in this case it is a trifle *broad*.

On the whole, perhaps it is as well that the versions of our physical proportions vouchsafed us in these magic mirrors are not those which appear to the normal vision of our friends, and, it may be added, of our enemies.

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"KING OF THE CASTLE."

By WINIFRED GRAHAM.

A CHILD of moods was Daphne of the light feet. Very elf-like she looked as she skipped along the country roads, bordered by fiery woodland slopes, crimson and gold with autumn's rich, ripe colouring. The beauty of the changing trees filled her with breathless wonder. She stretched her small hands towards them, as though to embrace all the glory of Nature's lavish giving.

Daphne appeared as a twin-sister to the mysterious forces of Nature. In herself the swift changes of sunshine and shadow, calm or storm, were manifested daily. To Miss Postgate, whose mission in life was to drill knowledge into a curly head which abhorred spelling and sums, the child was a bewildering puzzle—wild, fascinating, incomprehensible. She could be so quiet and thoughtful at times, as if her young mind were weighing the mighty affairs of a universe, and then some sudden reaction would turn her once more into the harum-scarum, quicksilver Daphne, flitting about like an excited butterfly intoxicated by summer sunshine.

"It's such a pretty world," she said, turning from her contemplation of the country scene to the quiet woman at her side, "that I think everybody ought to be good and happy. I do wish Aunt Ada lived a long way off. She is always at the castle with grandfather. I would like him much better to be quite alone."

Miss Postgate felt that perhaps it was her duty to say something in defence of the aunt who had a peculiar way of irritating Daphne, but just as she opened her lips to speak a familiar mustard-coloured gown loomed in sight. There was no escape; a moment later they would be face to face with Daphne's *bête noire*.

As the approaching figure drew near, the thin lips addressed Miss Postgate in a highly-pitched voice:—

"Good morning. Did I see Daphne smiling? Really, last time I was at Oakwood, your pupil behaved shockingly. I was obliged to remonstrate with her—at which we had an exhibition of temper I shall not quickly forget."

"I think," murmured Miss Postgate, with an air of confusion, for she dearly loved her



"DID I SEE DAPHNE SMILING? REALLY, LAST TIME I WAS AT OAKWOOD, YOUR PUPIL BEHAVED SHOCKINGLY."

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charge, "it was the day she had her tooth drawn, and the wrench rather upset her nerves."

Mrs. Bosworth-Clive glanced disdainfully from the woman to the child.

"In my young days, children of Daphne's age were not supposed to have such things as nerves. But, after all, one cannot be surprised if she is hot-tempered, considering her mother's temper."

With this final shot the speaker passed on, barely nodding farewell.

Daphne stood at the edge of the path staring after her with startled grey eyes, their mysterious expression half concealed by the long lashes which thickly fringed her widely-opened lids.

Her thoughts were in a state of chaos, and worked so quickly that for a moment she felt dazed. Inwardly she repeated her aunt's words with bitter emphasis, realizing they left a cutting sting—a wound which smarted terribly because it affected one she worshipped with all the passionate ardour of her child's soul. That vanishing figure had dared to speak scornful words of the beautiful mother whom Daphne set up as an idol in her heart.

It seemed to the young troubled mind that she, by her past actions, had brought the treasured name into disrepute, had revealed to the world some legacy from that fair, adorable parent which should be concealed because it was unpraiseworthy. If she, Daphne, had been sweet-tempered, might not Aunt Ada have said, "One can't be surprised, considering her mother"?

Instead, this sour-faced relation had thought of the failings, and not the virtues, of Judith Maitland.

Miss Postgate, knowing the child's devotion to her mother, wondered that after the first long pause Daphne turned and continued walking in silence. Once when her governess spoke she was wrapped in such deep reverie that she never even heard the remark. In reality, the first working of a great resolve had touched the child's character with glints of golden possibilities, falling like sunbeams across her path. The innocent mind felt itself suddenly overpowered by the weight of vast responsibility, made bright by the glory of sacrifice. Whatever her feelings, in the future every word and action should be judged by the reflection it might cast on mother. There was something in Daphne's heart of the hero's spirit, who knows he must protect the honour of his country. She henceforth, by the curbing of her temper, would win victories for the loved one.

It was such a strangely new idea, set into motion by that scathing sentence, spoken from jealous lips, which resented Mrs. Maitland's popularity and charm. Yet the poisoned words held a galling note of truth. Good-hearted, extravagant Judith knew full well that self-control was not her strong point. She would flash out hot words, and repent in the next breath. She never cherished a grudge or bore resentment, but there was a wild Irish strain in her blood which Aunt Ada had the knack of rousing very effectually.

As Daphne neared home she had donned a whole equipment of invisible armour with which to defy the malignant forces of the world. She only wished the battle to begin at once—that she might secretly make amends to mother for the past. It would be splendid if opportunity happened to meet her half-way.

Oakwood was a prettily-furnished house, with low, oak-beamed rooms branching off a square hall, profusely decorated with flowering plants and old china bowls of freshly-cut blossoms.

Daphne did not follow Miss Postgate up the white staircase, but waited instead to look for mother.

The sound of voices raised in heated discussion reached her from the drawing-room. A man was saying, sharply:—

"And serve you right, Judith. It is as dishonourable to order dresses you cannot pay for as to pick the purse from your dressmaker's pocket in the street."

Mrs. Maitland made no reply for a moment; then she answered in a tone which combined anger with a certain laughing disdain:—

"No self-respecting dressmaker would have such a thing as a pocket to pick; they are out of fashion, father. Really, if you refuse to help me with this paltry little sum, it makes me wonder whether it isn't time I began to resent the money you lavish on Ada, who, with her rich husband, lives on you all the year round, and is as mean as if she hadn't a penny in the world."

The sound of hasty footfalls pacing up and down the room alone broke the silence of the second pause.

Presently Daphne's grandfather spoke again.

"Your sister, being much older and wiser than yourself, makes an admirable hostess at Coombe Castle, and her worthy John is my right hand in all business affairs. You would not find Ada owing a hundred pounds for dresses."

"Rather not," broke in Judith. "But only look at her clothes, father."

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"It wouldn't interest me to look at them," muttered Mr. O'Connor.

"Exactly," with a note of triumph; "any man would say the same. Now, although I haven't a wealthy John, and am merely married to a sailor, who leaves me quietly at home, to live on a moderate allowance, I claim to be the best-dressed woman in the county. Surely, for the sake of your family pride, you would not appreciate a brace of dowdy daughters, both living in the same neighbourhood? It would look as if none of the O'Connors had a fraction of taste."

Her words fell upon stony ground.

"You talk very foolishly, Judith. When Robert returns next week from Gibraltar, you are perfectly welcome to present him with Mme. Emile's bills, and see if he is in a position to give you the 'paltry little sum' I have no intention of supplying. You need to learn wisdom, and I am very glad of this opportunity to teach you a lesson. Once more let me repeat that I refuse emphatically to hear another word on the subject of madame's request for an early remittance."

Mrs. Maitland opened the door. She stood in full sight of Daphne, swaying slightly. Her splendid blue eyes blazed like danger-signals, and the child wondered how grandfather could face their flashing light apparently unmoved.

"You are a selfish man," she gasped. "The money is nothing to you, absolutely nothing, but you would rather spoil Bob's home-coming than do one little act of kindness. I believe it amuses you. I believe you would like us to quarrel."

With this final shot she whirled round and slammed the door. Tears hung upon her lashes, which, like Daphne's, were long and curly, so that she did not see the small, sympathetic face looking up at her as she passed. Just at first the child meant to follow; then, as her mother's girlish figure fled by, a new and more exciting thought possessed Daphne. Mother was upset, and grandfather had also lost his temper. Here was a chance to prove to him that Judith's child had inherited an angelic disposition. It was the first call to battle, the first chance of a victory, a triumph over self. All the anger in Mrs. Maitland's voice and manner seemed to echo through the small girl, and this very passion, she knew, was the advancing enemy —passion and Jasper O'Connor combined.

To the child, in happier moments, her grandfather was "the King of the Castle," a name she had given him in baby days, and one he fostered with a certain proud amusement. Now, though she felt in a state of seething resentment, she popped her head through the opening of the door and, with a noble effort at cheerfulness, piped merrily:—

"Halloa, King of the Castle!"

He looked her up and down with a morose expression, then he said "Halloa!" in a gruff, unpleasant voice. She entered on tip-toe, feeling as if she were going into a lion's den.

Under her little white cloak she clasped to her side a small doll. This she held up confidingly to the old man, as he seated himself, with a very determined thump, in a comfortable arm-chair.

"Kiss my pretty Rosa," she said.

Mr. O'Connor waved the staring blue-eyed image away, looking with disgust at its artificial charms.

"Your Rosa is not pretty at all," he remarked, crossly, flinging his head back.

Daphne was obviously hurt, but she thought it wiser to agree with him, though she hated to hear her waxen child reviled.

"Then please kiss my ugly Rosa," she added, sweetly.

Mr. O'Connor flung down a paper he had taken up to read, and turned on the youthful speaker hotly.

"No, I will not kiss your ugly Rosa," he said, in a tone he believed would send Daphne flying off to her mother, possibly in tears.

Instead she stood her ground and, meeting his eyes, smiled again politely. The smile was so disarming that Jasper O'Connor became limp, and just sat passively looking at his grandchild.

"Why did you call your doll Rosa?" he asked.

Daphne came a little nearer and laid her tiny hand on his knee.

"She was named after grandmamma, because everyone says grandmamma was so pretty. Of course, I didn't know then about this Rosa being ugly, but now I think I'll change it and call her Ada instead."

He gave a short laugh, since Ada was certainly plain.

"That's like your cheek," muttered the old man, but his voice held a softer note. He was thinking how much Judith resembled the beautiful woman who had once been queen of his castle before death took her away and Mrs. Bosworth-Clive came to reign in her stead.

Daphne put her hands up and pressed them to her rosy face.

"Which of my cheeks?" she asked; "this one, that one, or both of them?"

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"'KISS MY PRETTY ROSA,' SHE SAID."

He was annoyed again, not knowing if she spoke in innocence or fun. He merely answered, "Oh, go away!"

The three words fell upon unheeding ears. Daphne had not nearly finished with him yet. Young as she was, she knew a soft spot in his disposition.

"Not many people," she said, "have grandfathers with experiences. Tell me some of yours, the ones about the forest and the cannibals."

Jasper O'Connor's face relaxed. He had been a great explorer in his day, and no one listened better to his traveller's tales than Daphne. Possibly she knew that going over the old ground always put grandfather in a good humour.

"Ah, yes, the cannibals," he murmured, stroking his short, pointed beard. "The ones I met had some good points; they never ate members of their own family. Rather decent of them. When pressed for food, they exchanged their children for those of other tribes. Quite a proper feeling."

"But the children got eaten, all the same," said Daphne. "I sometimes think you must have been very uncomfortable out there, with no one to be kind to you."

He nodded his head as he muttered: "Hardships! By George, there were some discomforts which I can never forget. In the dense forest by the Semliki banks we hardly ever saw the sun, but spent weeks in semi-darkness and continual rain, with myriads of stinging ants tormenting us beyond all bearing."

Daphne drew herself on to his knee in a state of sudden excitement. "And you couldn't say," she gasped, "when you hit out at them, 'Serve you right,' or 'I am very glad to be able to teach you a lesson.'"

She was playing a tattoo on his chest now, and two dimples came into startling prominence around her mouth, which was red, small, and shapely.

Mr. O'Connor pushed her from him, letting his knees sink so that she rolled down upon the thick white rug at his feet.

"So you were listening just now!" he remarked, coldly, watching her as she sat with her hands plunged into the deep creamy softness of the hearthrug. "It is no business of yours what I said to your mother. I hope you understand that."

"Yes," murmured the child, thoughtfully; "but I couldn't help hearing, you know, because mother gave me ears, just as she gave me a—very—good—temper."

The words were spoken with strong assurance and a repetition of the smile, which might almost have become mechanical, but for its childish naïveté and the fascinating play of baby dimples.

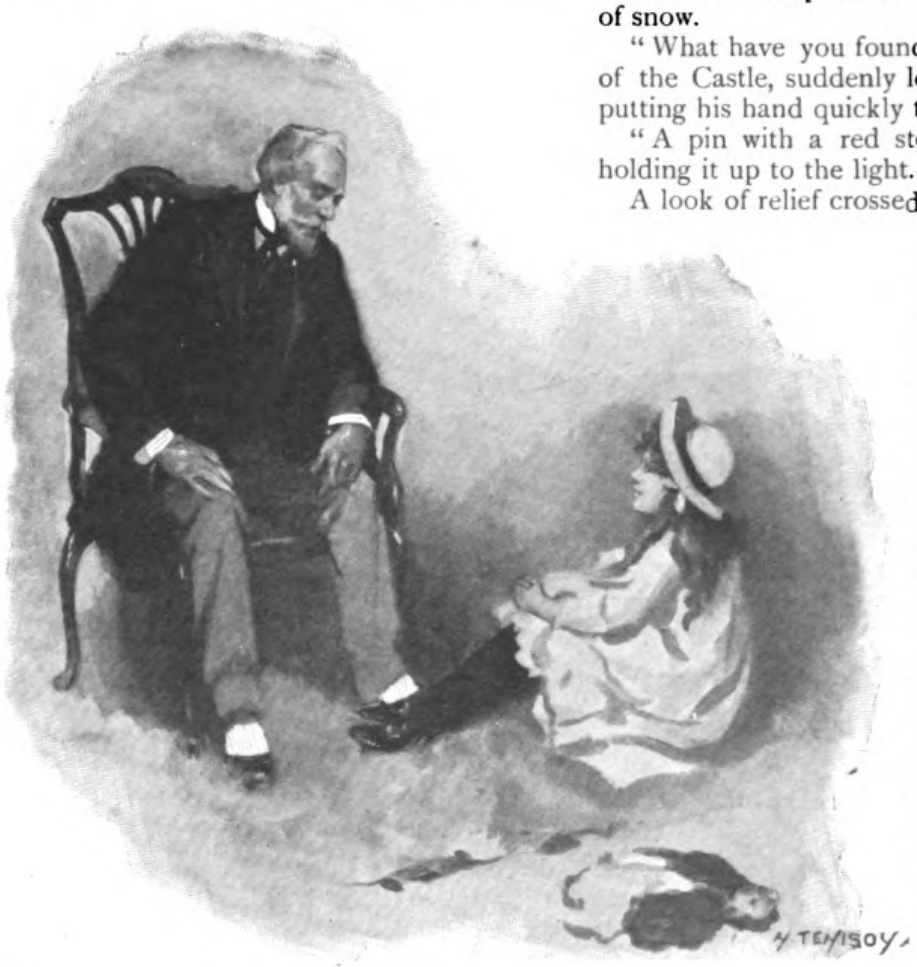
Jasper O'Connor was struck dumb. He blinked his eyes to make sure he was awake. The child must surely love Judith very dearly to be so blind to her faults.

"Oh! So you got your good temper from her, did you?"

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Daphne nodded assent.

"You see," she explained, with a funny, old-fashioned manner, hugging her knees as she regarded him wistfully, "that is why I'm bearing with you so well. First you snorted, and then you wouldn't kiss Rosa, and afterwards you rolled me on the floor by letting your knees give way; but I don't mind at all, because mother has given me such a nice disposition."



"'YOU SEE,' SHE EXPLAINED, WITH A FUNNY, OLD-FASHIONED MANNER, HUGGING HER KNEES AS SHE REGARDED HIM WISTFULLY, 'THAT IS WHY I'M BEARING WITH YOU SO WELL.'"

Her grandfather's grey eyebrows seemed to vanish into the region of his forehead.

"Nothing like having a good opinion of yourself," he said.

"Oh! it's mother," she added, quickly; "it's nothing to do with me. I'm just good because of her."

He resumed the gentle rubbing of his beard, as he listened to the innocent retort.

After all, frivolous and apparently hot-tempered Judith must have a very strong influence upon her child.

"I wonder," he said, "why you feel that way about your mother—why you think it is her goodness and not your own which makes you so tolerant to cross old fellows with shifting knees?"

Daphne did not reply; she was bending over something she had discovered in the white, fluffy substance of the rug. It looked to her like a drop of blood shining in a bed of snow.

"What have you found?" asked the King of the Castle, suddenly leaning forward and putting his hand quickly to his throat.

"A pin with a red stone," said Daphne, holding it up to the light.

A look of relief crossed his face.

"I must have dropped it when I was walking up and down talking to Judith," he said, more to himself than to the child. "I wouldn't have lost it for a thousand pounds! The maid might have shaken the rug outside, and then perhaps the pin would never have been seen again. Look, Daphne, how the little red eye twinkles, what light it holds, what stories it tells! Your grandmother (my Rosa) sent me that stone on our wedding morning. It was supposed to represent the deep red of the rose. Only a few weeks ago a jeweller offered me two hundred pounds for the pin. As if I would have parted with it for a king's ransom!"

He drew some loose silver from his pocket and, spreading the coins out in his palm, held them towards Daphne.

"You must have a reward for the finding," he said. "Now help yourself, my dear; take what you please."

She regarded the money curiously, then shook her head, as she stood on tip-toe by his side and pushed the pin into its original resting-place.

"You are not going to refuse?" he

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exclaimed, in genuine surprise. "Really, Daphne, that would be making yourself out just a little too good! Come, don't be shy; one would think your grandfather was a pauper. Remember he is still 'King of the Castle' to you—eh, little girl?"

There was a note of pride in his voice, as he thought of the stately building which owned him master, and the vast property which stretched for miles around.

"Kings have to pay bigger rewards," said Daphne. "I want half the worth of the ruby. I want a hundred pounds."

"Good heavens, child, what are you thinking about?"

"A hundred pounds," answered Daphne, calmly.

The old man hardly knew whether to laugh or frown.

"I never heard such a request," he said.

The little voice answered without hesitation.

"Oh, yes, you did; you heard it this morning—quite a short time ago."

His face grew hard again.

"Oh, I see; you want it for your mother."

"I found the ruby," said Daphne.

He paid no heed to the interruption.

"And she is an extravagant woman—it would go against my conscience to encourage her."

"But I found the——"

"Oh, don't harp on a subject; you've told me that before."

"A hundred pounds would be just enough to make us happy."

"I hope so! I suppose, like your mother, you are going to tell me it is a paltry little sum."

"For a king, yes; but, of course, you are not really that, or you would have given it at once. You are just a make-believe—a fairy-tale king, in a castle that isn't really royal. It was just mother's home, as this house is mine. I think sometimes, when she's sad, you should not have brought her up in a castle, if you did not want her to be beautiful and dress like a princess. You might have put her in the gardener's cottage, or the stables; but I suppose you never thought of it—you were so busy with the cannibals."

"Upon my word——" muttered Jasper O'Connor; but the rest of the sentence died on his lips, and, looking at Daphne, he repeated once more, "Upon my word!"

Suddenly, before he had realized her intention, she had flung her arms round his neck, disarranging his tie with the ruby pin.

"I'm glad you are only a sham king," she said, "because you would look so silly in a crown. Fancy a man who has lived with cannibals having to wear such a thing! Perhaps I wouldn't be allowed to kiss you. So, after all, it's better as it is, and I must try to make mother happy, whether you help me or not."

Jasper O'Connor began to feel a brute, softened by the child's influence and the tender touch of little lips. He asked himself why on earth he had refused Judith such a small request—one he could grant so easily. Daphne was right; of course, it was absurd to expect his daughter to economize after her upbringing. He wondered he had not thought of this before. If only Ada had half Judith's presence and taste, what an ornament she would be to Coombe Castle! Fortunately he could boast of at least one recognized beauty in the family, and possibly two, since Daphne gave promise of being as lovely in form and feature as her mother. His heart swelled with pride as he quickly came to a generous conclusion which brought a glow to the time-worn face. Just at that moment Mrs. Maitland reappeared. She had washed away all traces of tears and changed into a visiting gown for the afternoon. Its exquisite cut and the harmony of the colouring appealed to her father's eye. He gazed at her with open admiration.

"After all," he thought, "I suppose women must pay for such pleasing effects."

"Of course you will stay to lunch," she said. "There's the gong; come, father," taking his arm.

"I meant to get back," he replied, as he rose, but it was evident his intention could not be carried out.

"I hope," said Judith, "that Daphne has not been tiring you?"

She paused to look back affectionately at the pretty child, standing on the white rug.

"Oh, no," he replied; "we have been having quite an enlightening conversation. I would not have missed it for anything. You will be glad to hear I've been thinking over a plan which will enable you to keep up appearances without getting into debt. Perhaps I was a little hard on you just now, but I have decided to increase your allowance, and that cheque you wanted shall be posted this evening to Mme. Emile. There is a good deal of truth in what Daphne says. I must congratulate you, Judith, on the child's sweet disposition and sound common sense. I confess I am surprised at your handing down such a substantial legacy, but a prophet is often without honour in his own country."

Daphne heard and her heart beat high.

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She could just catch her mother's whispered thanks as the two vanished across the hall. It was easy to see that Judith's steps were light, and she moved gaily, pressing her father's arm in gratitude.

The child wandered to the window. As grandfather was there, she was to lunch upstairs with Miss Postgate. The youthful eyes wore a deeply thoughtful expression as they traced the sunlight creeping through the leafy masses of a copper beech, which sobered the gold of those laughing beams until they escaped across the lawn. Daphne was conscious of a great sense of happiness—a strange, unusual, almost uncanny peace. To fight for a loved one with smiles and kind words, to win a battle for mother—that was victory; that meant life at its best, bringing sunshine to the heart, even brighter than the beams playing in the trees.



"SHE PAUSED TO LOOK BACK AFFECTIONATELY AT THE PRETTY CHILD, STANDING ON THE WHITE RUG."

Mother had been praised because of Daphne; therein lay joy unspeakable. The harsh words of Ada Bosworth-Clive were as nothing now, merely resembling the frosts of early autumn, which quickly fade as the day advances.

Next week father was coming home—father, who loved the country, and there would be nothing to spoil the pleasure of his coming—no drop to mar the sweetened cup of reunion.

Through the open window she could hear her mother's light laughter from the dining-room.

"My laughter," she murmured, claiming it as her work—"my own special laughter, because she is glad. I think when the King of the Castle gets cross mother had always better leave him to me." Then she added, respectfully: "Only because mother has given me my very good temper! Mother was the prophet without honour, but grandfather honours her now; so that was why he thought out a plan to make her happy."

With this soothing intelligence she moved away, singing softly to herself and thinking of a bright red ruby—red as the bold spikes of scarlet berries she had seen that morning in the hedgerows. "Perhaps it was only the finding of the ruby that pleased him," she said; but her heart told her otherwise. The jewels of love and kindliness were worth more than rubies. Grandfather knew that!

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From a Photo. by] SIR THOMAS J. LIPTON, K.C.V.O. *[Reinhold Thiele.*

"My Reminiscences."

X.

SIR THOMAS JOHNSTONE LIPTON, Bart., K.C.V.O.

Not only in the British Empire, but in America, the name of Sir Thomas Lipton is literally a household word. As a sportsman he is second to none, unless it be King Edward himself, in popularity. The story of his beginning, as told by himself, reads like a romance, and shows what pluck and enterprise can do in a comparatively short space of time.

MY mind goes back nearly half a century to one day in autumn, when I stood, a very small boy on my way to school, before the window of a Glasgow shop. Child as I was, I realized already many of the difficulties of life. I knew that my parents were poor, and I loved them dearly. I hated to be a burden to them. So, as I stood before that shop window, my mind was quickly made up. A legend had attracted my attention — the familiar "Boy wanted." I went in. I interviewed the proprietor, and was engaged on the spot as errand-boy at the munificent wage of half a crown a week. I flew home with the good news; but could not understand why my good mother did not share my joy. It saddened her to think of my starting in business at so tender an age. She would like to have had me spared the stress of life a little longer, but my enthusiasm and confidence in myself soon calmed her fears.

"I will succeed," I told her, laughingly, "and by and by, mother, you shall have your carriage and pair." She shook her head and smiled at my childish exuberance, never thinking that her little Tom's boast could ever possibly come true.

In those days, I hasten to observe, there

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From] SIR THOMAS LIPTON'S FATHER AND MOTHER. [*Photographs.*

was no education authority to interfere with any lad who wished to start work, no matter how early; and so, during the next six years, I saw much of the rough and tumble of the industrial life. After a term as errand-boy I obtained employment at gumming cloth patterns into travellers' sample-books, and later on I became a stationer's shop-assistant.

Frequently during those first few years of my career tidings of the great things that were going on in America reached me—how it was possible to prosper there quickly—and at length the attraction became so strong that at the age of sixteen I left home and started for the United States. I had not dared tell my father and mother, so they only knew of the great step I had taken when I had gone. Had it not been for the kindness of my fellow-passengers my journey would have been very miserable, and once or twice, I confess, I lost heart. I had no money nor anyone to go to when I arrived in New York, and before we landed I cudgelled my brains as to what I was to do. As the steamer drew alongside the pier I took up my few belongings and rushed away to the nearest hotel before anyone else had left the vessel. As it seemed a clean, well-kept place, I asked to see the proprietor, and told him that I could get him forty patrons, provided he would board and lodge me for a month. To this he consented. I made my way back instantly to the boat, and was just in time to catch my fellow-passengers and persuade them to go to this hotel, where I assured them they would get excellent accommodation. And they did. Apropos of this incident of my first visit to America, for a number of years each time I



SIR THOMAS LIPTON—AGE 12.
From a Photograph.

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crossed the Atlantic I called upon the proprietor of the hotel and had a chat with him.

After a sojourn in the South I went back to New York, where I saved sufficient money to pay my passage home. So after all I had been unable to make my fortune in America. Nevertheless I had, in my long stay, learnt a great deal of the way the people of the States carried on their business. My manifold experiences sharpened me, and I have always felt that I received a good commercial training on the other side of the Atlantic.

On reaching home I decided to enter the same business as my father, and at the age of twenty-four I rented my first shop in Stobcross Street, Glasgow. Here I worked with great assiduity, and on many occasions, to save the time of going home and returning, did I sleep in my shop. This generally happened on Friday nights, as I knew that Saturday would be a busy day. One trifling detail, I think, deserves mention: I always kept my place as smart and as clean as I could, and in this way, I am convinced, I encouraged customers to patronize me. I dare say I owe a great deal of my success to advertising. I always tried to get hold of some new method. Even at that early period I used to post cartoons in my shop window. In later years, when my business had spread, on one occasion I engaged an aeronaut to throw out from his car ten thousand telegraph messages addressed to one of my shops. I offered prizes to the first twenty people who arrived with a message, and, the finders coming from all parts of the city, much popular interest resulted.

Industry and carefulness usually, I suppose, bring their due reward, and so my little business in Stobcross Street prospered. I made it pay so well that I was, after a time, able to reinvest my capital and open another shop in High Street, Glasgow. Later on I went farther afield in Scotland, then to Ireland, and finally to England.

For some time my business was principally confined to provisions, but I discovered, upon investigating the matter, that there were large profits to be made in tea, so in 1889 I purchased twenty thousand chests. I took care to advertise the fact well, and sent through Glasgow a procession of fifty drays, accompanied by a brass band and a squad of pipers. Thus introduced, and my tea being good tea, it sold very well, and its large success has continued ever since.



SIR THOMAS LIPTON ON BOARD HIS YACHT "ERIN."

(From a Photo. by Russell & Sons, Southsea.)

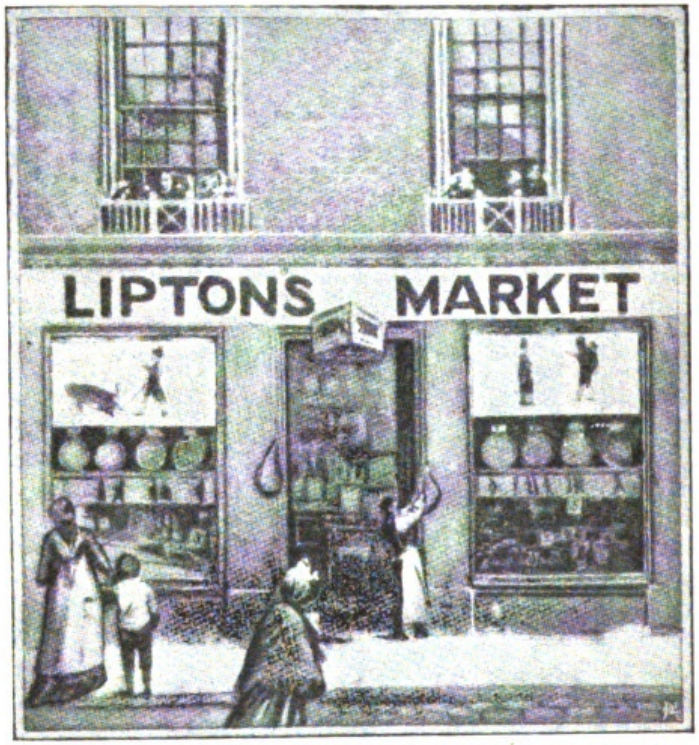
In connection with the tea trade, I remember an incident which happened once when I was bound from Ceylon. In the Red Sea our steamer was disabled, and it was found necessary to throw over part of the cargo. Thinking some benefit might be derived from such a loss, I obtained some black paint and a brush, and labelled each box and bale with the words "Use Lipton's Teas." I heard afterwards that the bales were thrown up on the shores for many miles around, attracting the wonder and curiosity of all who saw them, and I have little doubt that in casting my tea, at a critical moment, upon the waters, it was in some degree returned to me after many days.

Advertisement sometimes, as I have found, results most unexpectedly and from untoward conditions. About six o'clock one morning, while in Ireland, I was awakened by the telephone-bell ringing in my bedroom. Springing out of bed, I soon learnt that a fire had broken out at my Newry branch. On arrival at the scene of the fire I found nothing could be saved, so I immediately telegraphed to my Dublin and Belfast stores and ordered a fresh stock of provisions to be sent by passenger trains. Meanwhile I found

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another shop close by, and at the usual hour the following morning I had the new premises in full working order. And there was more business done at the second shop than at the first. The fire, it appeared, had drawn public attention to us, and our smartness in opening another shop so quickly was practically appreciated.

I remember once posing as an amateur detective. It was when on my way home rather late at night, after having attended a banquet given in my honour. As I passed a shop, which happened to be one of my own, I noticed a flash of light. Thinking something was amiss, I withdrew to an adjacent doorway, and had not waited long before a figure appeared carrying a Gladstone bag. The man glanced up and down the street, and, evidently seeing no one, stepped out from the entrance. As he did so I sprang from my hiding-place and presented what looked like a revolver at his head. He quietly submitted, and I then commanded him to walk on slowly. We had not proceeded far before we came across a constable, to whom I transferred my capture after relating how I had arrested him. I often wonder if the man would have submitted so readily had he known that the weapon I presented was nothing more than a pipe-case!



SIR THOMAS LIPTON'S FIRST SHOP IN STOBCROSS STREET, GLASGOW.

In the early days and afterwards I always gave my whole attention and time to business. Half past eight in the morning saw me at work, and there I remained until just upon eleven at night, very seldom, if ever, visiting a place of amusement. I would habitually wait until the last minute before I departed to catch my train—the last one—which went at eleven o'clock. One night, being delayed, I took a cab, and had we progressed at a fair pace I should have reached the station in time; but the horse was very slow, and all my efforts to induce the driver to hurry him were of no avail. I looked at my watch. A car was approaching. I sprang from the cab, gained the passing car, and was just in time for my train. The next day I learnt that the cabby jogged on to the station and patiently awaited for me to alight. In great bewilderment he at length got down from his box, only to discover, of course, that the cab was empty. He got his fare, but I hope it was a lesson to him.

Observation of trade conditions induced me to do away, as far as possible, with the middleman in my business transactions. Thereafter I bought most of my butter, bacon, and eggs in Ireland, and from several thousand acres in Ceylon, which I acquired, I procured my supplies of tea, coffee, and cocoa. As my business grew I at length found it necessary to journey to Chicago and open a packing-house, because I was unable to obtain enough bacon from Ireland. How different was this American journey from that which I had undertaken many years before!

I had always two main principles with regard to my business relationships. The first was never to take a partner, and the second always to decline a loan. I had several offers of partnership, but I never for one moment entertained them. Rumour has constantly got abroad that Mr. Biggar, the redoubtable Parliamentary orator, was a sleeping partner in my business, but it had no foundation whatever.

To the young men who are filled with aspirations towards success in business, may I here say a few words of advice? Always beware of strong drink. Remember corkscrews have sunk more people than cork-jackets will ever save. Always be civil,

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Try to treat rich and poor alike. Is not the poor man's twenty shillings as good as the rich man's pound? The working man's wife with her basket on her arm is entitled to as much respect as the lady who comes in her carriage. When Benjamin Franklin was Ambassador at the French Court, speaking to a young man he said: "The last time I saw your father he received me in his study. As I was leaving he showed me a short way out of the house through a narrow passage crossed by a beam overhead. Suddenly he cried, 'Stoop! Stoop!' I did not understand what he meant until I felt my head bump against the beam. He was a man who never failed to give good advice. 'You are going,' he said, 'and have got to go through the world. Stoop as you go through it, and you will miss many hard thumps.'" I have never failed to be impressed by this lesson of humility.

Punctuality, said to be the soul of business, is an excellent principle.

From time to time I have had enormous contracts with different Governments of the world. In 1888 I journeyed to Nijni Novgorod and contracted for the supply of provisions for the whole of the Russian army, numbering one million men, as well as twenty-five thousand of the naval crews. It was truly a gigantic undertaking. I also fed seventy thousand troops during one of the manœuvres on Salisbury Plain. The soldiers were scattered over eight depôts, whilst two opposing armies had to be followed in the field. Some idea of the task may be gathered from the fact that it was necessary to employ one thousand six hundred men, four hundred horses, and six traction engines in the transport of foodstuffs alone.

After about thirty years of the strain and stress of commercial life I was anxious to obtain some measure of relief, and so decided to turn my business into a limited liability company. Never shall I forget the scenes and incidents at the inauguration of the company. Hundreds of people trooped through Nicholas Lane to the National Bank of Scotland, where the shares were being issued. The policemen and attendants had the greatest difficulty in keeping the people from crowding through the office windows as they pushed towards the registering clerks. Nearly ten thousand applications were received by post on one day, which, I believe, is the largest number applying for shares delivered in one day to a single firm.

I was always interested in the problem of the poor and their maintenance. One of my first and largest philanthropic gifts was at the time of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee. I remember being present at the Mansion House, when I was approached by Sir G. Faudel-Phillips (then Lord Mayor), who was assisting Queen Alexandra (then Princess of Wales) in the provision of a fund to enable the poor of London to participate in the Jubilee festivities. I handed my cheque to Sir George with the intimation that it was to be anonymous, and was much surprised soon after to find a newspaper man questioning me about my gift. It appeared that a bank clerk had unconsciously said something about the cheque, and in this way the identity of the "anonymous donor" was established.

I often thought that something might be done to provide poor people and their children with meals at cost price, and the following year I decided to build and equip places for this purpose in some of the congested districts of the Metropolis. Queen Alexandra was much impressed with the scheme. My



ONE OF THE CARTOONS WHICH HELPED TO BUILD THE GREAT LIPTON BUSINESS.

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idea was that something should be done to enable the poor people to get good, wholesome, well-cooked food at cost price. There was really nothing of charity about it. The project was organized so that the cost of distribution was brought to a minimum. The working-class centres of London were, as far as possible, covered. Waiters were done away with altogether. Our present Queen accepted the presidency, among the trustees being the Duke of Norfolk, Sir Francis Jeune, and Sir Francis Knollys. Buildings were erected in the City Road, where it has been estimated one hundred thousand people are within five minutes' walk. The place soon became well known as the Alexandra Restaurant. I remember soon after it was opened the Prince and Princess of Wales paid a surprise visit and expressed their satisfaction with the meal. Since then His Majesty the King and Queen Alexandra have paid another visit.



IMITATION BANK-NOTE USED AS AN ADVERTISEMENT BY SIR THOMAS LIPTON IN 1877—OWING TO ITS ENORMOUS POPULARITY, AND THE TROUBLE IT CAUSED TO BANKERS, IT WAS WITHDRAWN.

With regard to my connection with the world of sport, the conviction came to me after many years of strenuous endeavour that recreation in some form was necessary. "All work and no play," runs the proverb, "makes Jack a dull boy." And so I took to yachting. I cannot say exactly when I first desired to win the America Cup, but one day in 1887 I was sitting at home thinking of the famous trophy and how the *Thistle* had been striving to gain it without success. "England has tried and failed," I said to myself. "Scotland has tried and failed. Then why not give Ireland a chance?" Always regarding myself as an Irishman, in spite of my Scottish birth, I decided to try, and the same night I sat down and wrote to my friend Mr. Lynn, then member of Parliament for Cork, asking him if he would submit a proposition to the Royal Cork Yacht Club. As I wished my challenge to be completely Irish, I mentioned in my letter that the yacht would be built from the designs of an Irishman, would be manned by an Irish crew, and commanded by an Irish skipper. But, on the receipt of Mr. Lynn's reply, I found that an all-Irish challenge was out of the question, for at that time there was neither an Irish boat-designer nor could any skipper for the class of boat be obtained.

Determined as I was to make my challenge as Irish as possible, I had to wait for some years before my opportunity came. I built my yacht, and because it is the national emblem of Ireland, and because I have always considered it a token of good luck, I christened her *Shamrock* and her consort *Erin*. In the latter boat I crossed the Atlantic with a large party, including Lord and Lady Charles Beresford, Sir Henry Burdett, and the Hon. Charles Russell. When we reached the United States, Admiral Dewey, the hero of the Spanish-American War, was being welcomed home. The *Erin* was invited to take part in the great naval parade in the Admiral's honour. As we passed down the line of American ships we received a great ovation.

During the races, which are now a matter of history, the British people were very keen, and the scenes in the streets were extraordinary, notwithstanding the fact that the

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country was on the verge of the South African War.

After the race for the Cup, which, as the world knows, I was unable to bring back with me, the Americans presented me with a gold loving-cup as a token of goodwill, and the recollection of their kindness will remain with me while memory lasts. I knew that to lift the other Cup I should have to take the best and fastest yacht the world has ever seen.

Anxious as I was to bring back the Cup to England, I found the undertaking far more difficult than I had anticipated. However, I never regretted having entered into the contest. I made more good friends in connection with the races than with anything else I ever undertook, and the contest enabled me to know and appreciate the American people.

Two years later, and again in 1903, I challenged for the Cup. I had another yacht built, which I christened *Shamrock II.* This boat met with a serious accident, but that was before she crossed the Atlantic. During the trials in the Solent she was caught by a smart breeze and heeled over, her top-mast being carried away. Then her main-mast buckled, and eventually everything went over, and the boat became a total wreck. His Majesty the King witnessed the whole accident. Of course, the race for the Cup was delayed, but I soon had the boat repaired. As all the world knows, however, the New York Yacht Club still remain the holders of the America Cup.

After my third attempt the Americans were again very kind to me, and in December, 1903, they presented me with a testimonial in the form of a handsome silver service, through the American Ambassador in London, then Mr. Choate. The chief piece of the service was engraved with the following inscription:—

"From the people of the United States of America to Sir Thomas J. Lipton, Bart., K.C.V.O., who, by his good-tempered sportsmanship, his generosity to families of our soldiers, and his hospitality to Americans at home and abroad, has done much toward promoting Anglo-American friendship."

To my mind the sport of yacht-racing, apart from the pleasure derived from it, is only desirable so long as it serves the purpose of improving the type of vessel engaged. As to whether I shall ever again challenge I cannot say. A few years ago the New York Yacht Club was approached on my behalf, but, owing to a difficulty with one of their rules, we were unable to come to an agreement. Much depends on my being able to find a designer in this country who is willing to build a yacht that will cross the Atlantic safely, and at the same time have an equal chance with the American boat.

Motoring is another of my favourite recreations. I remember once having a rather remarkable experience whilst touring in France. On my way to Bordeaux a dog-cart, drawn by a young and restive horse, suddenly ran into my car, with the result that the occupants of the cart were thrown to the ground. Almost before I had time to look round a large crowd had assembled, and then four or five gendarmes put in an appearance. To these I had some difficulty in explaining how the mishap had occurred; but eventually, after accompanying them to the local police-station and leaving my card, I was allowed to proceed on my journey. A most curious part of the affair was that the crowd, which was exceedingly angry and hostile towards me at first, gave me a hearty send-off, shouting as I went, "Vive l'Entente Cordiale!"

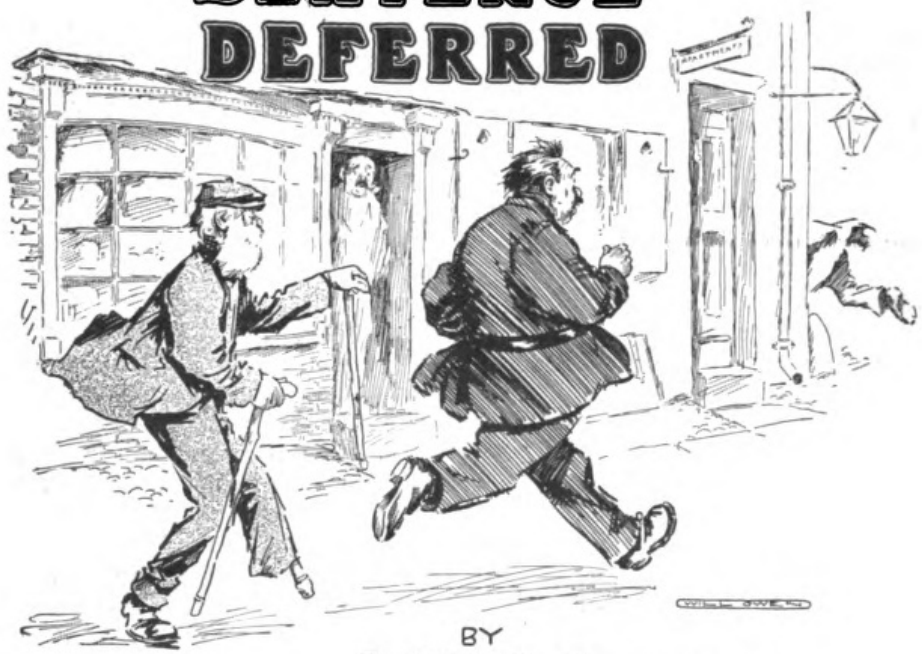
But besides the pleasures and excitement of yacht-racing and motoring, I owe to yachting a renewal of mental and bodily vigour, clearing the brain and filling the arteries with fresh vigour. I do not disparage sports of any kind when not carried to excess; but my own youth offered me fewer opportunities for such recreations than most boys get nowadays, and it was not until middle age that I was able to choose what suits me best.



A LIPTON CARTOON.

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SENTENCE DEFERRED



BY

W·W·JACOBS

FORTUNATELY for Captain Bligh, there were but few people about, and the only person who saw him trip Police-Sergeant Pilbeam was an elderly man with a wooden leg, who joined the indignant officer in the pursuit. The captain had youth on his side, and, diving into the narrow alley-ways that constitute the older portion of Woodhatch, he moderated his pace and listened acutely. The sounds of pursuit died away in the distance, and he had already dropped into a walk when the hurried tap of the wooden leg sounded from one corner and a chorus of hurried voices from the other. It was clear that the number of hunters had increased.

He paused a second, irresolute. The next, he pushed open a door that stood ajar in an old flint wall and peeped in. He saw a small, brick-paved yard, in which trim myrtles and flowering plants stood about in freshly-ochred pots, and, opening the door a little wider, he slipped in and closed it behind him.

"Well?" said a voice, sharply. "What do you want?"

Captain Bligh turned, and saw a girl standing in a hostile attitude in the doorway of the house.

"*H'sh!*" he said, holding up his finger.

The girl's cheek flushed and her eyes sparkled.

"What are you doing in our yard?" she demanded.

The captain's face relaxed as the sound of voices died away. He gave his moustache a twist, and eyed her with frank admiration.

"Escaping," he said, briefly. "They nearly had me, though."

"You have no business to escape into our yard," said the girl. "What have you been escaping from?"

"Fat policeman," said the skipper, jauntily, twisting his moustache.

Miss Pilbeam, only daughter of Sergeant Pilbeam, caught her breath sharply.

"What have you been doing?" she inquired, as soon as she could control her voice.

"Nothing," said the skipper, airily, "nothing. I was kicking a stone along the path and he told me to stop it."

"Well?" said Miss Pilbeam, impatiently.

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"We had words," said the skipper. "I don't like policemen—fat policemen—and while we were talking he happened to lose his balance and go over into some mud that was swept up at the side of the road."

"Lost his balance?" gasped the horrified Miss Pilbeam.

The skipper was flattered at her concern. "You would have laughed if you had seen him," he said, smiling. "Don't look so frightened; he hasn't got me yet."

"No," said the girl, slowly. "Not yet."

She gazed at him with such a world of longing in her eyes that the skipper, despite a somewhat large share of self-esteem, was almost startled.

"And he sha'n't have me," he said, returning her gaze with interest.

Miss Pilbeam stood in silent thought. She was a strong, well-grown girl, but she realized fully that she was no match for the villain who stood before her, twisting his moustache and adjusting his neck-tie. And her father would not be off duty until nine.

"I suppose you would like to wait here until it is dark?" she said at last.

"I would sooner wait here than anywhere," said the skipper, with respectful ardour.

"Perhaps you would like to come in and sit down?" said the girl.

Captain Bligh thanked her, and removing his cap followed her into a small parlour in the front of the house.

"Father is out," she said, as she motioned him to an easy-chair, "but I'm sure he'll be pleased to see you when he comes in."

"And I shall be pleased to see him," said the innocent skipper.

Miss Pilbeam kept her doubts to herself and sat in a brown study, wondering how the capture was to be effected. She had a strong presentiment that the appearance of her father at the front door would be the signal for her visitor's departure at the back. For a time there was an awkward silence.

"Lucky thing for me I upset that policeman," said the skipper, at last.

"Why?" inquired the girl.

"Else I shouldn't have come into your yard," was the reply. "It's the first time we have ever put into Woodhatch, and I might have sailed away and never seen you. Where should we have been but for that fat policeman?"

Miss Pilbeam—as soon as she could get her breath—said, "Ah, where indeed!" and for the first time in her life began to feel the need of a chaperon.

"Funny to think of him hunting for me high and low while I am sitting here," said the skipper.

Miss Pilbeam agreed with him, and began to laugh—to laugh so heartily that he was fain at last to draw his chair close to hers and pat her somewhat anxiously on the back. The treatment sobered her at once, and she drew apart and eyed him coldly.

"I was afraid you would lose your breath," explained the skipper, awkwardly. "You are not angry, are you?"

He was so genuinely relieved when she said "No" that Miss Pilbeam, despite her father's wrongs, began to soften a little. The upsetter of policemen was certainly good-looking; and his manner towards her so nicely balanced between boldness and timidity that a slight feeling of sadness at his lack of moral character began to assail her.

"Suppose you are caught after all?" she said, presently. "You will go to prison."

The skipper shrugged his shoulders. "I don't suppose I shall be," he replied.

"Aren't you sorry?" persisted Miss Pilbeam, in a vibrant voice.

"Certainly not," said the skipper. "Why, I shouldn't have seen you if I hadn't done it."

Miss Pilbeam looked at the clock and pondered. It wanted but five minutes to nine. Five minutes in which to make up a mind that was in a state of strong unrest.

"I suppose it is time for me to go," said the skipper, watching her.

Miss Pilbeam rose. "No, don't go," she said, hastily. "Do be quiet. I want to think."

Captain Bligh waited in respectful silence, heedless of the fateful seconds ticking from the mantelpiece. At the sound of a slow, measured footfall on the cobblestone path outside Miss Pilbeam caught his arm and drew him towards the door.

"Go!" she breathed. "No, stop!"

She stood trying in vain to make up her mind. "Upstairs," she said. "Quick!" and, leading the way, entered her father's bedroom, and, after a moment's thought, opened the door of a cupboard in the corner.

"Get in there," she whispered.

"But——" objected the astonished Bligh.

The front door was heard to open.

"*Police!*" said Miss Pilbeam, in a thrilling whisper. The skipper stepped into the cupboard without further parley, and the girl, turning the key, slipped it into her pocket and sped downstairs.

Sergeant Pilbeam was in the easy-chair,

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with his belt unfastened, when she entered the parlour, and, with a hungry reference to supper, sat watching her as she lit the lamp and drew down the blind. With a life-long knowledge of the requirements of the Force, she drew a jug of beer and placed it by his side while she set the table.

"Ah! I wanted that," said the sergeant. "I've been running."

Miss Pilbeam raised her eyebrows.

"After some sailor-looking chap that capsized me when I wasn't prepared for it," said her father, putting down his glass. "It was a neat bit o' work, and I shall tell him so when I catch him. Look here!"

He stood up and exhibited the damage.

"I've rubbed off what I could," he said, resuming his seat, "and I s'pose the rest'll brush off when it's dry. To-morrow morning I shall go down to the harbour and try and spot my lord."

He drew his chair to the table and helped himself, and, filling his mouth with cold meat and pickles, enlarged on his plans for the capture of his assailant; plans to which the undecided Miss Pilbeam turned a somewhat abstracted ear.

By the time her father had finished his supper she was trying, but in vain, to devise means for the prisoner's escape. The sergeant had opened the door of the room for the sake of fresh air, and it was impossible for anybody to come downstairs without being seen. The story of a sickly geranium in the back-yard left him unmoved.

"I wouldn't get up for all the geraniums in the world," he declared. "I'm just going to have one more pipe and then I'm off to bed. Running don't agree with me."

He went, despite his daughter's utmost efforts to prevent him, and she sat in silent consternation, listening to his heavy tread overhead. She heard the bed creak in noisy protest as he climbed in, and ten minutes later the lusty snoring of a healthy man of full habit resounded through the house.

She went to bed herself at last, and, after lying awake for nearly a couple of hours, closed her eyes in order to think better. She awoke with the sun pouring in at the window and the sounds of vigorous brushing in the yard beneath.

"I've nearly got it off," said the sergeant, looking up. "It's destroying evidence in a sense, I suppose; but I can't go about with my uniform plastered with mud. I've had enough chaff about it as it is."

Miss Pilbeam stole to the door of the next room and peeped stealthily in. Not a sound came from the cupboard, and a horrible idea that the prisoner might have been suffocated set her trembling with apprehension.

"*H'sh!*" she whispered.

An eager but stifled "*H'st!*" came from the cupboard, and Miss Pilbeam, her fears allayed, stepped softly into the room.

"He's downstairs brushing the mud off," she said, in a low voice.

"Who is?" said the skipper.

"The fat policeman," said the girl, in a hard voice, as she remembered her father's wrongs.

"What's he doing it here for?" demanded the astonished skipper.

"Because he lives here."

"Lodger?" queried the skipper, more astonished than before.

"Father," said Miss Pilbeam.

A horrified groan from the cupboard fell like music on her ears. Then the smile forsook her lips, and she stood quivering with indignation as the groan gave way to suppressed but unmistakable laughter.

"*H'sh!*" she said sharply, and with head erect sailed out of the room and went downstairs to give Mr. Pilbeam his breakfast.

To the skipper in the confined space and darkness of the cupboard the breakfast seemed unending. The sergeant evidently believed in sitting over his meals, and his deep, rumbling voice, punctuated by good-natured laughter, was plainly audible. To pass the time the skipper fell to counting, and, tired of that, recited some verses that he had acquired at school. After that, and with far more heartiness, he declaimed a few things that he had learned since; and still the clatter and rumble sounded from below.

It was a relief to him when he heard the sergeant push his chair back and move heavily about the room. A minute later he heard him ascending the stairs, and then he held his breath with horror as the footsteps entered the room and a heavy hand was laid on the cupboard door.

"Elsie!" bawled the sergeant. "Where's the key of my cupboard? I want my other boots."

"They're down here," cried the voice of Miss Pilbeam, and the skipper, hardly able to believe in his good fortune, heard the sergeant go downstairs again.

At the expiration of another week—by his own reckoning—he heard the light, hurried footsteps of Miss Pilbeam come up the stairs and pause at the door.

"*H'st!*" he said, recklessly.

"I'm coming," said the girl. "Don't be impatient."

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"THE SKIPPER, DAZED AND BLINKING WITH THE SUDDEN LIGHT, STUMBLED INTO THE ROOM."

A key turned in the lock, the door was flung open, and the skipper, dazed and blinking with the sudden light, stumbled into the room.

"Father's gone," said Miss Pilbeam.

The skipper made no answer. He was administering first aid to a right leg which had temporarily forgotten how to perform its duties, varied with slaps and pinches at a left which had gone to sleep. At intervals he turned a red-rimmed and reproachful eye on Miss Pilbeam.

"You want a wash and some breakfast," she said, softly, "especially a wash. There's water and a towel, and while you're making yourself tidy I'll be getting breakfast."

The skipper hobbled to the wash-stand, and, dipping his head in a basin of cool water, began to feel himself again. By the time he had done his hair in the sergeant's glass and twisted his moustache into shape he felt better still, and he went downstairs almost blithely.

"I'm very sorry it was your father," he said, as he took a seat at the table.

"Very."

"That's why you laughed, I suppose?" said the girl, tossing her head.

"Well, I've had the worst of it," said the other. "I'd sooner be upset a hundred times than spend a night in that cupboard. However, all's well that ends well."

"Ah!" said Miss Pilbeam, dolefully, "but is it the end?"

Captain Bligh put down his knife and fork and eyed her uneasily.

"What do you mean?" he said.

"Never mind; don't spoil your breakfast," said the girl. "I'll tell you afterwards. It's horrid to think, after all my trouble, of your doing two months as *well* as a night in the cupboard."

"Beastly," said the unfortunate, eyeing her in great concern. "But what's the matter?"

"One can't think of everything," said Miss Pilbeam, "but, of course, we ought to have thought of the mate getting uneasy when you didn't turn up last night, and going to the police-station with a description of you."

The skipper started and smote the table with his fist.

"Father's gone down to watch the ship now," said Miss Pilbeam. "Of course, it's the exact description of the man that assaulted him. Providential *he* called it."

"That's the worst of having a fool for a mate," said the skipper, bitterly. "What business was it of his, I should like to know? What's it got to do with him whether I turn up or not? What does *he* want to interfere for?"

"It's no good blaming him," said Miss Pilbeam, thinking deeply, with her chin on

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her finger. "The thing is, what is to be done? Once father gets his hand on you——"

She shuddered; so did the skipper.

"I might get off with a fine; I didn't hurt him," he remarked.

Miss Pilbeam shook her head. "They're very strict in Woodhatch," she said.

"I was a fool to touch him at all," said the repentant skipper. "High spirits, that's what it was. High spirits, and being spoken to as if I was a child."

"The thing is, how are you to escape?" said the girl. "It's no good going out of doors with the police and half the people in Woodhatch all on the look-out for you."

"If I could only get aboard I should be all right," muttered the skipper. "I could keep down the fo'c's'le while the mate took the ship out."

Miss Pilbeam sat in deep thought. "It's the getting aboard that's the trouble," she said, slowly. "You'd have to disguise yourself. It would have to be a good disguise, too, to pass my father, I can tell you."

Captain Bligh gave a gloomy assent.

"The only thing for you to do, so far as I can see," said the girl, slowly, "is to make yourself up like a coalie. There are one or two colliers in the harbour, and if you took off your coat—I could send it on afterwards—rubbed yourself all over with coal-dust, and shaved off your moustache, I believe you would escape."

"*Shave!*" ejaculated the skipper, in choking accents. "*Rub——! Coal-dust——!*"

"It's your only chance," said Miss Pilbeam.

Captain Bligh leaned back frowning, and from sheer force of habit passed the ends of his moustache slowly through his fingers. "I think the coal-dust would be enough," he said at last.

The girl shook her head. "Father particularly noticed your moustache," she said.

"Everybody does," said the skipper, with mournful pride. "I won't part with it."

"Not for my sake?" inquired Miss Pilbeam, eyeing him mournfully. "Not after all I've done for you?"

"No," said the other, stoutly.

Miss Pilbeam put her handkerchief to her eyes and, with a suspicious little sniff, hurried from the room. Captain Bligh, much affected, waited for a few seconds and then went in pursuit of her. Fifteen minutes later, shorn of his moustache, he stood in the coal-hole, sulkily smearing himself with coal.

"That's better," said the girl; "you look horrible."

She took up a handful of coal-dust and, ordering him to stoop, shampooed him with hearty good-will.

"No good half doing it," she declared. "Now go and look at yourself in the glass in the kitchen."

The skipper went, and came back in a state



"'NO GOOD HALF DOING IT,' SHE DECLARED."

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of wild-eyed misery. Even Miss Pilbeam's statement that his own mother would not know him failed to lift the cloud from his brow. He stood disconsolate as the girl opened the front door.

"Good-bye," she said, gently. "Write and tell me when you are safe."

Captain Bligh promised, and walked slowly up the road. So far from people attempting to arrest him, they vied with each other in giving him elbow-room. He reached the harbour unmolested, and, lurking at a convenient corner, made a careful survey. A couple of craft were working out their coal, a small steamer was just casting loose, and a fishing-boat gliding slowly over the still water to its berth. His own schooner, which lay near the colliers, had apparently knocked off work pending his arrival. For Sergeant Pilbeam he looked in vain.

He waited a minute or two, and then, with a furtive glance right and left, strolled in a careless fashion until he was abreast of one of the colliers. Nobody took any notice of him, and, with his hands in his pockets, he gazed meditatively into the water and edged along towards his own craft. His foot trembled as he placed it on the plank that formed the gangway, but, resisting the temptation to look behind, he gained the deck and walked forward.

"Halloa! What do you want?" inquired a seaman, coming out of the galley.

"All right, Bill," said the skipper, in a low voice. "Don't take any notice of me."

"Eh?" said the seaman, starting. "Good lor'! What ha' you——"

"Shut up!" said the skipper, fiercely; and, walking to the forecastle, placed his hand on the scuttle and descended with studied slowness. As he reached the floor the perturbed face of Bill blocked the opening.

"Had an accident, cap'n?" he inquired, respectfully.

"No," snapped the skipper. "Come down here—quick! Don't stand up there attracting attention. Do you want the whole town round you? Come down!"

"I'm all right where I am," said Bill, backing hastily as the skipper, putting a foot on the ladder, thrust a black and furious face close to his.

"Clear out, then," hissed the skipper. "Go and send the mate to me. Don't hurry. And if anybody noticed me come aboard and should ask you who I am, say I'm a pal of yours."

The seaman, marvelling greatly, withdrew, and the skipper, throwing himself on a locker, wiped a bit of grit out of his eye and sat down to wait for the mate. He was so long in coming that he waxed impatient, and ascending a step of the ladder again peeped on to the deck. The first object that met his gaze was the figure of the mate leaning against the side of the ship with a wary eye on the scuttle.

"Come here," said the skipper.

"Anything wrong?" inquired the mate, retreating a couple of paces in disorder.

"Come—*here!*" repeated the skipper.

The mate advanced slowly, and in response to an imperative command from the skipper slowly descended and stood regarding him nervously.

"Yes; you may look," said the skipper, with sudden ferocity. "This is all your doing. Where are you going?"

He caught the mate by the coat as he was making for the ladder, and hauled him back again.

"You'll go when I've finished with you," he said, grimly. "Now, what do you mean by it? Eh? What do you mean by it?"

"That's all right," said the mate, in a soothing voice. "Don't get excited."

"Look at me!" said the skipper. "All through your interfering. How dare you go making inquiries about me?"

"Me?" said the mate, backing as far as possible. "Inquiries?"

"What's it got to do with you if I stay out all night?" pursued the skipper.

"Nothing," said the other, feebly.

"What did you go to the police about me for, then?" demanded the skipper.

"*Me?*" said the mate, in the shrill accents of astonishment. "Me? I didn't go to no police about you. Why should I?"

"Do you mean to say you didn't report my absence last night to the police?" said the skipper, sternly.

"Cert'nly not," said the mate, plucking up courage. "Why should I? If you like to take a night off it's nothing to do with me. I 'ope I know my duty better. I don't know what you're talking about."

"And the police haven't been watching the ship and inquiring for me?" asked the skipper.

The mate shook his bewildered head. "Why should they?" he inquired.

The skipper made no reply. He sat goggle-eyed, staring straight before him, trying in vain to realize the hardness of the heart that had been responsible for such a scurvy trick.

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"Besides, it ain't the fust time you've been out all night," remarked the mate, aggressively.

The skipper favoured him with a glance the dignity of which was somewhat impaired by his complexion, and in a slow and stately fashion ascended to the deck. Then he caught his breath sharply and paled beneath the coal-dust as he saw Sergeant Pilbeam standing on the quay, opposite the ship. By his side stood Miss Pilbeam, and both, with a far-away look in their eyes, were smiling vaguely but contentedly at the horizon. The sergeant appeared to be the first to see the skipper.

"Ahoy, Darkie!" he cried.

Captain Bligh, who was creeping slowly aft, halted, and, clenching his firsts, regarded him ferociously.

"Give this to the skipper, will you, my lad?" said the sergeant, holding up the jacket Bligh had left behind. "Good-looking young man with a very fine moustache he is."

"Was," said his daughter, in a mournful voice.

"And a rather dark complexion," continued the sergeant, grinning madly. "I was going to take him—for stealing my coal—but I thought better of it. Thought of a better way. At least, my daughter did. So long, Darkie."

He kissed the top of a fat middle finger, and, turning away, walked off with Miss Pilbeam. The skipper stood watching them with his head swimming until, arrived at the corner, they stopped and the sergeant came slowly back.



"'GIVE THIS TO THE SKIPPER, WILL YOU, MY LAD?' SAID THE SERGEANT."

"I was nearly forgetting," he said, slowly. "Tell your skipper that if so be as he wants to apologize—for stealing my coal—I shall be at home at tea at five o'clock."

He jerked his thumb in the direction of Miss Pilbeam and winked with slow deliberation. "She'll be there, too," he added. "Savvy?"

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A Hole Through the Earth.

By CAMILLE FLAMMARION.

THE inhabitants of the earth are still very far from a full knowledge of the planet on which they dwell. They have explored its surface until they have almost exhausted the regions of sea or land which have yet to be discovered. Astronomically they have determined its shape, size, and weight. But as to its interior constitution they are still profoundly ignorant. It is only by chance, and indirectly, that they have penetrated a little way into its interior. The railway tunnels which pierce the mountains have done no more than traverse the inequalities of the crust of the earth. The deepest shaft which penetrates the earth was constructed between 1893 and 1902 at Paruschowitz, near Rybnik, and is about a mile and a quarter in depth—scarcely more than an insignificant scratch upon the surface of our globe.

I have had the idea in mind for some time past of sinking a shaft into the earth for the express purpose of scientific exploration, descending as far below the surface as the utmost resources of modern science would permit. This idea has just been forcibly recalled to my attention in consequence of the recent earthquakes and the extremely contradictory opinions of geologists upon the interior state of the globe. Is this globe liquid or solid? From the most ancient times scientific men have considered the problem under all its bearings, without having succeeded in lighting upon any satisfactory solution.

Up to recent times the theory generally admitted was that of the existence of a liquid and incandescent core contained within a thin skin or crust. The increase of temperature observed during the descent of mines, the existence of volcanic fires, the overflowing of lava on the surface of the globe, gave rise to the opinion that at a depth of fifty or sixty miles the whole interior of the earth must be in a state of fusion. But modern geology is, with reason, less disposed to believe that the inhabitants of the earth have their being upon a fragile shell above a blazing furnace. In fact, if the interior of the globe were entirely fluid, this enormous liquid mass, under the attraction of the moon, would be lifted twice a day in a terrific tide-wave, which would burst through the thin crust with ease. A crust sixty miles thick would not be sufficient to resist the gigantic internal pressure, but would

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break up in all directions, letting the larva spurt through in boiling waves. Our world would be no longer habitable. We should live in constant fear of disappearing suddenly into some terrible crevasse which might open at any moment under our feet.

The swiftness of the propagation of earthquake waves, and the small intensity of the tide-wave of the earth's crust, discovered and measured at Potsdam by M. Hacker, leads to the belief that our situation on the surface of the terrestrial globe, although very unstable, is not so precarious as the theory of a globe filled with incandescent fluid would force us to conclude.

The most recent theories assert that the earth possesses in its interior a rigidity equal to that of steel, being at the same time solid and elastic. But this is only a theory, which may be true, but is not yet proved beyond dispute. In any case, it tells us nothing as to the conditions that exist beneath our feet. We are in the presence of the Unknown. The only means of acquiring light upon the subject is evidently to penetrate into the obscurity of the subterranean world.

What we know for certain at the present time is that the temperature increases in proportion to the depth. This increase is, on the average, one degree centigrade for every forty yards in depth. But the increase is far from being the same everywhere. In some places an increase of one degree requires a depth of sixty, seventy, one hundred, or even one hundred and fifty yards. In other places, especially in the vicinity of volcanoes, the thermometer rises one degree for every eighteen yards, and sometimes even for every twelve yards in depth. But, although varying in different regions, this increase of temperature is universal and absolutely certain.

What is the cause of this interior heat? Up to recent times it has been considered as a last remaining vestige of the primeval heat with which our planet issued from its solar nebula. It has been thought that the observed increase of temperature would increase up to the centre of the globe, and it has even been estimated that two hundred thousand degrees of heat would be found at the centre of the earth; from which it has been inferred that, as all known minerals are in a state of fusion at anything above three thousand degrees of heat, the interior mass of the globe must be in a liquid state.

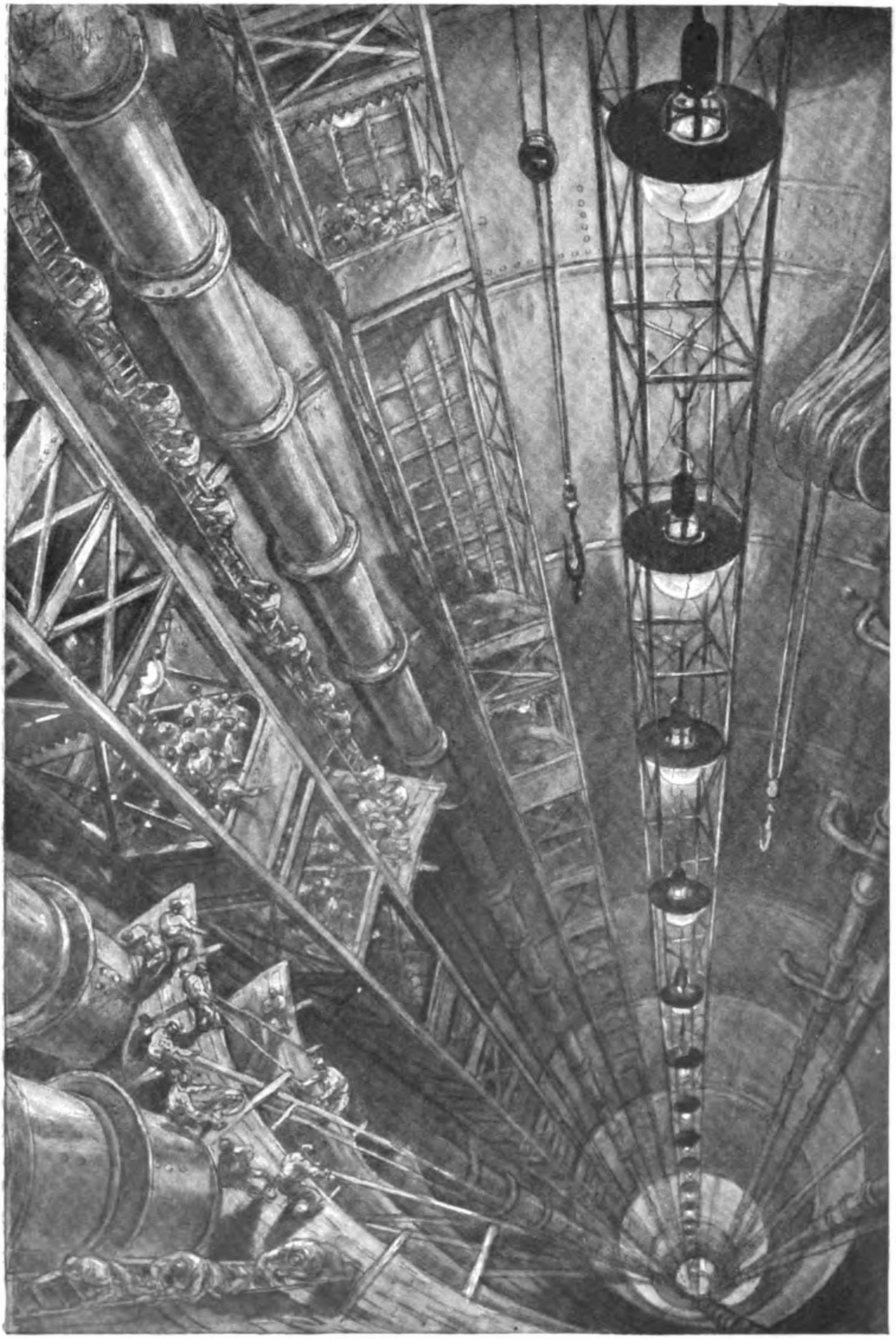
This is the basis of the ancient theory of the earth's central fires. But this theory is very far removed from demonstration. This interior heat may very possibly have its origin in the rocks themselves, either from radium or some other like constituent. This problem is evidently a most interesting one to solve, and such would be the first object of the construction of our exploring shaft. Its purpose would be to ascertain rationally and directly what has hitherto only been guessed at indirectly and by chance.

The first result would be to obtain an inexhaustible source of heat, which might be distributed and applied to industrial purposes. According to the most authentic estimates, the boiling-point will be found at a depth of about two miles. The second result would be the exploration of this unknown world itself. Who knows what curiosities of geology and palæontology might be revealed by this investigation into these dark abysses of the earth? What mines of iron, of copper, of precious metals such as gold, platinum, silver, radium, and of elements hitherto unknown and unsuspected? What fossils belonging to the remotest periods of antiquity?

Without doubt we should also discover springs of hot water, like those which were found during the construction of the Simplon Tunnel in 1903, with a temperature of forty-eight to fifty-three degrees centigrade. We should also come upon subterranean rivers, cascades which might be employed as a motive power, immense lakes like those in the grottoes of Carniole, swarming with live fish, animal and plant life beyond the power of imagination, phosphorescent creatures resembling those to be found in the depths of the sea, illuminating these subterranean landscapes with their fantastic lights, gigantic stalactites and stalagmites, caverns inhabited by strange creatures formed under the enormous pressure of many atmospheres. Geology would thus follow the splendid track marked out by her sister science, astronomy. Is there not something humiliating in having brought the stars within the power of the telescope, in having measured their distances, in having weighed and analyzed them, in having traversed myriads of miles with our marvellous optical instruments, and yet in remaining in ignorance of what exists a few miles under our feet?

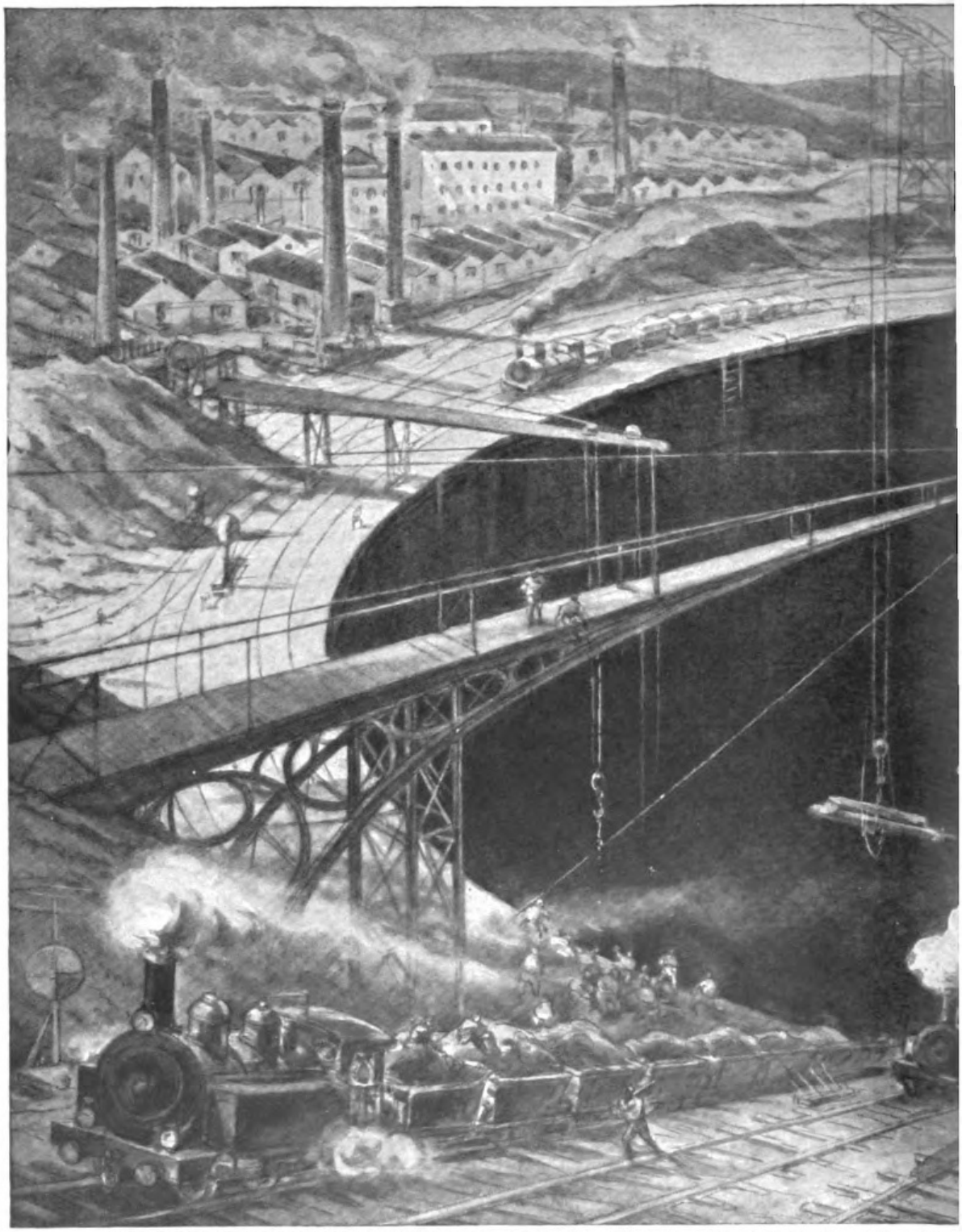
And now, how shall we undertake the construction of our imaginary shaft? It will be necessary to penetrate two, three, or even four miles downwards. Besides being very deep, this shaft ought also to be of considerable diameter, say two hundred to three hundred yards, supported by a very thick cast-iron lining. The excavated earth would

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AT WORK IN THE GIGANTIC SHAFT.

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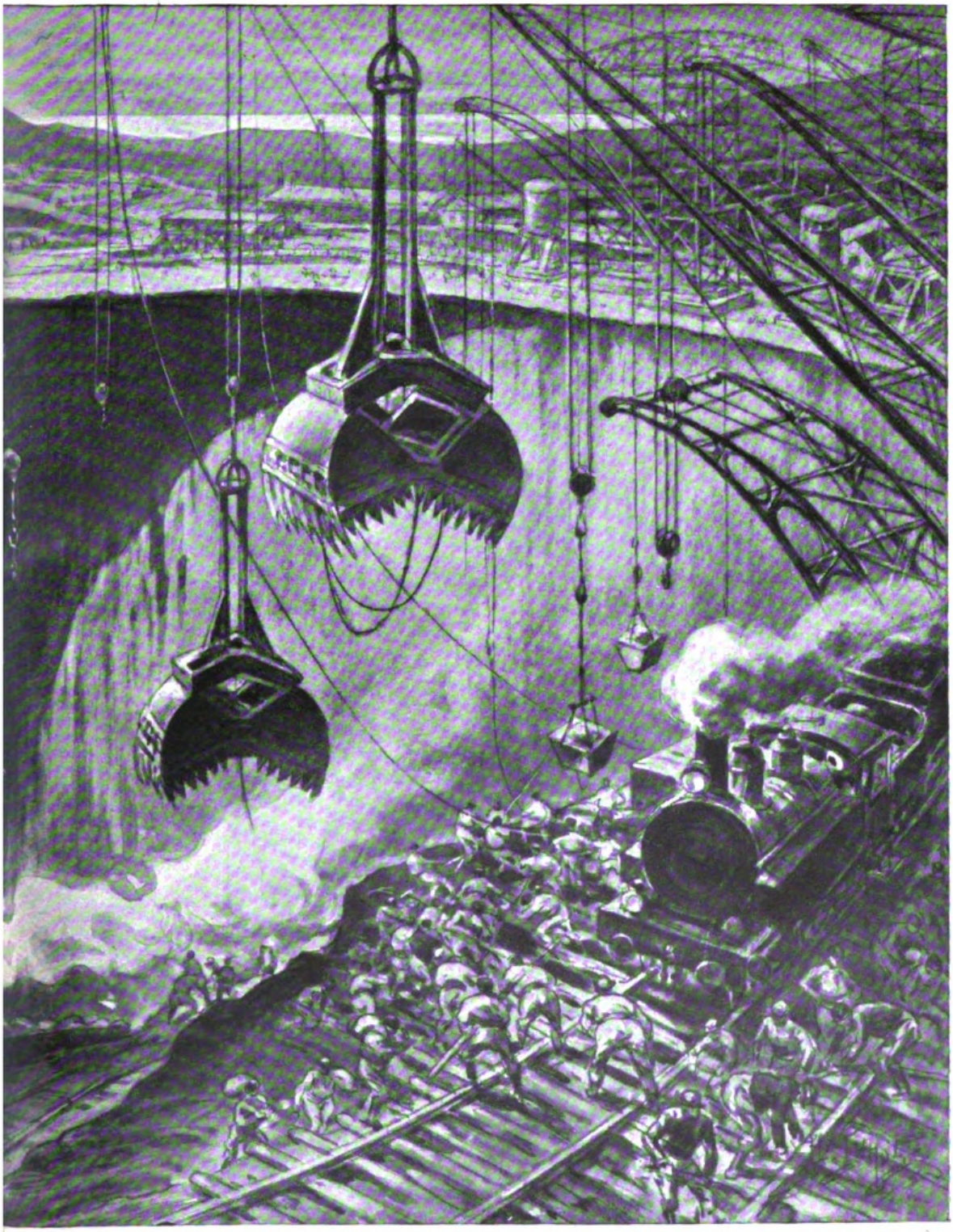


THE ORIFICE OF THE SHAFT DURING CONSTRUCTION, SHOWING THE FACTORIES, RAILWAYS,

most conveniently be disposed of by throwing it into the sea. It would not, however, be advisable to sink this shaft near the sea-shore, for fear lest the sea-water should filter through, but a few miles distant, in a plain at about sea-level. The country of the Landes would be most suitable, or certain plains in Belgium, Holland, Roumania, or Russia. The excavated earth could be transported to the sea by railway, and would add a small Canton to the Continent.

I have said that the average increase of temperature of one degree in forty yards would bring us to the temperature of boiling

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ENORMOUS CRANES, AND OTHER MACHINERY, ATTENDED BY AN ARMY OF WORKERS.

water at a depth of about two miles. It would be necessary to descend much deeper in order properly to explore the earth's crust. In fact, what is a depth of two miles in comparison with the four thousand miles which separate the centre from the surface of the globe?

But, it will be asked, what of the unsurmountable obstacles which will be encountered in the excavation of such a shaft? What of subterranean rivers? What of landslips and the caving-in of the inside of the shaft? The reply is simple. These things can be foreseen and provided against.

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AN IDEA OF THE COLOSSAL DRILLS AT WORK IN THE DEPTHS OF THE SHAFT.

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The use of freezing mixtures, now so well understood, would here play a considerable part by freezing the moist and moving earth into rigidness and immobility.

Again, where is the money to come from to realize this dream? Free gifts and generous subscriptions would doubtless be forthcoming, to judge by the kind offers I have already received of vast spaces of land suitable for the sinking of such a shaft. The proprietor of an important manufactory has informed me that he is willing to provide a large proportion of the cast-iron armour-plating to be employed for the lining of the shaft. It has already been proposed to open a special subscription fund in America solely for the purpose of carrying out this titanic task.

But, in my opinion, this prodigious work ought not to cost a farthing. It could be carried out entirely by soldiers. I will not here discuss the importance of standing armies, which I am the first to recognize; but there is no reason in the world why soldiers should not be employed in various important and useful forms of labour. And why should there not be formed among the nations of the world a new kind of Foreign Legion? In so far as drill and exercise are concerned they would be different from other armies, but not in other respects. The soldiers would be maintained, lodged, clothed, and each trained to execute a separate task. Different squadrons would be organized to work the drills, to draw up the excavated earth, to convey it to a distance, to manufacture the armour-plate lining, and to place it in position. Such a work would require many years, but, seeing that armies are permanent, that would be a matter of no moment. And perhaps after all an army could be quite as usefully employed in the interests of scientific pursuits as in dealing with cannon, guns, shells, torpedoes, and other engines of destruction.*

I do not claim that the idea of a colossal shaft penetrating the bowels of the earth is altogether new; a much more gigantic, and, indeed, impossible, scheme was once proposed—namely, that of a tunnel perforating the entire thickness of the globe—a scheme which gave rise in the eighteenth century to the most lively discussions between Maupertuis and Voltaire. It was proposed, in effect, to construct a shaft corresponding in length to the total diameter of the earth, from the extremities of which we and our antipodes would be able to perceive each other with the aid of telescopes directed down the shaft.

It may be inquired what would happen to a body falling into such a shaft? As early as the second century Plutarch asked this very question, and in the fourteenth century, long before the experiments of Galileo on weight and the theory of Newton on attraction, Dante represented Lucifer, having fallen from heaven, chained to the centre of the earth "at the point to which all weights are attracted." One is tempted to reply at first sight that the body would be stopped at the centre of the earth and would remain there, because there the force of attraction is at its maximum. But this would involve a double error, seeing that, in the first place, so far from being at its maximum, the power of attraction is, at that point, at its minimum and of no effect; and that, in the second place, on arriving at the centre of the earth a body would possess just sufficient speed to carry it on its way to the other end of the shaft at the antipodes. In theory the body, if left to itself, would then return again to the centre and reascend to the starting-point. It would thus continue to describe a series of oscillations like a new kind of pendulum.

What time would this fall occupy?

The entire journey from one side of the earth to the other, going and coming, would last eighty-four minutes, allowing twenty-one minutes to arrive at the centre, twenty-one minutes more to arrive at the antipodes, and forty-two minutes more to return to the starting-point.

If this shaft had its starting-point on one of the mountain plateaux of South America at an elevation of seven thousand feet, and if it issued at the sea-level at the other side, a man who had fallen into the shaft would arrive at the antipodes still travelling at such a speed that the spectators would see this strange projectile shot to a height of seven thousand feet into the air. If, on the other hand, both sides of the shaft started on the level with the sea, it would be possible to shake hands with the traveller on his arrival at the surface, as for a moment he would be stationary in space, before falling again into the abyss.

Such a shaft, of course, is beyond the bounds of possibilities.

Sufficient for the time being if we content ourselves with the much more practicable and possible proposal which I have put before the reader.

* There does not seem any reason why convict labour should not also be requisitioned, as well as permanent work found for the unemployed.

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THE TURNING WHEEL.

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM.

"I SAY, aren't we going on to Bushey at all?"

The boy stirred his head, lazy, yet impatient.

"Why should we?" he asked. "We won't find a better place than this."

The girl was apparently disappointed.

"A young lady in our room was there last week and said that the chestnuts were glorious," she announced.

"Think of the crowds!" he murmured, half-closing his eyes. "We have it almost to ourselves here."

The girl looked around with an air of mild discontent. Her back was against the trunk of an ancient oak. Her companion was stretched upon the ground by her side with his head in her lap. Their clothes, bicycles, and the fact that they had so disposed themselves within a few yards of one of the roads leading through Richmond Park sufficiently proclaimed their status. They were of the toilers whom the June sunshine had drawn out from the hidden places of the great city.

"I have never known it so quiet here on a fine Sunday," the girl remarked.

"So much the better," the youth muttered. "Heavens! Don't we see enough of our fellow-creatures and hear their voices often enough six days in the week? It's a treat to hear something else—the wind in the leaves and the grasses, and the singing of the birds."

The subject was manifestly one which, if argued, might lead to misunderstandings. The girl stifled a yawn and changed her position a little, as though cramped. The boy, flat on his back, his hands pressed deep down in the cool grass, looked upward through the green leaves to the sky, dotted all over with little fleecy specks of white cloud.

"Can't you feel the quiet of it?" he asked. "No hum of machinery, no foreman rushing about the place to know when that work will be finished. I wonder——"

He stopped short. The frown upon his forehead deepened. He changed his position so that he could see into the pale, anæmic face of the girl with whom he sat.

"I wonder what we do it for?" he remarked, curiously.

"Do what?" she asked.

"Make bond-slaves of ourselves," he answered. "Ten hours a day for me, and nearly as much for you, and I don't suppose that my engineer's shop is a much livelier place than your dressmaker's room. One day's peace, of a sort, and six days with both feet upon the mill. What do we do it for, Agnes?"

"To live," she answered, with a hard little laugh. "Do you suppose I'd stand a single hour of the life if I hadn't got to?"

The boy was answered, but unsatisfied. He looked away from his companion, but the frown remained deep-graven upon his face.

"To live!" he repeated. "I'm not so sure. It seems to me we do it so that other people may live. It isn't for ourselves we work—it's for the others."

"I work for fourteen shillings a week," the girl said, bluntly.

The boy shook his head.

"You don't," he declared. "You work so that the woman who employs you, and who calls herself a modiste, and has a flat in town and a little cottage up the river, can get all there is to be got out of life. You are one of the parts of the machine, and so am I. I think that we are foolish."

"What would you do?" the girl asked, curiously.

"I don't know," he answered. "I haven't thought about it."

"I shouldn't bother," the girl said.

"Perhaps you are satisfied with your life," he went on, pulling out a handful of grass and throwing it from him. "I'm not. Three times last week I thought of things which improved the working of the room. I reckoned it out on the back of an old envelope. Someone must have made pounds and pounds by my idea. I altered one of our filing machines on Monday, and it's done its work a lot better since. What do I get for it?"

"Twenty-eight shillings a week," the girl answered. "You see, we are labourers. I suppose you are one of them who call themselves Socialists?"

"I don't think I am," the boy answered.

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"I never talked with one, that I know of, in my life. And as for books, I never look inside them. But there's something wrong. If only one had time I would try and think out what it is."

"Better rest," the girl said, curtly. "You look as though you needed it."

"And what about yourself?" he answered. "I haven't seen you with a speck of colour in your cheeks since the first time we met up on the hill there."

"What chance should I have to get colour in my cheeks, I wonder?" she asked. "Anyhow, it doesn't matter; I'm strong enough."

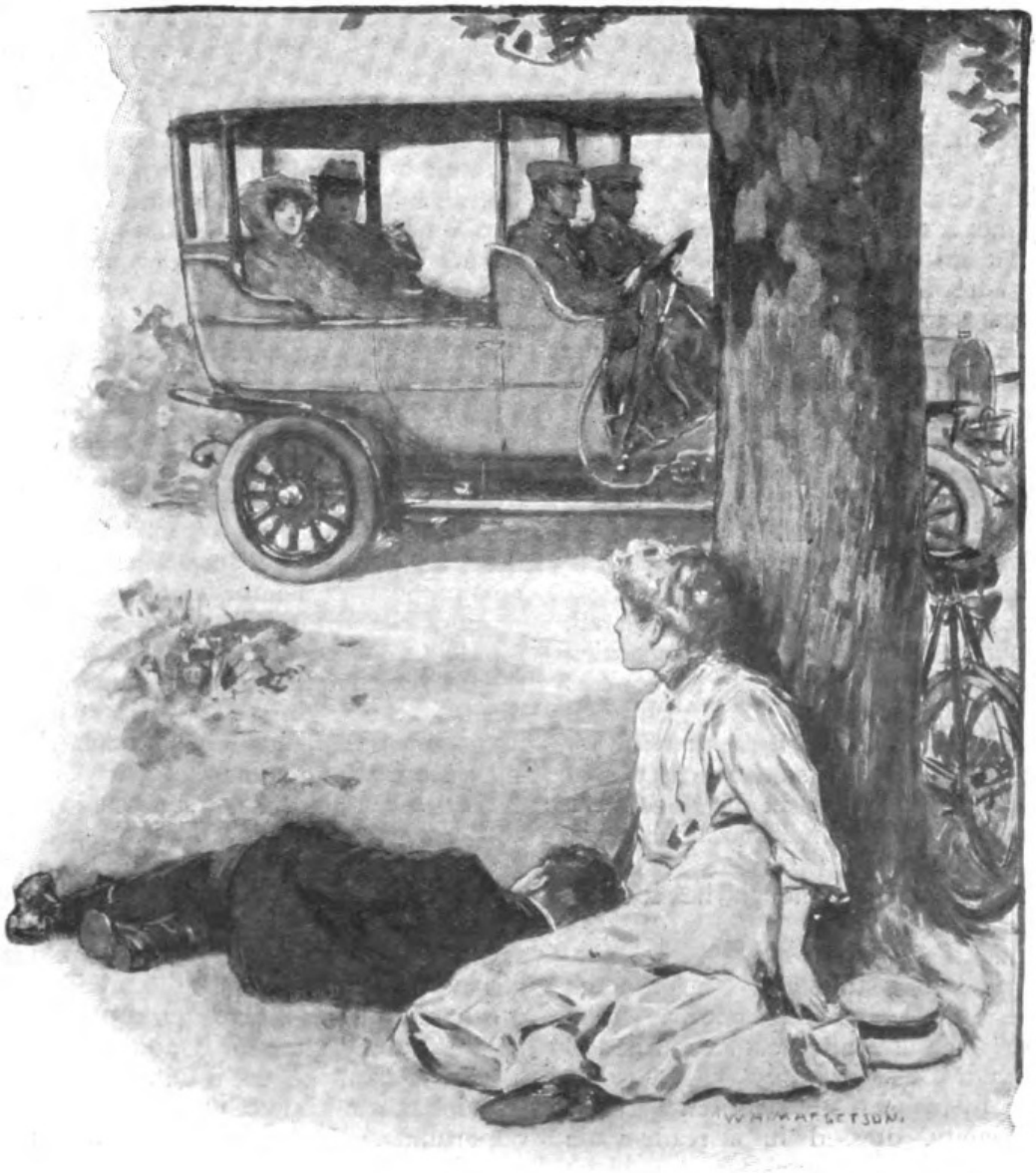
He turned his head and looked at her with new-born criticism in his eyes. Her cheeks were pallid, her eyes lustreless. Even her hair was dull and without life. Her mouth, well shaped once, had taken to itself a discontented turn. Her features, though good enough, were expressionless. Yet she was not without a certain natural prettiness, barely surviving the environment of her life. She bridled a little under his scrutiny and threw some grass into his face.

"Well, Mr. Impertinent," she said, "what do you think of me?"

He sighed.

"You are well enough, Agnes," he said, "but you've got the brand upon you. So have I. So has every man in my workshop. So has every girl, I expect, in your room. I don't understand it."

"Let's go down and get some tea," the girl suggested, yawning. "It won't do you no good to lie there puzzling your head about



"MY, THAT'S A FINE MOTOR-CAR!"

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things that don't amount to anything. My, that's a fine motor-car!"

The boy turned his head. The car had come to a standstill in the road, a few yards away. The man and the girl who were its sole occupants had turned to look at the view. In front, the chauffeur and footman, immaculate both in spotless livery, looked stolidly into space.

"In many respects," the man in the car was saying, "London is wonderfully fortunate. Our parks are magnificent. Fancy these thousands of acres free for all Londoners to come and sit about and enjoy themselves!"

His companion inclined her head faintly towards the boy and the girl beneath the tree.

"Like that," she remarked, smiling. "Yes, I suppose they find pleasure in it."

The man at her side followed her gesture. It seemed as though the eyes of the four met at that same moment.

"Quite an idyll," he remarked, good-humouredly. "These people must do their love-making somewhere, I suppose."

"Why not?" the girl answered, nonchalantly. "How tired they look, though!"

She withdrew her eyes, into which, perhaps, for a moment, had passed some faint glint of pity. The man touched a button and the car glided on. The boy raised his head from the girl's lap and followed it with his eyes. His gaze was no ordinary one. It seemed as though within these last few minutes he had seen farther into life, as though the passing of these two, denizens of an unknown world, had kindled in him a new seriousness.

"I don't understand it," he muttered.

"Then you're a fool," the girl declared, hardly. "It's simple enough. They're rich and we're poor. They ride in motor-cars and we on hired bicycles. The girl wears silks and laces, and I have to be thankful for cheap linen. The man smokes cigars, and you can just run to a packet of Woodbines. It's easy enough to understand. They're rich and we're poor."

The boy seemed as though he scarcely heard her.

"I wonder!" he said to himself.

"Are you going to stand tea or aren't you?" the girl asked, a little wearily. "I'm almost famished, and all the places'll be full unless we hurry."

He rose to his feet—five feet ten of long, lanky humanity, dressed in a ready-made blue serge suit, a clean collar, and a black tie, good-looking enough in his way, but with his shoulders already bowed beneath the burden—the burden of the toiler. Even as he held his companion's bicycle for her to mount, his eyes watched the cloud of dust left by the motor-car.

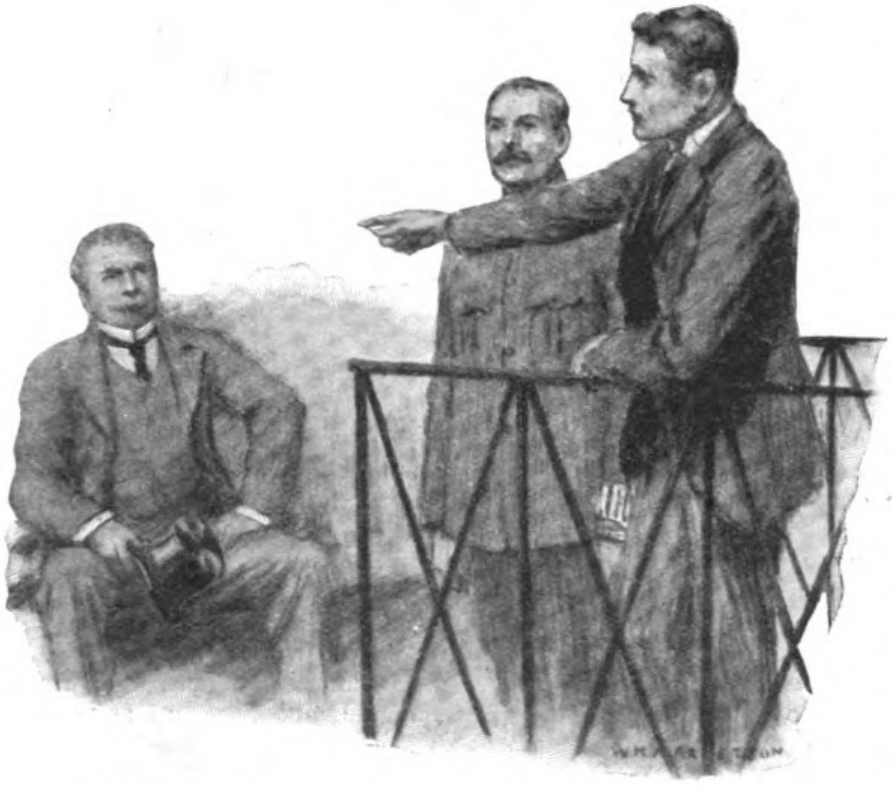
A year later he stood, perfectly at his ease, in the prisoners' dock, waiting for the sentence which was obviously deserved and would certainly be forthcoming. Throughout the brief proceedings he had listened to the evidence against him with the intelligent interest of someone quite removed from personal association with the case. The speech for his defence he had ignored. His attitude, in fact, for a first offender, had been so puzzling that the magistrate was prompted to ask him whether he had anything to say on his own behalf. He shook his head.

"The gentleman who was kind enough to defend me," he remarked, "said a great deal more for me than I should have ventured to say for myself. It is quite true that I took the money—a hundred and seventy pounds, I think it was. I hoped to have got away with it, but the luck was against me."

"You realized," the magistrate asked, "that you were committing a dishonest action?"

"Not in the least," was the prompt reply. "The money to which I endeavoured to help myself was a very small portion of a great fortune which has been amassed by my employers by means of my brains and the brains of others like me. I have no personal grudge against the gentlemen who are prosecuting me, but morally I consider them at least as guilty as myself. They are not productive members of society in any sense of the word. They have left us, I and my fellow-labourers, to do the work, and they have spent the results in luxuries whilst we have been starved for necessities. I myself, in one room of that man's factory"—pointing to the somewhat pompous figure of the prosecutor—"have inaugurated changes and improvements which must have saved him in a single year ten times the sum I am accused of stealing. For this my wages were advanced two shillings a week. I am not saying," he continued, "that I could have got more elsewhere. None of my ideas were worth anything without the capital to buy the machinery and the established business in which to make use of it. But the fact remains that mine were the brains and his the opportunity. I was the worker and he the parasite. It didn't seem to me to be a fair bargain, and I saw no way of getting it set

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"THE FACT REMAINS THAT MINE WERE THE BRAINS AND HIS THE OPPORTUNITY."

right, so I helped myself. I am willing to serve any sentence you may give me, but if you, sir, and society proclaim me dishonest, I venture, with the utmost heartiness, to disagree with you."

The magistrate stared at him. There was a little ripple of interest through the court. A moment or two later the sentence was pronounced: "Six months' imprisonment in the second division!"

The youth, as he was being led from the dock, met the eyes of his employer fixed a little curiously upon him. It was thus almost that they had exchanged glances in Richmond Park twelve months before. There was nothing threatening about the appearance of this young man, who followed the policeman obediently from the dock, yet his late employer went back to his works with an uneasy feeling that a new force was abroad in the world—something which he did not understand, something which he did not wish to understand. He thought of it at dinner that night, and his daughter feared that things had gone ill in the City, and felt a moment's alarm lest anything might happen to prevent the purchase of a new steam yacht in which they had planned a cruise.

"Nothing wrong in the City, I hope?" she asked, after the servants had left.

Her father shook his head.

"Nothing at all," he answered. "Rather a curious thing happened to-day, though. Do you remember driving through Richmond Park a year ago? We stopped to look at the view, and a boy and a girl who were lying on the grass under one of the trees stared at us curiously. I told you at the time that the boy's face seemed familiar to me. I discovered afterwards that he was one of my employés."

"I remember perfectly," the girl answered, with interest. "I told you that I liked his face."

"To-day I had to prosecute him," her father continued. "He robbed us of a hundred and seventy pounds, and very nearly got away."

She raised her eyebrows.

"I am sorry," she remarked, quietly. "He didn't look like a thief."

"Nor did he look like one in the dock," her father answered. "Nor did he talk like one. He even tried to justify himself. It's this infernal Socialism that's doing all the mischief with the half-educated working classes. Young men like this take it up and imbibe the most absurd ideas."

"Did he have to go to prison?" the girl asked, anxiously.

Her father nodded.

"Yes," he declared. "I couldn't have got him off if I would. He's gone to prison for six months."

Being naturally of a law-abiding temperament, and conducting himself, therefore, in prison with rare discretion, John Selwyn was a free man again in five months and eight days. Twenty-four hours after that period, however, he stood once more in the dock upon another and a very different charge. This time he was certainly paler, and he was dressed in borrowed clothes, but his

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manner had lost nothing of its earnest composure.

"The most determined case, sir, I ever did see," a policeman explained. "Got on the steamboat pier and threw himself off in the deepest part of the river."

The magistrate nodded.

"I read the particulars," he said. "I understand that he even struggled with the lighterman who saved his life."

"Naturally," the young man in the dock interrupted. "I did not throw myself into the river with the object of being picked out again."

The magistrate looked at him earnestly.

"Do you consider," he asked, "that you have a right to dispose of your own life in this fashion?"

"Why not?" the young man answered. "It appears to me that for anyone in my position it is the most sensible and reasonable thing to do. I lived like a slave for a great many years. I made an attempt to better myself, and it failed. Now that I have been in prison my chances of getting on in the world are certainly less than they were. I really do not feel under the slightest compulsion to continue an unequal struggle."

"There is a place for every man in the world," the magistrate said, "if only he has courage and wit enough to find it."

"You are doubtless right, sir," the prisoner answered, politely. "I would suggest, in that case, that a few signposts would be an advantage. I have never considered myself lacking in intelligence, but, so far as I am concerned, I have failed to find that place."

"You became a thief," the magistrate reminded him.

"That is a point," the prisoner answered, "upon which I regret to say that we disagree. But, in any case, I was driven to it. The day before I took that money, if it interests you to know this, I went to a physician. He explained to me that ten hours' work a day in an unwholesome atmosphere, without proper food or under sanitary conditions of life, was rapidly undermining my constitution. Another year of it and I should have been a dead man. I felt that it was time for me to make a change."

"If I discharge you," the magistrate asked, "will you promise not to repeat the attempt?"

The young man hesitated.

"Really," he said, "I have no wish to become a burden to the State, and I do not exactly see——"

The magistrate stopped him.

"There has come into my hands," he said, gravely, "a sum of twenty pounds. That sum is yours if you will promise to leave the country at once and not to repeat the offence with which you are at present charged."

"May I inquire the price of a third-class ticket to New York, and the sum of money I should be required to have to be allowed to land?" the prisoner asked.

"The police-court missionary," the magistrate answered, "will take you from here to an emigrant office, when you can learn all particulars."

"In that case," the young man declared, "I am willing to give my promise."

Eight years later Sir Henry Rathbone and his daughter stood talking together in the reception-room of one of London's principal restaurants. The eight years had dealt kindly enough with the girl, who had become a beautiful woman. The man had not improved. His face bore the marks of a life of pleasure. Here and there were lines which seemed to indicate anxiety. Just at present he had very little the look of a prosperous man.

"You can have the car for Ranelagh, of course, Violet," he said, "but I am quite sure that I shall not be able to go. My luncheon appointment here is a very important one."

She shrugged her shoulders.

"I wonder you men don't do all your business in the City," she remarked.

Her father laughed hardly.

"My dear girl," he said, "it is only with the utmost difficulty that I have managed to get this fellow Selwyn to meet me at all. He declined to come to the works, and it is only to oblige Haregood, his solicitor, that he agreed to lunch here to-day."

"I really cannot understand," she remarked, watching the people as they came in, "why a little machinery should be so important to you."

Her father frowned irritably—his temper had not improved during the last few years.

"You don't understand anything about it, you see, Violet," he declared. "This man has invented some machines by which he can make my screws at about half the price it costs me to turn them out. Unless he'll lease me some machines, or sell me some, or amalgamate, Messrs. Rathbone and Co. may as well close their doors."

"What does it matter?" the girl answered, carelessly. "You have plenty of money."

Her father seemed to grow pale underneath his flushed cheeks.

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"Plenty of money," he agreed, "but every penny in the business. Here they come."

"And here," the girl remarked, "is Lady Angerton. Good-bye for the present, then."

She went forward to meet her hostess at the same time that her father shook hands with his two guests. Selwyn had changed beyond recognition, yet as they took their places at the table Sir Henry was conscious of a vague sense of familiarity.

"Where did you learn the practical part of our industry, may I ask, Mr. Selwyn?" he inquired, as soon as it was possible to turn the conversation toward business.

"In your workshops, Sir Henry," the young man answered. "I was there eight years ago. By the by, perhaps I ought to have reminded you before I accepted your invitation that I have been in prison. I stole a hundred and seventy pounds of yours once, you know. You got the money back again, but some people have prejudices about that sort of thing."

Sir Henry shook in his chair.

"Of course," he muttered, "I remember. I remember you now."

There was an awkward pause.

"I ought to have explained before," the young man murmured, with a quiet smile.

"Not at all—not at all," his host declared, hastily. "These things are best forgotten. This is a business meeting, Mr. Selwyn. I want to talk to you about those machines of yours."

"I shall be glad," the young man said, "to hear what you have to say."

They talked throughout luncheon, and in the smoking-room afterwards, and Mr. John Selwyn only resisted with difficulty an attempt on the part of his host to take him round to his club. He declined politely but firmly to pledge himself to anything. His idea in coming to England, he admitted, was to set down the machines to manufacture screws for himself. Sir Henry felt the perspiration break out on his forehead at the mere idea.

"Between ourselves," he said, "we need not mince words. You know, and I know, that if you do so, and if you refuse to sell or lease your machines, my firm will have to close their doors."



"'BETWEEN OURSELVES,' HE SAID, 'WE NEED NOT MINCE WORDS.'"

"Precisely," Mr. Selwyn admitted. "The fact had occurred to me."

"You mean to make us do it, by God!" Sir Henry exclaimed, suddenly.

"If you want the truth," the young man answered, "I do."

Sir Henry went away from the interview disturbed and uneasy. Nevertheless, negotiations were not wholly broken off. There were times when Selwyn seemed on the point of accepting some of the offers which the solicitors of Messrs. Rathbone and Co., Limited, were continually making him. Sir Henry himself spared no effort to win the good-will of his former employé. He invited him to his house—an invitation which,

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curiously enough, John Selwyn accepted. On one of these occasions he met Violet, and their mutual interest was so obvious a thing that she was feverishly incited by her father to take a hand in the game. Mr. Selwyn listened to all that she had to say, and was very polite. He even accepted further invitations, and more than once he was seen about with Violet Rathbone.

They sat together one Sunday morning in the Park. Her father, at the first opportunity, had made some excuse to hurry off and leave them alone. They talked the usual banalities, watched the people, and made remarks about them. Finally, Violet rose a little suddenly.

"Come and sit farther back, Mr. Selwyn," she said. "I want to talk to you."

He obeyed at once. No one could have judged from his face what effect her words had upon him. They found two seats a little apart from the others. She looked for a moment at the lace of her parasol and then into his expressionless eyes.

"Mr. Selwyn," she said, "I am beginning to find the present position embarrassing. You know very well why my father leaves me alone with you, why he is always asking you to the house. I do not see why we should play at misunderstanding one another. My father tells me that it rests with you whether or no he is to lose the whole of his fortune and to watch the ruin of his business."

The young man nodded his head thoughtfully.

"Your father is quite right, Miss Rathbone," he said. "It rests entirely with me."

"There are ways," she continued, "of avoiding this, are there not? Compromises, I mean, which could be made? You would lose very little, for instance, if you leased your machines to my father or went into partnership with Rathbone and Co., Limited?"

"So far as the financial side of the matter is concerned," the young man admitted, blandly, "it would be a very reasonable and satisfactory settlement."

"It does not appeal to you, though?" she continued.

"It does not," he admitted.

She raised her eyebrows. They were coming to it at last, then!

"From your manner," she said, "one would imagine that you had some grievance against my father."

"I have," he admitted. "Not a personal one altogether, and yet, perhaps, it is a personal one. I have been in prison, you know, Miss Rathbone, for stealing from your father."

She laid her hand upon his arm.

"You must not talk about it, please," she said. "We have forgotten all that."

She did not move her fingers for a moment. She was twenty-six years old, very beautiful, but as yet heart-whole. She was beginning to feel that there was something remarkably attractive about this young man, if only he would be reasonable.

"I wonder if you remember," he said, "somewhere about nine years ago, driving through Richmond Park and stopping on the hill?"

"I remember perfectly," she agreed. "You sat on the grass with your head in a young woman's lap. I considered it at the time most shocking behaviour."

"It was the way of the world in which I moved," he answered, "the way of the world in which Fate and your father kept me. It is not that I have a personal animus against Sir Henry. He was my employer in those days, and he only did what others did and are doing; but, none the less, the wealth which he is so anxious that I should preserve for him has been built up on the bodies and the souls of hundreds such as I. Labour to him was labour, a weapon towards his end—some dead, inanimate thing, to be used as cheaply as possible and as effectively as could be. I had my brains picked week by week for your father's benefit. Those days are hard to forget, Miss Rathbone."

"I am not a political economist," the girl said, "but you must surely understand that it was not my father who fixed the conditions. What he did, he did because others were doing it. It is not possible, Mr. Selwyn, that you bear him a real and personal grudge for those days?"

The young man looked out across the Park, but he said nothing.

"It is the opportunity which makes the employer," the girl went on. "You yourself speak of starting great works. Will your men be better treated than my father treated you?"

"I intend to make some efforts, Miss Rathbone, in that direction," he remarked.

She looked down at her little patent shoe and beat the ground impatiently for a moment or two.

"You are so enigmatic," she protested, softly. "Can't we understand one another, Mr. Selwyn? Please speak out and tell me what is in your mind."

He looked at her thoughtfully. She represented the last word in wealth and elegance and education. Her delightful carriage was

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the outcome of her healthy, untrammelled life. No trouble had ever dimmed her beautiful eyes or carved a single line upon her still girlish face.

"Miss Rathbone," he said, "you and your father are both anxious to know my plans. It is better, perhaps, that I should tell you them. I will not admit that I have any personal feeling against your father. On the other hand, I hate, with a hatred which has been absolutely the mainspring of these recent years of my life, the means by which he made his wealth, the means by which he holds it. You have been very kind to me. Perhaps I have not deserved it. You beg for peace and I tell you that it must be war. I am here for that purpose and no other. Already the plans are out for my new factories. In two years' time—before, if your father is wise—he will close his doors. I shall find employment for his workpeople, and I promise you that I shall find it on very different conditions to any that Messrs. Rathbone, Limited, ever offered."

She looked at him, suddenly pale to the lips.

"Is this final?" she whispered.

"It is final," he answered.

They were very nearly alone, and she leaned so closely towards him that her soft breath fell upon his cheek.

"You are very hard, Mr. Selwyn. Could nothing—could nobody move you?"

She was offering herself to him—he knew that quite well.



"YOU ARE VERY HARD, MR. SELWYN. COULD NOTHING—COULD NOBODY MOVE YOU?"

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"Nobody," he answered. "Not even the woman whom, in a few weeks' time, I hope to make my wife."

For a moment she neither moved nor spoke. Then she drew away and rose to her feet with a little shiver. Amongst the crowd at the corner came her father. She hurried towards him.

"Please leave me," she begged her companion. "I am going home. I have taken too much of your time already. Forgive me."

Late on the following afternoon John Selwyn set out to pay a call which he had already delayed for several weeks. He found his way to a certain address in Hanover Street, mounted to the first floor, and knocked at the door. A young woman dressed in black, with pins and needles stuck all over the front of her dress, threw it open. She stared at the visitor in surprise.

"The shop's downstairs," she remarked, "There's no one allowed up here. Madame is very strict about it."

John Selwyn's eyes travelled down the room. There were at least twenty girls sitting there at work—twenty girls with pale cheeks, and only one small window open. His conscience smote him because of those three weeks' delay.

"I am sorry," he said. "I come to make inquiries about a Miss Agnes Carton."

"Agnes Carton!" the young woman exclaimed. "Why, she left nearly four years ago. You'll find her at No. 55, Grosvenor Street."

John Selwyn raised his hat and departed.

"I ought to have come before," he said to himself, repentantly. "Perhaps it is too late."

He walked quickly to No. 55, Grosvenor Street. The appearance of the place was a distinct relief to him. It was a neat little milliner's shop, clean and smart. He opened the door and found himself in a cool, handsomely-furnished apartment, which to his inexperience seemed almost like the drawing-room of a private house. A young lady came hurrying forward.

"I am in search of Miss Agnes Carton," he announced. "I was told that she was to be heard of here."

The girl was puzzled for a moment, then she smiled.

"Why, you mean madame!" she exclaimed.

"Madame?" he repeated.

"Certainly," the girl answered. "That was her name before she was married. Here she is. It is a gentleman, madame, who asks for you."

A tall young lady, very elegant, very stylishly dressed, and apparently very prosperous, came towards him with an inquiring smile. John Selwyn recognized her with a little gasp.

"My dear Agnes!" he exclaimed.

"Why, it's—it's John Selwyn!" she declared.

The assistant slipped discreetly away. They shook hands a little perfunctorily.

"I have just come to ask you to marry me," he announced.

She laughed heartily.

"Well, if that isn't just like you!" she answered. "You haven't changed a bit."

"I mean it," he assured her.

"But you're three years too late," she laughed. "The idea of going away like you did and never writing me a single line, and then walking in one morning and expecting me to marry you off-hand!"

"I had no time for letters," he said. "I have been working hard."

"From your appearance, I should say that you've been making money," she declared.

"More than I shall ever be able to spend," he assured her. "If only you'd waited!"

She laughed again.

"Don't be foolish," she said. "I want you to meet my husband. He's such a dear. We should never have been able to marry, though, but for——"

A sudden change came into her face.

"Why, of course," she continued, "you were there. Let me tell you of my adventure. About a year after you left for America I was called down into the showroom one day and found a young lady there, looking at evening gowns. I was very tired—we had been up late the night before—and she was very impatient and hard to please. Well, I got trying on things for half an hour or so, and at last I fainted. I couldn't help it, but madame was very angry."

"And the girl?" he asked.

"Madame sent me away the next day, and I saw her in the street on my way home. She stopped her carriage and came up to me. I told her that I had lost my situation, and she was so angry that she went straight back to madame and told her that she would never set foot in her shop again. Afterwards she sent me to Hastings for two months, and when I was quite strong again she lent me the money to start in business here. I am proud to say that in less than eighteen months I was able to pay her back every penny."

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"But what about this husband?" he asked.

"You remember my telling you about Mr. Mallison," she said. "He used to travel in silks, and I saw him now and then at madame's. He called here when I started and was very attentive. In a business like this, you know, one needs a man."

John Selwyn laughed. He was astonished to find how relieved he was.

"That's all very well," he said, "but I consider you've treated me shamefully."

"You shall tell my husband so," she declared. "He'll be here in a few minutes."

"We'll all go out to lunch," he suggested.

"And in the meantime," madame said, "let me tell you something strange. Do you know who the young lady was?"

"How should I?" he asked.

"Do you remember sitting in Richmond Park one Sunday afternoon when two people went by in a motor-car—a man and a girl? We all stared at one another rather strangely, and you told me afterwards that the man was your employer."

John Selwyn stood perfectly still.

"I remember," he said. "Go on."

"That was the girl—Miss Rathbone—who has done all this for me," madame declared, with tears in her eyes.

John Selwyn sat down in one of the padded chairs.

"Upon my word," he said, slowly, "in those days I used to admit that I couldn't understand life. I don't understand it now."

Late that afternoon he called at Berkeley Square. Miss Rathbone was at home, the butler thought, after a moment's hesitation, but she had gone to her room with a headache, and was refusing to see callers. Selwyn persisted, and twenty minutes later she came to him in the darkened drawing-room. He was standing when she entered, and she did not ask him to take a seat.

"I did not expect to see you here again, Mr. Selwyn," she said. "Under the circumstances, I think perhaps you might have stayed away."

"I could not," he answered, simply.

She gave a little start.

"Perhaps it was my father whom you wished to see?" she murmured.

"No," he answered, "it was you."

She came a few steps farther into the room. He saw then that she was paler than he had ever seen her. It was the beginning of trouble, this—the beginning of the blow which he had dealt.

"I do not know," she said, "what you can have to say to me."

"You look tired!" he exclaimed, abruptly. "Won't you sit down?"

She hesitated and then obeyed him, sinking on to a couch with a little gesture of weariness.

"Miss Rathbone," he said, "I have come to thank you for your kindness to the woman whom I was expecting to marry."

She looked at him for a moment without comprehension.

"I mean the young lady," he reminded her, "whom you set up in business in Grosvenor Street, whom you saw with me nine years ago in Richmond Park."

She suddenly understood.

"It was she, then, whom you spoke of in the Park yesterday?"

"Of course," he answered. "I was going to marry her. It was only right. She and I were sufferers together. We belonged to the same world. My prosperity was to have been her prosperity. You know," he continued, with a sudden smile, "even amongst the lower orders you can't sit in Richmond Park with your head on a girl's lap for nothing."

"You were going to marry her, but you didn't care," she said, in a broken voice.

"I certainly did not care," he admitted. "I did not know," he continued, coming close to her, "that I cared for anybody. I did not believe that there was any room in my life for that sort of thing. I rather fancy that I have been mistaken."

"It's horribly like the end of a story," she murmured, loosening her arms for a moment from around his neck.

"Not the end, sweetheart," he answered; "the beginning."

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Eminent Women as Children.

IT is often claimed that the saying, "The boy is father to the man," might with equal truth be altered to "The girl is mother to the woman." Those who hold that this is so will find in the careers of the majority of the ladies whose portraits as children are here given much to justify their belief.

The Baroness Orczy, whose name has become familiar to thousands on both sides of the Atlantic as the authoress of "The Scarlet Pimpernel," was born in Hungary.



BARONESS ORCZY.
AGE 12.

MRS. C. N. WILLIAMSON.
AGE 14.

In this picturesque and little-known land the years of childhood were passed, and it was not until her early teens that her father and mother brought her to England, where her education was completed. The Baroness Orczy is an exception to those writers whose talent has shown itself early in life, for until she had turned thirty she had no thought of writing.

"When I was quite small," says Mrs. C. N. Williamson, "we used to live in a quaint old house not far from the Hudson River, which had been in the Livingston family a number of generations. As my only sister died when little more than a baby, I had to play mostly alone, so I used to write stories to please myself and then *play* them with my dolls. When I was too young to write, I printed them on odd bits of paper. My favourite playroom was an old garret containing loads of old books which I should never have been allowed to read if anyone had known. I'd read all Shakespeare in that way before I was ten, and most of the old dramatists, and Fielding. I'm afraid all this made me grow up to be of a romantic turn of mind—not half practical enough—but I don't regret it. I also remember an old garden where I buried most of my dolls for the pleasure of finding and digging them up again, after a great hunt."

There is little to say of the uneventful youth of Mme. Kirkby Lunn, which was spent at Manchester, her birthplace. She went to school in Manchester, and very early the quality of her voice and its extraordinary power excited attention and comment. It was not until after she had passed her teens and entered the Royal College that she attracted the notice of any great musician, and it may be said that she owes nothing to a patronal system, having depended entirely on her ability and hard work for her advancement.

Mme. Clara Butt spent her earliest years in Jersey, though her birthplace was Southwick, in Sussex. She has said that her first distinct recollection of herself as a "little one" is of sitting in a garden at Jersey, singing to one of the most disreputable of dolls that very edifying song, "Tommy, Make Room For Your Uncle." Very early in life the marvellous

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qualities of her voice were apparent, and she remembers that when she was a little mite of three or four the neighbours used to entice her to their houses to sing to them by giving her bunches of grapes.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell's schooldays were spent at Brighton, London, and Paris, and her successes included the winning of a scholarship at the Guildhall School of Music. Though this entitled her to three years' free tuition at Leipzig, she never took advantage of it, owing to her romantic marriage at the age of seventeen.

Miss Christabel Pankhurst, who from a very early age has taken a deep interest in the cause of Woman Suffrage, received her early training at home. She afterwards completed her education at Manchester and in Switzerland, taking with honours the degree of Bachelor of Laws at the Victoria University, Manchester. When quite a child she and her sister produced a paper called the *Home News*, which they wrote and illustrated entirely by themselves.

The first sixteen years of Mme. Patti's life were passed in Spain, Italy, and the United States, and her earliest recollections are associated with the trials and triumphs of her parents on the stage. Her first bow to the public was made at a very early age, for as a *prima donna* of seven summers she appeared with much success in New York. All her early successes were witnessed by her father, and it was a source of great pride and



MME. CLARA BUTT—AGE 5.

MME. KIRKBY LUNN.
AGE 14.

MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL.
AGE 15.

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pleasure to her to know that she had done something to retrieve the fortunes of her family and to fulfil their expectations of her as a singer.

The childhood of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt was in some respects a rather turbulent one. As is so often the case with French children, she received her education in a convent, "whence she was four times expelled for the trifles there regarded as mortal sins. It was only the tears and the singular charm of the child which conquered the hearts of the gentle sisters, and opened to her again and again the doors of the convent, which she finally left with many a prize. Once outside its walls, and able to think of her future, she declared passionately her intention of being a nun—'unless,' she added, after a second's pause, 'unless I am an actress.'"

Like so many others who have become famous actresses, Miss Irene Vanbrugh had a great love of acting from her earliest years. One of her pleasantest recollections of childhood is of the great enjoyment she derived from the little theatrical entertainments which were given from time to time in her home. Miss Vanbrugh was born at Exeter, where her father was Prebendary of the cathedral, and educated at Exeter High School, and afterwards in London and Paris.

The daughter of the Very Rev. W. C. E. Le Breton, Dean of Jersey,



MISS CHRISTABEL PANKHURST—AGE 1.



MME. PATTI. AGE 8.



MME. SARAH BERNHARDT. AGE 12.

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the early years of Lady de Bathe (or Mrs. Langtry, as she will always be known to the great majority of her admirers) were passed amid the delightful surroundings of the Channel Islands. She has, naturally, many recollections of those happy days of childhood, and recalls in particular the delight which she and her brothers derived from the ponies they jointly owned, which, whenever opportunity occurred, they would enter in local races. It is to this early association with horses that she attributes the ability she has always possessed to judge the good points of a horse.

"My schooldays," says the Hon. Mrs. Alfred Felkin (Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler), "were chiefly spent at my own home—Woodthorne, near Wolverhampton—where my only sister and myself were educated by a governess and various masters. I have written stories and verses ever since I can remember; and even when I was too young to write them I made them up in my own head. I can no more recall beginning to make stories and verses than I can recall beginning to walk or talk. With regard to my lessons, I always loved history and essay writing, and anything involving imaginative work or composition, and I have always been devoted to reading of all kinds."

"I was born," says Miss Lena Ashwell, "on a training ship, the *Wellesey*, of which my father was commander. When I was still quite young my father's health broke down, and we



MRS. LANGTRY
(LADY DE BATHE)
AGE 14.



MISS IRENE VANBRUGH.
AGE 4.



MISS ELLEN THORNEYCROFT
FOWLER—AGE 4.

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were all taken to Canada, where we lived a really simple life in a wooden house on the banks of the St. Lawrence. I think I was about ten years old when I made up my mind to go on the stage, and my mother was very worried because I used to go into the woods and recite Shakespeare. On my mother's death we came over to Europe, to Lausanne, and while I was at school there a well-known organist heard me singing to a guitar one evening, and persuaded my father to let me come to England and study at the Royal Academy of Music. At one of the examinations Miss Ellen Terry heard me reciting, and advised me to give up music for the stage. All the same I am an F.R.A.M."



MISS LENA ASHWELL—AGE 3.

"Despite the theatrical traditions of my family," says Miss Winifred Emery, "my father was very averse to my going on the stage. But I always meant to be an actress and—what will sound strange, I feel sure, to my readers—a tragedienne." Her stage *début* was made at Liverpool, as the child in "The Green Bushes," and, though terribly nervous as she stood in the wings, once on the stage all tremors vanished. Her favourite amusement in those days was to read and act Shakespeare in her bedroom with a girl friend.

The last of our portraits shows one of the most promising of our younger actresses at the age of five. Miss Muriel Beaumont, who in private life is Mrs. Gerald du Maurier, has had the good fortune in her comparatively short stage career to be associated with many successes, one of her most effective impersonations being in "The Admirable Crichton."



MISS WINIFRED EMERY.
AGE 13.



MISS MURIEL BEAUMONT.
AGE 5.

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HER FATHER'S DAUGHTER.

By W. PETT RIDGE.

HER voice rang through the shop as she entered, and its quality was so telling that men, taking an early afternoon cup and skimming the columns of evening journals, put down newspapers and listened; young women, puzzling their heads over shorthand signs that they had written in note-books, put the task away promptly; the cashier girl tried to look through the pigeon-hole of her box; two waitresses promptly smashed saucers.

"And I said, 'Really, my dear Bishop, you have the very finest budget of anecdotes I ever encountered.' Of course, I didn't tell him that I had heard them all before."

"Of course not, mamma."

"Now," with a masterful glance around, "where shall we sit? Will you be near the door, Muriel, and risk the draught, or would you rather sit at the back, and——"

"Whichever you please, mamma."

"I want you to decide, my love. You'll soon be old enough to settle these matters for yourself."

They tried three tables before making a final selection, other customers watching with a keen interest that they could not have always found themselves able to give to larger matters. When finally seated, the mother took off her gloves with great deliberation, the while the waitress stood patiently at the side of the table ready to receive commands.

"Tell me," eyeing the girl severely, "what have you that is good?" The waitress replied that everything was good. "Send the manageress to me."

The head lady in black came up with an appropriate mournful expression. "I want to ask you something," said the lady. "Can you recommend the rolls and butter?" The manageress sighed and answered in the affirmative. "Then we will have two rolls and butter. And tea. Yes, tea for two and two rolls and butter. Give this your personal attention, please."

She looked at customers at other tables with the air of one who had given an order that would strain the resources of the establishment; a few tried to smile indifferently, but she held these with her eyes until they took an obsequious demeanour, and this done turned again to her daughter.

"I think of giving a dinner one evening at the Carlton," she said, in her sonorous voice, "and I should like to ask the Bishop. I should only invite about six bright, lively people, and, with a little tact and management, it ought to go off very well."

"Very well indeed, mamma."

"But a difficulty arises in my mind. It would be pleasant to take them on to the theatre afterwards. The point is, would he go? That's what I must discover before I proceed any farther. Would he go?"

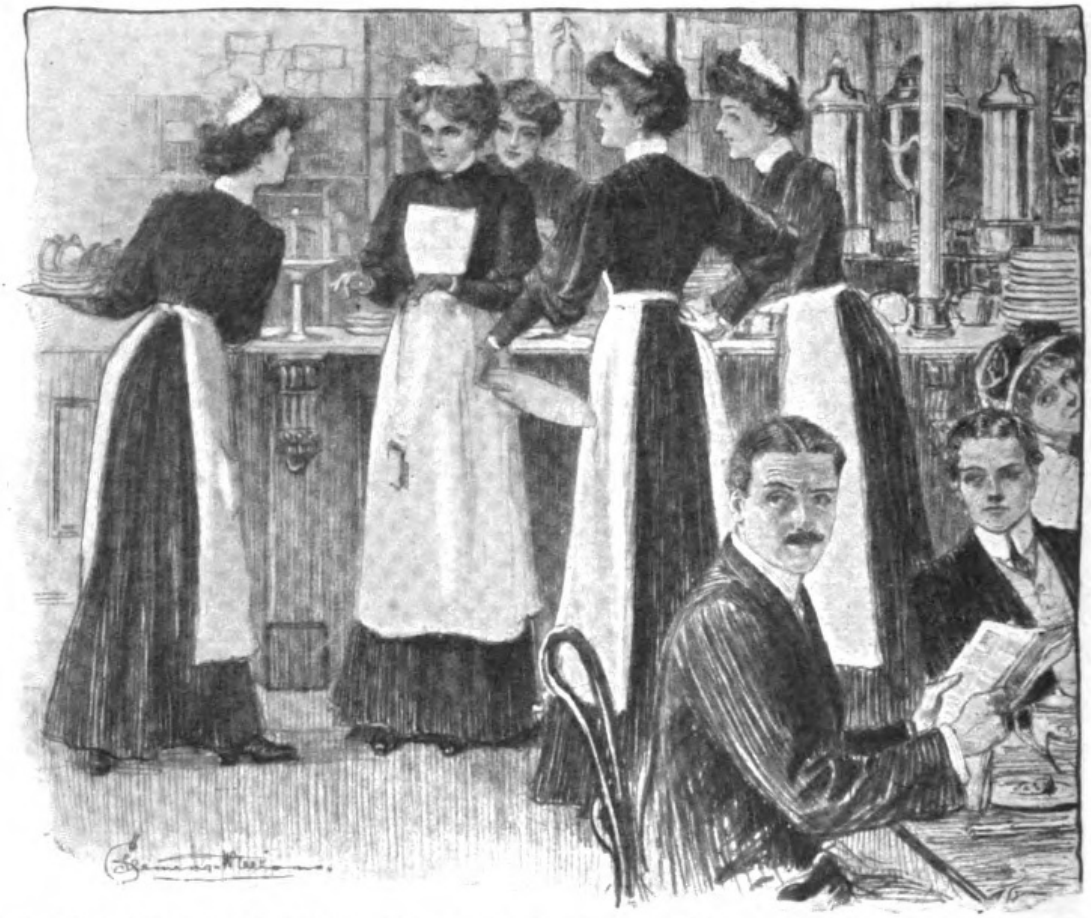
The girl replied that he might; on the other hand, he might not.

"I must find out in some roundabout way before I send cards. There would be——" She lowered her tones in giving a name, and the tea-room frowned disappointedly. "He is undoubtedly the most brilliant talker of his day; if anyone can set the table in a roar it is he. Then, again——" Folk showed signals of restiveness at this irritating display of caution. "She has nothing to say, but she always dresses so extravagantly well. And there is ——" Once more the tiresome depression of tones. "No dinner-party is complete without him. He'd come like a shot"—she corrected herself—"he'd come without a moment's hesitation if I were to ask him. Anybody else you can suggest, Muriel?"

Tea arrived at the moment, and she inspected the butter closely. The waitress hurried off to escape cross-examination, and stood, tray under arm, at some distance, where she could hear well.

"You must try to give up sugar, Muriel," said the lady, still addressing the room rather than the girl. "Break yourself of the habit a lump at a time. I am not thinking of your figure, dear; it is your voice I am considering. A voice like yours is not to be trifled with. We must look facts straight in the face and realize them. And I wish"—something of fretfulness exhibited here—"I do wish I had someone I could consult on the matter, someone to help me to say whether it shall be Dresden for painting or Paris for the voice. Of course, I am very proud that

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"THE WAITRESSES GROUPED NEAR THE COUNTER DISCUSSED THE MATTER AMONGST THEMSELVES."

you should be gifted in both directions, but I declare it's most puzzling to know what to do."

The waitresses grouped near the counter and giving to the lady all the attention that was being timidly demanded elsewhere discussed the matter amongst themselves, and the majority seemed to be in favour of Paris; two young men paying at the cashier's box looked reproachfully at the clock, and went off with evident disinclination. The lady called for hot water; her attendant flew to supply the order.

"I never take more than two cups," she announced, complacently, "and I never take less. Your poor aunt had the same rule. Her husband, Colonel Hearne, seldom touched tea, and she used to make such an amusing remark every afternoon; she said that she took one cup for herself and one for him. Ah, we had some merry days at Aldershot. How did you like, dear, the tall youth who was paying you so much attention this afternoon?"

The daughter said that he appeared interesting.

"He belongs to an old Worcestershire family. We knew the father very well at one time; that was before he got his baronetcy. I couldn't be sure whether this one was the eldest son or the second son; that's something else to make inquiry about. Remind me when we get home to look up 'Whitaker.' Now I want to ask you something, Muriel." The customers leaned over tables in their anxiety to miss nothing. "Think well before you answer. Will you, or will you not, have another roll and butter?" The customers sat back with a concerted moan of regret.

The refusal gave perturbation, and she challenged the daughter with not feeling well; urged her to keep up her strength, deciding at last that the girl had eaten too much at lunch, and declaring this to be an error of taste that had never, in the whole course of her existence, been charged to any other member of the family. When the girl's father returned from his club that evening he would have to be informed of the circumstance. It was really most regrettable that one's daughter, after being brought up carefully and well, and being sent to one of the best high schools in the country, and with a finishing governess at home, should make

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such a deplorable blunder when taken out into good society. Annoying, too. If the Bishop noticed it——

"Be quiet, mother," interrupted the girl, suddenly. "You are talking too much and you are talking too loudly. Stop at once!"

Some of the customers took their tickets and rose to go, feeling that the incident had terminated, and clearly regretting the unfilial interference; the monologue had taken them away from the Aërated Bread shop into loftier spheres, and there was a shock in returning so swiftly. The mother recovered after a few moments, and took conversation on more moderate lines, where the people referred to were well-to-do, but titles absent.

A jaded man with a sample bag came in, sank into the first seat, and asked for a cup of tea. "Just a cup of tea; nothing else, please." Taking out a small book, he looked anxiously through the entries.

"Polly," cried the astonished lady, "how dare you?"

The girl, escaping the restraining hand, went across to the man, touched his shoulder, and kissed him. She took his bag, and brought him over to the table where she and her mother had been sitting.

"Halloa, wifey!" he said, in a tired way. "How are you, dear? 'Tisn't often we meet anywhere but at our little shanty down at Brixton."



"'HALLOA, WIFEY!' HE SAID, IN A TIRED WAY. 'HOW ARE YOU, DEAR?'"

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"Missing Detail" Pictures.

ONE HUNDRED POUNDS IN PRIZES.

FIRST SERIES.

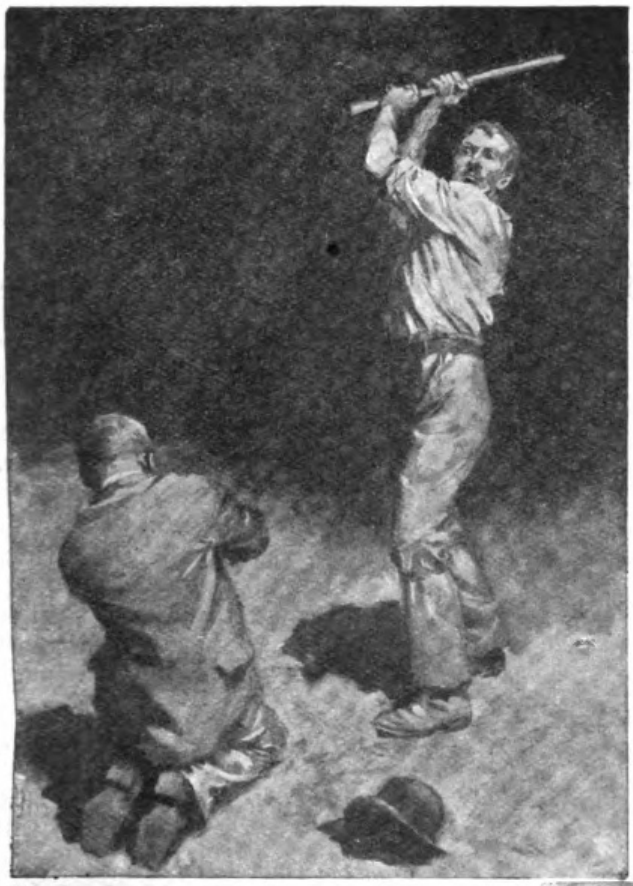
IN an age of perpetually-recurring novelty it is hard to find anything absolutely new; but, judging from the opinion expressed by hundreds of STRAND readers, the "Missing Detail" pictures which were given in our June and July numbers were quite without precedent. A picture was reproduced in which, by the omission of an essential detail, the meaning was so obscure as to baffle a large proportion of the readers. The possibilities of the idea have been exploited in other directions, so that "Missing Details," as applied to charades, promises to become a pleasant winter diversion. Mr. Walter Everest, of Sevenoaks, Kent, writes:—



No. 1. F · · A—— P——.

"Adapting your admirable 'Missing Detail' pictures to charades, several of my lady and gentlemen friends have managed to provide entertainment for a large company. One of our most successful was a living picture of a negro servant entering a room in which were four card-players. In his outstretched hand he carried a lamp. At the last moment we removed the lamp. There were the players sitting round the table expectant—one or two angry and impatient at the delay. Everybody 'guessed' it at once: 'Scene in the Far West,' 'Hold Up Your Hands,' 'Sable Desperado,' etc. Strange to say, my little girl (aged seven) alone made

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No. 2. T—— I—— A——.

the correct shot. 'Why, papa,' she said, 'it's Uncle Tom bringing in a lamp.' And it *was*, showing that what is hid from wise elders may be clear to the vision of babes and sucklings."

In response to numerous suggestions the Proprietors of THE STRAND MAGAZINE, in presenting some further instalments of "Missing Detail" pictures in this and the October number, offer a Prize of ONE HUNDRED POUNDS for the best solution of the meaning of the pictures in the series, together with the best suggested titles.

From each of the pictures has been omitted some essential detail as well as the description of the picture. Competitors must supply the missing information upon a coupon, which is published on page 17 of the advertising section of this number of THE STRAND MAGAZINE. A competitor may send in any number of solutions, but each must be sent in on a separate coupon. Solutions must reach the Editor, 8, Southampton Street, Strand, London, W.C., not later than the 15th of October.

The decision of the Editor upon all questions relating to the competition will be final. In the event of more than one competitor sending the whole of the solutions of the missing details correctly the prize will be awarded to the competitor who in the opinion of the Editor has also suggested the most appropriate titles for the pictures. The result of the competition will be announced in *Tit-Bits* dated November 13th. The following Prizes will be awarded to the competitors: First prize £50, second prize £30, and four prizes of £5 each.

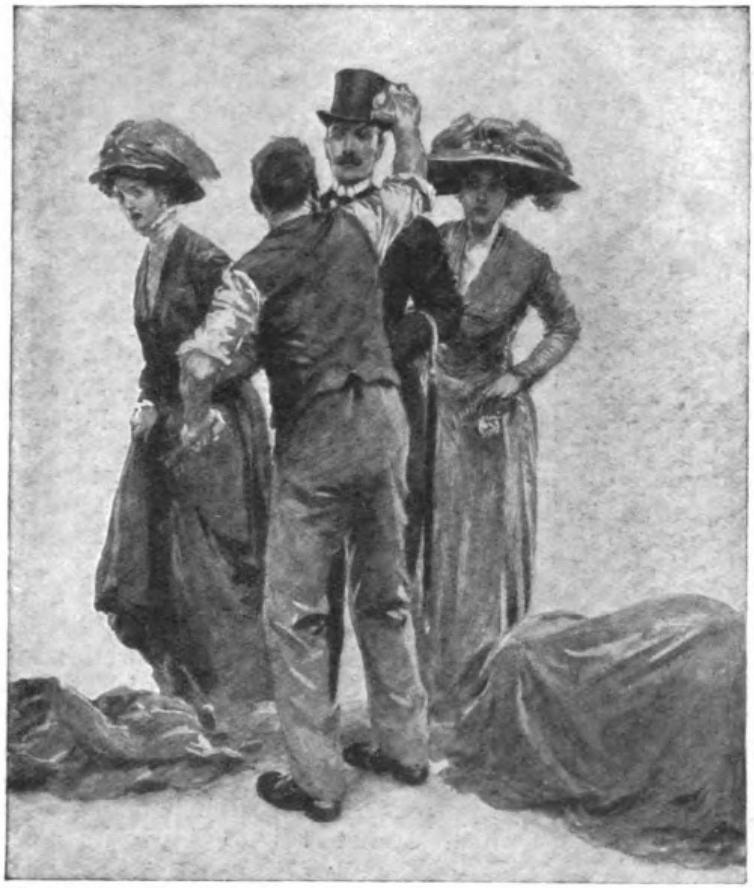
The aspirant to success must supply a title corresponding to the initial letters of each of the component words printed under the pictures.

The first picture presents an urban interior, which, in the terrible light it apparently sheds on the miseries and violence of our boasted British homes, almost makes one shudder. For, while on the one hand prattling innocence sits at the grandam's knee, a scene of unseemly, brutal strife is taking place which cannot fail to leave its mark



No. 3. S—— D——.

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No. 4. C—— T—— W——.

on the heart of childhood. Father and son—perhaps two brothers—are at each other's throats. Doubtless loud and debasing language is exchanged as well as blows, and the sickening pity of it all is the manner in which this scene is received by the family —as if it were of daily occurrence, hardly worth a second glance or thought! Surely there is (if our interpretation be correct) an impressive moral here.

We are shown by the artist in the second picture two figures, which may represent the personages of some passing drama of human life. Notwithstanding all the forces of civilization, it cannot be denied that we still live in a world where violence plays a terrible part. There are crimes of jealousy, of revenge, of cupidity, and there are sudden outbreaks of homicidal rage for which it is often difficult to account. When we see two men — one with upraised arm, the other crouching in deprecation of the blow —the imagination busily jumps towards a solution. Suddenly it appears that the men are only in play, or, again, that the gesture is but a threat never intended to be carried into action. Or it may be that in a game of singlestick one antagonist has been worsted. Supposing one were passing in a flying train and merely got a glimpse of such an episode, what explanation could afterwards be given of it—what detail suggested that would render the subject unmistakably clear?

From this mystery we pass to another. Who can explain the wonders of psychic force? Who does not marvel at the



No. 5. P—— T—— C——.

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feats of strength and equilibrium performed by persons of apparently slight physique—even by women? Is this an instance of the kind? Or is it simply an ordinary pleasant incident, which might take place in the bosom of one's family, if only the painter had condescended to supply us with the simple detail he has eliminated?

Ill-manners are, alas, not rare in this or any age; but one wonders what provocation the male in the foreground of the next picture has received to account for his violent action. Is he brandishing a missile or aiming a blow at one of the other sex? Whatever his gesture may signify, it seems to cause little concern to the group present; doubtless they know their man and estimate his actions at their true value.

The next requires our earnest attention. Upon what task is the solemn gentleman of intellectual mien engaged that his female companion should be so deeply moved? Is it that a daughter, coming to visit her sire, or a brother his sister, at some refuge for the demented, is overwrought at the evidences of the poor fellow's imbecility? Or is it—— But why attempt to cut the Gordian knot, when we have just appointed that delectable and edifying task to our readers?



No. 6. A C—— T——.

Finally, our artist has presented a bustling street scene, in which, again, a woman's grief, concern, horror, remorse, terror, or whatever it is, plays the principal part. Obviously she has met with a misadventure. What has she lost? Has the child in the gutter been her victim, or perchance the victim of a passing vehicle? The policeman is already in possession of the lady's secret. Are you?

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HARDINGS' LUCK

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

By E. NESBIT.

CHAPTER VIII.

DICKIE'S RETURN TO ARDEN CASTLE.

THE seven months were over, and Beale and Dickie set out on their walking tour. They took True with them, leaving Amelia in charge of the other dogs. And it was good pleasure to take to the road again and to go slowly, at their ease, through the garden land of Kent. Dickie loved every minute of it, every leaf in the hedges, every blade of grass of the roadside. And most of all he loved the quiet nights, when he fell asleep under the stars, with True in his arms.

It was all good—all. And it was worth waiting and working for seven long months to feel the thrill that Dickie felt when Beale, as they topped a ridge of the great South Downs, said, suddenly, "There's the sea," and farther on, "There's Arden Castle."

There it lay, grey and green with its old stones and ivy—the same castle which Dickie had seen on the day when they lay among the gorse-bushes and waited to burgle Talbot Court. There were red roofs at one side of the castle, where a house had been built among the ruins. As they drew nearer and looked down at Arden Castle Dickie saw two little figures in its green courtyard, and wondered whether they could possibly be Edred and Elfrida, the little cousins whom he had met in King James the Wise's time, and who, the nurse said, really belonged to the times of King Edward the Seventh, or nowadays, just as he did himself. It seemed as though it could hardly be true, but if it were true, how splendid! What games he and they could have! And what a play-place it was that spread out before him—green and glorious, with the sea on one side and the downs on the other, and in the middle the ruins of Arden Castle.

"Down there," Beale was saying, "down there's where my father used to live. You just cater across the medder, and skirt the copse and bear round to the left, and you come to it. And I don't know as I can stick it. Supposin' the old chap's gone?"

"Oh, come on," said Dickie. "I feel in my inside that he's there all right."

So they catered and skirted and bore round, and when they got to the cottage there the old man was, sitting in a wooden chair at his front door, with a starling in a cage over his head and a brown spaniel asleep at his feet; and the cottage garden was ablaze with flowers—blush roses and

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damask roses, and sweet-williams and candy-tuft, white lilies and yellow lilies, pansies, larkspur, poppies, bergamot, and sage.

It was just like a play at the Greenwich Theatre, Dickie thought. He had seen a scene just like that, where the old man sat in the sun and the prodigal returned.

Dickie would not have been surprised to see Beale run up the brick path and throw himself on his knees, exclaiming, "Father, it is I, your erring but repentant son. Can you forgive me? If a lifetime of repentance can atone"—and so on.

But Beale just unlatched the gate without looking at it; his hand had not forgotten the way of it, for all it was so long since he had passed through that gate. And he walked slowly and heavily up the path and said, "Halloa, dad! How goes it?"

And the old man half-started out of his chair and said, "No—it ain't ever James?"

And they shook hands, and then Beale said, "The garden's looking well."

And the old man owned that the garden 'ud do all right if it wasn't for the snails.

That was all Dickie heard, for he thought it polite to go away. Of course, they could not be really affectionate with a stranger about. So he shouted from the gate something about being back presently, and went off along the cart-track towards Arden Castle and looked at it quite closely. It was the most beautiful and interesting thing he had ever seen. But he did not see the children.

When he returned the old man was cooking steak over the kitchen fire, and Beale was at the sink straining summer cabbage in a colander, as though he had lived there all his life and never anywhere else. He was in his shirt-sleeves, too, and his coat and hat hung behind the back door.

So then they had dinner, when the old man had set down the frying-pan expressly to shake hands with Dickie, saying, "So this is the lad you told me about? Yes, yes." It was a very nice dinner, with cold gooseberry pastry as well as the steak and vegetables. The kitchen was pleasant and cosy, though rather dark on account of the white climbing rose that grew round the window. After dinner the men sat in the sun and smoked, and Dickie occupied himself in teaching the spaniel and True that neither of them was a dog who deserved to be growled at. Dickie had just thrown back his head in a laugh at True's sulky face and stiffly-planted paws, when he felt the old man's dry, wrinkled hand under his chin.

"Let's 'ave a look at you," he said, and peered closely at the child. "Where'd you get that face, eh? What did you say your name was?"

"Harding's his name," said Beale. "Dickie Harding."

"Dickie *Arden*, *I* should 'a' said, if you'd asked *me*," said the old man. "Seems to me it's a reg'lar Arden face he's got. But my eyes ain't so good as wot they was. What d'you say to stopping along of me a bit, my boy? There's room in the cottage for all five of us. My son James here tells me you've been's good as a son to him."

"I'd love it," said Dickie. So that was settled. There were two bedrooms for Beale and his father, and Dickie slept in a narrow, whitewashed slip of a room that had once been a larder. The brown spaniel and True slept on the kitchen hearth-rug and were the best of friends.

And though Dickie was now so close to Arden Castle he seemed no nearer to the Arden children. It is not an easy thing to walk into the courtyard of a ruined castle and ring the bell of a strange house and ask for people whom you have only met in dreams—or as good as dreams. And I don't know how Dickie would have managed if Destiny had not kindly come to his help and arranged that, turning a corner in the lane which leads to the village, he should come face to face with Edred and Elfrida Arden. And they looked exactly like the Edred and Elfrida whom he had played with and quarrelled with in the dream. He halted, leaning on his crutch, for them to come up and speak to him. They came on, looking hard at him—the severe might have called it staring—looked, came up to him, and passed by without a word!

Dickie was left in the lane looking after them. It was a miserable moment. But quite quickly he roused himself. If they did not know him it should not be his fault. He balanced himself on one foot, beat with his crutch on the ground, and shouted "Hi!" and "Halloa!" as loud as he could. The other children turned, hesitated, and came back.

"What is it?" the little girl called out. "Have you hurt yourself?" and she came up to him and looked at him with kind eyes.

"No," said Dickie; "but I wanted to ask you something."

The other two looked at him and at each other, and the boy said, "Right-O!"

"You're from the castle, aren't you?" asked Dickie. "I was wondering whether you'd let me go down and have a look at it?"

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"Of course," said the girl; "come on."

"Wait a minute," said Dickie, nerving himself to the test. If they didn't remember him they'd think him mad and never show him the castle. Never mind. Now for it!

"Did you ever have a tutor called Mr. Parados?" he asked. And again the others looked at him and at each other. "Parrot-nose for short," Dickie hastened to add. "And did you ever shovel snow on to his head, and then ride away in a carriage drawn by swans?"

"It *is* you," cried Elfrida, and hugged him. "Edred—it *is* Dickie. Oh, Dickie, darling, how did you hurt your foot?"

Dickie flushed. "My foot's always been like that," he said, "in nowadays time. When we met in the magic time I was like everybody else, wasn't I?"

Elfrida hugged him again and said no more about the foot. Instead, she said: "Oh, how ripping it is to really and truly find you here. We thought you couldn't be real because we wrote a letter to you at the address it said on that bill you gave us. And the letter came back with 'Not known' outside."

"What address was it?" Dickie asked.

"Laurie Grove, New Cross."

"Oh, that was just an address Mr. Beale made up to look grand with," said Dickie; "he's the man I live with."

"Let's go up on the downs," said Edred, "and sit down, and you tell us all about everything from the very beginning."

So they went up and sat among the furze-bushes, and Dickie told them all his story—just as much of it as I have told you. And it took a long time. And then they reminded each other how they had met in the magic or dream world, and how Dickie had helped them to save their father—which he did do, only I have not had time to tell you about it; but it is all written in "The House of Arden."

"But our magic is all over now," said Edred, sadly. "We had to give that up, so as to get father back. And now we shall never find the treasure and be able to buy back the old lands, and restore the castle, and bring the water back to the moat, and build nice, dry, warm, cosy cottages for the tenants. But we've got father."

"Well, but look here," said Dickie; "I've got *my* magic all right, and old nurse said I could wish it for you—and that's really what I've come here for, so that we can look for the treasure together."

"What is your magic?" Elfrida asked, and Dickie pulled out Tinkler and the white seal and the moonseeds, and laid them on the turf and explained.

And in the middle of the explanation a shadow fell on the children and on Tinkler and the moonseeds and the seal, and there was a big, handsome gentleman looking down at them, and saying:—

"Introduce your friend, Edred."

"Oh, Dickie, this is my father," said Edred, scrambling up. And Dickie added very quickly, "My name's Dickie Harding." It took longer for Dickie to get up because of the crutch, and Lord Arden reached his hand down to help him. He must have been a little surprised when the crippled child in the shabby clothes stood up and, instead of touching his forehead as poor children are taught to do, held out his hand and said, "How do you do, Lord Arden?"

"I am very well, I thank you," said Lord Arden. "And where did you spring from? You are not a native of these parts, I think?"

"No; but my adopted father is," said Dickie. "And I came from London with him to see *his* father, who is old Mr. Beale, and we are staying at his cottage."

Lord Arden sat down beside them on the turf and asked Dickie a good many questions about where he was born, and whom he had lived with, and what he had seen and done and been. Dickie answered honestly and straightforwardly. Only, of course, he did not mention his dreams, or say that in these dreams he and Lord Arden's children were friends and cousins. And all the time they were talking Lord Arden's eyes were fixed on his face, except when they wandered to Tinkler and the white seal. Once he picked these up and looked at the crest on them. "Where did you get these?" he asked. Dickie told; and then Lord Arden handed the seal and Tinkler to him and went on with his questions.

At last Elfrida put her arms round her father's neck and whispered. "I know it's not manners, but Dickie won't mind," she said before the whispering began.

"Yes, certainly," said Lord Arden, when the whispering was over; "it's tea-time. Dickie, you'll come home to tea with us, won't you?"

"I must tell Mr. Beale," said Dickie; "he'll be anxious if I don't."

"Shall I hurt you if I put you on my back?" Lord Arden asked, and next minute he was carrying Dickie down the slope towards Arden Castle, while Edred went back to Beale's cottage to say where Dickie

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was. When Edred got back to Arden Castle tea was ready in the parlour and Dickie was resting in a comfortable chair.

"Isn't old Beale a funny old man?" said Edred. "He said Arden Castle was the right place for Dickie, with a face like that. What could he have meant? What are you doing that for?" he added, in injured tones, for Elfrida had kicked him hard, under the table.

Before tea was over there was a sound of horses' hoofs and carriage wheels in the courtyard. And the maidservant opened the parlour door and said, "Lady Talbot." Dickie wished he could creep under the table. It was too hard; she *must* recognize him. And now Edred and Elfrida and Lord Arden, who was so kind and jolly—they would all know that he had once been a burglar. He trembled all over. It was too hard.

Lady Talbot shook hands with the others and then turned to him. "And who is your little friend?" she asked Edred, and in the same breath cried out, "Why—it's my little runaway!"

Dickie only said, "I wasn't ungrateful—I had to go." But his eyes implored.

And Lady Talbot—Dickie will always love her for that—understood. Not a word about burglars did she say—only:—

"I wanted to adopt Dickie once, Lord Arden, but he would not stay."

"I had to get back to father," said Dickie.

"Well, at any rate, it's pleasant to see each other again," she said. "I always hoped we should some day. No sugar, thank you, Elfrida——" and then sat down and had tea, and was as jolly as possible. The only thing which made Dickie at all uncomfortable was when she turned suddenly to the master of the house and said, "Doesn't he remind you of anyone, Lord Arden?"

And Lord Arden said, "Perhaps he does," with that sort of look that people have when they mean, "Not before the children! I'd rather talk about it afterwards, if you don't mind."

Then the three were sent out to play, and Dickie was shown the castle ruins, while Lord Arden and Lady Talbot walked up and down on the daisied grass and talked for a long time. Dickie knew they were talking about him, but he did not mind. He had the feeling you sometimes have about grown-up people, that they really do understand and are to be trusted.

"You'll be too fine presently to speak to the likes of us, you nipper," said Beale, when a smart little pony-cart had brought Dickie back to the cottage; "you and your grand friends. Lord Arden, indeed——"

"They was as jolly as jolly," said Dickie; "nobody weren't never kinder to me nor what Lord Arden was, without it was you, father."



"WHY—IT'S MY LITTLE RUNAWAY!"

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"Ah!" said Beale to the old man, "'e knows how to get round his old dad, don't 'e?"

"What does he want to talk that way for?" the old man asked. "'E can talk like a little gentleman, 'cause I've 'eard 'im."

"Oh, that's the way we talks up London way," said Dickie. "I learnt to talk fine out o' books."

Mr. Beale said nothing, but that night he actually read for nearly ten minutes in a bound volume of the *Wesleyan Magazine*. And he was asleep over the same entertaining work when Lord Arden came the next afternoon.

You will be able to guess what he came about. And Dickie had a sort of feeling that perhaps Lord Arden might have seen by his face, as old Beale had, that he was an Arden. So neither he nor you will be much surprised. The person to be really surprised was Mr. Beale.

"You might 'a' knocked me down with a pickaxe," said Beale later; "so help me three men and a boy you might. It's a rum go. 'E says there's some woman been writing letters to 'im this long time, saying she's got 'old of 'is long-lost nephew or cousin or something, and a-wanting to get money out of him—though wot for goodness knows. An' 'e says you're a Arden by right, you nipper you, an' 'e wants to take you and bring you up along of his kids—so there's an end of you and me. Dickie, old boy, I didn't understand more than the 'arf of wot 'e was saying, but I tumbled to that much. It's all up with you and me and Amelia and the dogs and the little 'ouse. You're a-going to be a gentleman, you are—an' I'll have to take to the road by myself and be a poor beast of a cadger again. That's what it'll come to, I know."

"Don't you put yourself about," said Dickie, calmly; "I ain't a-goin' to leave yer. Didn't Lady Talbot ask me to be her boy—an' I cut straight back to you? I'll play along o' them kids, if Lord Arden'll let me. But I ain't a-goin' to leave you—not yet, I ain't. So don't you go snivelling afore anyone's 'urt you, father. See?"

But that was before Lord Arden had his second talk with Mr. Beale. After that it was:—

"Look 'ere, you nipper; I ain't a-goin' to stand in your light. You're goin' up in the world. Well, you ain't the only one. Lord Arden's bought father's cottage, an' 'e's goin' to build on to it, and I'm to 'ave all the dawgs down 'ere, and sell 'em through the papers like. And you'll come an' 'ave a look at us sometimes."

"And what about Amelia," said Dickie, "and the little 'ouse?"

"Well, I did think," said Beale, rubbing his nose thoughtfully, "of asking 'Melia to come down 'ere along of the dogs. Seems a pity to separate 'em, somehow. It was Lord Arden put it into my 'ed. 'You oughter be married, you ought,' 'e says to me, pleasant-like, man to man. 'Ain't there any young woman I could give a trifle to, to set you and her up in housekeeping?' So then I casts about, and I thinks of 'Melia. As well 'er as anybody, and she's used to the dogs. And the trifle's a hundred pounds. That's all. *That's all!* So I'm sending to 'er by this post. Oh, it's an awful toss-up getting married, but 'Melia ain't like a stranger, and it couldn't ever be the same with us two, nipper, after all this set-out. What you say?"

I don't know what Dickie said. What he felt was something like this:—

"I *have* tried to stick to Beale and help him along, and I did come back from the dream-world to help him, and I have been sticking to things I didn't like so as to help him and get him settled. He was my bit of work; and now someone else comes along and takes my work out of my hands and finishes it! And here's Beale provided for and settled, and I meant to provide for him myself; and I don't like it!"

That was what he felt at first. But afterwards he had to own that it was "a jolly lucky thing for Beale"—and for himself too. He found that to be at Arden Castle with Edred and Elfrida all day, at play and at lessons, was almost as good as being with them in the beautiful old dream-life. All the things that he had hated in this modern life, when he was Dickie of Deptford, ceased to trouble him now that he was Dick Arden. For the difference between being rich and poor is as great as the difference between being warm and cold.

After that first day a sort of shyness came over the three children, and they spoke no more of the strange adventures they had had together, but just played at all the ordinary everyday games till they almost forgot that there was any magic—had ever been any. The fact was the life they were leading was so happy in itself that they needed no magic to make them contented. It was not till after the wedding of 'Melia and Mr. Beale that Dickie remembered that to find the Arden treasure for his cousins had been one

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of his reasons for coming back to this the nowadays world.

I wish I had time to tell you about the wedding. I could write a whole book about it. How 'Melia came down from London and was married in Arden Church. How she wore a white dress and a large hat with a wreath of orange blossoms, and real kid gloves—all the gift of Miss Edith Arden, Lord Arden's sister. How Lord Arden presented an enormous wedding cake and a glorious wedding breakfast, and gave away the bride, and made a speech, saying he owed a great debt to Mr. Beale for his kindness to his nephew, Richard Arden; and how surprised everyone was to hear Dickie's new name. How all the dogs wore white favours and had each a crumb of wedding cake; and how when the wedding feast was over and the guests gone the bride tucked up her white dress under a big apron and set about arranging in the new rooms the sticks of furniture which Dickie and Beale had bought together for the little home in Deptford, and which had come in a van all the way to Arden.

The Ardens had gone back to the castle and Dickie with them, and old Beale was smoking in his usual chair by his front door; so there was no one to hear Beale's compliment to his bride. He came behind her and put his arm round her as she was dusting the mantelpiece. "Go on with you," said the new Mrs. Beale. "Anyone 'ud think we was courting."

"So we be," said Beale, and kissed 'Melia for the first time. "We got all our courting to do now. See? I might 'a' picked an' choosed," he added, reflectively, "but there—I dare say I might 'a' done worse"

'Melia blushed with pleasure at the compliment, and went on with the dusting.

It was as the Ardens walked home over the short turf that Lord Arden said to his sister, "I wish all the cottages here were like Beale's. It didn't cost so very much. If I could only buy back the rest of the land I'd show some people what a model village is like."

And Dickie heard what he said. That was why, when next he was alone with his cousins, he said:—

"Look here! You aren't allowed to use your magic any more to go and look for the treasure. But *I* am. And I vote we go and look for it. And then your father can buy back the old lands and build the new cottages and mend up Arden Castle and make it like it used to be."

"Oh, let's," said Elfrida, with enthusiasm.

But Edred unexpectedly answered, "I don't know."

The three children were sitting in the window of the gate-tower, looking down on the green turf of the castle yard.

"What do you mean—you don't know?" Elfrida asked, briskly.

"I *mean* I don't know," said Edred, stolidly. "We're all right as we are, *I* think. I used to think I liked it. But, if you come to think of it, something horrid happened to us every single time we went into the past with our magic. We were always being chased or put in prison or bothered somehow or other. The only really nice thing was when we saw the treasure being hidden, because that looked like a picture and we hadn't to do anything. And we don't know where the treasure is, anyhow. And I don't like adventures nearly so much as I used to think I did. We're all right and jolly as we are. What I say is, 'Don't let's.'"

This cold water damped the spirit of the others only for a few minutes.

"You know," Elfrida explained, "our magic took us to look for treasure in the past. And once a film of a photograph that we'd stuck up behaved like a cinematograph, and then we saw the treasure being hidden away."

"Then let's just go where that was—mark the spot, come home, and then dig it up."

"It wasn't buried," Elfrida explained. "It was put into a sort of cellar with doors—and we've looked all over what's left of the castle, and there isn't so much as a teeny silver mug to be found."

"I see," said Dickie. "But suppose I just worked the magic and wished to be where the treasure is?"

"I won't," cried Edred, and in his extreme dislike to the idea he kicked with his boots quite violently against the stones of the tower, "not much I won't. I expect the treasure's bricked up. We should look nice bricked up in a vault like a wicked nun, and perhaps forgotten the way to get out. Not much."

"You needn't make such a fuss about it," said Elfrida; "nobody's going to get bricked up in vaults."

And Dickie added: "You're quite right, old chap. I didn't think about that."

"We must do *something*," Elfrida said, impatiently.

"How would it be"—Dickie spoke slowly—"if I tried to see the Mouldierwarp? He is stronger than the Mouldiwarp. He might

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advise us. Suppose we wish the magic and just ask to see him?"

"I don't want to go away from here," said Edred, firmly.

"You needn't. I'll lay out the moonseeds and things on the floor here. You'll see."

So Dickie made the crossed triangles of moonseed, and he and his cousins stood on it, and Dickie said, "Please can we see the Mouldierwarp?"—just as you say, "Please can I see Mr. So-and-so?" when you have knocked at the door of Mr. So-and-so's house and someone has opened the door.

Immediately everything became dark, but before the children had time to wish that it was light again a disc of light appeared on the curtain of darkness, and there was the Mouldierwarp, just as Dickie had seen him once before.



He bowed in a courtly manner, and said:—

"What can I do for you to-day, Richard Lord Arden?"

"He's not Lord Arden," said Edred. "*I* used to be. But even *I'm* not Lord Arden now. My father is."

"Indeed!" said the Mouldierwarp, with an air of polite interest. "You interest me greatly, but my question remains unanswered."

"I want," said Dickie, "to find the lost treasure of Arden, so that the old castle can be built up again, and the old lands bought back, and the old cottages made pretty and good to live in. Will you please advise me?"

The Mouldierwarp in the magic-lantern picture seemed to scratch his nose thoughtfully with his forepaw.

"It can be done," he said, "but it will be hard. It is almost impossible to find that treasure without waking the Mouldiestwarp, who sits on the green and white chequered field of Arden's shield of arms. And he can only be awakened by some noble deed. Yet noble deeds may chance at any time. And if you go to seek treasure of one kind you may find treasure of another. I have spoken."

It began to fade away, but Elfrida cried, "Oh, *don't* go! You're just like the Greek oracles. Won't you tell us something plain and straightforward?"

"I will," said the Mouldierwarp, rather shortly.

> "Great Arden's Lord no treasure shall regain,
> Till Arden's Lord is lost and found again."

"And father *was* lost and found again," said Edred, "so that's all right."

> "Set forth to seek it with courageous faces,
> And seek it in the most unlikely places."

And with that it vanished altogether, and the darkness with it, and there were the three children and Tinkler and the white seal and the moonseeds and the sunshine on the floor of the room in the tower.

"That's useful!" said Edred, scornfully. "As if it wasn't just as difficult to know the unlikely places as the likely ones!"

"I'll tell you what," said Dickie. And then the dinner-bell rang, and they had to go and eat roast mutton and plum pie, and behave as though they were just ordinary children to whom no magic had ever happened. There was little chance of more talk that day. Edred and Elfrida were to be taken to Cliffville immediately after dinner to be measured for new shoes. And Dickie was to go up to spend the afternoon with Beale and 'Melia and the dogs. Still, in the few moments when they were all dressed and waiting for the dog-cart to come round, Dickie found a chance to whisper to Elfrida.

"Let's all think of unlikely places as hard as ever we can. And to-morrow we'll decide on the unlikeliest and go there. Edred needn't be in it if he doesn't want to. *You're* keen, aren't you?"

"Rather," was all there was time for Elfrida to say.

(To be continued.)

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CURIOSITIES.

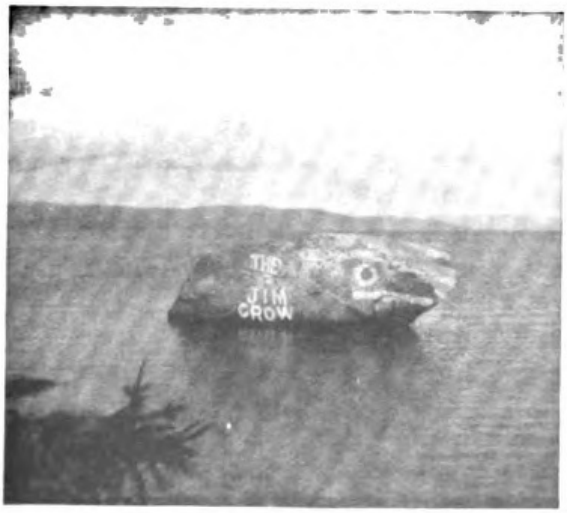
[*We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.*]

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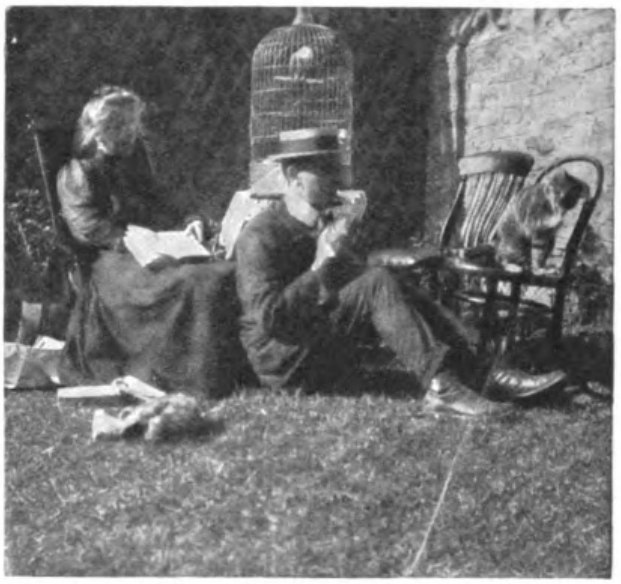
NOT A BABY'S FEET.

THE accompanying photograph has caused so much amusement among my friends that I thought it might prove equally interesting to readers of THE STRAND. The legs are my first and second fingers, the shoes were taken from a doll, while the illusion is completed by the use of a handkerchief and some lace.—Mr. George Kightly, 79, Beamsley Road, Frizinghall.



IS IT A SEA-SERPENT?

THE Jim Crow Rock, situated on the Kim shore, Argyllshire, Scotland, is a landmark for the old and an object of great wonder for the young. It is of natural formation, but some apprentice painter has endeavoured to improve upon it.—Mr. John H. Ker, 32, Thornwood Avenue, Partick.



A FOUR-LEGGED PHOTOGRAPHER.

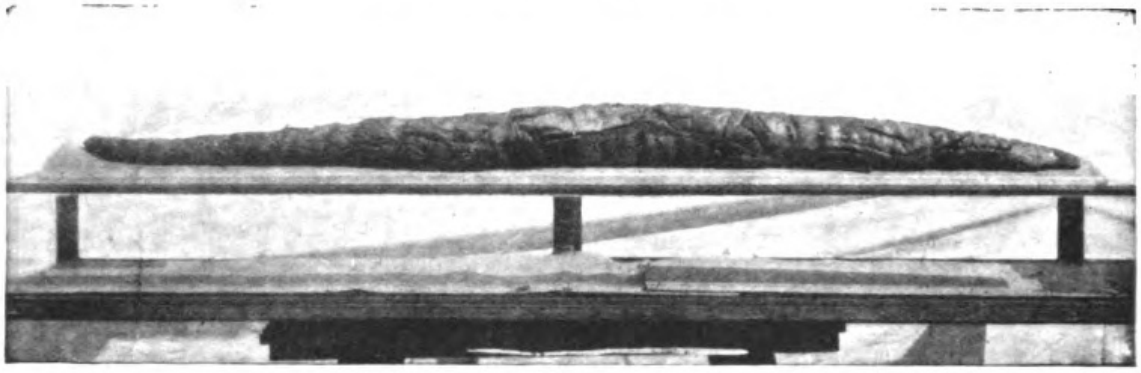
THE above is a photograph of my mother, myself, and our pets, and, though it is of no interest in itself, the method by which it was taken may make it worth a place among your "Curiosities." By setting the shutter of my camera ready for taking a snapshot and releasing it by means of a long piece of cord, I am able to take my own photograph without the help of any second party. In this case, however, I had tied the cord to the chair while endeavouring to get the animals to pose, when the cat, attracted by the string, sprang on the chair, pawed the cord, and released the shutter, thus taking the photograph of us all. The print clearly shows the piece of cord tied to the top of the chair, with the cat in the act of taking the photograph in the way I have just described.—Mr. T. Oxland, Trencrom, Westville Road, Roath, Cardiff.

A KETTLE MADE FROM A FARTHING.

THIS little kettle was made entirely from a farthing, and another farthing is placed at its side in order to show the actual size of the kettle in relation to the coin.—Mr. S. Cossham, Wellesley House, Cirencester.



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A SNAKE'S BIG MOUTHFUL.

THE rug shown in the above photograph spent nearly a month in the stomach of a snake in the Zoological Gardens, Adelaide. It did not suffer either in texture or tone, but there were stains where the gastric juices had striven to operate. When the rug was at length disgorged, ten of the reptile's teeth were found sticking to it. The weight of the rug when dry was 11½lb., and the length of it in the state shown in the picture was five feet three inches. —Miss B. G. Taylor, 1, Victoria Mansions, Church Road, Hanwell.



A CLEVER PORTRAIT OF NAPOLEON.

THIS portrait of the great Napoleon is a singularly ingenious piece of work which well repays close examination. As will be seen, it is symbolical of his army, being composed of various types of soldiers, cannon, colours, etc.—Mr. George F. Boote, 16, Grant Street, Cobridge, Stoke-on-Trent.

"THE TINKER'S LOUP."

TRADITION says that a tinker, when pursued for stealing a frying-pan containing sausages, and while still holding the pan in his hand, performed the feat of leaping from the right bank of the chasm to the left, a distance of sixteen feet four inches.



The spot, which is now known as "The Tinker's Loup," is on the River Dench, in Kirkcudbrightshire. The photograph shows a small salmon trying to ascend the fall, but none have been known to succeed in the attempt, the force of water being too great for them.—Mr. J. D. Hay Stewart, 34, Minto Street, Edinburgh.

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THE POWER OF SNAILS.

ONE day, by way of experiment, I harnessed two common garden snails to a toy gun-carriage to see if they could pull it along. Although the gun-carriage was a heavy leaden one, the snails pulled it so easily that I loaded the body of the carriage with small shot; the snails, however, were more than equal to the task. Anxious to test their powers still further, I attached a toy cannon (made of lead and brass) behind the gun-carriage, but the snails and their additional load moved on once again with the same apparent ease. Out of curiosity I decided to weigh the cannon, gun-carriage, and shot, and to my great surprise found the total weight to be almost one pound! I venture to think this a very good load for two snails to manage. What do your readers think?—Mr. A. L. Pacey, 60, Wyndham Road, Kingston-on-Thames.

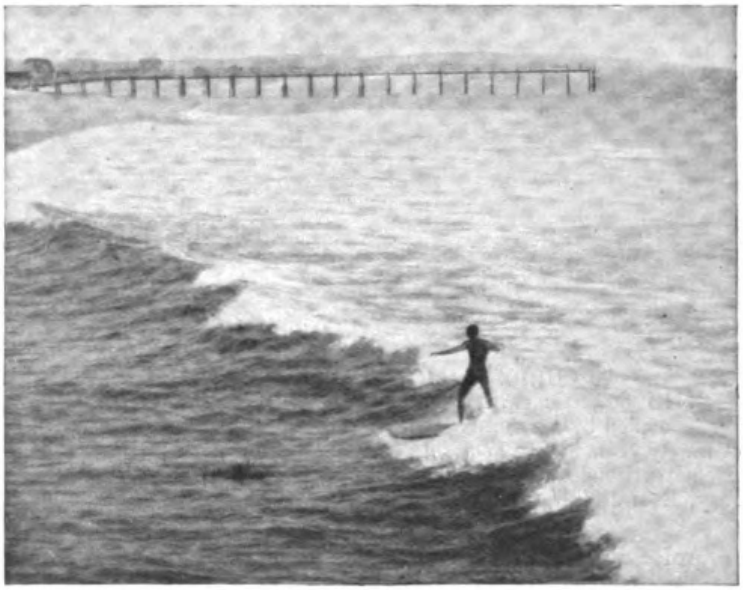
A SCREEN OF "STRAND MAGAZINE" PICTURES.

ALL the pictures on this screen, with a very few exceptions, are from the reading and advertisement pages of THE STRAND MAGAZINE, while the border is made of all kinds of used postage-stamps. To children it is a wonderful attraction—they stand and gaze at the pictures with admiring eyes, and never seem to tire of doing so.—Mr. G. H. Davidson, Tenerife, Canary Islands.



THE JOYS OF SURF-RIDING.

IN a recent number of THE STRAND I noticed a photograph of a man riding on a surf-board at Honolulu. While travelling in Southern California a few years ago I saw, at one of the beaches there, this same feat performed. As your contributor says, the man either stretches at full length or stands erect upon the board. The rider sometimes makes ten or twelve attempts before he is successful in balancing himself and the board on the crest of a wave, but when he does get it just right the wave will carry him at a tremendous speed until it lands him far up on the beach.—Mr. L. M. Robinson, 738, Westminster Street, Providence, R.I., U.S.A.



WALKING ON HIS HANDS.

THIS photograph, which I took specially for your "Curiosities" pages, shows a local beggar who goes his daily rounds of between four and five miles on his hands. From this constant exercise his wrists have developed an unusual strength and thickness. His feet he now only uses to sit on and rest, while his legs have become shrivelled and useless.—Lance-Corporal E. Davies, Scout, 2nd Royal Berkshire Regiment, Meerut, U.P., India.



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A CURIOSITY IN CARDS.

THIS fantastic card is one of a set of nineteen copied by a member of my family some eighty or ninety years ago from a set painted by one of the French prisoners of war in England.—Miss M. H. Hay, Lound Hall, near Lowestoft.

APPEARANCES ARE DECEPTIVE.

I AM sending you a photograph of a friend which was taken by me last year. At a casual glance it would appear to be a foppish dwarf, but in reality it is a picture of my friend behind a piece of cardboard, upon which he drew a body, arms, and legs with charcoal. The parts showing up white are pieces of paper, cut out and gummed on to the cardboard. After drawing the man minus a head, he placed his own on to the hollow which was cut out for it, while the remainder of his body was hidden behind a curtain.—Mr. F. Rossetti, Bishop Catton School, Simla, India.

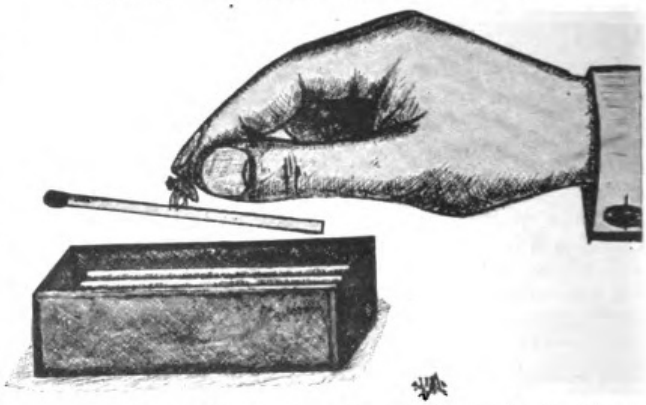


A BIRD'S STRANGE DEATH.

THE strange manner in which a sparrow-hawk met its death in the corner of a guard's van on a Caledonian Railway train is shown in the accompanying photograph. The bird was on the bank at the side of the railway-track, and, taking fright at the approaching train, which was going about thirty miles an hour, rose and flew over the tender, but did not quite escape the guard's van. It flew with a crash against the right-hand window, shattered the pane of glass, which was a quarter of an inch thick, and fell dead on the seat below the window, as shown. Notwithstanding the speed of the train, it is certainly remarkable that so small a bird should smash so strong a window.—Mr. George S. Barry, Wellbank, Kirriemuir, N.B.

HOW TO MAKE A FLY EMPTY A BOX OF MATCHES.

THERE is often time for a little conversation and the showing of a trick or two after dinner, so that the following experiment may prove interesting and useful to many readers. It would be best to first introduce flies into the conversation by saying what a nuisance they are, or something equally simple, and then at a suitable opening ask if anyone present has ever seen a fly—a common house-fly—empty a box of matches. The answer will undoubtedly be in the



negative. However, a fly can be made to do so. Having caught one alive, carefully hold it by both wings over a box of matches from which the lid has been removed, so that it can touch a match with its legs. It will immediately cling to the match in its endeavour to walk, and fly and match can be lifted up. The match can now be pulled from off the fly's feet and the fly lowered to another match, to which it will at once cling. Having caused the fly to lift out two or three matches, it could readily be seen that, if necessary, it would remove them all; and so the fly could then be released, and would not be long in disappearing—no doubt to a quiet corner to think the matter over!—Mr. F. Stuart Maudling, 15, Godstone Road, St. Margaret's, Twickenham.



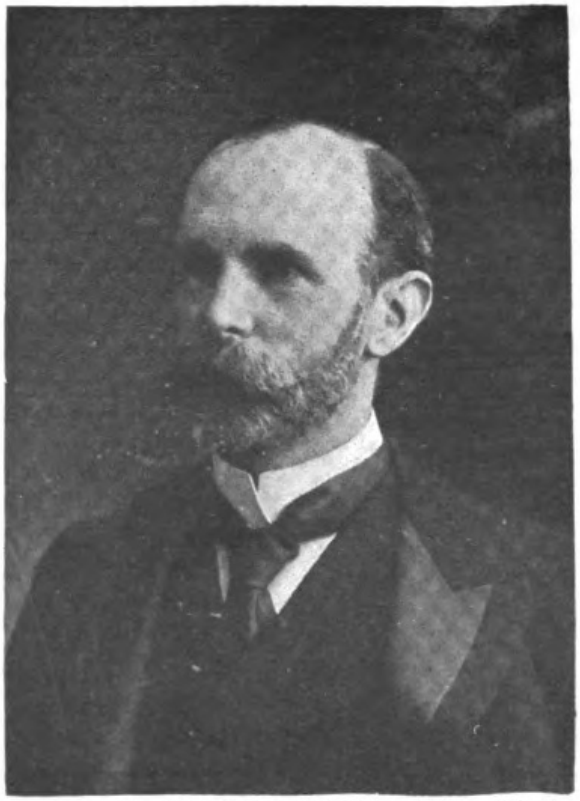
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THE AUSTRALIAN OUTLOOK.

An Interview with Captain R. Muirhead Collins, Representative of the Australian Commonwealth.

THESE are busy times for Captain Collins, the Representative of the Australian Commonwealth, for Australian visitors, who have followed summer from their own shores to the shores of the Motherland, are numerous in London just now, and it devolves upon Captain Collins to extend the official courtesies to many of them. Australian visitors, moreover, are seldom mere pleasure-seekers; they have mostly public or business interests to promote, and in these things the advice and influence of the Representative are eagerly sought and count for much. So the interviewer, when calling upon Captain Collins at his offices in Victoria Street, with the object of getting him to express his views upon the Australian outlook, had to be content to make the most of a brief opportunity. But Captain Collins knows his subject so thoroughly, and seems to possess such clearness of vision in regard to his country's outlook, that one soon gathers his views on the uppermost points; and in the following pages the interviewer endeavours to present a sectional summary of these views, free from the interruptions of interrogation and discussion.



CAPTAIN R. MUIRHEAD COLLINS, R.N., C.M.G., REPRESENTATIVE OF THE COMMONWEALTH OF AUSTRALIA IN LONDON.

AUSTRALIA GENERALLY.

In speaking of Australia generally (said Captain Collins), the difficulty is where to begin. For the country is so vast, its possibilities are so great, its interests so varied, and its products so excellent, that there is a danger of being thought too optimistic. Further, it would be almost impossible, in a few words, to do more than merely hint at its growing resources. I think, however, it will assist people here to form a more correct estimate of the Commonwealth if a few particulars relating to the country as a whole were given, for in the past

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misconceptions have arisen through confounding one individual State with the Continent. I would like to say that Australia began its national life under the happiest auguries. There have been no wars, no internecine troubles. There has been just a natural development. The fight has been simply with the forces of Nature; with the wilds of the bush; with heavily-timbered lands; and in subduing Nature the settlers have gained wealth and prosperity and the country a name synonymous with success; for it is not too much to add that in no country of the world to-day can a more prosperous body be found than the Australian farmers and producers. And there are millions of acres of undeveloped country capable of providing an equally prosperous condition to scores of thousands of settlers. This is what the English people have to grasp and realize before they can adequately understand what Australia's resources represent. Moreover, in addition to this general geographical fact, it must also be understood what those millions of acres comprise—what the special characteristics are in the different States, climatic and otherwise.

THE VASTNESS OF THE COUNTRY.

The area of the Commonwealth is greater than that of the United States of America; it is more than one-quarter of the area of the whole of the British Empire; it is nearly three-quarters the size of the whole area of Europe, including Russia; it is about twenty-five times as large as the United Kingdom. Take another illustration. Of its six States, Western Australia alone is larger than the German Empire, France, Spain, Sweden, Norway, Portugal, Greece, and Belgium combined. The coast line of the Commonwealth is 12,200 miles.

ITS GREAT POSSIBILITIES.

All products come from the soil, and when some practical steps are taken to open up, settle, and develop the lands—although the progress of the country in the past has been phenomenal—Australia will become in the truest and best sense, both in regard to population and productiveness, a truly great country. For really there is scarcely any limit to the resources of the Commonwealth. Its diversity of soil and climate enables every variety of plant to flourish, including wheat, oats, barley, maize, beans, rye, potatoes, onions, sugar-cane, vines, bananas, pineapples, tobacco, cotton, hops, etc. Even now the trade in dairy produce, bacon, hams, poultry, and eggs reaches large proportions; but at what pace may we expect developments when there is a population in keeping with the possibilities of the country? Just think of it—nineteen hundred million acres, and not the one hundred and fiftieth part cultivated, and carrying only a little more than half the population of Greater London!

ITS VARIED INTERESTS.

Australia should become an almost absolutely self-contained country. There is untold wealth in farming, dairying, fruit-growing, and pastoral pursuits, whilst its mineral treasures and its manufacturing development point to great things in the future. Not only do gold, silver, and coal abound, but the country is rich in copper, tin, zinc, iron, manganese, and precious stones. Its manufactures, too, are becoming increasingly valuable. There are nearly 12,000 factories in the Commonwealth, employing some 229,000 hands. The value of the lands and buildings and plant and machinery of these factories is over £43,000,000, whilst more than £13,000,000 is annually paid in salaries and wages. In many lines there is excellent scope for further advancement. The interests of the country are as varied as possible, and with millions of acres of excellent soil, and immense undeveloped resources in all directions, the outlook for the future is particularly bright.

THE EXCELLENCE OF ITS PRODUCTS.

The quality of the Australian farm products—notably wheat, butter, and meat—is equal to the world's best, and it is a pity the British people do not know more of their purity and excellence, for housewives would benefit largely if they were more extensively used. Australian merino wool is easily first in the world's markets. Of the fruit little need be said, because its lusciousness and its splendid variety are the wonder of all who are privileged to see our orchards and vineyards. Great care is exercised not only by the producers but by the Government officials in seeing that only the best is sent to market, and perhaps no people in the world are more fastidious in taste in this matter than the Australians, for they have been not only educated but accustomed to having nothing but the very best.

ITS GRAND CLIMATE.

Australia has an equable and agreeable climate. The larger portion of the Continent lies in the temperate zone, and on account of its geographical position and the deficiency of phenomenal physical features the greater part of the country suffers comparatively

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little from either extreme heat or intense cold. Of course, the temperature is higher than that registered in England, but, having a dry atmosphere, little inconvenience is felt. Europeans become acclimatized in a very short time, and quickly appreciate the brightness of the sun and enjoy the freedom and happiness of the outdoor life which the climatic conditions foster in so large a degree. The death-rate is the lowest of any country in the world save New Zealand, and that fact surely speaks volumes for the country.

INDIVIDUAL WEALTH.

Now a word or two generally. There are about 1,260,000 depositors in the savings banks, with over £42,000,000 to their credit. Friendly society funds cover over £4,000,000, and life assurance is over £107,000,000. These figures speak for themselves as to the prosperity of the people. Education is free, and many of the schools are finely equipped for work. There are 9,721 public and private schools, with an average attendance of 566,950 children. With regard to the value of exports per inhabitant, the following figures may prove interesting: United States of America, £4 9s. 10d.; Germany, £4 14s. 4d.; France, £5 4s. 1d.; Canada, £8 11s. 10d.; United Kingdom, £8 12s.; Argentine Republic, £12 12s. 11d.; COMMONWEALTH OF AUSTRALIA, £16 4s. 7d.

Yes, it is true that the public debt on paper is a large amount—£240,000,000; but what does the amount of debt matter if there are assets that far more than counterbalance it? And pessimists who seek to decry the country obviously shut their eyes to this important fact. When analysed the debt is really an item not worth worrying over. Why, the railways have absorbed nearly £140,000,000 of the amount, and they returned a net profit of nearly a million after paying working expenses and interest on capital. Not a bad investment that. Besides, how could a new country be opened up without railways and other national works, such as harbours, wharves, water supply, sewerage, etc., all of which are paying investments, both directly and indirectly? Then, think of the millions of acres of lands the States possess. One would have no difficulty in getting a financier to take over the debt, provided he could have the assets also. It would be a fine deal for the moneyed man.

GENERAL CONCLUSIONS.

To sum up, there is an enormous scope for the production of foodstuffs, dairy produce, pigs and poultry, fruits, and all kinds of products from the soil; and instead of Great Britain taking its butter, cheese, condensed milk, tinned fish, poultry, eggs, wines, etc., from foreign countries, we ought, as I have already hinted, with a well-developed policy of settlement to be producing all these goods by Britain's sons and daughters, and the old folks at home should be their children's best customers. This brief *résumé* will show you that I cannot be too optimistic in regard to the future of the great Continent of Australia if wise counsels prevail and the rich lands waiting to be cultivated are made to produce products not only of first-class quality, but in splendid paying quantities. It is the settler, the primary producer, strong and sturdy, with grit and determination, who is going to have a big hand in the future progress and development of the country, and it will mean a big thing for the Motherland as well as for the Commonwealth.

The interviewer may take it upon himself to add that Captain Collins has "done the State some service" quite apart from that which falls to him as the holder of his present official position. He is a native of Somerset, was educated at Chew Magna, and entered the Royal Navy by way of the old *Britannia*, on leaving which he took a first class, and was awarded the Admiralty dirk, given to the cadet with the highest marks in seamanship. He had a considerable experience of the Australian station as sub-lieutenant, and returned to England for a course of gunnery and torpedo work. In 1877 he received the appointment of Torpedo Instructor to the Naval Forces of Victoria, and in that capacity did much useful work—on the sea, in England, and in Australia. Later he was promoted to the rank of Commander in the Naval Forces of Victoria; in 1886 was made Secretary of Defence; in 1901 became Permanent Head of the Defences of Australia; and in 1906 received his present appointment, which he has filled with complete success, showing not only a business capacity that counts for much in such a position, but those rarer social and personal qualities which are of the first importance in keeping the official functions in smooth working condition.

J. B.

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Canadian Pressmen's Parting Words

ON THE OPPORTUNITIES THAT CANADA OFFERS.

BEFORE the final leave-taking of the overseas Press representatives who attended the recent Press Congress we obtained from some of them an expression of their views in regard to the subject of emigration to the lands in which they are specially interested, and of which they possess full and ample knowledge. We thought that their opinions would be of real guiding value, and we have much pleasure in putting them before our readers.

On the general subject of emigration to Canada, Mr. D. WATSON, managing director of the *Quebec Chronicle*, says :—

If there were a more desirable class of immigration into a new country such as Canada, it would in a very pronounced manner have a highly beneficial effect. In many cases we rub shoulders with dissatisfied new-comers, those who expect easy lives and easy methods, and who, in realizing the true state, too often, unfortunately, give utterance to complaints which go far to antagonize where in reality a true cordiality and esteem should exist. With the right material and in a country such as Canada, with its boundless wealth and resources, conditions and results should arise to weld closer than ever those bonds of affection between us and the Motherland in indissoluble links of Empire.



MR. D. WATSON, MANAGING DIRECTOR, "CHRONICLE," QUEBEC.

Mr. JOHN NELSON, managing director of the *Times*, Victoria, British Columbia, whose experience is specially of the Farther North-West, offers wise counsel on the same subject, and to the same effect, practically. He says :—

Canada offers to young Britain opportunity, and that reduction of heart-breaking competition which gives a man his chance in life. Her greatest field lies, of course, on her lands ; these call to young men, but hardly to old ones. The ideal emigrant, to my mind, is a man from eighteen to twenty-five, whose mind is plastic, and who will at once adapt himself to overseas conditions. The man past middle age can hardly expect to possess this adaptability ; but if he have a family, let him come nevertheless. Owing to special conditions, to explain which would require a separate article, the trades and professions do not offer the same attractions. It must be clearly understood that a man without aptitude for work and without perseverance will accomplish little. He would have been a failure in the Garden of Eden.



MR. JOHN NELSON, MANAGING DIRECTOR, "TIMES," VICTORIA, B.C.

Mr. M. E. NICHOLS, editor of the *Winnipeg Telegram*, has some pertinent observations to make on the important subject of the opportunities that Canada offers to the British manufacturer, as well as on the general question of emigration. He remarks :—

The British industries I had the privilege of inspecting were well organized, but I was surprised and disappointed to find such a large portion of their plants the product of foreign manufacture. This would seem to indicate a serious lack of inventive genius or insufficient attention to technical education in Great Britain. The British manufacturer, I think, should realize the necessity of more energetic promotion of his goods, especially in Canada, where a rapidly-expanding market is yielding its immense opportunities to the more alert and infinitely more interested manufacturers of the United States. Intelligent and persistent cultivation of the Canadian market would, I believe, increase British exports to Canada by £20,000,000 a year within five years. There is boundless opportunity in Canada to British citizens desiring to emigrate, and who possess the necessary qualities of intelligence and determination. Generally speaking, the class of people that would be most likely to succeed in Canada is the class of people who can attain at least a moderate measure of success in England.

From Mr. A. F. MACDONALD, who is editor of the *Morning Chronicle*, Halifax, Nova Scotia, and officiated as secretary of the Canadian Delegation, we obtain a full and very interesting pronouncement with regard to the advantages offered by his own Province of Nova Scotia. He writes :—

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MR. M. E. NICHOLS, EDITOR, "WINNIPEG TELEGRAM," WINNIPEG.

In setting out the special advantages of Nova Scotia one may emphasize the fact that it is almost a duplicate of the United Kingdom—that is to say, it has within it all the elements which have contributed to the manufacturing and industrial greatness of the British Isles. It is peopled by men of British stock, it occupies a maritime position fronting the Atlantic and commanding the trade routes of the world, as the gateway of the Dominion of Canada, and it has at tide water inexhaustible deposits of coal and iron—the basic factors in industrial development. Nova Scotia offers unexcelled opportunities to the British agriculturists of small capital, who may, at a very moderate cost, acquire farms within easy reach of profitable and growing markets. There are special opportunities for the progressive farmer in dairying, fruit-culture, and sheep-raising. There is not, I venture to say, another section of the Empire over-sea of equal area with as great a variety and richness of resources in farm, forest, mine, and sea as Nova Scotia. There is no other portion of the Empire where the British immigrant and the British investor will find conditions more closely resembling those which obtain in the Homeland than in this Eastern Province of Canada, jutting out into the Atlantic.



MR. A. F. MACDONALD, EDITOR, "MORNING CHRONICLE," HALIFAX, N.S., SECRETARY OF THE CANADIAN DELEGATION.

The fact that the products of Nova Scotia's five major industries—agriculture, mining, fishing, lumbering, and manufacturing—totalled in the year 1908 more than 107,000,000 dollars—and this with a population of scarcely half a million—suggests the potentialities of this richly-dowered little province, which is destined to be the workshop of the Dominion. Nova Scotia has been a prince and a leader in education. It has a free school system which is second to none, academies and Universities which, in point of scholastic results, rank with the best, and a new system of technical education which provides technical training through all the grades, from the schools for miners to the central institution of technology of University rank. Halifax, the capital of the province, is the national gateway of the Dominion, and with an express service of ocean liners would be within four days of England—a strategic position which will make Canada the highway for that future world-travel which the "All Red Route" will carry from Britain to the lands of the Orient. Nova Scotia is a land of promise and of vast possibilities alike to the British farmer immigrant who seeks a home in a settled community under the flag and to the British capitalist, who may at once receive a fair return for his investment and at the same time contribute to the upbuilding of the Empire.

Then, from Mr. P. D. Ross, editor of the *Ottawa Evening Journal*—who, besides being one of the most active journalists in the Dominion, is a champion mile runner and a first-rate oar—we have been favoured with an enumeration of "pointers" for intending emigrants that should be of good service. Mr. Ross says:—

Anyone can get 160 acres of fertile soil free in Canada. Therefore:—

(1.) Any farmer with enough to live on for a year and buy some farming implements—say, in all, £150 up—can make a fine thing in Canada. In five years he can be worth £1,000 to £2,000.

(2.) Any farm labourer can do well, and soon own a good farm.

(3.) Any skilled mechanic is sure of doing well. He had better be a Union man.

(4.) Any domestic servant can do well.

(5.) Civil engineers or surveyors are likely to do well, although the latter will have Canadian examinations to pass.

(6.) Double entry book-keepers can be pretty sure of finding good employment.

(7.) Building contractors will prosper.

(8.) Day-labourers willing to work outside the cities will get work steadily.

Clerks, indifferent mechanics, shopkeepers, persons looking for official positions, day-labourers not willing to work outside the cities, lawyers, doctors, salesmen, journalists, writers, should not go to Canada.

Information from authoritative sources such as these cannot fail to be of much use, and we tender our thanks to the distinguished Canadian editors who have thus given our readers the advantage of their special knowledge. We are indebted to "Canada" for the courtesy of reproducing the portraits here introduced.



MR. P. D. ROSS, EDITOR, "EVENING JOURNAL," OTTAWA.

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THE LAST WEST.

THE DOMINION'S "DREADNOUGHT."

By CY WARMAN,

Author of "The Story of the Railroad," "Frontier Stories," etc.

THE SOUL OF THE SASKATCHEWAN.

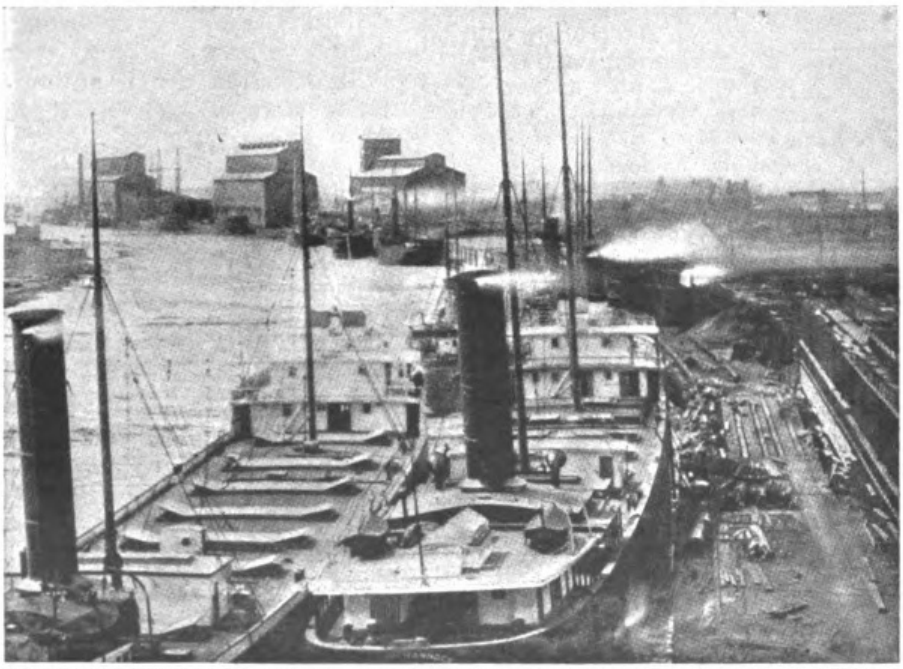
THE life-blood of old Egypt courses with the muddy Nile,
The Czar sleeps with his faith in men who guard the empty street,
The peace of many nations rests behind a thin red file;
But the soul of the Saskatchewan's a little grain of wheat.

The thin red line may riot, where but lately it salaamed,
The sentinel may slumber and a mob possess the street;
Old Egypt may know famine and the muddy Nile be dammed,
But the soul of the Saskatchewan remains, a grain of wheat.

Let nation barter nation, with its battle-flag unfurled,
The State may stand secure a space behind a framing fleet;
God's sunshine on Saskatchewan, her fields shall feed the world,
For the soul of the Saskatchewan's a little grain of wheat.

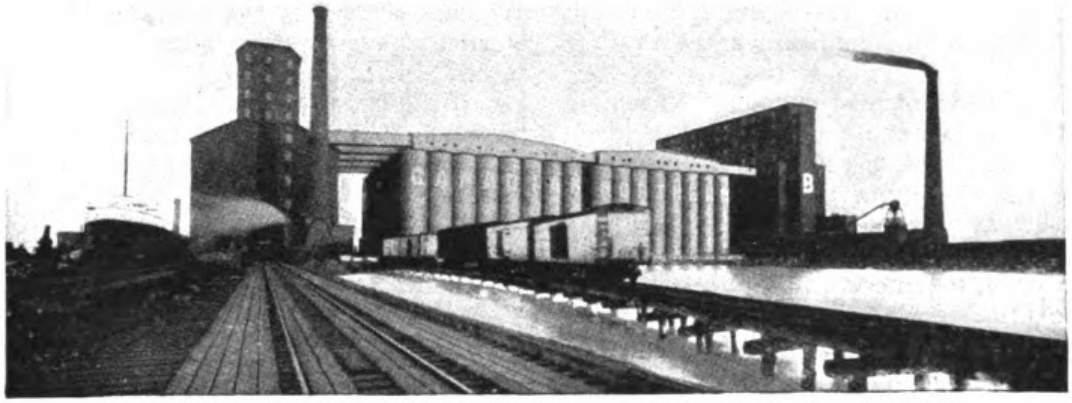
FOR years Canada was considered to be too far north for winter wheat; but now they know better. An enterprising farmer imported some Turkey Red from Kansas, planted it in Southern Alberta, and was richly rewarded in the harvest-time. Encouraged by this experiment, a settler on the Swan River, half a thousand miles north-east from where the first trial was made, planted winter wheat, and he has continued to plant winter wheat for nine years, and without a single failure.

And because of the superiority of the Canadian soil and the cool nights, the berry produced was 30 per cent. larger, heavier, and harder than the Turkey Red (called Alberta Red in Canada) which he had sown. Thousands of fields, hundreds of thousands of acres in the Canadian West, holding nothing but waving wild grass a decade ago, are now yielding from 30 to 50 bushels of winter wheat per acre. The acreage would have been greater at this time had there been greater transportation facilities in the West. Both the Dominion Government and the various Provincial Governments are now bending every effort to encourage railway building, and by the end of 1909 hundreds of square miles of hitherto isolated lands will be reached by the rails of one or more of the railways now rushing to the fertile fields of this Last West. Instead of failing and growing dimmer as time



HARBOUR ON LAKE SUPERIOR—AN ANIMATED AND PICTURESQUE SCENE DURING THE PERIOD OF THE AUTUMN SHIPMENTS OF SASKATCHEWAN WHEAT.

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CANADIAN NORTHERN RAILWAY ELEVATOR, WITH CAPACITY FOR HANDLING SEVEN MILLION BUSHELS OF WHEAT.

passes, the rosy dream of these Empire-builders who for the past ten or a dozen years have been peopling these vast fields comes truer and truer as the years blow by. The settlers from the British Isles are of the best type obtainable. From the States Canada gets the finished product, while Uncle Sam rakes in the raw material at Castle Garden. In 1898 only 2,412 settlers came in from the South, but in 1908 the volume of immigration had swelled to 58,312. These are largely farmers from the Middle West, who seek, for their sons, the free or cheap lands of the Canadian West.

It goes without saying that the sons of these settlers will be good Canadians by the time they reach the years of maturity, and that the grandsons will *be* Canadians.

The climate of the Dakotas is more severe than the climate of the Canadian West; therefore the settlers from the South are accustomed to a cold country, and find no fault.

And then, too, the climate of Canada, like her resources and scenery, is so varied that one may choose between the bracing "New England" winter of Quebec and the open fields of sunny Alberta or the sheltered, chinook-fanned vales of British Columbia.

To get back to the wheat-fields, it is interesting to note that, while the winter wheat-fields are spreading, not only to the north, but to the semi-arid lands south of Medicine Hat, the spring wheat is spreading north and north-west. Already wheat has been grown up near the edge of the Arctic Circle and down the Yukon as far as Dawson. It is reaching out west from Edmonton towards the foothills. Encouraged by the prospect of new railway lines, the homesteader has pushed on to the very fringe of the forest and beyond. Last year we harvested from 6,000,000 acres, threshing out 102,000,000 bushels in the Canadian West alone. The average yield per acre in Canada is over 18 bushels, as against less than 13 bushels for the American fields. In a section in Saskatchewan, where the land was looked upon as light and lay idle up to seven years ago, a German bought a large tract of land, and his first crop gave him a net profit of 17 dollars per acre, and this on land that had cost him less than 5 dollars per acre. Wheat-growing in the Canadian West, even when wastefully followed, pays, and if farming were conducted scientifically or with ordinary business sagacity it would be one of the safest and surest industries open to the man without large means.

The fascinating tale of the settlement and development of the Western States is being reproduced here in the Canadian West, where the whole story is set forth like a mammoth moving picture. To watch a wild field being transformed from a silent waste to a sea of gold which, wimpled by the west wind, billows away and breaks on a bluff that shelters the painted second home of a homesteader, is to realize the riches of these Western plains. And it all comes of a little grain of wheat. This little pink berry produced wonderful Winnipeg, which gave Kipling, according to his own statement, "A New Day." It was in Manitoba that "No. 1 Hard" was born. It has made Brandon, the "Wheat City." It has changed Regina from a remote and romantic outpost of civilization to the proud capital of Saskatchewan, and made Saskatoon to be called "The Kansas City of Canada." It has made of Edmonton, known yesterday as "The Last House," the chief city of Alberta, and helped

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the cattlemen and ranchers to make Calgary one of the most prosperous and progressive towns in the West. It has lifted thousands of farmers from comparative poverty to plenty.

It has made men write "home" for their friends and neighbours to come to Canada.

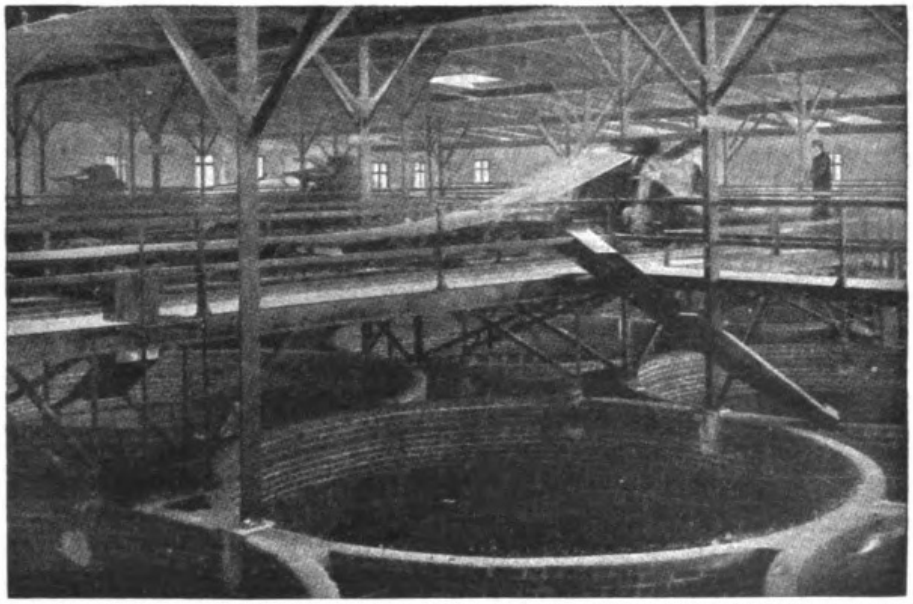
This little grain of wheat makes the ratio of success to failures among the farmers of the West as a hundred to one. The very satisfactory average yield for the past half a-dozen years, together with the steady advance in the price of wheat, has made the farmer the most independent man on the American Continent. He knows not of the relentless cruelty of "capital" nor the pitiless tyranny of "labour." When he fares forth in the dewy morn, not even the lark that lifts from the meadow-lands is freer or happier than he, for the lark, at best, can only accept things as he finds them and enjoy what Nature has spread out, while the farmer may assist Nature, may change the brown fields to fields of emerald and of gold, causing two blades of wheat to grow where there was none.

Step by step the homesteader mounts from the turf-house to a comfortable cottage, from the cottage to a splendid home. Already he has in Saskatchewan and Alberta, as he has now in Ontario and Manitoba, his rural delivery and his telephone.

The recent decision of the Dominion Government to open for settlement the odd sections of land has resulted in a new interest in Canada. Formerly only the even-numbered sections—as 2, 4, 6, etc.—were available for free homesteads, but by this new law any section is available for the homesteader. This ruling alone has brought thousands of additional settlers. It is reported that more than 21,000 homesteads were taken up in the first ninety days of this year.

The earth's surface is being occupied. This is, of a truth, the Last West as well as the best. Those who declare that an intelligent, industrious man cannot make a comfortable living for himself and family on a Western farm surely have some hidden desire other than painting true pictures and telling the truth.

As an early advocate of the Canadian West, having grown up in the Western States, I say to all who inquire of me—"Go West." I say to the renter and to the hired man, "Head for the rolling plain where the warm chinook shakes the ripening bloom from the tassel, and the cool night hardens the little grain of wheat."

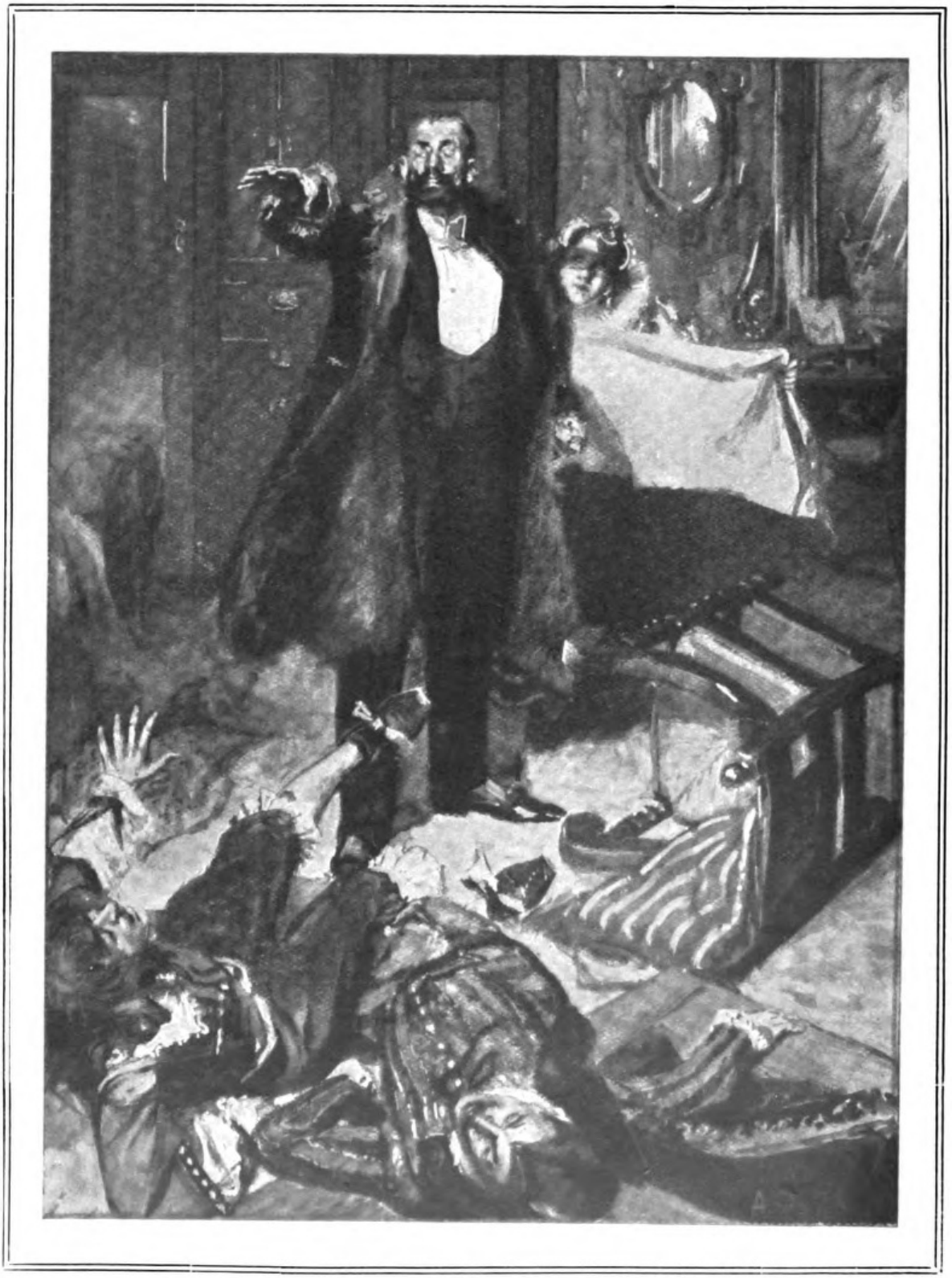


PART OF INTERIOR OF THE LARGEST ELEVATOR IN THE WORLD, THROUGH WHICH A LARGE PROPORTION OF SASKATCHEWAN WHEAT PASSES.

The vexing problem of what to do with your boy may be solved by the selection of 160 acres of outdoors and setting him to planting and reaping. He does not require a college course, though that need not hinder. Ordinary horse sense and a willingness to work will assure him an independent, honest living. And this, too, he will have always with him—the satisfaction of knowing that he is a producer, and is multiplying the little grain of wheat, the Dominion's *Dreadnought*.

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"'THUS DO I SERVE MY COUNTRY'S FOES, SAID JOLSIKOFF."

(*See page* 410.)

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THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

Vol. xxxviii. OCTOBER, 1909. No. 226.



The Experience of Mrs. Patterson-Grundy.

By MORLEY ROBERTS.

HOW so pretty a woman as Mrs. Patterson-Grundy led the life she did was a marvel to her less strait-laced friends. But she had been brought up very strictly, and undoubtedly heredity was at the back of it. Mr. Patterson-Grundy, whom she married early, was the kind of man who says what everyone says, does not smoke, and exclaims "Dear me!" when the average good citizen of London would say something else. He suffered from headaches, wore buttoned boots of drab cloth, admired his wife's brilliant intellect, and went to bed when he was told to go.

The Patterson-Grundy household, with its admirable order, its two neat children, and its three neat maids, was a model for all Kensington and a rebuke to a disorderly world. Mrs. Patterson-Grundy was, it seemed to many, an incarnation of the Mrs. Grundy who rules all savage communities.

She did not approve of theatres. Nevertheless, when Mr. Smith-Jones wrote a play she accepted two stalls from him under protest, and went to hear it with her husband and a Miss Catesby, Smith-Jones's cousin.

"So far I have heard nothing to disapprove of," said pretty Mrs. Patterson-Grundy, as the audience woke when the curtain descended upon the first act of "Mrs. Brown's Repentance."

It seemed to Mrs. Patterson-Grundy that her neighbour groaned. The man who groaned was very handsome. He had a remarkable head, a distinguished profile; he was very dark, possessed a nose which was aristocratic, and eyes which shone like stars. She noticed that his hands were long and beautiful, and subconsciously wished that her husband's were like them. But she turned to Miss Catesby and talked about "Mrs. Brown's Repentance."

It was difficult to say what Mrs. Brown had to repent of, for she had had no past, though she had once written an indiscreet letter which was spoken of in the first act, turned up in the second act, and was finally destroyed in the third. If the handsome man sitting next to Mrs. Patterson-

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Grundy had not groaned at her approval of Mrs. Brown he might have groaned at the play itself.

"The moral seems to be that it is wrong to disregard, even for a moment, the laws laid down for us by Society," said Mrs. Patterson-Grundy. The handsome man twisted uneasily, and his neighbour hoped that what troubled him was not serious.

"The theatre might be made a great moral agency," went on Mrs Patterson-Grundy.

"How?" asked Miss Catesby.

"By a censorship which insisted on the promulgation of the best opinions," said her friend. And this time the stranger thought aloud.

"Good heavens, Mrs. Grundy herself!" said the handsome man. Probably he had not meant to speak, but anguish may overcome discretion, and Sir Septimus Strange was not famous for self-restraint. His fair neighbour was not able to repress a start as she turned to him.

"Mrs. Patterson-Grundy!" she said, in her stateliest manner.

Undoubtedly this was a remarkable coincidence. So remarkable a coincidence would have abashed ninety-nine men out of a hundred. But Sir Septimus Strange was quite as remarkable as any coincidence and quick as lightning. He had never been abashed. He smiled delightfully.

"Of course, of course! What was I thinking of to forget? I remember that the Duchess told me especially to remember the 'Patterson'! I hope you are quite well?"

It cannot be denied that it is pleasing to have it imagined one knows a Duchess. It is the dearest ambition of South Kensington, and Mrs. Patterson-Grundy was only morally better than her neighbours. Nevertheless, she endeavoured to say that she did not know the Duchess. In another moment she would have said it, but just in the nick of time, Mr. Patterson-Grundy, who was sitting on the other side of Miss Catesby, leant across that lady and whispered, "My dear, I have a headache; I think I shall go home and go to bed."

"Yes, dear, do," said his wife. "I was afraid you were not well."

After begging Miss Catesby to forgive him he left his seat, while the handsome stranger stood up to allow him to pass. But he did not let him go without speaking to him.

"I'm sorry you're ill. I should have liked a talk with you. It's *so* long since we met," said Sir Septimus, pleasantly.

"Yes, it is, it is!" said Mr. Patterson-Grundy. "But, but——"

"Ah, I see you remember, I'm Septimus Strange! But don't let me keep you, pray!" said Sir Septimus.

And Mr. Patterson-Grundy disappeared, mildly wondering where he had met Sir Septimus. Then the curtain went up on the second act.

It was not, at any rate at first, an interesting act, and Mrs. Patterson-Grundy found her neighbour very interesting indeed. He had marvellous eyes; when he glanced at her with the air of one who says, "Is this play not stuff?" she felt that it was indeed twaddle. When, however, he leant forward and applauded a moral sentiment she applauded too. She wondered where they had met him. He evidently knew her husband William. She began to think she did know a duchess, after all. It was possible, even if she did not, that by knowing him she might attain such glory. And suddenly the second act finished.

What it was about she did not know, but from Miss Catesby's remarks it appeared that "Mrs. Brown's Repentance" was in an advanced stage. The indiscreet letter had turned up triumphantly, and had been partly read aloud by the villainous curate when it was snatched from him by the hero, torn in fragments and hurled at the clergyman, who unluckily caught the incriminating passage with his teeth. Mrs. Patterson-Grundy said to Miss Catesby, with a view to Sir Septimus hearing it:—

"This comes of a foolish indiscretion. I do not believe Mrs. Brown is a wicked woman, and yet see what occurs to her! My dear, I give you my solemn word of honour, I never did or said an indiscreet thing in my life!"

Sir Septimus groaned again.

"You have a pain?" said Mrs. Patterson-Grundy.

"Severe, but it passes," replied Sir Septimus, sighing. "It is gone like the second act. I wonder how Patterson-Grundy is now!"

This familiar use of her husband's name gave her a flutter. "He must know William quite well," she thought. "Oh, he will be all right in the morning," she replied, aloud.

"I trust so," said Strange, gloomily, and she started.

"Why do you say so in that tone?"

Strange glanced at her with his hypnotic eyes.

"I have a peculiar gift," he said. "As it were I see through people. I should have been a physician, I think—or perhaps a clairvoyant in Bond Street. Patterson-Grundy

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would be a puzzle to some. To me everything is clear."

"Is it—is it? Oh, what is clear?" asked the alarmed wife.

"He lives—I see it, I see it plainly—on milk and seed-cake," said Sir Septimus, sadly but firmly.

"Good heavens," replied William's wife, "you alarm me! No, he does take milk, but I have never known him to touch seed-cake—never!"

"Ah, he refuses it before you! I thought so!" He leant towards her, tapped the arm of her stall and said, "Secretly, dear madam, secretly!"

It was appalling to her to think that her William was addicted to a dreadful secret vice. Small as her imagination was, she pictured him crawling into awful dens where they sold the infamous seed-cake.

"Those headaches, the milk, that complexion," said Sir Septimus. "But"—and here he spoke cheerfully—"it *is* curable."

At this moment he lifted his eyes and saw a big man of an Hebraic cast of countenance, who was in a box, look at Mrs. Patterson-Grundy through his opera-glass.

"Curable! Oh, dear!" said Mrs. Patterson-Grundy.

"Hush," said Strange. "I heard you say to your friend (who by the way strangely reminds me of an enemy of my youth named Catesby) that you have never committed any indiscretion in your life!"

Mrs. Patterson-Grundy stared at him.

"No, sir; I never did," she said, coldly.

"Then do not now! I beg you to listen to me! Do not be angry. Keep your eyes down. You are in danger!"

"In danger! Sir!" said Mrs. Patterson-Grundy.

"Why am I here? It is fate. At the Duke's, or wherever it was (I have a treacherous memory save for faces) there was a Russian prince who saw you!"

"Yes," said Mrs. Patterson-Grundy; "was—was there?"

"He's in the theatre now. He is following you! You are in danger!"

"Good heavens, how am I in danger?"

"How indeed! He is the most powerful and unscrupulous person in Europe. He loves you!"

"Loves me! Oh, dear, oh, dear," said Mrs. Patterson-Grundy. "I don't understand!"

"How could you! You don't see yourself! He saw you! He confided in a friend of his who came to me and said, 'Save, save Mrs. Patterson-Grundy.' I said I would, and I'm here. Now you understand."

And the curtain went up for the third act.

"Be calm and rely on me," said Sir Septimus. "I take the entire responsibility on myself, for I introduced Prince Jolsikoff to the Duchess. I came to the theatre on purpose to save you. He has laid traps for you. I suspect him of giving your husband that opportune headache. You will be seized on your way home unless you rely on me. And I beg you to distrust the lady on your left. I have every reason to believe she is in the plot! But see how calm I am! You are already saved!"

Mrs. Patterson-Grundy shivered, and looked at Miss Catesby suspiciously.

"Catesby is a bad name," whispered her neighbour; "they turn to plots by nature! Do not forget that. And do you require more than a glance to see that Jolsikoff in the stage-box is a villain? Observe he stares at you and pays no attention to this thrilling play!"

It was quite true that "Jolsikoff" stared at her, and Mrs. Patterson-Grundy shivered with something curiously akin to pleasure.

"Oh, what am I to do?" she murmured.

"Will you allow me to save you and save my friend Patterson-Grundy from a shock which might end his life?" said Sir Septimus.

"I—I will, I must," replied Mrs. Patterson-Grundy. "But—but could we not call in the police?"

"Alas, madam," said Sir Septimus, "you think that a policeman can save you—a mere constable pitted against the machinations of a Jolsikoff, who has a thousand at his command. Of course, if you desire it, I will at once rise and bring the police, but they are almost certainly in his pay. But I will obey your commands——"

"No, no," said Mrs. Patterson-Grundy; "I—I don't know what to do! Oh, what shall I do?"

"Rely on me. I have saved many," said Sir Septimus; "it is my speciality. I will now write a note and have it sent out to a friend. Against this incarnate fiend Jolsikoff one needs assistance. You must put yourself in my hands. I promise you, on the word of a gentleman, you shall be safe at home before six o'clock in the morning."

"Good heavens!" said the astounded Mrs. Patterson-Grundy. "Before six! Oh, cannot I be home earlier than that? The neighbours—my husband——"

"I will do my best," said Sir Septimus, "but as the fancy ball will not be over till

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four I cannot promise to take you home till six."

"The *what* won't be over?" asked Mrs. Patterson-Grundy, faintly.

"The fancy ball, of course," said her friend, eagerly. "Oh, I see you don't understand. Unless you are in the most public places you will be seized and I shall have my throat cut. Now—now do you understand? Have I made it clear, quite clear?"

And Mrs. Patterson-Grundy murmured faintly that he had. By this time she was prepared to admit anything. For nearly thirty years (this very month she was twenty-nine) she had lived in flat security, without surprise, without adventure. No one had made illegal love to her; even her husband's courtship had been done for him by his mother she had had no experiences of her own, and had steadfastly refused to read the experiences of others. Experience was, in fact, immoral, while want of it was virtue. Yet deep within her—so deep, indeed, that she was now alarmed to recognize it—lay all a woman's love of romance, and this stranger, who knew her and her husband, appeared to her like a magician. His interest in her was flattering, and for the Russian prince, who was at once the most powerful and unscrupulous man in Europe, to be desperately in love with her completed her conquest. She fell into a tremble, lost any nerve she had, and in the semi-darkness of the auditorium was ready to cling to Sir Septimus.

"Be not alarmed," whispered that gentleman. "All shall go well, or I will perish in defending you. Do not trust Miss Catesby."

He took out a small memorandum-book and wrote three short letters with great rapidity, dark as it was. He folded them up, addressed them, and leaving his seat, much to Mrs. Patterson-Grundy's alarm, gave them with half a crown to one of the attendants and returned to his place.

"I have written to a friend who will help us, to a theatrical costumier who will supply the costumes, and to my chauffeur who is round the corner. All is prepared," said Sir Septimus.

Even in the pulped state to which Mrs. Patterson-Grundy was now reduced she would have given much to see what was in the notes her friend and deliverer had just sent away. One of them was addressed to a certain St. John Howell. Its contents would have surprised her, for it surprised even its recipient. It read thus: "You shall have an opportunity to be as mad as you please, St. John, and I know you are very mad, a genius at it. Do not be surprised at the fact that Jinkson, the costumier, will send round a woman with another costume. She will arrive in a few minutes with a dress for a lady who will attend the ball with us. Be dressed when we arrive. The lady is being chased by Prince Jolsikoff, a notorious Russian villain, who is absolutely unscrupulous. He has planned to carry her off to-night. I am saving her. Her name (for your information only) is Mrs. Patterson-Grundy. Treat her, as I shall do, with the utmost respect. The poor thing never had an adventure in her life. I intend, with your assistance, to give her as many as one night will hold. Her husband lives on milk, and has a vice. He takes seed-cake secretly. He has left the theatre with a headache. If I mention anyone called Catesby, you will remark that all of that name are villains. I rely on your alert intelligence to supply any links in this information. You may even be afraid of Jolsikoff yourself. But you wear a sword for this night only.—Yours, SEPTIMUS."

The play came to its conclusion, and Mrs. Patterson-Grundy grew more and more excited. The audience sighed, applauded perfunctorily or heartily, according to their position, in the pit or stalls, raked for their hats, and stood up. "Jolsikoff" in the box took a last look at Mrs. Patterson-Grundy and made her shiver delightfully.

"Oh, what am I do with Miss Catesby?" she whispered to her champion.

"Lose her in the crowd!" he answered, promptly. "I'll see to that. I love seeing to things. Rely on me."

Mrs. Patterson-Grundy, whose Christian name was Millicent, did rely on him.

She moved in the wake of Sir Septimus.

"I'll get behind you," said he. "When I do you must go on; do not wait. I will obstruct the Catesby. She is already signalling to Jolsikoff."

He stepped behind Millicent and dropped his hat. He took time to pick it up, and kept six people, including Miss Catesby, waiting. Then he went on rapidly, managing to get several people between him and her, and found Millicent Patterson Grundy again. On her right was an empty box. He stepped into it, pulled her after him, and shut the door.

"The first step," said Strange, coolly; "so far we have done well. Turn your opera-cloak inside out. Put the hood over your head. Good! You were green before; you are pink now! It's an omen—a glorious omen. Green is innocence; pink is the flush

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"PUT THE HOOD OVER YOUR HEAD. GOOD! YOU WERE GREEN BEFORE; YOU ARE PINK NOW!"

of virtuous triumph. Stay here. I will see to the Catesby."

Again he was behind Miss Catesby, who was hurrying to find her friend. At the door the crush was severe, but she got out and found Sir Septimus at her elbow.

"Your friend has gone," said Sir Septimus.

"Gone, gone!" said Miss Catesby.

"It seems you offended her," said the baronet, "or your cousin did. Let me find you a cab. There's one. Get in. All right, cabman, drive to West Kensington. I'm sure this lady lives there. Good-night."

And the cabman drove off as Sir Septimus waltzed back into the theatre. He found Millicent trembling.

"Have you seen Jolsikoff?" he asked. "He didn't dare come while I was away?"

"Oh, no," said Millicent. "But I'm alarmed. It's all so very peculiar!"

"In London, yes; in St. Petersburg, no," said Strange. "You would be carried off there on an average once a week. Your type of beauty is so rare, so taking to a Russian; but Miss Catesby has gone. I said you were offended with her cousin and would not speak to her till she renounced him and his works, especially 'Mrs. Brown's Repentance.' Come on. All goes well. My motor is at the door. Look down; make no sign. If we meet anyone I know I shall say you are Lady Strange, and deaf and dumb."

She went with him like the traditional lamb, which is like no lamb in nature, and found herself in the car without being introduced to anyone as Lady Strange.

"Where are we going now?" asked Millicent.

"To my rooms," said Strange. "There you will meet my friend, St. John Howell, a brilliant secret agent of the British Government, who pretends to be a poet and keeps up his pose by publishing poems which I write for him. He will, I think, be dressed as a Cavalier. I shall dress as Mephistopheles. You will be Queen Mary. A young woman will be there to dress you."

"Good heavens!" said Millicent Patterson-Grundy. "But why am I to be Queen Mary?"

"I cannot now go into the reasons," said Strange, "but I know I am right. Some would have said Queen Elizabeth, but they would be wrong. I am necessarily Mephistopheles, but I look almost saintly in that costume. Still, it will frighten Jolsikoff. Rely on me and the poet!"

She relied on him and the poet. She could by now have entered a balloon with him or gone down a coal-mine. She was no longer Mrs. Patterson-Grundy with a mild husband given to headaches, and with two neat children and three neat maids; she had, by sheer force of suggestion, become a

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shrinking beauty flying from Jolsikoff, who represented the devil himself.

The car stopped: he sprang out, handed her into the hall of some flats, put her in the lift and worked it himself.

They went up to the second storey and got out. He had his key ready.

"Quick! Here we are," he said, and he slammed the door. He shook his fist at it.

"Foiled, Jolsikoff, foiled! But not yet beaten. What ho, St. John!"

And a long, thin gentleman in the costume of a Cavalier, with a plume in his hat and a sword by his side, sprang out on them.

"Thank heavens!" said Strange. "Let me present you to Mrs. Patterson-Grundy. This, madam, is my great friend, St. John Howell."

He was a lean, blithe personality, and yet sweetly melancholy, with a poet's eye. He gloomed and smiled over Millicent till she felt she almost loved him, or could love him. It was the strangest sensation she had ever had. She leant on Strange and admired him, but in St. John Howell she felt there was something indeed romantic. The costume, the plumed hat, the long sword, woke her subdued and flattered soul. For that moment she would have defied South Kensington. The sword made her feel safe. She commenced to enjoy herself.

"But we have no time to lose," said Strange. "Jolsikoff is on our track. I told you, St. John, that this lady has excited in Jolsikoff's amorous bosom a passion which he calls love. By an unparalleled series of coincidences I got upon his track and discovered all. We can rely upon you?"



"'KNEEL AND KISS MRS. PATTERSON-GRUNDY'S HAND,' SAID STRANGE."

"To the death," said Howell.

"Kneel and kiss Mrs. Patterson-Grundy's hand," said Strange. And Howell did so very gracefully. Millicent blushed. She grew happy and wonderfully pretty.

"Yet stay," cried Strange. "We must not call her by her name. That would be fatal! You are to be Queen Mary. I shall therefore call you Molly. So will St. John Howell. Have you any objection?"

"No," said Molly; "not in the least."

"I feel it is disrespectful," said St.

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John Howell, taking his plumed hat to his heart.

"Don't mention it," said Queen Mary. "But—but, where is my costume? I never wore a fancy dress in my life."

"The tiring-woman waits in the next room," said St. John. "Come, Molly; I mean, your Majesty!"

"In the meantime I become Mephistopheles," said Strange.

Mrs. Patterson-Grundy found an ancient tiring-woman, once a dresser at Drury Lane, awaiting her with a really magnificent costume. At the very sight of it her heart leapt, as any woman's would have done.

"How lovely!" she exclaimed.

"It is, madam. But so are you," said the woman, "if you'll forgive me for saying so."

She was forgiven graciously, and Mrs. Patterson-Grundy put on the dress and its accessories with more pleasure than she had ever put on any gown, though it was acknowledged that she dressed remarkably well. In the meantime Strange became Mephisto, and looked divinely diabolic. St. John begged for information and got very little.

"Who is she?" he demanded.

"I'm educating her," said Strange; "she's a South Kensington person with Puritan leanings, an essential Mrs. Grundy, who never had a good time in her life. She has never lived till now. Her husband lives on milk and seed-cake."

"And who is Jolsikoff? Tell me, tell me," said Howell.

"He's a Russian prince, a scoundrel. He will appear at the ball. I'll telephone to him directly. He'll come for two guineas, I know it."

"You're mad," said St. John Howell.

"Villain, you are a secret agent of the British Government, and pretend to be a poet. I told her I wrote your poetry for you. We are going to supper at the Lion d'Or. Do I look as I should?"

"You are a diabolic divinity," said his friend. And indeed Strange as Mephistopheles was absolutely splendid. He had the figure of an athlete, an olive skin, and shining eyes that brimmed with jests. "But won't you help me?" asked St. John.

"No, I won't," said Strange. "I rely on your genius. Now for the telephone. I shall call up my Jolsikoff."

"Who the deuce is he?" asked St. John.

The one-sided conversation was extraordinary.

"You are Villiers? Are you sober? . . . Do you want two guineas? . . . I thought you would. . . . Go to Jinkson's, to whom I will 'phone, and be a very rich Russian prince, so wear a fur coat. . . . You are a villain, of course. . . . Yes, you must then come to the Lion d'Or and have supper. . . . You will see me. . . . You are not to know me. . . . Yes, you are in love with the lady with me and want to carry her off. . . . Afterward you will come to the fancy dress ball in pursuit. . . . I shall give you opportunities. You will speak to her passionately, wildly, gigantically. . . . Yes, if you can't be gigantic under three guineas and half a bottle of whisky you shall have three. . . . In the ball-room I shall knock you down. . . . What do you say — not for three guineas and expenses? . . . Very well, four guineas. What do you say? . . . I understand; if I trip you up it will be four; if I knock you down it will be five. If I injure you severely, or if St. John Howell, who is with us as a Cavalier, runs you through, the damages shall be settled by a court of arbitration. Good-bye."

He hung up the receiver, while St. John Howell roared with laughter.

"Silence! Here she comes!" said Strange. And Molly, or Millicent, came into the passage.

"Oh, ain't it lovely!" said the dresser who followed her.

"You are splendid, Molly," said Mephistopheles.

"Am I?" she murmured.

"You are divine, Molly!" said the Cavalier.

"And now for supper," said Strange. "You will wear a mask and this domino till we are at the ball. But we require strengthening, and supper comes first. I have just heard over the telephone that Jolsikoff is spending money like water. He has a yacht with the steam up lying off Temple steps. Come."

He put the domino over her shoulders and helped her to adjust the mask. Then they took the lift and descended to the ground-floor. Strange's car was in waiting. He looked around him cautiously.

Mrs. Patterson-Grundy's brain whirled. So did the wheels of the car, and in a few minutes it drew up outside the Lion d'Or, where the fancy dress ball was to be held.

"The street is comparatively empty," said Strange, looking out cautiously. "Perhaps we have eluded Jolsikoff for the time. Come, Molly, dear."

And Molly came out trembling but delighted. She felt that Mrs. Patterson-Grundy was asleep in South Kensington, safe by the side of William, but that her disembodied romantic soul, so sternly repressed

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all her life, was at once a Queen and "dear Molly," and the object of a frightful passion which stopped at nothing.

"Where are we?" she asked.

"In Soho," replied Strange. "You see we come to head-quarters."

"In other words, we strike at the heart," said St. John Howell. "But hasten! By St. James, I see a myrmidon of Jolsikoff's yonder! Into the Lion d'Or!"

The door was swung open by a gilded porter, to whom Strange spoke in French.

"He's in my pay," said Strange; "but I daresay he takes money from Jolsikoff too. We walk in a difficult path. Do you speak French? Let me recommend Zola and Anatole France to you. This way!"

And they entered the dining-room, where most tables were already occupied. The proprietor bowed low to Strange and ushered them to a table in the corner. The room was full of people in fancy dress who were going to the ball. A few of the women wore masks, and "Molly" was glad to see they did. There were Pierrots among the men, gentlemen of Queen Anne's time, a pirate, a brigand, and a small Mephistopheles, who seemed a mean devil beside the diabolic splendour of Sir Septimus.

"Jolsikoff is not here," said St. John; "but no doubt he will come."

"The menu and the wine list," said Strange. "You are hungry, Molly?"

"No," said Molly. "Oh, no! How can I be?"

"You are. You must be. We have much to do and to endure," replied her host. "The supper, Jacques; and a bottle of Heidsieck. Quick, or I shall kill you."

The waiter ran, smiling. He knew Strange, and anticipated, not without reason, a tip such as waiters dream of when they rest from their labours. The supper appeared like magic, and Molly, to her surprise, found hunger in the plate, and with it enjoyment.

"Yet it's all so surprising," she said, innocently.

"Rely on us," said St. John Howell. "You are our queen, and also our dear Molly. There will probably be other surprises for you. But if Jolsikoff succeeds, it will be over my corpse."

"And mine," said Strange. "But this soup is excellent. The fish is also sure to be good, little as one would expect it. Ha!"

He said "Ha!" so suddenly that Molly dropped her spoon.

"What?" she cried.

"Be brave! It is Jolsikoff who enters," said Strange. "He is bold as a lion—as a Lion d'Or, or one of brass."

And Molly saw a big man in evening dress and a fur overcoat enter the room. Her heart went pit-a-pat.

"Oh," she said. "But now he doesn't look like a Jew."



"MOLLY SAW A BIG MAN IN EVENING DRESS AND A FUR OVERCOAT ENTER THE ROOM."

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"True," said Strange. "In the theatre he was disguised as one. Now he is not disguised, or imagines he is not. But we see through any disguise. Don't we, St. John?"

"Easily," said St. John.

But Molly's eyes, gleaming through her mask, were engaged in watching Jolsikoff. She could not help thinking that he was a very big, fine man. Indeed, Montmorency Villiers was over six feet and weighed fourteen stone. In his overcoat (or in Jinkson's overcoat) he looked nearly three feet broad and very formidable. He also wore a formidable frown, and, playing up to what Strange demanded of him—though the demand was vague—he looked reckless and ferocious.

"He's handsome," said Molly.

"Thousands of poor women have thought so. His path is strewn with broken hearts," said Strange. "In such a man there is no soul, is there, St. John?"

"No," said St. John, "but I have a soul. I adore Molly."

"So do I," said Strange, coolly, "but she shall be back in South Kensington before the milkman goes his rounds, and back safe, or I'll know the reason why. If you say a disrespectful word to her, St. John, I will kill you with a—with a—a soup-tureen."

"Oh, dear," said Molly. "But I'm sure Mr. Howell didn't mean to be disrespectful."

"Not in the least," said St. John.

Montmorency Villiers was hungry, and as he was now eating at Strange's expense he ate like a Tartar, and kept up the gorgeous reputation of a Russian prince. And ever and anon he glared at the table where the three sat. Once he caught Molly's eye upon him and he kissed his hand to her. She shivered and looked away. And suddenly the clock in the restaurant struck twelve.

"The crisis approaches," said Strange. "Madam, a small glass of champagne with you. I drink to your honourable safety and to the success of our enterprise. Do not forget when you are once more in security that we shall still be in danger. A foiled Jolsikoff will always be dangerous."

"He will," said St. John Howell, "especially as he seems to be drinking Chianti in tumblers. Chianti is a prodigious wine. It causes most of the crime in Italy. I never drink it without experiencing a passionate desire to turn an organ or to sell ice-creams."

"Now," said Strange, "it is time to pay the bill. Molly, you will wonder at my daring, but I am going to insult Jolsikoff by paying his as well. I shall thus strike him in his tenderest spot and disturb his mental balance for the rest of the evening. This will result in our favour!"

"Oh, will it?" asked Molly.

"Certainly it will," said St. John. "If any one pays my bills, I like it. But I'm not an ostentatious Jolsikoff. It will wound his vanity dreadfully."

"Waiter," said Strange, "take for that big gentleman over there as well."

"Yessir," said the waiter, looking much surprised, "for Monsieur Villiers, sir?"

"Ha, ha, is that what he calls himself?" said Strange. "Yes, for him. Now, Molly, you go outside with St. John Howell, and I shall speak plainly to the Prince. I wish him to know where he is and whom he has to meet!"

And Molly and the Cavalier went out into the hall as Strange walked over to Jolsikoff, who was eating gigantically.

"I say, what's my name?" said Jolsikoff, eagerly.

"Jolsikoff, Prince Jolsikoff," replied Strange, "and you're rich and unscrupulous. You are in love with that lady, and mean to carry her off to Russia."

"Right. I love her madly," said Jolsikoff, with his mouth full.

"Gigantically," said Strange.

"For three guineas, gigantically! But what am I to do?"

"Anything that occurs to you. You shall have a chance at the ball. I and Howell will disappear for a moment. You will then make love to her. Say we are the scoundrels. Urge her to fly. Say what you like. Adieu!"

"Stop," said Jolsikoff. "About this knocking-down. I don't quite like the idea."

"You'll have to like it. Who's doing the paying, you or I?" asked Strange.

"Make it ten guineas, and I'll pay the exes myself," said Jolsikoff.

"Very well," said Strange. "Good-bye till we meet in ten minutes. There's your ball ticket." And he went away, laughing in a Mephistophelean manner, which was very alarming even to Jolsikoff, who grew a little pensive.

"However, ten guineas are ten guineas," said Jolsikoff, "and I'll do my best. But I wish he'd told me what I'm to do if I *do* carry her off."

By the time he had come to the coffee and brandy, Strange and St. John Howell and Molly were in the ball-room, which was already crowded. Molly thought she had never seen so strange a sight in her life, and it's true that South Kensington rarely offers such a spectacle. "It's—it's a dream," she

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said, as she clung to her cavaliers. She considered which she liked best. They were both so wonderful and romantic.

"You dance?" asked Strange.

"Sometimes," said Molly.

"You must dance now or you'll be conspicuous, and to be conspicuous is death," declared Strange. "Come! This is a waltz. You shall dance it with me. Let us enjoy ourselves while we can, for I may be dead and you in a fast and powerful steam yacht ere the day breaks."

"Oh, William!" said Molly. Was it possible that William slept peacefully, or did any fearful dream break his repose? What would he say if he knew her danger? How could she explain to him that it was necessary to dance or die?

"I never can explain," said Molly. But she danced, and danced well. So did Strange. She began to enjoy herself wonderfully, and Strange talked to her all the time.

"You've had wrong ideas of life, my child," said her partner; "very wrong ideas. Life is not milk and seed-cake, nor is South Kensington the ultimate refuge for humanity. Life is strange and mad. We are surrounded by Jolsikoffs; the universe itself is Jolsikoffian. There is no escape from the nature of things. Ask St. John Howell. Inquire of Jolsikoff himself when he speaks to you."

"Oh, will he speak?" asked Molly.

"He must. He will," said Strange. "You cannot quite escape him. If we do not permit him so much he will lose hope, and if Jolsikoff loses hope we are all lost."

"Oh! How?"

"It is a secret of the British Government," said Strange. "I dare not reveal it. In fact, I haven't the least idea. Nevertheless it is true. Here comes Jolsikoff now. I grow excited. I am happy. So are you, are you not?"

"Ye—es," said Molly.

"Did you ever enjoy yourself so much?"

"I—I don't think so!" murmured Molly.

"You are beautiful—very beautiful, and I doubt if you ever knew it till now, when you are masked and cannot be seen. Tell me, and speak the truth, for if you don't I can't save you; did you ever enjoy yourself before?"

"Oh, never," said Molly; "never!"

"Is this an indiscretion? What would South Kensington say?"

"They wouldn't understand," cried Molly. "They've no notion of what the world is. I see that now."

"Then you are practically saved," said Strange, fervently. "You perceive that the cold moral judgments you have been accustomed to distribute among your friends are as little related to actual life as cold crumpets, say, are to the facts of good digestion?"

"Yes, I do," said Molly.

"You thought you would now be at home and asleep, as you meant to be, and you are here, long after midnight, being saved from an unparalleled disaster by two philanthropists. What would South Kensington think of it?"

"They must never, never know," said Molly.

"They shall not. But a truce to idle discussion. The crisis approaches. I shall leave you here, apparently at the mercy of Jolsikoff; but fear not. St. John Howell and I shall be close to you."

And before Queen Mary could remonstrate she found herself leaning against a pillar all by herself. And Jolsikoff approached. A voice (it was that of St. John Howell) hissed in her ear: "Be firm, we are at hand!" When she turned she saw no one. But Jolsikoff came on.

Prince Montmorency Villiers Jolsikoff had taken a good supper. After a prolonged period of abstention due to want of appreciation on the part of theatrical managers and the public, he felt he needed it. The task before him was prodigious, and he felt that he lacked the "cues" on which actors are accustomed to rely. Still he meant to do his best, and the supper helped him.

"I love you," he said. He hissed it into her ear in the most approved manner.

"Oh, please," said Molly, jumping.

Now, if she had said, "You scoundrel, my friends are at hand!" he could have replied easily. And in melodrama the heroine never jumped.

"I mean to carry you off," said Jolsikoff, loudly; "you cannot escape me thus."

"You cannot escape me thus," touched a chord in his memory, and he grew fluent.

"Yonder in the south (I mean the north) there are orange groves by a sunlit sea. I own a villa there by the Mediterranean (I mean the frozen Neva), and it waits for you—its lovely mistress. I have pursued you in all the cities of the world. Wrapped in icy calm and this fur coat I have concealed the ravages of passion, but now the crisis has approached. I—I adore you!"

"I'm — I'm married! Oh, please go away!" said Molly.

"I know you are married. Or you were. For this night I slew your husband in the gardens of the Marquis," said Jolsikoff. This

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was out of another play in which he had had great success.

"Oh, you didn't," said Molly; "you didn't!"

"The fool drew on me," replied Jolsikoff, "when I was apparently unarmed, but I shot him like a dog, and now he lies, face upwards, beneath the cypresses. Therefore he stands between us no longer. Come! You are beautiful, lovely, divine, and I am your lover —I, Jolsikoff, the powerful and unscrupulous, who never spared a man in ambition or a woman in love."

He grasped her by the arm. It was a supreme moment for the object of his passion. She felt then she must run or scream to Strange for assistance. But every woman knows that to be pursued for her beauty alone is even better than frocks from Paris or a dozen hats at five guineas apiece.

"Oh, sir," said Molly, "you are mistaken, quite mistaken. My friends——"

"Ha, your friends!" said Jolsikoff, with that awful laugh which is the special characteristic of a Russian prince, and is heard from no one else, "your friends! Do you know who they are?"

"No," said Mollie. It was a weak admission, and even Montmorency Villiers felt he could improvise upon what she gave him.

"They are notorious villains. The man who calls himself Sir Septimus Strange is a burglar. St. John Howell, whose real name is Matthew Tubbs, is a coiner and forger. He was expelled from Oxford for forging a poem and coining new phrases which were rightly looked on as treachery to the language. Now he lives by getting rid of bad half-crowns. I trust you haven't changed one for him?"

"I don't believe it," said Molly. "They're both splendid."

"You don't believe me? I will prove it to you. On board my yacht I have the proof. Come! If you will not, I shall carry you."

"I—I won't be carried. I defy you!" said Molly.



"SEIZING HOLD OF HER, HE LIFTED HER TO HIS SHOULDER AND BORE HER OFF."

It was unlucky for her that "I defy you" was burnt into Jolsikoff's memory as a cue. Answering to it almost mechanically, he said, "Ha, ha!" and, seizing hold of her, lifted her to his shoulder and bore her off.

Mrs. Patterson-Grundy, *alias* Queen Mary, *alias* Milly or Molly, had never been accustomed to scream. She was too well behaved to do anything of the kind, and her quiet life had not been such as to lead her to make trial of her throat in so natural a feminine exercise. But scream she did. It was a feeble effort, for she found her head lower than she liked. And, as it happened, the band made an extra effort at that very moment. An unmusical ear might have thought her scream some discord intended by the conductor or a mere accident of the brass. As it was, Strange and Howell, who were behind some scenery which hid the wings of the theatre, missed it, and when they did at last peer round the corner they missed Molly too.

"Great Scot!" said Strange, who had been in America. "She's gone!"

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"By all that's romantic, she has!" said St. John. Now you've done it, Strange!"

"I'll murder Jolsikoff in reality," roared Strange. "Come, we must find her!"

And St. John Howell, seeing that Strange was actually alarmed, did as he was told; but just as he ran the music stopped, and they heard a scream from behind.

"That's she, or I'm a Dutchman," said Strange, and St. John came with him. They presently discovered the door of a dressing-room. It was locked.

"Listen!" said Strange.

"'Tis Jolsikoff and she," said St. John. "What the deuce is he up to?"

They heard Prince Jolsikoff rattle off a speech, for poor Molly had said, "Oh, sir, I entreat you," and this was a powerful cue in a melodrama in which Montmorency Villiers had played the part of a pirate. Nothing could stop him now, for it came in so pat.

"'Tis useless, my beautiful one," said the pirate, "for my gallant ship awaits you. Say, will you be mine, or shall I do a deed which will thrill even me with horror?"

"Let me in," said Strange, "or I'll murder you!"

"Ha, ha!" said Montmorency Villiers; "this is fate! Once more I ask you——"

He asked her to fly to that southern isle, and asked it in language that would have brought tears to the eyes of a modern dramatist, and roars from a gallery filled with boys who longed to be pirates and could not be.

"I'll break in the door," cried Strange. "Courage, Molly! We are here! Come, St. John, burst the door in! Jolsikoff's got past a joke."

The time, the night, that splendid supper, and the excitement of playing both a prince and a pirate had indeed wrought Montmorency Villiers up to and beyond concert pitch. He felt heroic, felt that he loved Molly dearly and was prepared to risk everything for her.

"Come in!" he roared. "Fear not, lovely one, they that tear you from me must eat and drink be-lud before they do."

And down came the door with a crash, with St. John Howell and Strange upon it. They were thus at a disadvantage compared with the gigantic Jolsikoff, who was indeed as strong as a bull and prepared to do his theatrical duty in a lavish manner. He felt that Strange should have his money's worth and he also felt that he had never played as he did now. He seized St. John as he rose and hurled him across Strange, and both went down with a crash.

"Thus do I serve my country's foes," said Jolsikoff, who had done just the same in a patriotic drama. "See, Patricia, how the cravens are foiled."

It was surprising to be called Patricia, but by now Mrs. Patterson-Grundy was prepared for anything. She was, in fact, desperate, and when she saw the enchanting Cavalier used to knock down the fascinating Mephistopheles, who had entirely changed her views of life, she found a strange rage in her beating heart. A towel suspended from a nail was close at hand. She seized it with both hands, threw it over Prince Jolsikoff's head, and as he was haughtily surveying the scene of his victory she pulled hard and brought him down backwards. In a moment Strange and Howell were upon the desperado and, despite his struggles, kept him on the floor.

"By Jove, you're a plucky woman," said Strange, "and you've saved us all. Now, Jolsikoff, lie still or I'll murder you, stamp upon you, reduce you to the condition of a pancake."

"Strange, Strange," said Montmorency, who was indeed being choked in a realistic manner not usual on the stage. "I'll charge you twenty guineas for this!"

"Silence!" cried Strange. "That's his way of saying he's had enough, Molly. Shall I kill him or not?"

"Oh, no," said Molly. "Don't, don't!"

"She loves me still," said the undauntable actor, unable to resist a cue in any situation; "and while she loves me I am happy, though I go to the scaffold; and so, beloved Maria, I say farewell!"

He lay quite still. Strange rose.

"Come," said Strange, "this is the end, and we have won. Yet one more dance with me and St. John Howell, Molly, and the time comes for you to return home."

"But — but is he really dead?" asked Molly, wringing her hands.

"I fear you love him," said Strange, gloomily.

"I don't, I don't," said Molly, wildly; "but is he—is he dead?"

"Would that he were," said Strange, "but it takes more than this to kill Jolsikoff."

And Jolsikoff groaned again. He thought it was indicated by the situation, and that he owed it to Strange.

"You see, the villain lives," cried Strange. "We must tie him up while we escape."

It is almost impossible in real life, when it becomes exciting, to use three words which are not a melodramatic cue, which shows how near melodrama often comes to the

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facts. "While we escape" was such a cue, and it brought fresh life to Montmorency Villiers. He bounded to his feet in the liveliest manner, and once more seized Molly after sending St. John staggering. When Strange leapt in he was received with a clout that drove him headlong.

"Confound you," he roared angrily. But by this time Jolsikoff was disappearing through the doorway with Molly in his arms. And Strange did not catch him up till they were once more in the ball-room, where they were received with a roar of applause from the assembled crowd.

"Stop him," said Strange; "stop him. The man is mad!"

By Strange's side Howell ran. The entire rout of dancers and mummers followed, while Molly clutched wildly at the air. Jolsikoff carried her like a feather, but by now the cue was exhausted, and he was reduced to his own inspiration. He ran three times round the room and finally slipped. As he went down Strange caught Molly; she heard him say, "All is well," and then, in Homeric language, darkness veiled her eyes as all the lights of the theatre went out like a shower of sparks. Mrs. Patterson-Grundy had fainted for the first time in her life.

When she came to, which she did very shortly, she could not think what had happened or where she was. It seemed to her that she was being whirled through space. She was being carried off somewhere—somewhere! She uttered a feeble scream, and then found she was being supported by the admirable Strange.

"Where am I? What has happened?" she cried.

"Hush! You are in my car. I fear Jolsikoff still pursues us," said Strange, "but by speed we shall elude him. If he does not catch us we shall be safe!"

And Strange's chauffeur, urged by his master, broke every regulation ever heard of.

Molly clutched him tight as the car charged space wildly. Strange put his head outside the car.

"South Kensington, Smith," he cried, and then he turned to her again.

"Your clothes will come to-morrow by parcel post or Carter Paterson's. You will never see me again. If you do, ignore me. It will be dangerous to bow to me. But you are, I know, a better woman than you were."

"A better woman!" murmured Molly.

"Far, far better," said Strange. "You have committed your first indiscretion, and have seen things as they are, or as they are not, it matters little which. You have forgotten South Kensington, and have drunk of the cup of romance. There is no woman in London, not even the wisest, who would not envy you what you have gone through to-night."

"Oh, how can I thank you!" said Molly, tearfully.

"By being what I am—a missionary," said Strange, solemnly.

"A missionary!" cried Molly.

"Yes," replied Strange. "Teach South Kensington and even Earl's Court what life is. I teach life regularly. To-morrow I abduct a millionaire, and shall show him the worst parts of London. After doing this I shall injure him severely, and have him attended to in the casualty ward of the London Hospital. Whatever happens I shall do my duty. But here, at last, is South Kensington and your street. This is your house. I kiss your hands. Hurry, hurry! here's the dawn and the milkman. Adieu!"

He opened her gate, pushed her in, shut it, jumped into his car, and was gone.

"Oh, dear!" said Mrs. Patterson-Grundy. She felt very sad and lonely. Romance—wild-eyed darling of the gods—had left her on a chilly doorstep, and the dawn was watching her coldly. Tears filled her eyes as she opened the door. Strange had been wonderful; St. John Howell adorable; and Jolsikoff dreadful! And here was the house of every day, and William, who drank milk and ate seed-cake in secret.

"Oh, it's been wonderful!" she said, as she slipped off the robes of Queen Mary and hid them in the deepest drawer she had, as if she were renouncing a throne. Then she went quietly, still trembling, into the room where her good man slept the deep sleep of the just who know not Romance. Yet he half woke up as she entered.

"I hope you enjoyed it all, my dear?" he murmured.

She replied in a whisper:—

"Wonderfully, wonderfully!"

"I'm so glad," said William. He fell asleep as she crept into bed and held Romance close to her beating heart.

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"My Reminiscences."

XI.

By ENRICO CARUSO.

[In the following interesting reminiscences the famous tenor tells of his early struggles and triumphs, and, in addition, gives many hints which cannot fail to be of great value to those interested in the art of singing. As Signor Caruso is a foreigner, his narrative has naturally required a little revision.]

I MUST confess at once that I am not what you English, with your weird, ever-mystifying idioms, call "a flier"—that, I believe, is one of quite the most English of English idioms used, for some strange reason best known to the nation, to describe proficiency—at the art of "Reminiscing," and so I must crave your pardon for any literary faults—I expect they will be many—of which I shall prove myself guilty.

And now, having made this frank confession, I will betake myself to the task with a clear conscience. I acknowledge, at once, that I remember nothing at all about the event, but my parents have told me that I was born at Naples in 1873. My father was a poor man, employed as a working mechanic. He had two sons—myself and a younger boy; and since my childhood days kind relations have been good enough to tell me that, as a youngster, I was unusually lively and noisy, and that I filled my father's house with the sound of my juvenile voice from morning till night.



CARUSO AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-THREE.
From a Photograph.

I suppose it was natural enough, therefore, that my father, who, as a trustworthy man, had been put in charge of the warehouses of a large banking and importing concern, should have conscientiously disliked my somewhat unquiet habits, for it was his earnest desire to bring me up as an industrious, serious man, and on that account he was wont to chastise me not a little in order to train me up in the way I should go.

For my own part, as a lad I well remember that it was my burning ambition to become a sailor, and I was never happier than when frequenting the docks in the vicinity of the warehouses of which my father was in charge; for, to be quite frank, I felt that I liked not at all my good parent's plan to have me learn a trade. No; "The sea," I thought to myself, "is calling for me, and I must answer that call at all costs." But boats were luxuries far beyond my slender pocket-money, and, therefore, perforce, as opportunity for indulging in "sailing the sea" but seldom came my way, I took up swimming at a very early age.

When I reached what you call "double figures," the age of ten, in fact, I was still most disinclined to learn the mysteries of any trade, and as my father ruled that, since I did not wish to become a mechanic, there was only one other alternative—a period at school—I was sent to a day school in the neighbourhood where, I remember, I objected mightily to all orthodox rules and regulations for schoolboys, and, as a consequence, I fear I was in almost constant disgrace.

When I was eleven years old I already loved singing and had, I have been told, a clear contralto voice. One day the organist of the Church of St. Anna, Naples, heard me singing, and my voice pleased the old

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musician so much that he engaged me as a member of the choir, and paid me the colossal sum of tenpence every Sunday.

To receive this princely wage caused me intense delight, but when I was confirmed my father attempted to compel me to abandon singing altogether in order to become an iron and steel worker. About this time, too, at the end of my second year, when I was twelve years of age, I decided that I had had enough of school, and as I objected in the most forcible manner to observing all rules, the headmaster of that little school sent me home in disgrace. My irate father greeted me in what I believe you call quite "fatted calf" manner by meeting me on the doorstep and administering, in the breeziest possible fashion, a sound thrashing, declaring, between strokes, that I must become apprenticed at once to a mechanical engineer.

"Needs must when a small boy's parent drives," and, accordingly, with, I regret to say, a very bad grace indeed, I complied, though in my new work I took but little interest, being indeed more happily occupied in studying mechanical drawings and calligraphy. At the former art, in fact, I soon became so interested that, on occasions, I would amuse myself by building the emptiest of empty castles in the air when I would fancy that I could see myself in years to come a great artist.

My dear mother, alas! died when I was only fifteen. Had she lived it is possible, nay, probable, that I might have continued to study mechanical work just on her account. But her death seemed to me to justify me in altering my career while there was yet time, and I therefore announced my intention of abandoning the study of engineering to devote myself entirely to art and music. My father, when he heard of this resolution—"this open rebellion on my part," as he called it—fell into a great rage, and declared that he would have no more of me. In fine, he gave me the choice of continuing to learn to be a mechanic or of starving.

I chose, rashly enough, no doubt, to starve, and forthwith I became a wanderer with nothing wherewith to fight the world but a perfect physique and an optimism that, happily, never failed me. To be sure, luxury and I were the most absolute strangers at this time—we were not, indeed, even the most frigid of nodding acquaintances—but, all the same, I managed to pick up some sort of livelihood at Church festivals and private entertainments, though I well remember that when I was eighteen I was faced with this problem, "Was I a tenor or a baritone?"

I left the enigma to solve itself, realizing that in time it must do so. The following year, however, I decided to study, but I left my master after eleven lessons, for no other reason than that he could not decide for me if I was to become a baritone or a tenor. Since then I have realized how great must

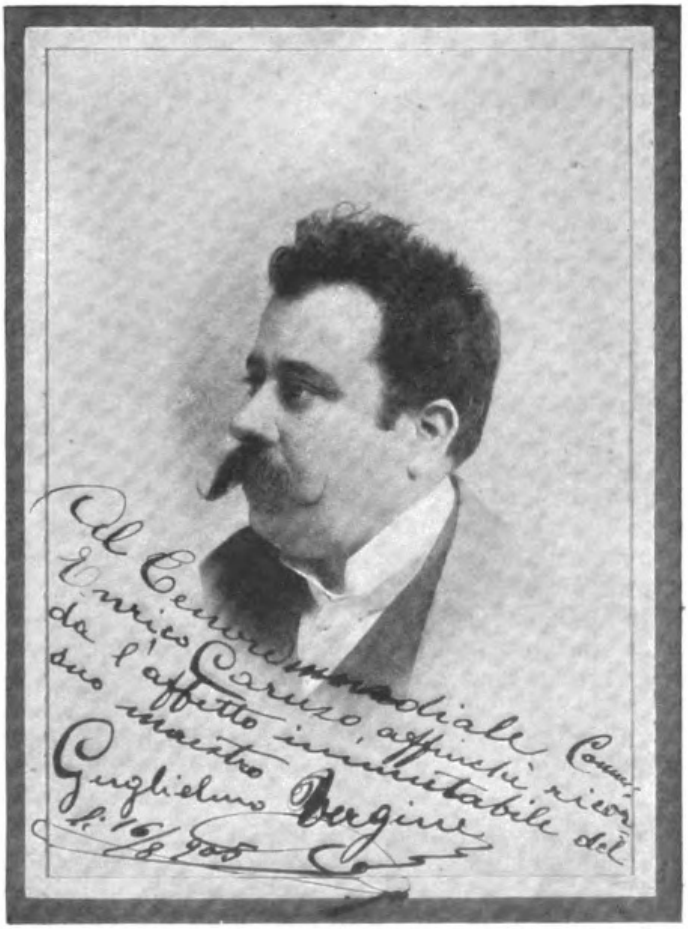


BAS-RELIEF PORTRAITS OF CARUSO'S FATHER AND MOTHER, MODELLED BY HIMSELF.

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have been his difficulty, for at that time I think I was scarcely ripe for study.

The baritone, Misciano, then took me to his master, Vergine, who promptly declared that I was too young for serious study, and that my voice was not sufficiently strong. However, after two trials, he decided to give me lessons regularly, though I well remember that at this period my voice was so thin that my fellow-pupils were wont to declare that it resembled nothing quite so much as "the wind which passes through an open window."



GUGLIELMO VERGINE, CARUSO'S SINGING-MASTER, TO WHOM HE DECLARES HE IS INDEBTED "BEYOND MERE WORDS" FOR MUCH OF HIS SUCCESS.
From a Photograph.

Still, undeterred by this decidedly unflattering criticism, I continued to study under Vergine until my work was cut short by military duty. There was no escaping it. The time had arrived for me to serve my King and country as a *soldato*, though when I left my master I registered a mental vow that my native Naples should one day acclaim me as "Il Tenore Caruso." Frankly, I felt not a little doubtful if this resolution would ever become a solid fact; but, no matter, it spurred me on to serious effort.

However, before turning my attention to the study of *rôles*, the intricacies of the goose-step awaited me, and for a year I wore the uniform of the 13th regiment of Artillery, being quartered at Rieti. One morning Major Nagliati of my Battery heard me singing as I polished the buttons of my tunic. I sang with an "open throat," and even to-day I remember how the warm rays of the glorious sun streamed into the room as I polished, polished, polished. Ah, me! It then seemed a matter of almost national importance that those buttons should shine like burnished gold!

"What is your profession?" Major Nagliati asked, sharply, as he entered the room. Quickly leaving my tunic-buttons to their fate and bringing my song to an end, I stammered out: "I — I — aspire to singing in Opera."

The Major said nothing in reply, but walked quickly out of the room. I thought, perhaps, that he had failed to hear, for in my nervousness I spoke only in an undertone. But I was wrong, for the same evening he informed me that he had found a master for me, and that during the thirty-five days I should remain at Rieti I might continue my lessons.

A little later on it was arranged that my brother should take my place, and in 1895, when I was just twenty-two years old, I made my *début* at the Teatro Nuovo, Naples, my native city, in an opera by Signor Morelli, entitled, "Amico Francesco."

Naples, however, is the most difficult city in Italy, under certain conditions, in which to make a *début* as a singer, or in which to produce a new opera. There is always a group of chronic dissentients among the audience, who, for the most part, are disappointed singers and composers themselves, and who make it a rule to loudly and boisterously condemn nearly every new artist who appears before them, while almost every new operatic work which is presented to them for their critical suffrages is treated much in the same way. So perhaps it is not altogether surprising that neither the opera nor the artistes who interpreted it achieved any

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striking success. For my part, though temporarily discouraged, I was far from deeply downhearted, for I realized full well that there was nothing particularly exceptional in my singing to inspire either critics or public with any vast enthusiasm. Still, in my heart of hearts I believed I had a good voice, and in this belief I was encouraged by my singing-master, Signor Guglielmo Vergine, to whose kindly sympathy and unfailing pains to give me the best of teaching I always feel that I owe the deepest debt of gratitude. Indeed, it was largely due to Signor Vergine's encouragement that I continued arduously to study and constantly to sing in various theatres, my voice the while, naturally enough, improving in tone, quality, and strength.

It was in Milan, in the Teatro Liroco, under the management of the proprietor of that theatre, Signor Eduardo Sonsogno, that, if I may be pardoned for saying so in all humility, I made my first really decisive success, and when I awoke to find that both critics and public were kind enough to say that—well, I had not mistaken my vocation when I took up singing.

After that initial success I continued to receive more offers than I could possibly accept. Indeed, could I have sung for twenty-four hours in the day I should not have been able to carry out all the contracts which have been offered me since that memorable day, Tuesday, November 8th, 1898, when I sang the part of Marcello, in "La Bohème" of Signor Leoncavallo. However, I feel sure that it cannot be of the least interest to readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE to hear of the various towns and cities that I have since visited, neither will I deal with any individual engagements that I have fulfilled, for, to be sure, such "cut and dried" facts, it seems to me, can only be of public service as substitutes for sleeping-draughts to those who have to listen to them. You agree with me? I thank you; I feel sure I am right. Suffice it to say, therefore, that during the last eleven years I have sung in all the principal theatres on the Continent and in South America; and in the intervals of fulfilling my Covent Garden engagements, I have visited New York—besides appearing in the great provincial cities.

You will, perhaps, permit me to say a few words on singing as a profession. In the first place, experience has taught me that those who decide to adopt the precarious profession of an operatic singer must, to have any realizable hopes of success, above all things possess an exceptionally good voice, to which must be added a robust constitution and a copious capacity for hard work—incessant study; for, believe me, without this advancement is impossible.

It is a matter of the highest importance also that the would-be successful singer should have his voice properly produced, and this, I think, can only be done by an efficient teacher. I have already told you what a great debt



CARUSO AS THE DUKE IN "RIGOLETTO."
From a Photo. by Ellis & Walery

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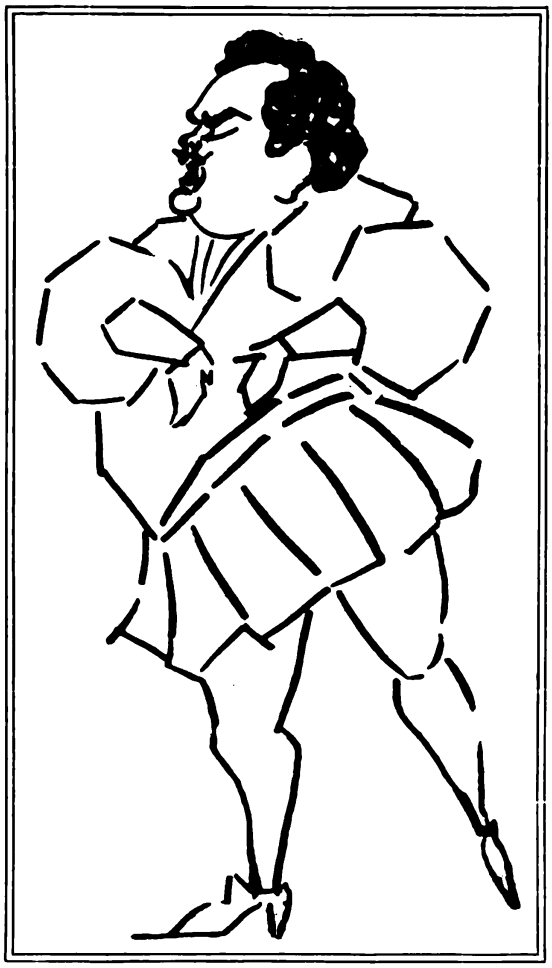
I owe for any success I may have achieved to Signor Guglielmo Vergine. I would point out, however, to prove how mistaken even a first-class master may be as to the suitability of certain parts to the singer who has been his pupil, that when Signor Sonsogno gave me my engagement for the Teatro Liroco, Milan, for the autumn season of 1898, he sent me three operas to study, as he wished me to appear in them. These were: "L'Arlesina," by Cilea; "Il Voto" or "La Mala Vita," by Giordano; and "La Bohème," by Leoncavallo—the last a new work which was looked forward to with unusual interest, as Puccini had written a successful opera on the same subject, which, by the way, is the work which was recently so popular at Covent Garden.

When, however, my master went through the part of Marcello with me, he bluntly informed me that I could make nothing of it, as the music was not suited to my voice; so, post-haste, I returned it to Signor Sonsogno, informing him at the same time that I feared I should be unable to sing it, for—the best of all reasons—I did not think I could make anything of it.

But, immediately on my arrival in Milan, Signor Sonsogno amiably insisted on my studying it, as, he declared, not only was he satisfied that it would suit me, but he also felt certain that I should make a success of it. He therefore suggested that I should work up the part with all possible dispatch with the special "coach," or *répitor*, of his theatre, going over it afterwards with Signor Leoncavallo.

Accordingly I learnt the music of Marcello, sang it on the first night, and made, to my amazement, such a hit that I pleased the composer, Signor Leoncavallo, and "notched" for myself, I am happy to say, the first step in such reputation that may be mine to-day. But had I not sung that part to oblige Signor Sonsogno I might never have been heard of in England and the United States, and, by the same token, I might not even have attained to anything but the merest modicum of fame. True, I tried the part in Genoa before I risked singing it in critical Milan, and as the result at the Carlo Felice there was satisfactory to all interested in the success of the opera, I sang the music in Milan with full confidence that it was suited to me in every way—a belief which, no doubt, helped me to sing on that memorable first night with all the art and voice I could command.

This was, I think I may say, the night which proved the turning-point in my career, as from that time onward Fortune has favoured me, though I would add that I have not relaxed in any way my desire to attain that perfection which, to the artiste, always seems—and is—unattainable.



CARICATURE OF CARUSO IN OPERA, DRAWN BY HIMSELF.

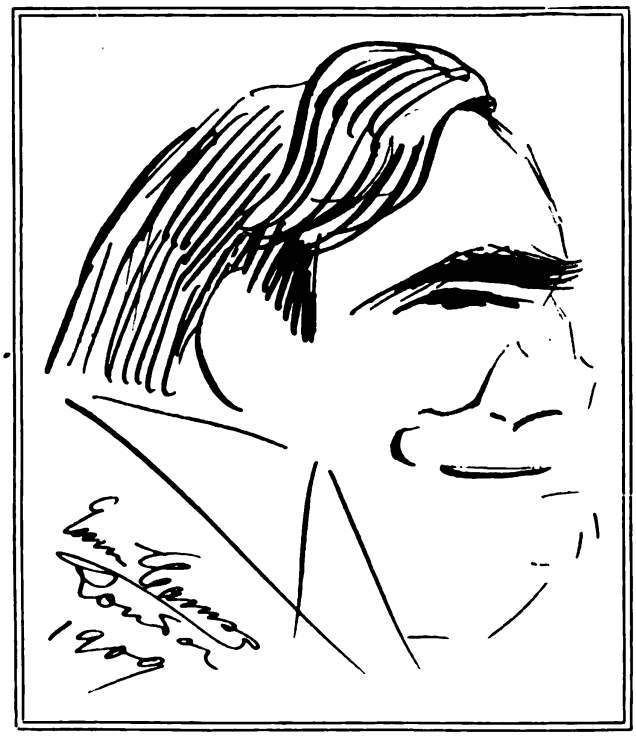
Still, to-day I work, work, work, hoping and believing that I may improve in artistry. To the singer, after the voice production, it always seems to me that clear enunciation is necessary if one is to aim at supreme excellence, as it, in a degree not usually appreciated by singers, greatly adds to the beauty of the voice in that it helps both the artiste and his hearers to the better understanding of the composer's intentions in his effort to aptly interpret musically the words and ideas of the librettist.

One thing, by the way, that I cannot comprehend from a truly artistic standpoint is that many singers, especially some "star" soprani, do not understand the meaning of the words they sing, and therefore, in some passionate love scene, make such appalling "hash" of the author's meaning by false

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expression and ungrammatical phrases that it is calculated to upset a fellow-singer in his endeavour to give a true and efficient dramatic rendering of the music and the words.

Some musical experts, I know, are wont to declare that the art of *bel canto* is lost to-day. But with this point of view I can assure lovers of music I do not agree for an instant. Every master of singing of consideration in Italy teaches it, and the singer who has not studied it can never hope, in my opinion, to arrive at a place of high distinction in his profession. Without it, for example, how could artistes sing "Un Ballo in Maschera," "Norma," "Rigoletto," "Don Giovanni," "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," "Guglielmo Tell," "Lucrezia Borgia" —in fact, all the famous operas of the best Italian school?



THIS CARTOON OF HIMSELF WAS DRAWN BY CARUSO ESPECIALLY TO ACCOMPANY HIS REMINISCENCES IN "THE STRAND MAGAZINE."

The grammar of this fine art consists of scales and exercises. Without constant practice the voice can never acquire that agility and ease of attack and that simplicity which are so necessary to the best order of vocal production; and the more beautiful and resonant the natural voice is, the more reason for its acquirement; for after you have once possessed yourself of this skill in vocalization everything else comes easy.

Naturally the dramatic sentiment is another all-important accessory to the perfect equipment of a great operatic singer; but, in a large measure, this cannot be acquired—it is a gift of priceless value from Nature. I admit, however, that by careful tuition this dramatic sentiment may be simulated, but in this case I fear there is an insincerity about the most perfect simulation which reveals itself to even the least critical observers, that is to say, if they possess artistic discernment —if, however, this gift is not theirs, the counterfeit may pass; and thus it is that the public deludes itself into believing that some lyric artistes are great, when, as a matter of fact, they are only in the equivocal rank between high mediocrity and true greatness —between which there is, as a matter of fact, a similar impassable gulf to that which separates talent from genius.

Very often I have remarked that operatic singers know little or nothing of the words of any of the characters of the plot of an opera in which they take part, save their own, and even of this they have but a vague idea—believing, no doubt, that if they sing the music correctly that is all that is required of them.

I am perfectly convinced, however, that a good education and a strong literary sympathy are of invaluable assistance in helping the good singer to reach a true state of excellence, and on this account I think that a singer should carefully read and re-read the whole libretto, so as to inform himself of the poet's purpose of meaning in the construction and purpose of the plot, as well as assimilating himself as far as he can with the composer's idea of how the poetry and the various aspects of mind of the characters should be aptly and effectively interpreted, so as to awaken a kindred or appreciative feeling in the minds of his hearers. And, moreover, I may say that unless an artiste can do this his rendering of their ideas on the stage must always suffer in a very great measure.

With regard to a "singing" diet I incline towards the simpler and more nourishing kinds of food, though my tastes are broad in the matter. Still, on the nights when I sing, except, perhaps, for a sandwich and a glass of my native Chianti, for which I have always retained a fondness, I take nothing until after the performance, when I have a modest supper of anything which I happen to fancy and which I have proved has no ill-effects on

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me. But really experience has taught me that it is by no means easy to lay down any hard and fast rule with regard to the commissariat department, as this must always be to a great extent a matter of personal taste. Besides, common sense should soon teach the singer what particular diet is suitable to his own individual constitution, and then, obviously, he has only to adhere to that *régime*.

As far as smoking is concerned, although in moderation I find that the practice is not injurious to me, yet all young singers I would warn against it. Still, many great singers have been most inveterate smokers, and I well remember that your "Grand Old Man of Song," Sir Charles Santley, tells a number of most interesting stories of singers he has known who have—well, as you say, "smoked like chimneys." "I can assure you," says Sir Charles, "I am not exaggerating when I say that I have never known a great singer who did not smoke. Mario, for instance, was an inveterate smoker, and, apparently, it did him no harm, for he smoked from twenty-five to thirty ordinary-sized cigars a day, and in Italy, where real Havana cigars are rarely obtainable, he frequently smoked as many as a hundred Cavours a day."



ON THE LEFT OF THE PHOTOGRAPH IS CARUSO'S BROTHER, WHILE NEXT TO CARUSO ON HIS RIGHT AND LEFT ARE HIS SISTER AND STEP-MOTHER—THE GREAT LIKENESS BETWEEN THE TWO BROTHERS WILL BE NOTICED AT ONCE.
From a Photograph.

I wonder how many times during the last few years I have been asked whether I consider intoxicants are injurious to a singer's well-being! Certainly, hundreds, and probably thousands. In Italy we habitually drink the light wines of the country with our meals, and surely are never the worse for it. But really, here again it is impossible to give advice generally, for so much depends upon the individual, though I would mention that I am inclined to condemn the use of spirits, whisky in particular, which is so prevalent in the Anglo-Saxon countries, for it is sure to inflame the delicate little ribbons of tissue which produce the singing tone, and then—*addio* to a clear and ringing high C.

All my life I have been a victim of nervousness; but whether or no this has been an advantage or a disadvantage, I should not like to say. In my case it has been a trouble, but, happily, a trouble that I adore when it waylays me on the stage. I am seized with nervousness, and the anguish alone makes my voice what it is. There is no personal merit in it. This fever portrays itself to the public by mysterious effects which move it, and really I think that that redoubtable deity called "*Le trac*" (stage-fright) is responsible for any slight pleasure that my singing may give to others.

From this nervousness I suffer increasingly, and when the German Emperor was gracious enough to compliment me on my vocal efforts, my emotion was so great that I lost my voice—words of thanks would not come. Again, after the terrible disaster at San Francisco my nervous system was so shattered, that I believed my voice had gone for ever.

Still, no doubt a keen nervous susceptibility is essential in an opera singer who desires to be eminent, and perhaps it is not too much to say that a man or woman of high nervous temperament alone can succeed as a lyrico-dramatic artiste.

In the great operas a severe strain is put on singers, for while they are portraying love, hate, or revenge—the two latter sometimes

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in a whirlwind, so to speak, of orchestral music and song—they have, the whole time, to watch the conductor, keep time and rhythm, and fail not, at the same time, in reproducing with perfect accuracy the composer's music. In consequence, it should be obvious, even to the merest tyro in singing, that the nervous tension on the operatic artiste must be far greater than it is on the actor, who has only to think of his action and his words, while the actor-singer has to think of action, words, and music.

In this short autobiography I have purposely refrained from giving details as to the dates on which I have taken part in various operas, and other hard facts which, it always seems to me, must exercise a severe strain upon a reader's patience. It may, however, perhaps be of interest if I say that I neither have a favourite opera nor a favourite part. I love all my operas and my parts; they are, indeed, my good friends, and whether I am called upon to play Rudolfo, Radames, Riccardo, Andrea Chenier, or Il Duca makes no difference to me. I am happy at all times to be in the company of my dear operas.

And now it seems to me that I have little else to say which is likely to interest you, except that the recent untrue reports which went forth from Milan and, amplified and distorted, flew from country to country, concerning an operation on my vocal chords have caused me the greatest indignation on account of there being not the slightest foundation for such rumours.

My voice today is as good, if I may say so, as ever it was, but I realize that, although now I am earning what, perhaps, may justly be considered a good income yearly from my tours, my career cannot go on for ever, and in any case I shall cease to sing in public when—and not after—I am at the top of my form, for I wish to be remembered as a singer and not as "one who used to sing once upon a time." At the Metropolitan Opera House I have signed on for three years, and I have also signed a contract for Monte Carlo in 1912, and many more before that.

But, after all, my future movements, my earnings, my prospects, my health, my welfare can be of no particular general interest, though speaking of earnings reminds me that I had a most "terrifying" experience on a recent visit to London. I was dressing for "Pagliacci," when a man walked into my room, tapped me on the shoulder, and said, "Give me one hundred and forty pounds." I looked at him and asked, "What for?" He replied, "Income-tax." I was already late and said, "Come again. I have not got the money here." Whereupon, with the rapidity of a conjurer he produced from his pocket a paper, apparently a warrant for my arrest. This seemed to me to be carrying a joke too far, and so I asked the manager to be kind enough to pay the man the money. He did so at once, and the good income-tax collector replied, "And now may I have a seat to see the show?" And he got it. That's London.



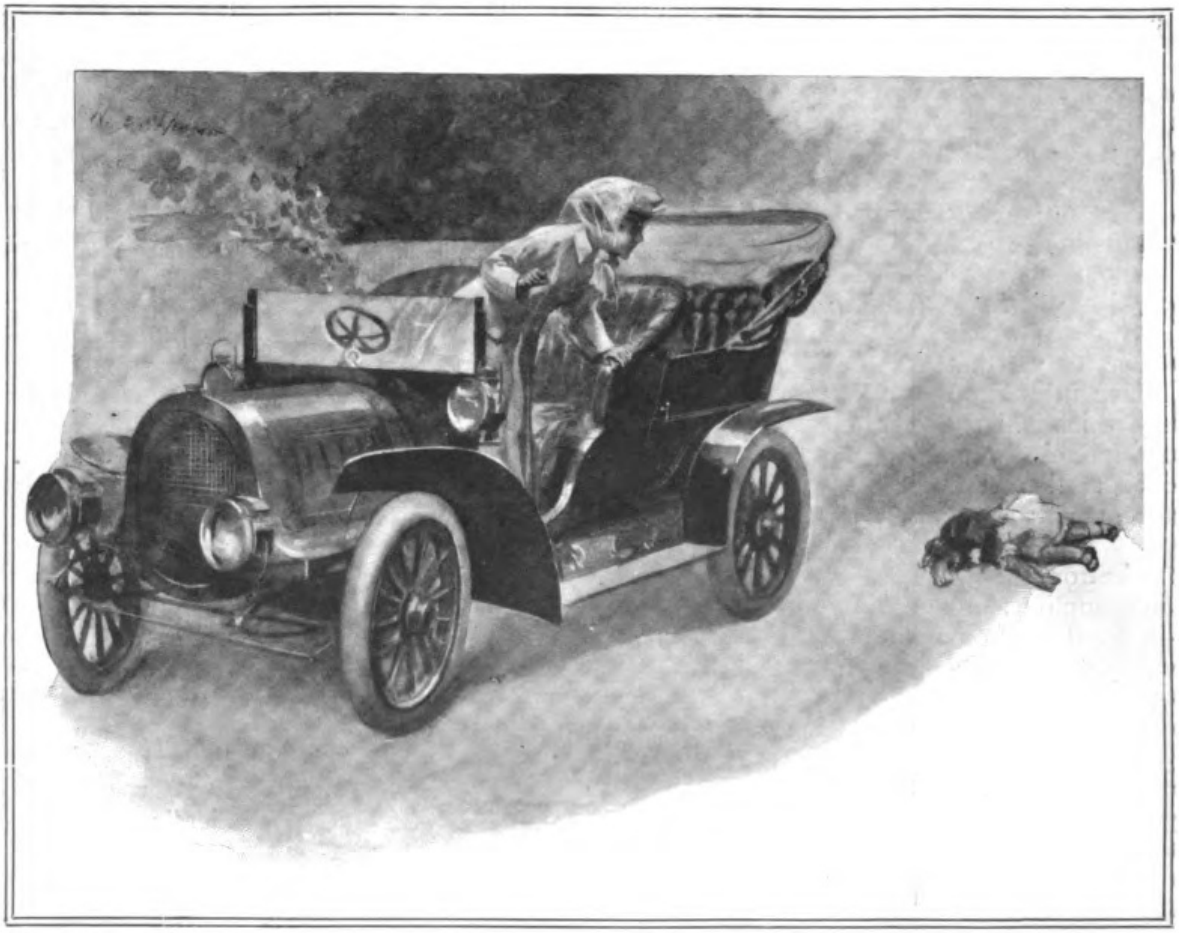
CARUSO IN "PAGLIACCI."
From a Photo. by A. Dupont, New York.

By this time, no doubt, you will have realized that, when at the commencement of these reminiscences I said that I was not what you English call "a flier" at the art of "reminiscing," I spoke the truth. But, remembering that your English language is one with which I am not too familiar, you will, I hope, pardon me for any shortcomings of which I may have been guilty; and if you have perused my story from the beginning to the end, I thank you most sincerely. And now, "Addio."

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HIS CHILD.

By RICHARD MARSH.



IT all happened in an inappreciable space of time. Something ran out of a gate right on to the road; she stopped with a sudden jerk which seemed to shake the car almost to pieces, but not before the something had been knocked over. She knew it had been knocked over, though in that first moment of horror she was incapable of looking round. It was some moments before she was sufficiently mistress of herself to be able to stand up and look behind—the something was lying on the road, a little white bundle, ominously still. Her heart seemed to cease beating. What had she done? She looked about her; there was not a soul in sight, nor a house. From where had the something come? A

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dreadful impulse swept over her; she would drive away—who would be the wiser? No one would ever tell. She sat down; all but started. Then the consciousness of the shameful thing which she would do seemed to hold her paralyzed. If she went on, that white something lying on the road would haunt her for ever and ever.

She got out, to find, when her feet stood on solid ground, that she was trembling. She had to hold on to the side of the car. It was a zigzag progress which she made towards the something on the road. When she reached it she knew what a hideous temptation had assailed her, what a wretch she had nearly been. As she dropped on to her knees the tears came welling into her eyes, and she bent over the recumbent mite. It was the merest child, scarcely more than an infant. It lay on its face, so still—she hardly dared to touch it. It was no peasant's child, it was so daintily dressed, in pretty shoes and stockings, a beautiful needlework frock; underclothes, which were exquisite both as to material and work, were all tumbled and exposed. She touched it on its little bare arm.

"Baby! Little one!"

No answer; it lay so still; not a sound to show it even breathed. Her heart was thumping against her side; she was possessed by a great fear. She turned the child right over; she thought it was the most beautiful little girl she had ever seen—a lovely face framed with clustering dark brown curls, eyes closed, lips just parted, as if she slept. So far as Mary Gardner could see there was nothing to show the child had been touched; not a scar or bruise, not a scratch or a drop of blood. She felt its little form; so far as her unpractised fingers could determine not a limb was broken. Then what had happened? Why was the little one so ominously still?

She picked it up, shocked to find how lifeless the little body seemed to be. The limbs just dangled anyhow, the head hung back almost as if the neck were broken. She felt sure that the car had not run over it—of that she was convinced—though what had happened she did not know. If the car had gone right over the child, she would certainly have been conscious of the fact. Would she? Was that so sure? So small a child, so big a car?

She was crying now as she had never cried in all her life before, holding the child gently to her bosom. Her tears fell on the little face. She had not cried even when the news had come—the news that had made it seem to her as if the foundations of her world had suddenly been snapped in twain. Grief, pain, shame, and anger, overwhelming her all at once, had all but driven her mad. But she had not cried. Now she was crying as if her heart were broken over the little child.

Then fear came back—that horrible sense of fear. What would come of it if she were found to have done this thing? She would be sent to jail, that would be certain; the story would be in every newspaper, not only here, but probably all over the world. Each would make its own comments; for a time, at least, she would be a byword—she, Mary Gardner, who had what almost amounted to a morbid horror of anything which savoured of publicity. Then—it all came to her during those awful, illuminating moments in which she knelt in the dust with a little silent child hugged in her arms—still worse might follow. How was she to prove that the fault had not been hers? How was she to prove it even to herself, to say nothing of a judge and jury? How was she to show that for this thing which she had done she did not deserve to be punished by the criminal law? Probably public opinion would be against her—it is a motorist's business not to run over little children even if they do dash suddenly across the lane. If she were to be sentenced to a term of imprisonment, it were better that she had died instead of the child; if she escaped by the skin of her teeth the odium of the thing would always be against her—her own conscience would be against her too. Then, as in a sudden dreadful vision, there rose before her the unknown face of the child's mother; what explanation which she could offer would satisfy her? Her child had been slain; would she be likely to look upon the slayer as anything but a murderess? Mary Gardner realized that in the nature of things the mother never could forgive her, and that her unforgivingness would follow her to the grave.

She came to a sudden decision; rose from her knees, bore the child to the car, placed it among the rugs on the floor at the back, making for it a sort of nest out of which it scarcely could be jolted. It looked so pretty as it nestled there in its cosy cradle—for the nest which she had made for it was cosy as a cradle—that, moved by a sudden something, she stooped and kissed it. How soft the little lips were! As she drew away, was it only in her imagination that on its face there was a smile? She had all but ceased to cry

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but as she climbed into the driver's seat the tears were streaming down her face again. She drove off, straight home. As she brought the car to a standstill in front of the house she was off her seat in an instant, and almost in the same instant had the rug in her arms with the child inside it. She had made her plans as she came along, reckoning that the servants would be at tea, and that no one would be in the hall when she arrived. It turned out as she had expected—she was in the house and half-way up the staircase before anyone appeared. Then a tardy footman came hurriedly along. She called out to him as she ascended.

"All right, Elliot, never mind the car; tell them to leave it where it is. I may want it again."

Entering her own bedroom, she not only closed but locked the door, laying the rug with the child in it on the bed. She had felt it to be an absolute necessity that she should be in her own place to enable her to collect her thoughts. Here she was in her own house, where she ran no risk of having her privacy disturbed —what did she propose to do? First of all she must make sure if the child had still some shred of life left in it, or if it was certainly dead; to do that it might be better to undress it. She proceeded to unfasten the little frock, to slip it off the nerveless form. As she did so her eye was caught by something on the hem inside. Something was written there—doubtless the child's name; at least she would know what it was. She looked to see; and the blood seemed to come surging up to her head. Could she have been mistaken? She looked again. No; there it was, as plain as plain could be—"Marjorie Hawthorne." She sat down on a chair beside the bed, the tiny frock in her hand, staring straight in front of her as if, in the vacant air, she saw a ghost.

Of all the incredible things which had happened this did seem to be the most incredible. Marjorie Hawthorne! Was it possible that it could be—the same Hawthorne? She reflected. It might; the thing was just possible. Her thoughts went back to the exact spot at which the accident had happened. Millwood—his house—had been on her left, at a distance, perhaps, of half a mile. She had put on speed as she passed the lodge gates, lest anyone should come out and see her; it was perhaps because she had not slowed down enough immediately afterwards that it had happened. The child might be five, or perhaps even six years old; it was conceivable that a child of that age might stray half a mile from home. But if this was his child he had been false even longer than she had supposed.

She writhed as she thought of it. Her rage returned. What a fool she had been; what a fool he had made of her! She had been eating her heart out, waiting, and he had been already the father of another woman's child.

How many years was it since he had gone away as her promised husband? He had been a younger son with only a pittance of his own. She had been the only child of her father. It had been a sufficient disappointment to James Gardner that she had not been a son; being a girl, representing his money, he had made up his mind that she should make a match which should place the family in that social position to which so much money was entitled. When Raymond Hawthorne, the younger son of an impoverished house, had what he called the impudence to ask for his daughter's hand, he, literally, turned him out of the house. There ensued some stormy scenes with Mary. She was only a girl then, within her already a touch of her father's hardness. He had told her point-blank that if she married against his wish she should not have a farthing of his money; she knew him well enough to be aware that what he said he meant. It was perfectly clear that without a farthing of her own she could not marry a man who was practically penniless. She did not actually defy her father, but when Raymond Hawthorne went to South Africa in search of fortune there was a private understanding between them that so soon as he had won for himself a position he would return to make her his wife.

That was—could it be possible?—nearly twelve years ago. For three years they had written to each other regularly, then the correspondence slackened. Things were not going well with him; she understood that he did not care to write often, for of himself he had nothing cheerful to tell her. In the fourth year his letters ceased altogether—she wrote again, and again, and again; some of her letters must have reached him, for they never came back to her; then they did begin to return, through the Dead Letter Office. At that time everything was against her. Her father, as conscious as she was that her first youth was slipping from her, was treating her with what she felt was almost brutality. Proposals had not been many—she had kept

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out of the reach of them; but there had been some, and others had been engineered by her father himself on a purely commercial basis. He had gone so far as to make overtures on his own account to an impoverished peer who was willing to give her that position which the old man wanted in exchange for coin of the realm. Declining to do as her father wished, there was continual friction. Her health suffered. Anxiety on account of her lover, the bad terms on which she stood with her father, were too much for her; collapse ensued which was both mental and physical; for more than twelve months she was seriously ill. When health began to return there was still no news from Raymond Hawthorne, and her father had had a paralytic stroke. Three years afterwards he was dead; she was alone in the great house, in possession of all his money—an embittered woman of twenty-six, who, she feared, was older than her years.

Still nothing had been heard of the absent lover. Inquiries had been made for him in all directions, not only by her. Both his father and his brother had been drowned at sea. The family estate, such as it was, was his—he was badly wanted. All trace of him was lost. He had last been heard of in a remote district of Rhodesia. The presumption was that he had died and been buried—or, perhaps, left unburied—in the wilderness.

Whatever she might have felt inwardly, Mary refused to admit that he was dead. She continued to wait—four more years. Then there burst a thunderclap. Without a word of warning, as if he had dropped out of the skies, Raymond Hawthorne returned to Millwood with a wife and child. That was the bitterest blow of all. When the news reached her Mary Gardner deemed it irresponsible gossip. But it was true enough; he had been back a week; the whole county was agog to know what would happen next. She had received no communication from him, and, under the circumstances, she wanted none. She was like a thing possessed; it maddened her to think that she had thrown away her life—for this. And everybody knew—that made it bitterer. There had been moments in the last few days when it would have needed very little to induce her to take her own life—as she put it, what was left of it. Sometimes, when the fit was on her, she would go careering round the country, sometimes on horseback, sometimes on foot, sometimes in a motor-car. This time it had been in a motor-car, and there was the result upon the bed.

His child! She had killed his child. She was glad of it. She did not care what anyone might say or think—at least she was not sorry. He had killed what was best in her; she had killed what was probably best of his. This was the justice of old—an eye for an eye.

Not only would he suffer, but the woman who had usurped her place—she would suffer too. Whatever might happen to her could not be worse than what had come to them. If they found out they might put her on her trial, but it would not be easy to prove that she had been guilty of a criminal fault; she would probably get off practically scathless; their punishment would be endless. Possibly he would see in it the hand of God.

But it would be well to make sure that the child was his. There was the name upon the frock, and, when she went to look, she found it was on all the other garments too. There came a knock at the door just as she had the child nearly stripped. How it made her start! The handle was turned; thank goodness she had locked the door. If someone had come in and found her there! She cried out, in a voice which scarcely seemed her own, "Who's there?"

It was her maid who replied; she had merely come to see if there was anything she could do for her. She replied that there was not; she wished to be left alone.

Something caused her to turn suddenly round—some sound which would have been inaudible to ears less on the alert than hers. What was it? There seemed to be no visible explanation. And yet—could it be?—the child had moved. She had been lying on her side when she had turned—she was convinced of it; now she was on her back. While she held her breath, wondering what it meant, a miracle happened—the child sat up and, with wide-open eyes, stared up at her face. Mary Gardner felt that her imagination must be playing her a trick; it could not be—but it was. On the little one's face was an expression which only comes upon the face of a child—the look which might come upon the face of a baby which woke to find itself in fairyland. Then the child asked a question—one of the blunt, straightforward questions which children do ask—in the sweetest baby voice, "Who are you?"

Mary Gardner, sinking on to her knees, hid her face on the bed; she was trembling so that it seemed to her the whole room must shake. She was conscious that presently the child made another remark which suggested that she was utterly ignored.

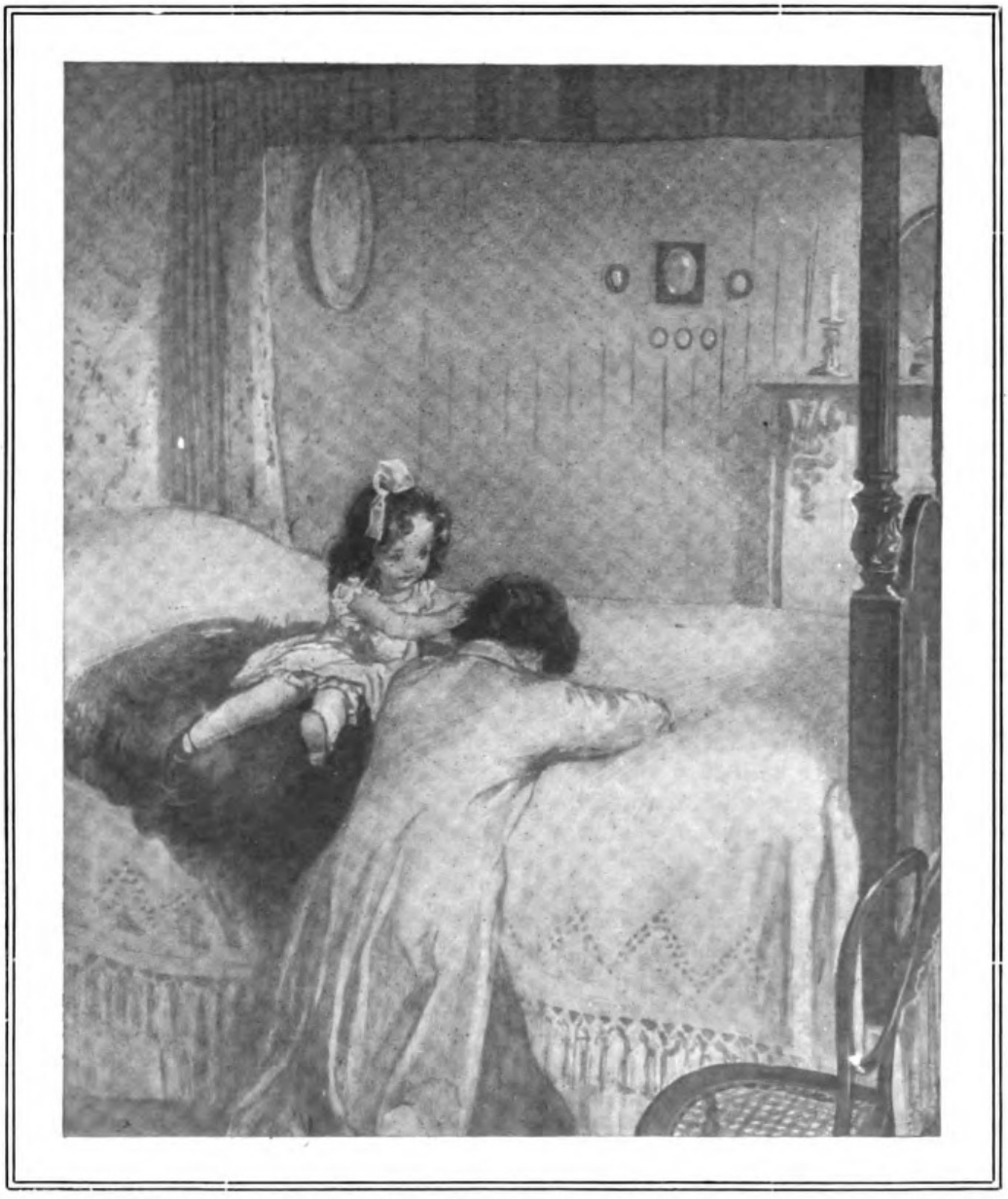
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"This is not my house." Then, when she continued in her recumbent posture, the child asked another question—"Are you crying?"

Mary Gardner was not crying. She was torn by a storm of feelings. To her that had been an afternoon of miracles, but this was the strangest of them all—that after all the child should not be dead, and she had made so sure of it. All at once something touched her head. It was the child's small hand—the tiny palm began to smooth her hair.

"What pretty hair you've got! It's prettier than mother's, and she has pretty hair. Are you my auntie? You know, they told me that Aunt Judith might come any day—I expect you are Aunt Judith. Why do you hide your face? Aren't you feeling very well?"

She was feeling as she had never felt in all her life before; and she had known some various emotions. She raised her head, found how close the child's face was to hers, met the big, wide-open eyes, and—because she could not help it—drew her gently to her and kissed her on the lips. The little one put her arms about her neck and kissed her back again. And then the tears did come—a fact on which the child commented.



"ALL AT ONCE SOMETHING TOUCHED HER HEAD. IT WAS THE CHILD'S SMALL HAND—THE TINY PALM BEGAN TO SMOOTH HER HAIR."

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"Why, you are crying! Aunt Judith, why ever are you crying? When I cry like that they say I shall be ill. You'll be ill if you keep on. You'll have a headache, and I don't know what."

Mary Gardner was conscious that the child spoke truly. She would have a headache if she were not careful. She was not sure she had not got one now. She brushed her tears away with the back of her hand, recognizing, with a feeling of surprise, how wet her face was.

"You're quite right. I don't know what people cry for; do you?"

"I don't often cry, but when I do cry I do know what I am crying for."

The child's delicious gravity moved Mary to sudden laughter. She folded the little one in her arms, smiling through her tears.

"Do you? Then you're wiser than I am, because I don't know why I'm crying—I really and truly don't."

"Isn't that rather silly, to cry at you don't know what?"

It was said with such an air of ancient wisdom, while the tiny fingers were playing with her ruddy locks—the child's father had once told her that her hair was the colour of rich, red gold; as she recalled the saying she shrank a little away. The child exclaimed at the sudden movement.

"Why, how you started! Did I hurt your hair? I didn't mean to."

She folded the child to her bosom with a frenzied longing, of which, for some reason of her own, she was more than half ashamed.

"You didn't hurt it, you didn't; I like to feel your fingers in my hair."

"Suppose I were to pull it?"

"You might pull and pull—I wouldn't mind."

"Not if I hurt you?"

"You wouldn't hurt me—you couldn't; nothing you could do ever would hurt me."

"Why do you say that? You don't know—I'm very strong. My mother says a woman is so easily hurt; aren't you easily hurt? You are a woman."

"Oh, yes, I'm a woman—worse luck."

"Why do you say 'worse luck'? I'll be a woman some day, if I keep on growing. Isn't it nice to be a woman?"

"That depends—on the woman, and——" She was going to say "the man," but she stopped.

"And what?"

"All sorts of things. You see, a woman's such a——" Again she stopped. "Listen! There's someone knocking at the door." She folded her arms closer round the child, as if she were again overtaken by fear.

"Shall I ask who's there?"

There seemed to be something in the mere suggestion which made her tremble; her voice sank.

"No—I will." She raised her tone. "Yes; who's knocking?" Her maid's voice replied. "Well, Adèle, what do you want?"

"There's a gentleman downstairs who wishes to see you. Hunt told me to let you know." Hunt was the butler.

"A gentleman wishes to see me—at this time of day? Who is it?"

"It is Mr. Raymond Hawthorne."

"Who?" In the sudden shock of her surprise she doubted that she had heard aright. The maid repeated the name.

"Why," exclaimed the child, "it must be papa! His name is Raymond Hawthorne—I know it is."

Mary Gardner was silent for a moment. She rose to her feet, and as she rose she lifted the child with her in her arms. She looked into the big eyes with something very curious in her own.

"Shall we—go and see papa?"

If there had been a break in her voice it had been unnoticed by the child.

"You have got pretty hair—it does shine. Can't papa come and see us?"

"I think, if we are to see papa, we had better go to him."

Her tone was grim. She hesitated. The child was partially undressed; should she stay to replace her garments? There was no need, the day was hot; she would come to no harm.

"Shall I take you to him just as you are?"

"Why, how else would you take me? Didn't that hurt?"

The little one had given a tiny tug to a lock of hair which she had twisted about her baby fingers. Miss Gardner shook her head; plainly the young lady was sublimely unconscious of her disarray. Mary, opening the door, confronted Adèle with the child in her arms. The maid stared.

"Where is Mr. Raymond Hawthorne?"

"Hunt did not know if you would be able to see him—he showed him into the morning-room."

Miss Gardner went straight downstairs, the child prattling as she went. The young lady, recognizing that this was not her house, was full of curiosity as to where she was. Outside the morning-room Mary paused; for the first time she wondered how she herself was looking—it was characteristic of her that

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she had not thought of glancing into a mirror. Putting her hand up to her brow, she realized that her hair was not in such order as it might be—the young lady had seen to that; she wondered if there were marks of tears in her eyes and on her cheeks—perhaps it would have been better to have seen to that. But now it was too late; she would not go back. She turned the handle and opened the door, but when she had already crossed the threshold for a moment she could go no farther. Her feet seemed clogged, her eyes dimmed, she seemed to see things through a mist. Then she was conscious that a voice was speaking to her, a voice which she had heard somewhere before.

"Mary!"

In some strange fashion the sound of the voice seemed to clear the haze before her eyes, so that she all at once saw clearly. A man was standing by the table with a face and form with which she was familiar, yet unfamiliar. He was resting one hand upon the table and the other on a stick. Something had happened to his body so that he did not stand quite straight. It was as if it had been warped; something worse had happened to his face, so that all one side of it was scarred. Apart from that, it was drawn and thin; there was a strange look about the eyes, as there might be in the eyes of one who had lately come out of the darkness into the sun. He was almost bald; the little hair he had was ashen white; indeed, that was the dominant note of his entire personality—the whole man was ashen white. Mary thought that she had never seen a stranger figure or a more pitiful one. Her heart began to swell in her bosom as it dawned on her what this man must have gone through to have been brought to this. She did not understand; it was to her almost as if she were looking at one risen from the grave.

"Raymond!—is it you?" She had not meant to speak to him like that, to use his Christian name—it had come from her before she knew it.

"I thought you would wonder."

He spoke in a voice like none which she had ever heard before; it frightened her; that was the second time that afternoon she had been afraid, but this was fear of a different kind.

"I have brought you your child."

"My child? What do you mean—my child?"

She was in such a queer state of confusion that either she did not hear what he said, or else she did not understand. She spoke to the little one.

"You see—I've brought you to papa."

"That's not my papa."

The small maid spoke in tones of something very like alarm. She put her arms round Mary's neck, pressing herself against her cheek, looking back at the stranger over what seemed to be a timorous shoulder. Mary understood less than before.

"Not your papa?" She addressed the man. "Isn't this your child?"

The answer was a strange one. "How can it be?"

She echoed his words. "How can it be? There's the name upon her things. She says her papa's name is Raymond Hawthorne. You have a child."

"How dare you say I have a child?" He spoke with what seemed very like anger.

"Haven't you? I—I thought you had."

"How can you have thought it? Why should you? I understand your not being able to endure the sight of me, your shrinking from me. I know what I look like; but why should you have thought I had a child? How dared you think it?"

"But—your wife—hasn't she a child?"

"My wife? So I've a wife? That's news; especially as I've come—out of hell to look at the one I once dreamed of having."

"Raymond, I don't understand. Aren't you with your wife at Millwood?"

"At Millwood? I'm not at Millwood. I wouldn't go across the doorway until I'd seen you. I made them carry me straight on to you. I'd sworn to myself that if I once got here I'd not rest till I'd seen you—one glimpse of you—if I never got another."

Something seemed happening to Mary Gardner which was beyond her comprehension; the earth seemed slipping beneath her feet; she made what seemed to her to be a frantic effort to get her footing upon solid ground.

"But I don't understand! You are married! They told me Raymond Hawthorne was at Millwood with his wife—all the county knows it! And here's your child."

"Are you serious? I can scarcely credit it; yet you sound as if you were. Don't you know that it's my cousin who is at Millwood with his wife?"

The earth seemed slipping faster and faster from beneath her feet.

"I—I didn't know you had a cousin; I—I never heard of him."

"One of my father's brothers settled in

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Australia—the man at Millwood is his son—he's more Australian than English. It's perhaps his child you've got there; but I—for nearly eight years I've been a slave in Africa, a black man's slave, chained by the leg, naked, starved, beaten, with never a chance of escape. You can't realize what it means, thank God—what I've gone through and lived—a man never knows till he's tried how hard it is to die. Then you talk about my having a wife and a child—Mary, you can't have thought it. I used to think, sometimes, that my spirit was in communion with yours. When I've endured the worst I've thought it most. It was only that which kept me alive—if such a thing as I was could be said to have been alive. I know—of course I know—that what I once dreamed is now impossible; I wouldn't let it happen if it weren't."



"SHE PUT HER ARMS ROUND MARY'S NECK, PRESSING HERSELF AGAINST HER CHEEK, LOOKING BACK AT THE STRANGER OVER WHAT SEEMED TO BE A TIMOROUS SHOULDER."

"You wouldn't let what happen?"

"You know!"

"I don't know."

"Since you thought I'd a wife and a child,

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perhaps you have forgotten that once there was—talk of that sort of thing between us two."

"You dare to say that? Now it is you who dare."

A strange smile seemed to light the man's scarred face.

"I beg your pardon; I ought to have known you better than to have thought it; and, Mary, I did; I only said it because of what you said. I'm glad to know that you thought of me as I thought of you. That is my cousin's child. She's a pretty little thing. Young lady, I fancy I must be your uncle. Do you think—I'm too ugly?"

The little one shook her head; all her timidity seemed to have gone.

"No, I don't think you're ugly at all." She spoke to Mary. "Do you think that he is ugly?"

"No, I don't."

"Mary!"

His voice, as he pronounced her name, sounded fuller than it had hitherto done. She looked him full in the face, asking a question.

"Is that all you have to say to me?"

"All? Why, no. I've—a multitude of things."

"Haven't you just one?"

"Just one?"

"Do you know, can't you see, that all these years I've been waiting for you?"

Something in her manner seemed to overwhelm him with a sense of awe.

"And, after all, there is nothing left of me."

"There is all I want."

"Mary! You don't understand—you're speaking without thinking; be careful what you say."

"You're still a man."

"Oh, yes, I'm still a man, but—what a picture of a man! Oughtn't I rather to say—what a caricature?"

"Does that sort of talk mean that you've ceased to care for me?"

"You know better." There was so odd a tremor in his tone. Her voice was like a trumpet-call.

"Then why don't you know better, too? Why don't you know that there's only one thing in the world for which I do care, for which I always have cared, for which I always shall care—to be your wife?"

"Maimed as I am?"

Suddenly, as he looked at her, her whole being was shaken as by a storm of tenderness.

"Do you think I want to be your wife as you aren't? I want to be your wife as you are! Raymond!"

For the third time that afternoon she sank upon her knees, this time beside the table. And the child said, "Why, you're crying again."

She replied, "This time I do know why I'm crying. I'm crying for joy."

Presently the man said, "I believe I'm crying, too."

The little one asked, "What is joy?"

And Mary answered, "This is."



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The Funniest Golf Story.

A SYMPOSIUM OF GOLFERS.

"GOWF is not a funny game, nor are the men who play it supposed to be funny." Such was the dictum of a famous golfer, Mr. Bethune, of Blebo, to the artist, Charles Keene, when the latter first announced his intention of getting some "fun" out of golf for *Punch*. One may doubt the accuracy of the remark nowadays. The game itself has not changed, perhaps, but the players are — at least, some of them —far less serious. At all events, although chuckles are suppressed on the green and witty sallies taboo in the bunker, there is full time for mirth and merriment when the players regain the club-house and the hour of relaxation begins There are nearly fifteen hundred club-houses in the kingdom, frequented by at least three hundred thousand players, and nowhere is the narrator of the timely jest so welcome. Funny things are always happening on the links. One humorist even ventures so far as to declare that no game of golf ever takes place without at least one joke.



H. M. BATEMAN'S SELECTION AS HIS BEST GOLF JOKE.

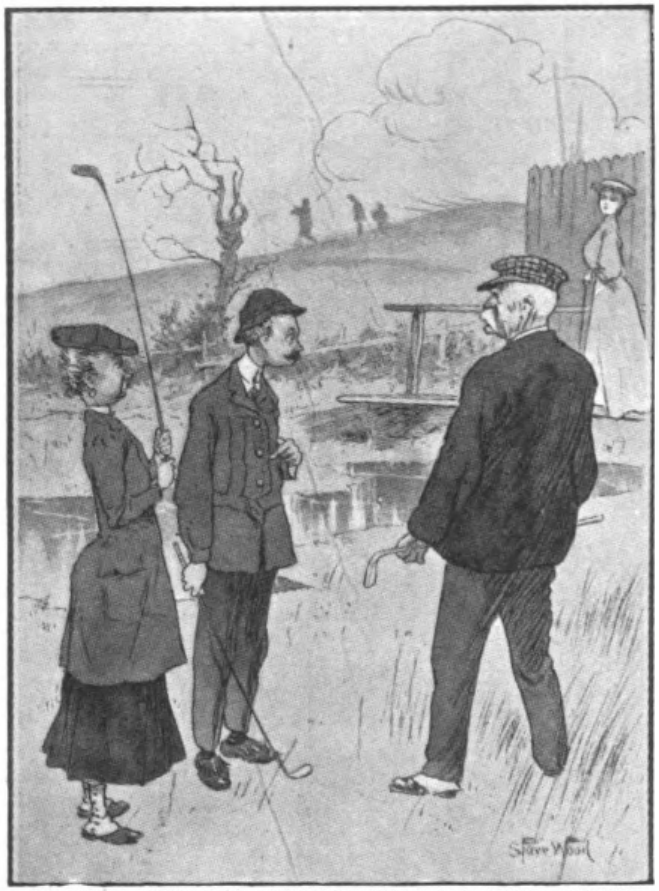
TOMKINS (GIVING INSTRUCTIONS TO HIS FRIEND): "Now let me impress upon you, 'Erbert, that everything depends on the way you stand."

Amongst the thousands of jokes told by golfers for golfers, which is the best? A good many owe their peculiar excellence to technicalities which the man in the street would not appreciate. They are too redolent of the flavour of "gowf." Countless others are variants of the same theme—offshoots of the same old joke. Some have an origin in matter of fact—others are pure inventions. As to the latter sort and the way in which a story gains currency, becomes stale, and is revived and condemned again, all in a few years, the present writer can furnish a curious instance. On March 23rd, 1906, a little joke sprang into his brain on the eleventh hole at Cassiobury Park. He turned it over in his mind, and delivered it at the club-house an hour later. It was in this form:—

"A player, after duly warning a pedestrian, drove off. The ball hit the man on the jaw, breaking his teeth. He picked himself up, roaring out, 'I'll have five pounds for this!' 'But I called out "Fore!"' remonstrated the player. The man became mollified. 'All right,' he said. 'I'll take four.'"

After being repeated in the club it travelled to another club. Braid told it to Vardon, who claimed a foul because it put him off his stroke at a critical moment. J. H. Taylor chuckled over it. Tait and Ball listened to it in amused toleration. In June it was published in THE STRAND MAGAZINE in the "Chronicles of the Strand Club." Thence it was copied into numerous weeklies and dailies in this country and America. After a rest of a couple of years, the *Globe* of August 7th, 1909, printed it under the heading "This Week's Golf Story," and finally *Punch* reprinted it August 11th, 1909, from the *Globe* with the comment, "It was a pity to spoil the tale by heading it, 'This

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STARR WOOD'S SELECTION AS HIS BEST GOLF JOKE.

"CONFOUND it, sir, you nearly hit my wife!"
"Did I? Well, you have a shot at mine."

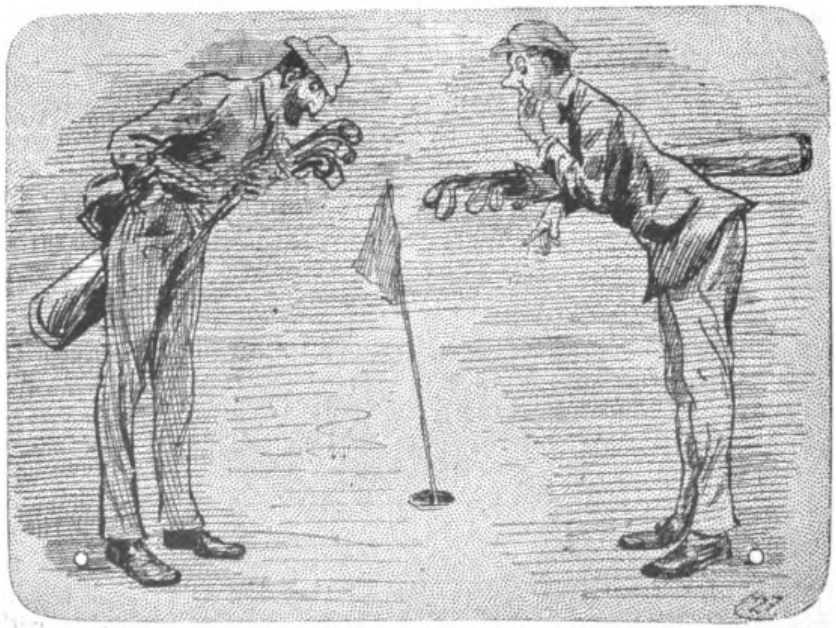
Week's Story.' 'This Century's Golf Story' would have been a safer title."

There is no sport of which the humour is so diverse and "problematical" as golf. Yet there are some golf stories of which the most obtuse non-golfer may have a glimmering of the point. For example, Mr. BALFOUR relates the following as the drollest all-round anecdote he has ever heard: "Two players determined to play a match by moonlight. The antagonists were in every respect worthy of each other, and as the match proceeded fortune did not appear to incline on either side. At last they came to a long hole, and to each it occurred at the same time that a critical moment had been reached, and that it was necessary to adopt heroic measures. They drove off two long balls, which to the eyes of the ordinary spectators appeared to vanish into night, far beyond all human powers of vision to follow. But each of the combatants declared that he saw perfectly where his ball had gone, and they walked off with unfaltering steps in the direction of the hole. When they had gone about a hundred and eighty yards neither began to show any signs of indicating that he had reached the place where he expected to find his ball. Both went on with unhesitating stride. At last, when they got to the putting green, some hundred yards or so beyond the longest recorded drive, both balls were found lying within a club's length of the hole. Each player had arranged to drop a ball through a hole in his trousers pocket!"

Besides Mr. Balfour, we recently put the question to numerous golfers throughout the kingdom: "What is the funniest golf story you remember?" Several score of jests have reached us in response to this appeal—far too many to print, and they show a strange variety of excellence.

A celebrated champion, Mr. J. H. TAYLOR, sends us two stories:—

"The golfer, attired in clerical garb, had



"EACH PLAYER HAD ARRANGED TO DROP A BALL THROUGH A HOLE IN HIS TROUSERS POCKET!"

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finished his round, in which he had been badly beaten, and with a doleful countenance slunk off to the club-house, while his caddie went off and joined the others.

"'What denomination will he be, Sandy?' asked one of them.

"'Well,' Sandy replied, 'they tauld me he was a Congregationalist, but A'm thinkin' he'll be just ane o' thae Profaintarians—aye, just that!'

"The scene was Westward Ho, and two players were driving off from the fifteenth hole. One of them was possessed of a quiet, pawky kind of humour, while the other was of the 'hit-'em-high-and-often' order. Not knowing the course, the slasher asked his partner for the line of the hole, and was told to play on to Dr. S——'s house, which was perched on the sky-line. The slasher let out, and his ball was skied to an enormous height. 'You mistook me,' said the quiet one. 'I meant his earthly, *not* his heavenly habitation!'"

No fewer than three players send in the following story, which is also the favourite of Mr. HARRY ROUNTREE:—

"There was an elderly Indian colonel, whose boast it was that he had a very tranquil disposition that nothing could ruffle. He took up golf, and for a long time his friends failed to notice any disturbance of the colonel's outward calm; but one day when playing a foursome he got into a notorious 'Devil's Punchbowl' bunker, and spent a terrible fifteen minutes trying first to find his ball and then to play it out. He tried every club in vain, and at last, glaring like a demon, he smashed them one after another across a jagged rock. 'What are you doing?' cried out the party above. 'It's all right,' he snorted. 'It's—it's better to—break one's clubs than to—lose one's temper!' And the caddie gathered up the pieces."

Mr. JAMES BRAID, a golf champion of world-wide fame, sends us the following:—

"While a competition was taking place between four prominent professionals in the West of England, some trainers, who had been in the habit of galloping their horses over parts of the links, came on to the course. By way of inducing the men to take an interest in the game, and so keep the horses as much off the course as possible, the club officials invited some of them to watch the play. They consented. After they had watched the game for some time, one of them was asked his opinion on golf.

"'Well,' he replied, 'after seeing some of you play your approach strokes and the number of divots you remove, what puzzles me is why you should complain about the damage done by our horses!'"

Mr. Braid also tells another amusing yarn:—

"In Scotland any small stream is dignified by the name of 'burn.' Once, having made a fair shot, a certain player was delighted at his prowess. 'Did you see me get over that burn?' he kept asking his caddie. Coming back, however, his ball fell in the mid-water. He looked at it in profound disgust. Then he turned to his caddie. 'Go,' he said, 'pick my ball out of that miserable sewer and come on.'"



"'GO,' HE SAID, 'PICK MY BALL OUT OF THAT MISERABLE SEWER AND COME ON.'"

Another yarn is of a curate who, playing golf for the first time, asked his caddie for advice.

"Ye'd better play right on the flag, sir."

"Play on the flag?" echoed the man of peace, straining his gaze into the distance. "Oh, thank you—thank you very much. But—er—I have really very grave misgivings as to my ability to hit such a very small mark at such an unreasonable distance!"

Nor must we omit the tale of the conceited player who got on the "carpet." "Carpet" is golf slang for the green. This gentleman made a mighty stroke, but he pulled the ball so that it executed an ellipse in a most dangerous locality. Losing sight of the ball, the player asked, "I say, caddie, how's that? On the carpet, I think, eh?"

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"Yes, sir," replied the caddie, pointing to an adjacent cottage; "front parlour, sir."

Mr. ANDREW LANG, who is responsible for many golf anecdotes, tells one which has delighted more than one generation of golfers:—

"A determined player got into a sand-pit, and for a long time all that his opponent saw of him was only distinguishable through the dense clouds of sand made by the violent action of a niblick. At last the resolute veteran emerged from the pit, and his opponent, without expressing any surprise or condolence or annoyance at the delay, merely asked him how many he had played. But evidently the other was not in a revealing mood. 'I went into that place,' he replied, icily, 'at a quarter past twelve. It is now a quarter to one. You are at liberty, sir, to form your own estimate.'"



"'BY JOVE!' SAID HE. 'I NEVER SAW SIC A THING AS YON BEFORE—STYMIED ON THE TEE!'"

Few players have written more about the game than Mr. HORACE HUTCHINSON, who sends us the following:—

"They were a very jovial party of golfers who had come to the New Hotel at Gullane, saying they would sample the links on the morrow. In the evening they lived sumptuously, looking long on the wine when it was red, and later on the 'barley bree' when it was mellow, and on the following morning each found himself with a 'sair heid.' Their breakfast was frugal. Feeling rather poorly, they resolved they would go down to the links and content themselves with a look round in the morning and engage in the royal and ancient game in the afternoon. They had their promenade over the course, after which they felt very much refreshed, and returned to luncheon with a hearty appetite, making good amends for the indifferent breakfast, and again looking on the red wine and on the mellow 'barley bree.' After luncheon they sallied down to engage in the game. The leader of the party had his ball teed for him at the first tee, and was addressing himself to strike, when suddenly he drew back with a look of utmost consternation on his countenance. 'By Jove! said he. 'I never saw sic a thing as yon before—*stymied on the tee!*'"

Another of Mr. Hutchinson's is this:—

"A caddie was carrying for a visitor from the Antipodes, who was anything but a brilliant exponent of the game. For a long time, although divot after divot was lifted, the lad made no remark. At last a particularly deep one was dug up, and after replacing it he asked, thoughtfully, 'Is it true you're from Australia, sir?'

"'I am; and what of that, eh?'

"'Oh, maybe I wranged ye. Nae doot you're tryin' for a short cut home,' said the boy, solemnly."

Mr. SIDNEY H. FRY forwards the following story:—

"At a championship meeting at Muirfield Mr. J. S. Worthington and I went out to have our first round over the course, and, playing to one of the holes, Mr. Worthington's caddie gave him a light iron to play his second shot with. He hit a good shot, but was quite fifty yards short of the hole. He was much annoyed with his caddie, and,

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turning sharply round, said, 'Why, of course, no one could expect to reach the hole with this iron—it's a full shot with a brassy!' The caddie, with an indignant look, replied, 'Sir, I'll bet I could get over the green from here with that club.' 'Right!' said Mr. Worthington. 'I'll give you five pounds if you do. Here's the club and a ball.' The caddie proceeded to tee the ball, and after moistening his hands took a mighty smite, but did not even touch the ball, missing it by quite a foot. He tried again, but was no more successful, hitting the ground a foot behind the ball. Picking up the ball, he said, 'Ah, well; I suppose I'm right off my game to-day!'"

A certain well-known golfer once had a strange dream. "I dreamt," he said, "I was going up to heaven by a ladder, the foot of which was placed on the first tee of St. Andrews Links; but before those making the ascent started they had to go to a starter's box for a piece of chalk with which they were required to put marks on the side of the ladder as they went up for all the tall stories and exaggerations they had been guilty of in their golfing career. Well, having procured my chalk, I started; but I had not gone far up when I met a person coming down whom I recognized as a very prominent member of the club—a player of national distinction. 'Halloa!' I shouted, 'why are you coming down?' 'Oh,' he replied, 'my supply of chalk has given out, and I've had to come down for more.'"

'Oh, yes,' he replied; 'my grandfather was born here. In fact, he is buried here'; and with that he cut another huge divot. Whereupon the caddie said: 'Hadn't you better try another club, sir? You won't get deep enough with that one. Try a niblick!'"

'On many golf links," writes Mr. TOM BALL, "it is the custom to paint on the sand-boxes the distance in yards of the particular hole, together with the notice, 'Please replace the divots'—that is, the pieces of turf cut up in the act of playing.

"A certain unsophisticated player was observed, after playing his tee shot from off a tee about the size of a mole-hill, to carefully gather the remains of the sand into his hands and replace it in the sand-box.

"On his return to the links house in a state of exhaustion, a sympathetic friend remarked, 'It takes it out of you, golf on such a hot day.'

"'It's not the golf,' replied the unsophisticated one; 'it's that absurd rule about having to put the divots back. One would think the green committee could at least afford to lose a bit of sand.'"



"AN UNSOPHISTICATED PLAYER."

HARRY VARDON writes:—

"A certain golfer was one day out with his caddie and very much off his game. He was cutting up the turf, greatly to the caddie's disgust, who turned to him and said: 'I suppose, sir, you don't know these links at all?'

Mr. G. H. BRIGGS writes:—

"On the course at Biarritz there is a certain hole which can be reached in one shot from the tee. The green, however, is blind, lying over the crest of a hill. It is therefore customary to send a caddie forward to mark where the ball goes. On one occasion a golfer hit a good straight shot over the hill, the ball dropping dead on the line for the hole. Great was his rejoicing, when coming up the hill, to hear his caddie shouting that the ball was in the hole; indeed, the player was so pleased (never having performed the feat before) that he made the caddie a present of five francs.

"The sequel to this event is remarkable.

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The story goes that on the following day no fewer than seven players, on reaching this particular green, found they had holed out from the tee!"

Mr. WILL OWEN, the artist, tells the following at the expense of himself and the author of "Many Cargoes":—

"Jacobs and I—both of us regular duffers—were playing on the ladies' links at Deal. The place was rather deserted, and we had two small caddies. Jacobs (to his caddie): 'Do you get many people playing here?'

"Caddie: 'No, sir, we don't—only ladies and old gentlemen wot can't play.'"



WILL OWEN'S SELECTION AS HIS BEST GOLF JOKE.

THE CADDIE: "Now, ain't yer glad yer didn't go to the pantomime?"

A favourite of many club-rooms, but which originated at Berwick, is the story of the patient caddie attending the bad player who seemed oblivious of his progress until nearly half round the course. Then he suddenly addressed his attendant. "How many's that, caddie?"

"Ye're playin' yer ninth."

"Playing my ninth? Impossible!"

"It's no impossible. Ye tappit it aff the tee in yun, missed it a'thegither in twa, went intae the sand-bank in three, ye didna get oot in four, but ye got oot in five, ye gaed intae the whins in sax, ye didna get oot in seven, but ye got oot in acht, and noo ye're playin' yer ninth!"

"Two caddies, keen rivals," writes Mr. SIDNEY JAS. CHESTERTON, "had arranged a match. This took place one evening. When playing to the seventeenth hole one of them, who was one up, sliced his ball into the rough and for some time it could not be found. Just before the time limit was up the player called out that he had found his ball, when his opponent was heard to mutter, 'That's queer, as I hae it in ma pouch.'"

Mr. BRUCE GOFF sends the following:—

"A plus three man was staying at an Eastern seaside links, and was asked by three Jews to join in a foursome. The match was made up and the quartet proceeded to the first tee. The plus three man's caddie was a keen boy and took great interest in his master's matches, so he went up to the Jewish partner and asked him what his handicap was. Evidently the Jew looked upon this as a great liberty on the boy's part, as his handicap was fourteen. So he fixed the boy with a stony stare and said, 'I am plus six at Jerusalem.'"

Mr. F. H. A. BOOTH writes:—

"Jones and Simpson had played two rounds at St. Andrews. Jones had won both games; they had been well fought, and no excuses had been made. As they reached the club steps after holing out at the last hole Simpson, with a deep groan, said, 'If you don't mind, old man, I am going home; I've had the most awful pain in my stomach the whole day long.' 'What!' exclaimed the horror-struck Jones. 'Don't say that. Do you know, I had just been congratulating myself that I had beaten a *healthy* golfer for the first time in my life?'

"This is one of the best stories I know, because it has a moral for not a few golf players, not excluding myself."

Mr. HARRY FURNISS writes:—

"Apropos of Tom Ball's story, an old golfing friend of mine, well known on the beautifully-

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"AH, PARDON ME, SIR; DO YOU—AH—WANT THESE?"

situated Hastings Links—not to be confused with the St. Leonards Links, close to the railway—once saw a young man miss the ball two or three times, and each time cut a huge divot. My friend waited until the young swell was strolling off as if nothing had happened and called after him, 'Divots, please.' He stopped, looked at my friend, and did not seem to understand. My friend, pointing to the cut-up turf, repeated, 'Divots, sir, if you please.' At last the young player's face brightened. He thought he knew what my friend meant; so he picked up the pieces of turf and, walking to him, said, politely, 'Ah, pardon me, sir; do you—ah—want these?'"

Mr. ARNAUD MASSEY'S best golf story is as follows:—

"An English golfer was playing at Pau and had a French caddie attending upon him. He made one particularly fine shot, and, as golfers will at such times, he turned round to the boy with excusable vanity for applause. But the boy's English vocabulary so far comprised only two words, which he had uttered on several occasions, but the sense of which he did not understand. Feeling sure they must be appropriate on this occasion, and desiring to be appreciative, he smiled pleasantly and said, 'Beastly fluke!'"

Cricketers used to be fond of calling golf an old man's game, but the Frenchman who saw a recent open championship played in a hurricane of pouring rain, and later on went to Lord's and witnessed a cricket match, when twenty-two strong men kept twenty thousand people waiting from eleven until four o'clock on a beautiful warm day because of a few gentle showers, expressed the opinion that cricket "must be ze game for ze old woman."

Mr. G. L. STAMPA, of *Punch*, sends the following:—

"Little Binks (who has taken countless strokes and finally given up the hole): 'I once did this hole in three.'

"Friend (whose patience has been overtried): 'Three what—*weeks?*'"



"HE SMILED PLEASANTLY AND SAID, 'BEASTLY FLUKE!'"

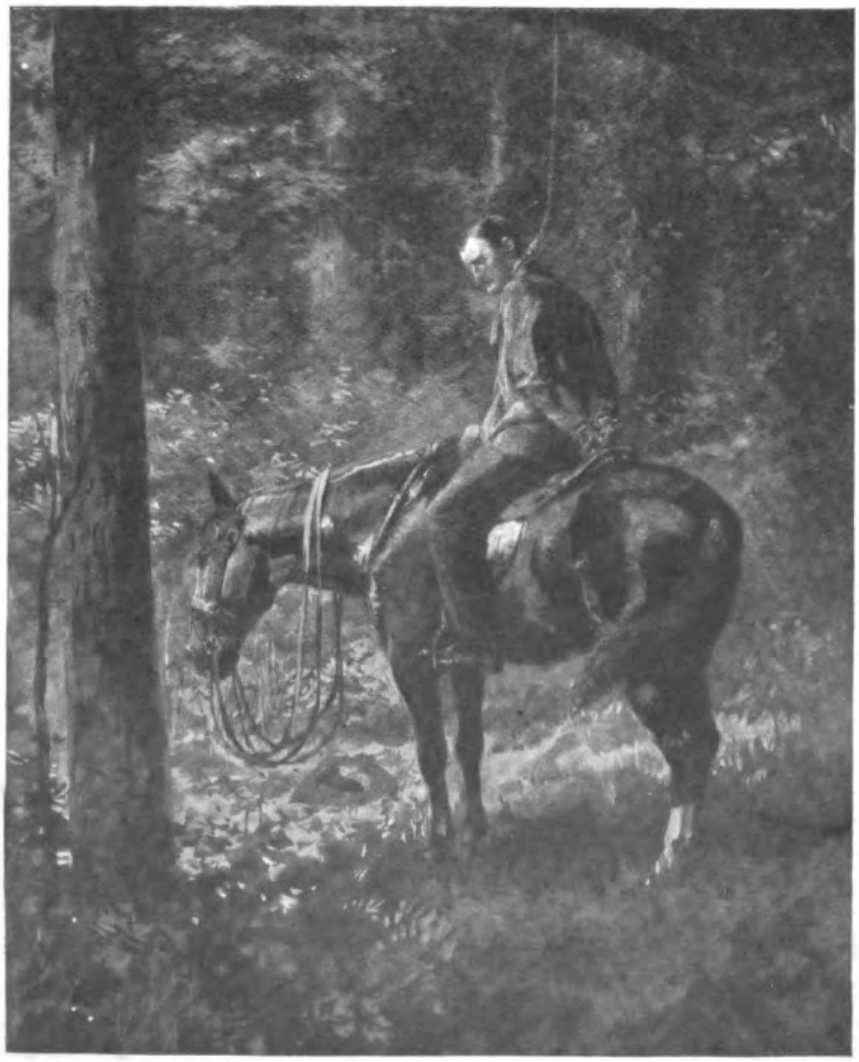
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The Man Who Was Lost.

By C. C. ANDREWS.

SOMEWHERE in the green deeps of the forest a bird whistled shrilly, and the horse cocked its ears. Also it shifted a foot restlessly, the first movement it had made, and for an instant the heart of the man whose thighs dared not grip its sides was as water within him. But he spoke to it gently, moistening his dried lips with almost as dry a tongue, in the soothing, softly guttural intonations that the animal-lover knows and the animal loves, and, quieted, it drooped its head again patiently.

He sat erect in the saddle, absolutely motionless but for the movements of the hands—desperate, but swift, sure, and skilful—that strove to free his fettered wrists from the rope that bound them behind his back. Were the knots loosening? Had his fingers lost their old cunning? If he could but twist, turn, struggle! But an incautious jerk, and even without the whistle for which his ears were strained—— His dark eyes, blazing in his handsome, colourless, reckless face, turned from that point of the trodden trail where his captors had vanished among the trees to the limb of the great sycamore above his head to which was fastened the second rope whose other end lay in a noose about his neck. He swore an oath, very softly.



"'GUESS I'LL PLAY AND WIN YET!' HE SAID BETWEEN HIS TEETH."

"Guess I'll play and win yet!" he said between his teeth. "Ten minutes to pray, eh? Another five, and ye may whistle your hardest, curse ye!"

The lithe fingers picked and twitched at the knots as though eyes guided them, and now great beads of sweat ran down the rigid face. Would the whistle come? The cord loosened — one swift, dexterous twist and turn and it slipped rustling down; in a flash he had flung the noose over his head and dropped from the saddle—free! Not too soon, for almost as he did so the whistle, loud and clear, pierced sharply through the myriad murmurous sounds of the forest, and the horse, starting, pricked its ears. The call was repeated, shriller, more insistent; and accelerated by the smart blow upon

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its flank the animal, with reins hanging, galloped down the trail. As it disappeared the man looked from the dangling loop above his head to his galled wrists and laughed.

"I allow that leaving me alone to do my praying was where they slipped up," he said, deliberately.

He stood for a moment thinking. The sun, striking downward through the trees, was bright upon his alert, well-knit, well-dressed figure, and the smooth, close-cropped, dark head that showed here and there a crisp touch of white. His capture had not dishevelled him, since he had made no struggle. To do so against odds hopelessly superior was not in the philosophy with which he viewed most of the happenings of an adventurous and varied existence. He stooped and picked up his hat, glancing down the trail. "Likely it will be all of two hours before they bring along the wagon to take away the body. That ought to be start enough for me," he said, and laughed again as he plunged in among the trees.

At first his movements were brisk enough—to turn and turn, to double upon and confuse his own tracks, yet always to draw farther and farther away from the glade where the great sycamore stood, was to him an easy task, and such pauses as he made were only to listen, with sharply-turned head, to distant sounds that might presently burst into those of pursuing feet. But his step slackened more and more, and once, when, wincing, he slipped a hand inside his coat, he withdrew reddened fingers. His set face was livid and the sweat thick upon his forehead when at last he came out upon the forest's edge. The fierce heat of the sun beat upon him with the force of a dizzying blow—he reeled forward a pace or two, staggered, stumbled, and fell headlong down upon the coarse grass that fringed the glaring yellow road.

A blue jay lighted on the great azalea bush with a flirt of sapphire wings and looked chattering down at the unconscious figure; a grey squirrel ran scurrying across his feet and vanished. Then, after an interval, the hot silence was broken by the sound of approaching wheels and hoofs deadened in the powdery dust; from a side-track farther down the road appeared a light wagon, and beside it rode a girl on horseback. Her face was rosy with the heat; under her broad-leaved hat her abundant black hair flowed down over her shoulders almost to her blue linen riding-skirt; she was quite young, almost a child, probably no more than sixteen; her blithe, treble voice came as clear as a bird's. The driver of the wagon, a lad some two years older, seemed content to listen. His straight-featured, severely handsome face, which would have been very fair but for its tan, was turned towards her with an expression of boyish adoration so innocent as to be almost sexless. She prattled on, her grey eyes avoiding his with a coquetry half bashful, half tantalizing, repeating what, in some slightly different form, had been said more than once already.

"I didn't reckon a bit I'd see you here," she said. "I never thought you'd be into Cransett to-day. I just allowed I'd ride over and see Mrs. Tennant and wait there for dad. Abner Deacon has taken his horse along to meet the coach at the Crossing. He's driving the buggy to bring home the parcels—if dad has remembered all the things mother said for him to get there ought to be a heap. You're having some too, aren't you?"

"My store things from Palmersville—yes. I guess they'll be along to-day," the boy answered, quietly.

"Of course." She giggled like the child she was. "Say, Jerome, you'll be real smart, won't you?"

"You mean you think I'll look pretty middling foolish. Don't you, Claudia?"

The stress, half shy, half tender, laid upon the name, suggested that its use might be a lately-accorded boon. Miss Claudia tossed her black locks.

"Don't see why you won't look as well as other folks. Mrs. Tennant wouldn't care to have you say you wouldn't, any way."

"That's so. I feel sort of bothered about letting her spend so much, but she seemed to feel she had to."

"Guess she was right. You've got to be smart in Boston. . . . Oh, look—look! What's that?" cried the girl.

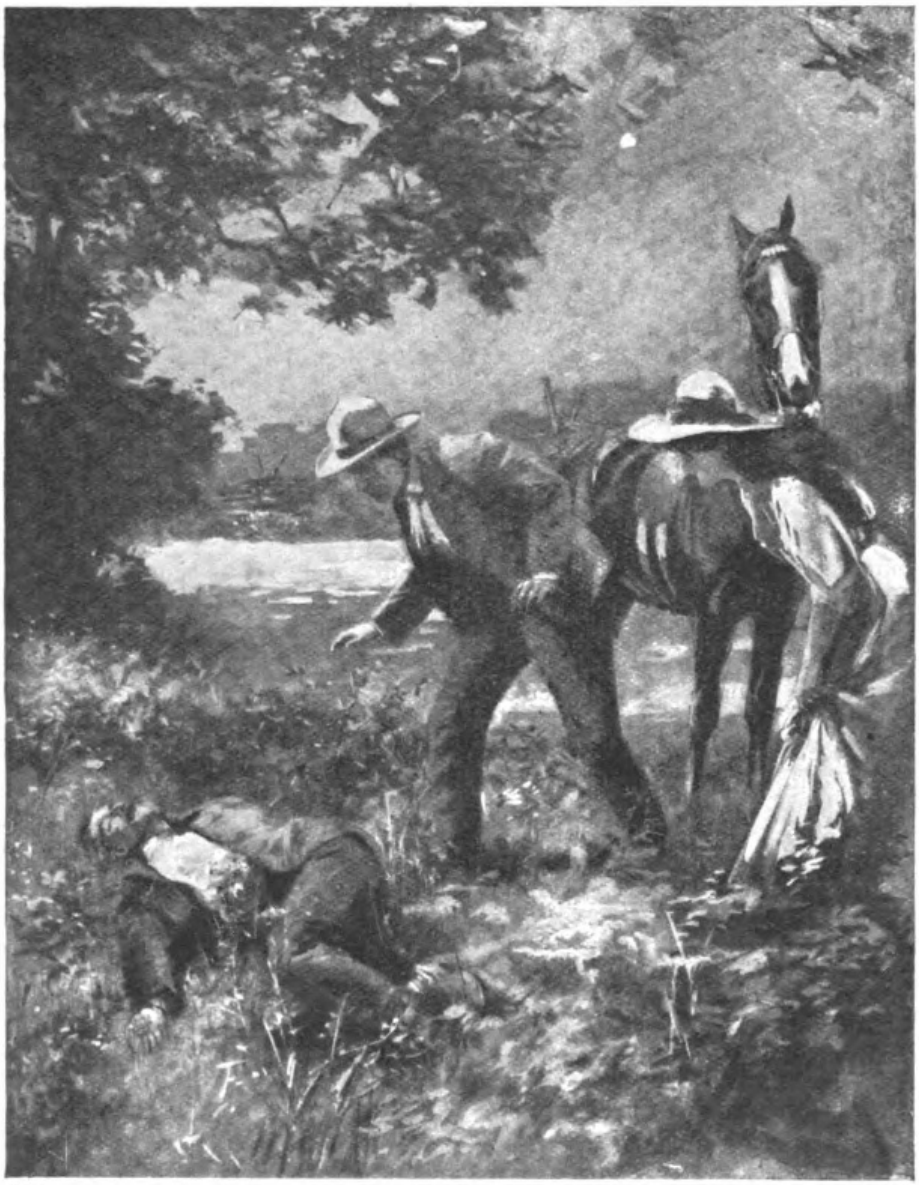
Her quick eyes had seen the prone figure beside the road. In a flash she had slipped from her saddle; her companion was hardly less swift in springing from the wagon—together the two startled young faces bent over the insensible man. A moment, and Jerome looked up.

"He isn't dead—I can feel his heart. He don't seem hurt. Guess it's the sun. We've got to get him into the wagon, Claudia."

"The—the wagon?" quavered Claudia. She gave a little whimper of fright. "Oh, Jerome, he looks real awful! You sure he's not dead?"

"Of course he isn't. He's fainted, that's

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"TOGETHER THE TWO STARTLED YOUNG FACES BENT OVER THE INSENSIBLE MAN."

all. Don't be scared, dear. I guess I can lift him pretty easy. He's considerable smaller than I am."

This was luckily true, for Jerome, in stature and physique, was a young giant. The girl, watching as the lax figure was laid in the bottom of the wagon, gave a scream—the coat had fallen open, and the white shirt beneath showed stiff and red with blood.

"Oh, he's shot!" she cried.

"Seems so—bullet's gone clean through his shoulder, I think. He's bled considerable—guess that's what made him faint. . . . Say, I'll bet this is some of Mason's doings."

"Mason's?"

"Chris Mason, who keeps that little one-horse saloon on the road to the Bend. They say there's pretty queer doings there, and that he's cleaned out plenty at cards. Guess he'd as soon shoot as not, if anyone acted ugly."

"Maybe it's so. I've heard dad talk of Mason's. But he doesn't look the sort to go there, I think. . . . He's real handsome, isn't he?"

Her eyes rested with artless admiration upon the black-browed, black-moustached face; in its pallor it showed clean-cut as a cameo. The boy flushed with ready boyish jealousy.

"Handsome? Why, he's old! I allow he's more than forty," he said, bluntly.

"What of it? So's your mother, nearly; and if I thought I'd look like her when I got as old, I'd feel pretty conceited. There isn't her match in the State, dad says."

"That's so," agreed Jerome, promptly. "I reckon there isn't anyone around that's as proud of his mother as I am—or who's got as much reason to be, either."

"Well, that's about what she thinks of you," said Claudia, graciously. Then she nullified the compliment, in her sex's way, "I guess that's because she hasn't got anyone to fuss with but you! . . . You'll drive him home, won't you?"

"Reckon so. I—— He's waking!"

The man's eyes were opening. At his instant effort to raise himself young Tennant bent down.

"You'd best keep quiet," he said, clearly, "or you'll maybe start bleeding some more. You've been set upon, haven't you?"

"That's so, my boy."

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"I allowed that was the way of it. You must have bled considerable from that shot. Guess that made you faint?"

"Yes—I guess so."

"I reckoned at first it was the sun, it being such a mighty hot day. I'm glad we happened along. Perhaps it was Chris Mason set on you, if you've been to his place. It would be about like him."

"Exactly like him."

"Then it was Mason? . . . Maybe you'll say what your name is, sir?"

"My name?" He caught sight of the pretty, scared girl's face peering beyond the boy's, and smiled at it. "My name's Mostyn," he said then; "and I am a thousand times obliged to you and to the young lady. If I could rest for an hour and have my wound dressed——"

"There won't be any trouble about that, sir. We'll be along home in a little."

The other made a slight gesture of thanks. Little Claudia, meeting a second smile, thought again, as she sprang into her saddle and Jerome climbed to his seat, how handsome he was—the gay sparkle of the dark eyes; the lazy, soft, musically-drawling voice; a certain dash and audacity of manner charmed her equally. Only a sentence or two had been spoken when presently the wagon rolled into the grassy yard surrounding the modest Tennant house, and stopped before the porch; it was not far. No one appeared as the injured man was helped up the shallow steps and into a neat room opening from it, where the drawn blinds made a cool green gloom after the sultry glare without. As Mostyn sank down upon the couch, closing his eyes, Jerome looked at Claudia.

"Guess mother will be in her sewing-room," he whispered. "I'll tell her, and then I'd best hurry up and drive to the Crossing. Coach will be due in a little now."

"Yes. But don't you wait—I'll tell her. And mind you bring dad along to ride home with me," returned Claudia.

He nodded and hurried out. The girl waited for neither a glance at his retreat or at the man on the lounge, whose pallid aspect in truth scared her. She opened a door, crossed an entry, opened another door, and entered the room beyond. With a pleased exclamation Mrs. Tennant rose to meet her, and the half-made silk skirt at which she was working slipped to the ground.

It needed but a glance to tell from whom her son derived his long limbs, his straight features, his crest of yellow hair. Tall and deep bosomed, with hardly a line marking her fair skin, and not a grey thread in the massive blonde twists that crowned her noble head, she stood beautiful, in her cambric gown and white sewing-apron as stately as a queen. Those who should have known declared that, had she chosen, Rhoda Tennant might have replaced the lost husband of her youth half a score of times, but none had ever been heard to express the least expectation that she would do so—certainly her rejected suitors had expected nothing more surely than their rejection. Such as chanced to recollect the time when the news of Alexander Tennant's drowning at White River was brought to her had expressed loud wonder that either mother or unborn child should have survived the shock that had stricken her senseless and left her raving.

Claudia, eager, excited, waiting only for a breathless kiss, plunged into her story—Jerome and she had found a man lying insensible at the forest's edge a piece up the road. He had been shot through the shoulder by Mason—that horrid Chris Mason!—and maybe robbed too—he had bled dreadfully—he looked real awful—'most ready to faint again. He was on the lounge in the sitting-room—would Mrs. Tennant go and tend to him? Rhoda, listening with the serene calm that was as much a part of herself as her beauty, patted the child's round pale cheek.

"I'll go, dear. You stay here or run in the garden—I'll call you if I need any help. Is he young?"

"No; his hair's going grey. But he's real handsome, Mrs. Tennant, and he don't seem as if he was poor. His name's Mostyn, he says."

Rhoda nodded and went out, turning into the kitchen, to appear in a moment with towels and a bowl of warm water. She spoke towards the lounge as she entered the sitting-room—in the green gloom the figure upon it was quite indistinct.

"Keep still, please," she said, gently; "you must not lose any more blood. There's brandy here—maybe you had best take a little before I touch you, if you feel faint."

She brought the spirit from a corner cupboard, filled a glass, placed it on a little stand beside the lounge, and turned towards a press at the farther end of the room. As, in crossing, she passed close to the door half open to the porch, and the light flowed full over her face and figure, Mostyn, raising himself, saw her, stared, and started up. Opening the press she heard no sound, but

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turning in a moment, with some old linen in her hands, dropped it with a cry, for the man was at the door. Amazed, she ran and caught his arm. "Where are you going? You must not go!" she exclaimed.

He muttered something inarticulate, striving to push past her—to free himself. Bewildered, resisting, she looked at him, looked closer, flung up her hands, and reeled against the lintel.

"Aleck!" she gasped.

He drew back, steadying himself by the table—they looked at each other. The man shrugged. "You had better have let me go, Rhoda," he said, hoarsely.

"Aleck!" She gave a great cry—a wild sound of passionate, incredulous love and joy, and with it her arms were about him. "My heart, you're here—you're alive! My own husband! Oh, thank God!" she cried.

Overborne by the force of her embrace he sank into a chair, and crouching by him, clinging to him, she sobbed rapturously, her head upon his knee; but only for a little while. Then, with the self-control natural to her, she called back almost her habitual serenity, brought the brandy and made him drink, and bathed and dressed his wound. And, her first raptures over, she said very little, accepting the whole situation with a curious, grave simplicity at which an onlooker might have marvelled; possibly those feminine critics were right who declared that with her grand, goddess-like beauty there went a certain slowness of wit. That he had called himself by a name not his, that he had tried to go, was, it seemed, forgotten, as his constrained manner and brief replies were unnoted. Absorbed by his actual bodily presence, she showed no wonder, made no reproach. Such questions as he abruptly asked she answered readily. No, she had never wanted in all these eighteen years. He was not to think so, she said, eagerly. Her father had left her enough to buy this place, and she did dressmaking—had always done well, very well. Her ministrations were finished when she asked, "You only pretended to be drowned at White River, Aleck?"



"'WHERE ARE YOU GOING? YOU MUST NOT GO!' SHE EXCLAIMED."

"Yes."

"You guessed I'd believe it was true?"

"It was the best thing you could believe."

"No, no!" She shook her head, pressing her cheek upon the crisp, white-flecked hair she caressed. "It 'most broke my heart. It seemed as if I'd killed you, and that was worst of all. You would never have left me and done it if I hadn't said those awful cruel things to you first. And for doing such a little thing wrong, too, and you only a boy! Oh, we're hard when we're young, dear—I guess we are—I couldn't be

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hard on anyone now. But I was real proud then—it seemed as if the least thing that wasn't straight drove me near crazy. It's just so with Jerome too—he favours me all ways, I think, and not you at all, except that he's so smart."

"Jerome?" He sprang up, staring at her. "The boy? The boy who brought me here?" he stammered.

"Yes, Jerome. Our boy. Didn't you know?" She looked bewildered.

"I—yes—no—I'd forgotten," he muttered, and with a little tender cry she caught his hand.

"You mustn't mind, Aleck," she whispered, eagerly. "He doesn't know there was something a—a little wrong before you—before you were lost, dear. I never told him a word—never—he'll be proud of you as he is of me. He's going to Boston to-morrow to 'tend college, and—you saw the girl with him? She's Claudia Devine—Dr. Devine's daughter. It's he that's helping me about Jerome. He's to go into his brother's offices there; he's a real big man. The doctor thinks a heap of him—Jerome, I mean—and says he'll do great things if he has a good start. And he's the best son—the dearest boy! You'll see!"

"Shall I?" Tennant laughed harshly and caught up his hat. He faced her, very white. "See here, Rhoda; you must take the truth, my girl. Things aren't the way you are thinking them. I'm not going to stay here. I never meant to come near you again."

"You—didn't?" Her voice failed helplessly.

"No. Until I saw you, I didn't know where I was—I don't know this part. . . . As for the present, the less said about it the better; as for the past, maybe I had more reasons than you know of for playing that drowning dodge at White River."

He looked at her, meeting her dilated eyes of bewildered incredulity, and once more laughed.

"You were right enough when you said you didn't want to see me again, although you didn't mean it! I'm a born scamp, my dear—no fit husband for you or father for the boy. Leave it there and let me go. . . . . What's that?"

In his movement towards the door he swung back, checked by the sound of rapid hoofs from the road. But it was the change in his face that made his wife dart past him and out upon the porch. A horseman, hot and dusty, was stopping at the gate. He pulled off his hat at sight of her stately figure.

"Thought you'd like to hear, Mrs. Tennant," he called. "Here's fine doings! Coach has been held up."

"The coach?" Rhoda echoed.

"Yes—other side of Pineville Centre. They say it was Galloping Jack—Texan Jack, you know. Should allow it's so, if I've got the tale to rights—he always plays a lone hand, from what I've heard, and so did this man. Little dark, good-looking, smart fellow, too. Tarnation smart, for he cleaned 'em out of every red cent. Would have got off, slick as a whistle, but that Squire Lambert and a few more happened along on horseback and gave chase. He emptied his shooter 'thout hitting anything, but one of them got him first——"

"Shot him?"

"Through the shoulder, far as I can make out——"

"The shoulder!"

"That's what they say, ma'am—the right shoulder. Guess he'd have laid some of them out if it'd been the left. He made a break for the forest and they hot-foot after him. Reckon if they've caught him he's lynched, sure. He was warned out'n the State five years ago, and told he'd be strung up on sight if he showed his face this side the boundary. And he's been making considerable of a reputation since—I allow the old Judge is good enough for his sort, any way."

He galloped on. Slowly, very slowly, as though her whole body were stiffened, the woman turned back into the room and met the man's eyes.

"You?" It was a gasp rather than a word.

"I told you you had best have let me go, Rhoda," he answered.

"You're—Texan Jack?"

"Gambler, blackleg, and highwayman! That's me!"

"There's a Government reward for you?"

"That's so. It's lynching and the rope, or trial and the State's prison—one of the two, if I'm taken." He burst suddenly into a reckless laugh. "But that sha'n't happen yet awhile—I've played the rat to too many traps to be caught easy. I'm sorry, Rhoda, but, anyhow, the boy won't know. Good-bye."

"The boy!" As he reached the door she screamed and dragged him back. "Jerome! He went to the Crossing to meet the coach—he'll hear—he'll tell about finding you and bring them back—your own boy! And you

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can't go—you're weak—you would be taken! What's that?" She rushed out upon the porch and back again. "There's horses—more than one—they're coming now—it is Jerome! I'll hide you—I'll say you're gone—they'll believe me and go. Quick — in here!"

Her breathless, distracted energy had the force of a wave. As she flung open a large cupboard in a recess he submitted to be thrust within—she shut the door and darted to the table. Only just in time, for as she caught up a piece of sewing and bent over it Jerome sprang up the porch steps, Claudia following.

"Mother!"—he was flushed, eager, breathless—"mother, where is he?"

"He?" she echoed.

"That man."

"Man?"

"The man I brought here." She had moved to the door; he peered past her shoulder and saw that the lounge was empty. "You're letting the rascal rest, I suppose? You don't know who he is," he said, excitedly. "Guess if I'd known he could have stayed where he was for me! He's that scoundrel they call Texan Jack!"

"No, no!" She caught his arm. "No, Jerome!"

"But he is, right enough." In his excitement he saw nothing but natural shock and amazement in her ashen face. "He held up the coach beyond Pineville Centre and was chased into the forest—he must have got away. As soon as I told Dr. Devine what he looked like he said it was the same man—he's coming along now. Where is he?"

"He's—not here," said Rhoda.

"Not here?"

"No. He—went."

"Went?" cried the boy. "But he can't have got away," he said, blankly. "I guess you're mistaken, mother — you must be. He'd try to cut across lots to the forest if he'd gone off, and Claudia's been around all the time, and hasn't seen a thing. You said so, didn't you, Claudia? You don't mean you saw him go, do you? Oh, he's sure enough about somewhere. . . . Say, doctor, my mother says the scamp's gone off, but I'll bet he's only hiding."

Dr. Devine had ridden into the yard with a couple more horsemen. He dismounted and came up the steps, his companions following—a tall, stout man with a pleasant face and his daughter's grey eyes and black hair. He held out his hand to Rhoda, lifting his hat.

"My dear Mrs. Tennant, pray don't be frightened—there is no reason why you should distress yourself. From what Jerome says there isn't much doubt that the man he brought here is Texan Jack, and if that's so you don't need telling that there isn't a bigger scoundrel or a more daring desperado in the States. You say he is gone? Are you sure? How long ago? When did you miss him? We had best search the house, I think."

"He's gone!" Rhoda gasped again. "He—went!"

"He can't have done, mother. Miss Claudia would have seen him, sir," Jerome interposed, eagerly.

"We had best search, any way," repeated the doctor.

He advanced, and for a moment she fell back before him with a frozen face, then suddenly thrust out her arms and pushed him back. Her voice shrilled out like a scream.

"Doctor, doctor—no! Wait—wait! I'll tell, I'll tell. I—ah!"

A shriek from Claudia, a cry from Jerome had stopped her. Quite quietly the cupboard door was pushed open and Tennant stepped out. One look, swift as a flash, his eyes sent from mother to son and back again, and, reading their meaning and command, the woman, reeling against the wall, stood dumb. The man laughed.

"Guess I won't give you the trouble, squire," he drawled, lazily. "I'm Texan Jack, sure enough."

"You villain! You robbed the coach!" cried the doctor.

"Seeing I held my shooter to your head while I went through your pockets, I allow you might swear to it." He moved towards the table and leaned nonchalantly against it, with a gesture towards his wife's rigid figure. "As for how I came to be hiding, you see, this lady is sort of tender-hearted. I'd owned up that I was in a little trouble, and when I heard you coming and reckoned you might be after me she shut me in. But she didn't know who I was—she never saw me before. If she had I guess I shouldn't have got over the doorstep. And as for the boy——"

"Me?" cried Jerome. He fronted his father, with eyes blazing in a merciless young face. "Guess I'd have been more likely to help lynch you than bring you into the same house with my mother if I'd known! We're honest folks here; there's no disgrace to do with us! We don't have truck with your sort!"

"That's so," agreed Tennant, quietly. "You

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hold on to the right sort, youngster; guess you'll find it pay." He looked again at the doctor. "Maybe you're wondering how I got off when they chased me, squire? Fact is, I didn't—they shot the mare and strung me up. But leaving me alone to do ten minutes' praying before they whistled the horse, you understand, was where they got left. I reckon that if they'd known I used to be called the 'Handcuff King' they'd have preferred to stay and watch the show. Guess that's all. If you've got a tree handy you may as well string me up right away."

He laughed and held out his rope-galled wrists. Rhoda made a blind step forward, tottering, and Claudia ran to her. The doctor made an impatient movement.

"No," he said, sternly. "I'll have nothing to do with lynch law, though you deserve nothing better. Jerome, I shall ride into Cransett and send the sheriff here to make the capture. That barn of yours is strong, and you can watch the door. He had best be put there."

Tennant nodded coolly and walked out, the others following. In a few moments the doctor and his companions rode away. Jerome, turning to the house again, found his mother on the porch steps.

"There's no need to watch," she said, slowly. "He can't get out—the door's too strong—you know that. And I—feel sick, Jerome. Claudia's gone to make me some tea. Maybe, if you would help her, I could have it quicker."

The boy gave a glance of alarmed concern at her ghastly face, nodded, and hurried round the house towards the kitchen. The outbuildings were upon the opposite side; as he vanished she flew across the yard and into the stable. In a few minutes she was out again and darted to the barn door; a gun leant against it—Jerome's. The bar that guarded it was heavy, the lock strong, but she dragged away the one, turned the key of the other, and was within. The prisoner started round.

"Rhoda!" Staring, he read her purpose in her wild face. "My girl, you can't save me!"

"I can—I will—I must, or I shall die mad!" Her hands were at his breast; she thrust a little bag within. "There's money, and I have saddled Jerome's horse. If you cross the fields into the forest and take the left track, you'll strike the Addison road; from there you can get the cars and be out of the State before morning. Quick—quick!"

She waved him vehemently to the door. In the act of obeying he stopped.

"It will be known that you did it! It's a chance that it comes out who I am. The boy will know. It means ruin to you both." He swore an oath fiercely. "No—I'll stand the racket sooner!"

"The boy? Jerome! I forgot!" For an instant her hands clasped her head distractedly: then, with a cry, she sprang to the corner of the barn. "There's a hole," she gasped, "a hole between the logs behind the hay. It's large enough for you to pass—they'll think you found it. Help me—he may come!"

She tore at the piled hay like a mad creature; in a few moments the hole showed—wide enough for his slight, agile figure to slip through easily. As he did so she ran and led out the horse. He turned to mount, turned back again, and, with an inarticulate ejaculation, caught her close in his arms and kissed her—perhaps in that brief embrace there was payment to Rhoda Tennant for all agony. His figure, flying across the field towards the shelter of the forest, was a blur before her eyes; she stood tottering, swaying, dazed, triumphant, when behind her there came a loud cry in Claudia's voice, a rush of feet, a shout of rage and wonder, and she turned to see Jerome snatch up the gun. It was levelled, as, with a scream of horror, she threw herself upon him; her momentary frantic strength mastered his—she wrenched it away and flung it down. Breathless, almost staggering from the force of the shock, the boy stared from her to the hole in the wall.

"He got out?" he gasped. "Broke out?" His eyes fell upon the open door, the bar on the ground—he gave an incredulous, angry cry. "Mother, you let him out? You did it? You—you!"

He stammered, stupefied, amazed, wrathful, accusing. His mother turned upon him a face such as, since he first lay nursed upon her bosom, he had never seen.

"Yes," she cried, in a high, ringing voice, "I did do it! I undid the door and I gave him money, and I gave him the horse, and I let him go! I—meant to! I wasn't going to stand by and have him hung or put in prison—a fine man and strong and handsome, like him—a man who's maybe got some woman caring for him somewhere, who doesn't know what he's come to, or who wouldn't leave off caring if she did know. You're my boy, Jerome—my own boy, but you can say how it was, if you like,

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"HE TURNED TO MOUNT, TURNED BACK AGAIN, AND, WITH AN INARTICULATE EJACULATION, CAUGHT HER CLOSE IN HIS ARMS AND KISSED HER."

when the sheriff comes. They can put me in jail in place of him, if they've a mind. You can tell if you want to!"

She stood breathless, defiant, shaking. Claudia sprang to her side.

"You do!" she cried, in her shrill, childish tones. "You just dare, Jerome Tennant! You speak as much as a word of how it was to the sheriff, or dad, or anyone, and you won't need to say anything to me again. You won't, long as you live! I'll say he broke out and took the horse and got away and nobody knew—I will! And I'm glad he's gone, too—maybe he has got a wife—and I don't believe he's bad—not real bad! He wouldn't get your mother into trouble, anyway. I am glad! So there!"

She stamped her foot. Amazed, dismayed, the boy stared; this first experience of the mysterious sympathy of sex bewildered him, as, against son, against lover, woman clung to woman. Speechless before it, he made a helpless gesture and turned away—he had a sensation of being stunned. In a minute Claudia touched his arm.

"Jerome," she faltered, "I'm real sorry I spoke to you that way—I am truly, but it seemed I had to. And I meant it!" she added, resolutely.

"I don't understand," said the boy with a groan. "That she should do such a thing, Claudia — my mother! And for that sort of a villain! Why, I'd have said she'd die sooner, and now——" He choked. "I feel 'most as if we'd quarrelled, and she—she's never given me as much as a hard word since I was born!"

"Don't mind," whispered Claudia.

She edged nearer; her big eyes were brimming as she raised her face, innocently offering the best comfort that a woman can bestow—his flush was redder than hers as their lips met—perhaps he realized more clearly than she that he kissed her as a lover. Rhoda neither saw nor heard them—her eyes were fixed upon the forest, in whose shadows the man she had saved was lost again for ever.

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Style in American Comic Art.

IN a recent number of THE STRAND MAGAZINE appeared an illustrated article entitled "Style in Comic Art," the object of which was to prove that no two artists viewed the same situation from exactly the same standpoint. Those who contributed to this very interesting experiment were selected entirely from among British artists, and the result created so much interest in America as well as in Great Britain that it was decided to ask some of the foremost comic artists within Uncle Sam's domains also to send in their interpretation of the joke selected. The result was entirely satisfactory as well as highly interesting, and we are now enabled to present our readers with a series of comic drawings which cannot but excite their admiration as well as their mirth.

But, perhaps, before proceeding farther it would be as well to recapitulate the joke for the benefit of those whose memories are fitful. Here it is. A large dog is rushing madly among a crowd of terrified pedestrians, who are scattering in all directions. Holding grimly to the "lead" attached to the supposedly ferocious animal is a very small boy, who, far from having any control over the creature's actions, is being



HOW THE JOKE APPEARED TO "ZIM."

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J. M. FLAGG'S "NIGHTMARE OF A DOG."

whirled through space at the joyous animal's pleasure. But he hangs on manfully, exclaiming as his body cleaves the air: "What's the matter with the folks? Can't they see I've got hold of the dog?"

This "joke"—which is not bad as modern jokes go—was submitted to nine leading American comic artists, each of whom entered enthusiastically into the work of interpreting to the best of his genius the humour of the situation.

One of the first to send the result of his pictorial diagnosis was Mr. EUGENE ZIMMERMAN—better known as "Zim." "Zim's" style is familiar to all who take an interest in comic art, and his treatment of the joke will be appreciated by everyone.

In sending the drawing, "Zim" says that he purposely made the sketch very rough, as he considered it would be more interesting than a finished drawing—in other words, he dashed off his interpretation the moment the joke hit him, for had he stayed to "fix" things up the result might have been different from what he had intended.

"I have shown in my illustration," he says, "the boy and dog as I see them in my mind



ACCORDING TO McDOUGALL THE JOKE CONTAINS "REAL SPECIFIC GRAVITY."

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A FRACTION OF THE HAVOC WROUGHT ACCORDING TO WINSOR McCAY.

at the present moment. Perhaps to-morrow I should see them in a different attitude. There are more than a million ways that a dog of such proportions might cause a kid to fan the air, and I dare say no two individuals will figure out this problem alike."

Mr. JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG—whose graceful work is known equally well on both continents — in contributing the drawing on the preceding page declared the joke to be "perfectly good." "I have done it," he says, "in an outrageously broad and fantastical manner, for the simple reason that I felt it ought to be done in a serious polite comedy vein. You see it was pure cussedness on my part. Isn't mine an awful nightmare of a dog?" It is.

Mr. WALT MCDOUGALL—who is an all-round funny man and can joke equally well with pen or pencil—contributes a drawing which for originality might be awarded the palm.

"As I did not construct the joke that I have so feebly illustrated," he says, "I am at liberty to say that it has fewer angles, less possibilities, and more real specific gravity than the ancient conundrum as to why the chicken crossed the highway.

"It always happens," continues Mr. McDougall, "that when you have to meet a bill or your mother-in-law at the station, have a tooth repaired, act as pall-bearer, or be examined for a life-insurance policy, that you are required to illustrate a joke — never when you are blithe and full of glee and other stuff. Nothing but dire necessity drives artists to this cheerless toil. Whenever you find a homeless, irreclaimable tramp and learn that he was an artist, you will discover that he was

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GALLAWAY'S ARISTOCRATIC CROWD.

a comic artist. The other kind live to be respected citizens and public officials. If Lombroso ever gets a skull of one of this species to examine he will quickly evolve the theory that comic art is not a crime but a disease. How to reconcile this with the fact that all comic artists die wealthy will puzzle him, as it does me, but it may be explained on the theory that money, like water, seeks a low level."

Mr. WINSOR MCCAY probably puts more wealth of detail into his drawings than any other newspaper artist, and this is shown by his remarkable illustration on the previous page. When McCay was told the joke he had to illustrate, he remarked: "Oh, that's easy! I'll draw in outline a big, sloppy dog dragging a soiled kid through an immaculate crowd, and let it go at that." But as he proceeded to draw the little joke began to grow until he found himself wrestling with as stupendous a problem as the designing of a



FROM ALBERT LEVERING'S POINT OF VIEW.

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DONAHEY'S PHANTOM HOUND.

World's Exposition. "I could see," he said, "this little boy and big dog creating as much havoc as the worst earthquake. Then stage-fright seized me. I realized that this was not a subject for a poor, weak comic artist. A painter of battle scenes should have been called upon.

"But I continued to draw. I figured the boy and dog as the cause, with the catastrophe in their wake. Therefore I would work up the effect and ignore the cause. I did so, and the sad result shows, perhaps, fifty feet of panic on the corner of a street. If you can imagine what has happened twenty times that distance beyond the margin on the left of the picture, and what will happen around the corner and up that street for a dozen blocks or so, you will see that to illustrate this joke properly one could use every page in THE STRAND and then have something to go on with. I would suggest a panorama of it. The boy's exclamation of surprise is comedy, the rest is calamity."



THE DOG SCARE AS VIEWED BY STEINIGANS.

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Mr. W. H. GALLAWAY contributes a very finished drawing, showing a decidedly aristocratic crowd outside a drug store on Fifth Avenue, New York. Pretty American girls, college boys, a banker or two, a messenger boy, a policeman, etc., are all there, more interested than frightened at the big dog's stern determination to get somewhere—possibly at the old gentleman's coat-tails. It was a stroke of genius on the part of the artist to make the incident take place outside a drug store—so convenient for the reception of the victims.

Mr. ALBERT LEVERING declares that it is not necessary for a ferocious-looking dog to proceed at a high rate of speed to create a panic. Hence he has depicted a bulldog making his way along the road at a very leisurely gait, yet straining to be released from the obnoxious control exercised by the seraphic-looking sailor-boy. Mr. Levering adds that the joke reached him when he was feeling at peace with all the world, and hence the calm dignity of both boy and dog.

"Your joke suggests a boy holding on with grim determination; a foolish dog, yet large and powerful. The mere fact that he is bounding forward at such a rapid rate is sufficient to frighten the bystanders. The crowd is secondary. The boy and dog should be the points of interest." Thus Mr. J. H. DONAHEY, who sends a kind of Baskerville hound that seems to be looking into eternity. Mr. Donahey says, with regard to the difference between English and American humour, that it is largely a question of national temperaments.

"The American," he says, "likes humour that takes effect instantly. He likes it spiced with exaggeration. He doesn't object if it is broad so long as it is not coarse. It may be extremely personal and biting, but true American humour rarely leaves a sting. I look upon English humour as more sedate and orderly. It comes much closer to wit than does the American brand, and frequently has a meaty kernel that is well worth the time and effort required to extract it. The English humorists—writers and artists—are greatly aided in scattering their wares by certain time-honoured national types of character. There is the perpetual curate, for instance, and the heavy yokel, the coster, and the asinine profligate, the canny Scot, Tommy Atkins, the drawing-room dummies, 'Arry and 'Arriet, and a long list of other material equally available.

"The American humorist makes his own puppets. The typical Yankee is a forgotten creation; the Southerner is rarely used; the Westerner is losing all his characteristics. The American tramp — a supposedly indigenous product — is a type of widely differing conception. Even Uncle Sam is an idea of many phases and faces, while bluff John Bull is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever."

Mr. W. J. STEINIGANS contributes a humorous drawing of a "dog scare" in a poor district. The boy is holding the somewhat emaciated-looking animal by means of his teeth while he enjoys the delights of a sail through the air. The whole incident is depicted as broad comedy, from the cat with the fish to the policeman firing his revolver in the air.



HENRY MAYER'S OPINION OF THE JOKE.

This is in strong contrast to the last illustration, by HENRY MAYER. Mr. Mayer didn't think very much of the joke and considered that it gave small scope for good work, and therefore he drew a very genial-looking St. Bernard saying to the small boy: "I say, it's an awful joke!" This was how it struck Mr. Mayer, who could not, however, resist sending a drawing, just to illustrate his "point of view."

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The White Prophet.

By HALL CAINE.

[The reader who has not followed the previous portions of this story can readily understand and enjoy the following chapters by simply bearing in mind that Colonel Gordon Lord, who is in love with Helena, the daughter of the General of the British Army of Occupation in Egypt, has been ordered to arrest Ishmael Ameer, known as the "White Prophet," and to close the University of El Azhar (the greatest seat of Mohammedan learning in the world), and, after a terrific struggle between his conscience and his duty as a soldier, has refused to carry out his commands, which are transferred to Colonel Macfarlane. In consequence of this refusal his decorations have been stripped from him and his sword broken by the father of the girl he loves. Subsequently, in a stormy interview, the General attacks him in a fit of fury, and in the ensuing struggle falls dead, while the Colonel believes that he is himself guilty of his murder. Colonel Macfarlane, while carrying out his orders, is assaulted by Colonel Lord, who, feeling his reputation ruined, remains in hiding. Shortly after, in the disguise of a Bedouin, he decides to go to Khartoum, to which place Ishmael Ameer is also on his way, leaving Helena under the impression that her father has been murdered by the "White Prophet." In the dress of a Parsee lady Helena, for purposes of revenge, also goes to Khartoum, where she encounters Ishmael Ameer, and while acting as his secretary becomes his betrothed. In pursuance of her plan, Helena advises the Consul-General (Gordon Lord's father) of Ishmael Ameer's forthcoming return to Cairo. Subsequently she has a dramatic meeting with Gordon Lord, who confesses, to her consternation, that he, and not Ishmael Ameer, killed her father. Fearing that immediately Ishmael Ameer sets foot in Cairo he will be arrested, by reason of Helena's information, Gordon Lord obtains permission to go in his stead. He learns, too, much to his relief, that General Graves's death was due mainly to heart disease. On reaching Cairo, Gordon Lord, being mistaken for Ishmael Ameer, is kept under close watch and is finally arrested; meanwhile Ishmael and Helena, with thousands of followers, set out for Cairo.]

FOURTH BOOK:—The Dawn.

CHAPTER I.

THE day that Ishmael had looked for, longed for, prayed for—the day of his return to Cairo—had come at last. But the Ishmael Ameer who was returning to Cairo was by no means the same man as the Ishmael who had gone away. In a few short months he had become a totally different person. Two forces had changed him—two forces which in their effect were one.

By the operation of the first of these forces he had become more of a mystic; by the operation of the second he had become more of a man; by the operation of both together he had become a creature who was controlled by his emotions alone.

When he left Cairo he had been a man of elevated spirit, but of commanding common sense. He had looked upon himself as one whose sole work was to call men back to God and to righteousness. But little by little the tyranny of outward events, the pressure of responsibility, and, above all, the heartfelt and prostrate, but dim and perverted, adulation of his followers, had led him to believe that he was a being apart, specially directed by the Almighty, and even permitted to be his mouthpiece.

Insensibly Ishmael had come to look upon himself as a "son of God." When he first saw that the crowds who came to him from East and West were beginning to believe that he was the Redeemer, the Deliverer, the Expected One whom he foretold, he was shocked and he protested. But when he perceived that this belief helped him to comfort and console and direct them, he ceased to deny; and when he realized that it was necessary to his people's confidence that they should think that he who guided them was himself guided by God, he permitted himself, by his silence, to acquiesce.

From allowing others to believe in his divinity he had come to believe in it himself. His burning, boundless influence over his people had seemed to his deep heart to be only intelligible as a thing given to him from Heaven, and then the "miracle" in the desert, the raising of the sheikh's daughter from the dead, had swept down the last of his scruples. God *had* given him supernatural powers and made him the mouthpiece of His will.

And now, at the end of his pilgrimage, if he did not accept the idea that he was in very fact the Redeemer who was to bring in the golden age, the Kingdom of God, he succumbed to a delusion that was nearly akin to it—that just as the Lord of the Christians, being condemned by the Roman Governor, had permitted another to take His form and face and bodily presence and die on the cross instead of Him, so the Messiah, the Mahdi, the Christ who was to come, was now

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using him as His substitute to lead and control His poor, oppressed, and helpless people until the time came for Him to appear in His own person.

Such was the operation of the force that had made Ishmael more of a mystic; and the force that had made him more of a man had been playing in the same way upon his heart.

It had played upon him through Helena.

When Helena entered into his life and he betrothed himself to her, he honestly believed that he was doing no more than protect her good name. For some time afterwards he continued to deceive himself, but the constant presence of a beautiful woman by his side produced its effect, and little by little he came to know that his heart was touched.

As soon as he became conscious of this he remembered the vow he had made when his Coptic slave-wife died—that no other woman should take her place; and he also reminded himself of his mission—his consecration to the welfare of humanity. But the more he tried to crush his affection for Helena the more it grew.

All that day at Sakkara Ishmael had been in the highest state of religious exaltation, and when night came he walked about the camp as if demented both in heart and brain.

The camp stretched from the banks of the Nile at Bedrasheen over the black ruins of Memphis to the broad sands before the Step Pyramid, and everywhere the people sat in groups about their fires, eating, drinking, playing their pipes, tambourines, and drums, and singing, to tunes that were like wild dance music, their songs of rejoicing.

They were singing about himself, his wise words, his miracles, his miraculous birth (born of a virgin), his good looks, which made all women love him, and his divinity, which would save him from death. Ishmael heard this, yet he had no misgivings, no fear of what the coming day would bring forth. A sort of spiritual lightning blinded him to possible danger, and his heart swelled with love for his people. God bless them! God bless everybody! Bless East and West, white man and black man, sons of one Father, soon to be united in one hope, one love, one faith!

Before he was aware of what he was doing he was walking in the direction of Helena's tent. Striding along in the darkness, which was slashed here and there with shafts of tremely [illegible] the camp fires, he entered the tent and biting back, stumbling upon someone who was crouching there. It was a boy, and he rose hastily and hurried away without speaking, being followed immediately by a woman, who seemed to have been watching him.

Ishmael's heart was beating so violently by this time that he had only a confused impression of having seen this, and at the next instant he was gazing upon Helena, who was sitting on her camp bed, her angerib, writing on a pad that rested upon her lap, by the light of a lamp hanging from the pole which upheld the canvas. Though her face was down, Ishmael could see that it was suffused by a rosy blush, and when she raised her head, catching sight of him standing there, her bright and shining eyes seemed to him to be wet with tears, but full, nevertheless, of joy and love.

Ishmael thought he knew what she was doing. She was thinking of him, and writing, as she loved to do, the immortal story of his pilgrimage—happy in the near approach of his great triumph. But at the next moment a feeling akin to terror seized Helena, for suddenly there came, over the dull rumble of many sounds outside, a clear, sharp voice, crying:—

"Ishmael Ameer! Ishmael Ameer! Urgent news! Where are you?"

Helena's heart stood still. She seemed to know in advance what was coming. The hour of Ishmael's downfall had arrived, and he was to hear that he had been betrayed.

CHAPTER II.

A MOMENT later Ishmael had torn the mouth of the tent open. An Egyptian was standing there in the turban and farageeyah of an alim. The man, who was solemnly making his salaams, held a lantern in one hand and a letter in the other. Behind him, against the dark sky, were a number of Ishmael's own people. Their mouths were open, and fear was on their faces.

"What words are these, O my brother?" asked Ishmael.

Without speaking the alim offered him the letter. It was that of the Chancellor of El Azhar, written immediately after the arrest of Gordon.

Ishmael took it, and standing under the lamp that hung from the pole of the tent he read it. For some moments he did not move or raise his eyes, but little by little his face assumed a death-like rigidity, and at length the paper crinkled in his trembling fingers.

So strong had been his faith in his mission, and so firm his conviction that God would

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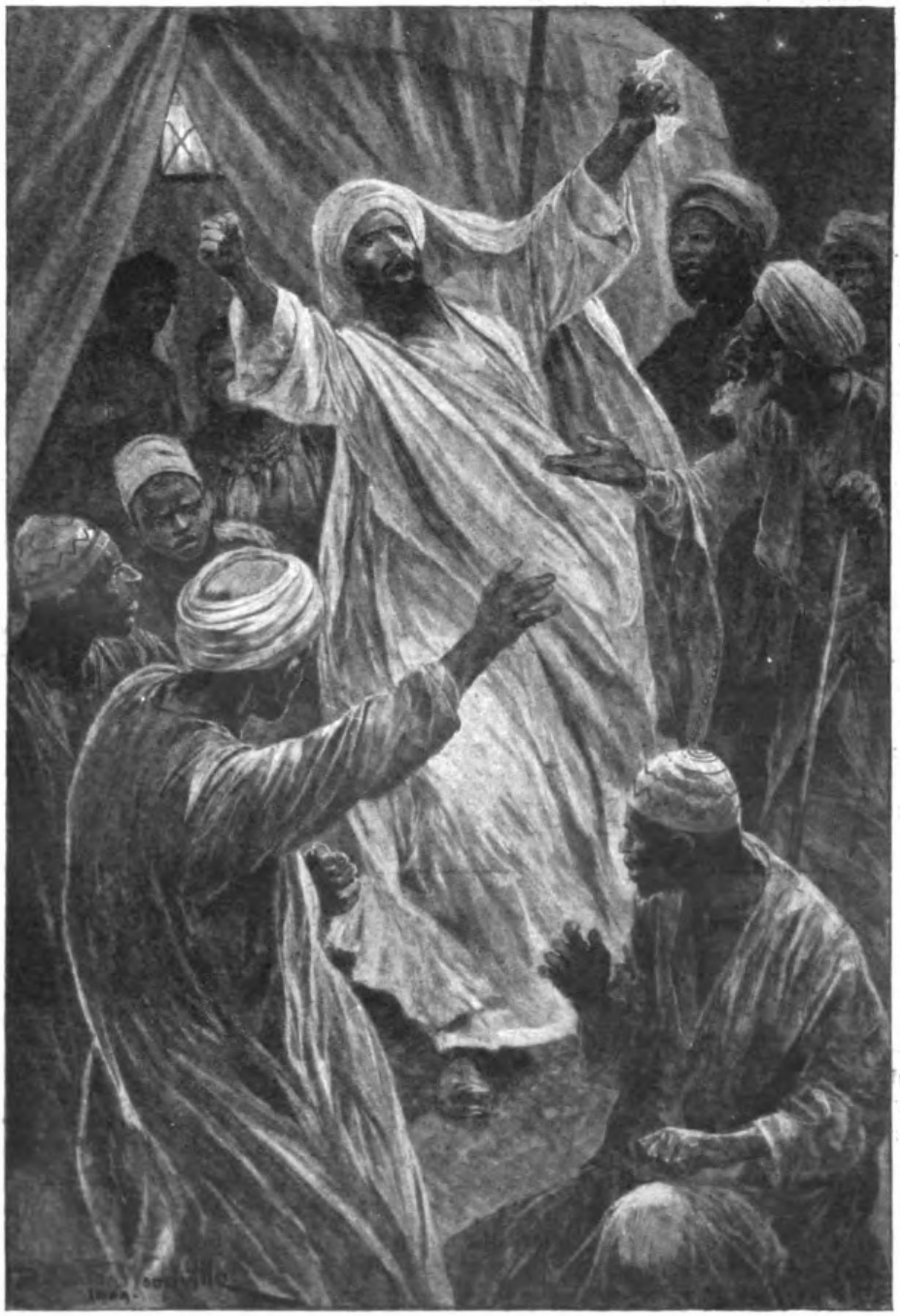
not allow anything to interfere with its fulfilment, that it was almost impossible for him to take in the truth—that his cause was lost, that his pilgrimage was wasted, that his people could not enter Cairo, and their hope was at an end.

When at length he raised his eyes he looked with an expression of blank bewilderment into Helena's face.

"See!" he said, in a tone of piteous helplessness, and he put the letter into her hand.

The blood rushed to Helena's head, stars danced before her eyes, and it was with difficulty that she could see to read. But there was little need to do so, for already she knew, as by a sense of doom, what the letter contained.

In a moment the people behind the alim grew more and more numerous. The mouth of the tent became choked with them, and their faces were blotched with lights and shadows from the lamp within. They were talking eagerly among themselves, in low tones, full of dread. At length one of them spoke to Ishmael.



"'ALLAH CURSE HIM, WHOEVER HE IS!' HE CRIED."

"Is it bad news, O Master?" he asked, but with the expressionless voice of one who knew already what the answer would be.

There was a moment of strained silence, and then Ishmael turned again to Helena and said, in the same tone of piteous helplessness as before:—

"Read it to them. Let them know the worst, O Rani."

Helena could find no escape. With a fearful effort she began to read the letter aloud. But hardly had she finished the first clause of it—telling Ishmael that his messenger and missionary had been betrayed into the hands of the Government by means of a message sent into Cairo from someone who stood near to him in his own camp—than a deep groan came from the people at the mouth of the tent.

Black Zogal was there with his wild

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eyes, and by his side stood old Zewar Pasha with his suspicious looks.

"Who is the traitor, O Master?" asked the old man, in his rasping voice, and it seemed to Helena that while he spoke every eye, except Ishmael's, was fixed upon her own face.

Then a fearful thing befell. Ishmael, the man of peace, whom none had ever seen in any mood but one of tenderness and love, broke into a torrent of fierce passion.

"Allah curse him, whoever he is!" he cried. "Curse him in his lying down and in his getting up! Curse him in the morning splendour and in the still of night! Curse him in the life that now is and in the life that is to come!"

Helena felt as if the tent itself, as well as the black and copper-coloured faces at the mouth of it, were reeling around her. But it was not alone the terror of Ishmael's curse, with its unrevealed reference to herself, that created her confusion. She was thinking of Gordon. What did his arrest imply? Did it mean that he had succeeded in the perilous task he had undertaken? Or did it mean that he had failed?

When she recovered consciousness of what was going on about her she heard, above a wild tumult of voices outside, the voice of a woman and the voice of a boy. She knew that the woman was Zenoab and the boy was Mosie. At the next moment both were coming headlong into the tent, the one dragging the other through a way that had been made for them. The boy's shaven black head was bare, his caftan was torn open at the breast, and his skin was bleeding at the neck as if vindictive fingers had been clutching him by the throat. The woman's swarthy face was bathed with sweat, twitching with excitement, and convulsed with evil passions.

"There!" she cried. "There he is, O Master; and if you want to know who took the letter to the English lord, ask him."

"Who is he?" said Ishmael.

"Your Rani's servant," replied the Arab woman, with a curl of her cruel lip. "He left Khartoum for Cairo a month ago, and has not been seen until to-day."

Another deep groan came from the people at the tent's mouth, and again it seemed to Helena that every eye, except Ishmael's, was looking into her face.

Meantime Mosie, thinking the groan of the people was meant for him, and that his life was in danger from their anger, had broken away from the woman's grasp and flung himself at Ishmael's feet, crying:—

"Mercy, O Master! I kiss your feet. I take refuge with God and with you. Save me, and I will tell you everything."

Ishmael, who by this time had regained his self-command, motioned to the Arab woman to stand back. Then he questioned the boy calmly, and the boy answered him in a fever of fear, gasping and sobbing at every word.

"My boy, you have come out of Cairo?"

"Yes, O Master, yes."

"You went there from Khartoum?"

"Yes, yes, O Master, yes."

"You took a letter to the English lord?"

"Yes, Master, a letter to the English lord."

"From someone in Khartoum?"

"Yes, I will tell my Master everything—from someone in Khartoum."

"What treacherous man sent you with that letter?"

"No man at all, O Master. You see, I am telling my Master everything."

"Was it a woman?"

"Yes, Master, a woman. See, I kiss your feet. I keep nothing back from my Master."

Another groan came from the people at the tent's mouth, and the black boy clutched at Ishmael's white caftan as if to protect himself from their wrath. Ishmael himself had a confused sense of something terrible that had not yet taken shape in his mind. He looked round at Helena, who was standing by the angerib at the back, but her head was down and her thoughts were far away.

"What woman, then?" he asked, in a sterner voice.

"No, no; I cannot tell you that," said the boy.

"Speak, boy! You shall be safe. I will protect you from all harm. What woman was it?"

"Master, do not ask me. I dare not tell you."

"Listen!" said Ishmael, and his voice grew hard and hoarse. "There is a traitor in my camp, and I must find out who it is. What treacherous woman sent you into Cairo with that letter?"

The boy struggled hard. His ugly black face under his shaven poll was distorted by his fear. He hesitated, began to speak, then stopped altogether.

At that moment Helena came forward as if she had suddenly awakened from a dream, and Mosie saw her for the first time since he had been dragged into the tent. In another instant all fear had gone from his face, and his eyes were blazing with courage.

"Tell me, I command you," said Ishmael.

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"No, no, I will *never* tell you," said the boy.

Again a groan—this time a growl—came from the people at the tent's mouth.

"Torment would make his tongue wag," said one.

"Beat the innocent until the guilty confess. It is a good maxim, O Master," said Zewar, in his rasping tones.

Black Zogal, with his wild eyes, stepped out as if to lay hold of the lad, but Ishmael waved him back.

"Wait!" he said.

He was looking at Helena again, and his face had undergone a fearful change.

"My boy," he said, still keeping his eyes on Helena, "if you do not tell me, I must give you back to the people."

At that the boy broke into a paroxysm of hysterical sobs.

"No, no; my Master will not do that. But see," he said, tearing wider his torn caftan, so as to expose his breast, "my Master himself shall kill me."

At the next moment Helena's hand was on Ishmael's arm.

"Let the boy go," she said. "I can tell you the rest."

A gloomy chill traversed Ishmael's heart. He had a sense of spiritual paralysis—as if everything in the world were crumbling and crashing down to impotent wreck and ruin.

His people at the tent's mouth were muttering among themselves. He dismissed them, sending everybody away, including the boy and the Arab woman. Most of them went off grudgingly, ungraciously, for the first time reluctant to obey his will.

Then he closed up the mouth of the tent, and was once more alone with Helena.

CHAPTER III.

In spite of the dread with which, for more than a month, Helena had looked forward to the hour in which Ishmael should hear of his betrayal, she felt none of the terror from that cause which she had feared and expected.

She could think of nothing but Gordon. Where was he now? What were they doing to him? It seemed to be the only possible explanation of his arrest that his scheme for the salvation of the people had failed. Would he be handed over to the military authorities? Would he be tried by court-martial? And what would be the punishment of his offences as a soldier? Sinking down on the angerib, she pressed her hands over her brow and over her eyes that she might think of this and shut out everything else.

Meantime the mind of Ishmael was going through a conflict as strange and no less cruel. Although the plain evidences of his senses had already told him that he had been betrayed by the woman he loved, yet the dread of discovering the traitor in his own tent, in his own wife, filled him with terror, and he tried to escape from it.

Having fastened up the tent, he walked to and fro for some moments without speaking, and then, sitting down by Helena's side and taking her hand and smoothing it, he said, in his throbbing, quivering voice:—

"Rani, we have eaten bread and salt together. Be faithful with me—what woman sent that letter?"

Helena hardly heard what he was saying. She was still thinking of Gordon. "They will condemn him to death," she told herself.

"Rani," said Ishmael again, "we have lived under the same roof; you have shared with me the closest secrets of my soul. Tell me—what woman sent that letter?"

Helena looked at him and tried to listen, but Gordon's doom was ringing in her ears, and it drowned all the other sounds of life.

"Rani," said Ishmael once more, "you are my wife. Our lives have been united, not by man, but by God; and in the presence of Him, whose name be exalted—of Him who reads all hearts—I ask you—what woman sent that letter?"

Helena heard him, yet, terrible as his question was, and perilous as she knew her answer must be, she felt no fear. "I'll tell him," she thought. "Why not? It does not matter now."

"Rani," said Ishmael yet again, "God gives me the right to command you. I *do* command you. What woman sent that letter?"

"*I* did," said Helena; and, though the words were spoken in a faltering whisper, they seemed to Ishmael like a deafening roar.

"Allah! Allah!" he cried, leaping to his feet, for, though he had expected that reply, he reeled under it as under a blow.

Helena realized what her answer meant to him, and again, from the bottom of her heart, she pitied him; but at the next moment her thoughts swung back to her own trouble.

She remembered that her father had admitted that the British Army in Egypt was always on active service, and she asked herself what would happen to Gordon if the military authorities lost their heads in fear of insurrection. Would they try him by Field

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General Court-Martial? In that case would the court be called instantly? Would the inquiry last only a few minutes? Would the sentence be carried into immediate effect?

"O God, can it be possible that it is all over already?" she asked herself.

Meantime, Ishmael, after moments of suffering which seemed hours of eternity, was again struggling to resist the only conclusion the facts had left to him. It was true that the Rani had confessed to sending the letter which had led to the arrest of his messenger, but all his heart rebelled against the inference that she had intended to betray his cause and his people. Had she not cast in her own lot with them? Had she not come from a distant country and a richer home to live in their poor house in Khartoum? And had she not endured the hardship of the desert journey in their company?

Like a man who has been shipwrecked in a whirlwind of darkness, he was groping blindly through tempestuous waves for some means of rescue. At length a sort of raft of hope came to him—a helpless, impotent thing, but he clung to it, and, sitting down by Helena's side again, he said, in the same piteous voice as before:—

"I see how it has been, O my Rani. You did not intend to betray my people—my poor people, whose sufferings you have seen, whose faith and hopes and dreams you have shared and witnessed. It was Omar you were thinking of. Your heart has never forgiven him for taking the place you meant for your husband. You were jealous of him for my sake, and your jealousy got the better of your judgment. 'I will punish him,' you thought. 'I will make his mission of no effect.' And so you sent that letter. But you did not reflect that in destroying Omar you would be destroying my people also. It was wrong, it was cruel; but it was a woman's fault, and you have seen it and suffered for it ever since. Jealousy of Omar, perhaps hatred of Omar—that was it, was it not, O my Rani?"

His voice was breaking as he spoke, for the pitiful explanation he had lighted upon was failing to bring conviction to his own mind; yet he fixed his sad eyes eagerly on Helena's face and repeated:—

"Jealousy of Omar—perhaps hatred of Omar; that was what caused you to send that letter."

Helena could not speak. The pathos of his error was choking her, but she replied to him with a look which it required no words to interpret.

"No?" he said. "Not of Omar? Of whom, then?"

Helena could not lie. "He must know some day," she thought.

"Of whom, then?" he repeated, in his helpless confusion.

"Yourself," she replied.

"Allah! Allah! Myself! Myself!" he said, in a breathless whisper, rising to his feet again and striding across the tent.

At the first moment after Helena's confession it seemed to Ishmael that both sun and moon had suffered eclipse and the world was in total darkness. Why had the Rani betrayed him? From what motive? For what object? He tried to follow her thoughts and found it impossible to do so.

There was a short period of frightful silence, and then, feeling as if he wanted to cry, he drew up before Helena again and said, in a husky voice, his swarthy face trembling and twitching:—

"But why, O Rani? I had done you no wrong. From the day you came to me I did all I could for you—all I could to make your nights peaceful and your mornings happy. Why has your heart been so far away from me?"

Helena felt that the time had come to tell him everything. Yet in order to do so she must begin with the death of her father, and she could not speak of that event without involving Gordon. "But that is impossible," she thought; "absolutely impossible."

"Speak," said Ishmael. "When you sent your letter to the English lord you must have known that you were dooming me to death. What had I done to deserve it?"

"I cannot tell you; I cannot, I cannot," she answered.

"It is unnecessary," said Ishmael.

In the moment of Helena's silence a terrible explanation of her conduct had come to him, and he thought he saw, as by flashes of forked lightning, into the dark abyss that was at his feet.

His manner, which had been gentle down to that moment, suddenly became harsh, and his voice, which had been soft, became hard.

"When did you send that letter?"

She saw the stern closing of his lips, and for an instant she felt afraid.

"Was it before the meeting of the sheikhs at which Omar was chosen?"

"Yes," she replied. If Gordon was to be condemned to death, it was of no consequence what became of her.

"You told the English lord that Ishmael was coming to Cairo?"

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"Yes." His deep, impenetrable eyes seemed to be looking through and through her.

"With what object and in — in what disguise?"

"Yes." She knew she was dashing herself to destruction, but no matter.

"When you sent your letter you said to yourself, 'Ishmael will go into Cairo, but my letter shall go before him.' Yes?"

"Yes." In the lowest depths of her soul she felt that if he killed her now she did not care.

"And when Omar stepped into the place you had meant for me you thought, 'The letter I wrote to destroy Ishmael will destroy Omar instead'?"

"Yes."

"Was that why you tried to prevent Omar from going?"

"Yes." Tears were choking her utterance.

"Why you were unwilling to make the farda?"

"Yes."

"Why you fainted in the mosque?"

She bowed her head, being unable to utter another word.

"Then," said Ishmael, and his voice rose to a husky cry, "then it was *love* of Omar, not *hatred* of him, that inspired your letter?"

She made no reply. Filled as she was with shame for what she had done to Ishmael, the image of Gordon was still in her mind. Even at that moment, when terrible consequences threatened her, she could not help thinking of him. If he were tried by Field General Court-Martial to-night he might be executed in the morning.

That thought carried her back to the Citadel. She was on the drilling ground in the dead grey light of dawn. A regiment of soldiers was drawn up in line. Six of them stood out from the rest with rifles to their shoulders; and before them, standing alone with his back to the ramparts, was one condemned but dauntless man. "My last thoughts are about you," he was saying to her, and living in that cruel dream she burst into tears.

Again Ishmael misunderstood her weeping, and again a wave of compassion passed over him.

"It is possible I am wrong," he said. "I may be judging you unjustly. In that case tell me so and I will kiss your feet—I will ask your pardon."

She could not speak. "This will end in some way," she thought.

"In the name of Heaven, speak! Tell me you do not love this man. Tell me I am wrong," he cried.

"No, you are not wrong," she said. "I do love him and I am in despair. All you have said is true, but I cannot help it. I am a wicked woman, and my life by your side has been a deception from the first."

With that she burst into another flood of tears, and falling face downward on the angerib she buried her head in the pillow.

"Allah! Allah!" said Ishmael, and all the blood in his body seemed to flush his heart. He was passing through the supreme phase of his agony—perhaps the cruellest that man can suffer—the agony of knowing that the woman he loved, the woman he worshipped, loved and worshipped another man.

In the cloud of maddening thoughts which sprang to his brain he imagined he read the mystery of Helena's conduct from the first, and the wild, deep heart in him rose to a fever of jealous wrath.

"I see how it has been," he said. "The white man came to my tent. I welcomed him. I loved him. I trusted him. He was my brother and he slept by my side. I made him free of my harem. I put my honour in his hands. And how did he repay me? By robbing me of the love that was my love, the heart that was my heart."

She tried to speak, to protest, but in a torrent of wrath he bore her down.

"Your white man has overreached himself, though. 'I will outdo Ishmael in her eyes,' he thought. But he has only fallen into the pit that was dug for me. Let him perish there, and the curse of God be on him!"

Again she tried to protest, and again in the blind hurricane of his anger he silenced her.

"And you—it was nothing to you that in betraying me you were betraying my people also—my poor people, who have suffered so much and followed me so faithfully."

His face was terrible—it had the sullen glow of the Western sky before a storm.

"You have wrecked my hopes in the hour of their fulfilment. You have made dust and ashes of the expectations of my people. You have uncovered my nakedness and made me a thing to point the finger at and to scorn. You have turned my heart to stone."

Then the wild anguish of the jealous man became united to the fierce wrath of the fanatic, and going nearer to Helena and leaning over her he said:—

"Worse than that—a hundredfold worse—you have made the plans and promises of God of no avail. You have allowed the Evil One to enter into your heart and to use your

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guilty passions to defeat the schemes of the Most High. Therefore," he said, raising his quivering voice until it rang through the tent like a tortured cry—"therefore, as the instrument of Satan, you have no right to live. I say you have no right even to live. And I . . . I who have loved you . . . I whose heart has been wrapped about you like the rope about the wheel of the well . . . I whom you have betrayed and destroyed, and . . . and my people with me . . . it is I . . . yes, it is I who must . . . who must . . ."

Helena heard him stammering and sobbing over her. At the same time she felt that his trembling, ferocious hands were laying hold of her. She felt that the long Eastern veil that had hung down her back was being wrapped around her throat. She felt that its folds were growing tighter and yet tighter, and that she was being strangled and was losing consciousness.

Then suddenly she became aware that Ishmael's formidable grasp had slackened, and that he had stepped back from the angerib on which she lay and was saying to himself, in a tremulous whisper:—

"Allah! Allah! What is this I am doing? Allah! Allah! Allah!"

And at the next moment she realized that in horror of his own impulse he had turned and fled out of the tent.

CHAPTER IV.

BEING left alone, Helena's emotions were so strange, so bewildering, so overpowering that she could not immediately make out clearly what she felt. The most contradictory thoughts and feelings crowded upon her.

First came a sense of suffocating shame, due to Ishmael's hideous misconception of her relation to Gordon, which put her into the position of an unfaithful wife. But would the truth have been any better—that she was not an Indian Rani, not a Muslemah, that she and Gordon had known and loved each other before Ishmael came into their lives, and that a desire to punish him for coming between them had been the impulse that had taken her to Khartoum?

Next came a sense of her utter degradation during the recent scene, in which her lips had been sealed and she had been compelled to submit to Ishmael's just and natural wrath.

Then came a sense of abject humiliation with the thought that Ishmael had been right from the beginning and she had been wrong, and therefore she had merited all that had come to her. "If he had killed me I could have forgiven him," she told herself.

Finally (perhaps from some deep place in her Jewish blood) came the feeling that after all it was not so much Ishmael who had been shaming her for her treachery as the Almighty who had been punishing her for attempting to take His vengeance out of His hand. "'Vengeance is Mine,' saith the Lord," and her impious act had deserved the penalty that had overtaken it.

But against all this—opposing it, fighting it, conquering it, triumphing over it—was the memory of her love for Gordon. "I loved him and I could not have acted otherwise," she thought.

More plainly than ever, she now saw that her love for Gordon had been the first cause and origin of all she had done. This single-hearted devotion left her nothing else to think about. It wiped out Ishmael and his troubles and all the troubles of his people. "I may be selfish and cruel, but I cannot help it," she told herself again and again, as she continued to lie, where Ishmael had left her, face down on the angerib, shaken with sobs.

Being once more left alone in the tent, Helena continued to know what was going on in the camp. The wailing of the women, who were throwing sand over their heads, seemed as if it would never cease. At length some of them began to sing. They sang songs of sorrow which contrasted strangely with the songs of victory which the men had sung before. The weird and monotonous but moving notes that are peculiar to Arab music sounded like dirges in the depth of night.

The people were in despair. Their consoling and inspiring idea of Divine guidance was gone, and the hope that had sustained their souls through the toils of the desert march was dead. The myth of Ishmael's divinity had already disappeared; the Master was no longer the Redeemer, the Mahdi, the Christ. All that had been a hideous illusion, a mirage of the soul, without reason or reality.

It was terrible; it was horrible; it was almost as if the whole people had died an hour ago in "the sure and certain hope," and then suddenly awakened in the other world to find that there was no God, no Heaven, no reward for the pains of this life, and all they had looked for and expected had been the shadow of a dream.

Listening to this as she lay on the angerib, and thinking she was partly to blame for it, Helena asked herself if there was anything she could do to save Ishmael and his people.

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"O God, is there *nothing* I can do?" she thought.

At first there came no answer to this question. Do what she would to fix her mind on the people's sufferings and Ishmael's downfall, her mind swung back to its old subject, and again she thought of Gordon and his arrest.

Things in that regard were plainer to her now. The idea of a Field General Court-Martial, which had made her chill with fear, had been the figment of an over-excited brain. Whatever had happened to Gordon's efforts in the interests of peace—whether they had failed or succeeded—his own trial would take the ordinary course. A military court of the usual kind would have to be summoned, its sentence would have to be confirmed, and only the King could confirm it.

All this would take time, and therefore there was no need for panic. But meantime what was Gordon's position? He had been arrested in mistake for Ishmael, and, consequently, he would, one way or another, be liable to punishment for Ishmael's offence—that was to say, for the offence *she* had attributed to Ishmael. Yet Gordon had done no wrong—he had intended no evil.

"Is there nothing I can do—nothing at all?" she asked herself again.

Suddenly a light dawned on her. If the Consul-General could be made to see what Gordon's motives had really been—to save England, to save Egypt, to save the good name of his own father—and if he could be made to realize that Ishmael's aim was not rebellion, and his followers were not an armed force, but merely a vast concourse of religious visionaries—what then?

Then, as a just man—if a stern and hard one—he would be compelled to see that his own son was not punished, and, perhaps—who could say?—he might even permit Ishmael's people to enter Cairo.

Vague, undefined, and unconsidered as this idea was, Helena leapt at it as a solution of all their difficulties, and when she asked herself how she was to bring conviction to the Consul-General's mind she remembered Gordon's letters.

Nothing could be better. Being written before the event, and intended for her eyes only, they must be convincing to anybody whatever and absolutely irresistible to a father. Private? No matter! Intimate and affectionate and full of the closest secrets of the soul? Never mind! She would share them with one who was flesh of Gordon's flesh, for his heart must be with her, and the issue was life or death.

Yes, she would go into Cairo, see the Consul-General, show him Gordon's letters, and prove and explain everything. Thus, she who had been the first cause of the people's sufferings, of Ishmael's downfall, and of Gordon's arrest, would be Gordon's, Ishmael's, and the people's deliverer! Yes, she, she, she!

But wait! Had she not promised Gordon that she would remain in the camp, whatever happened? She had; but that promise was annulled by this time, while this great errand must be precisely what she had been sent there for, and by flying away now she would be filling her destiny in a wider and deeper sense than even Gordon himself could have conceived.

"I'll go at once," she thought, and she sprang up from the angerib to carry out her purpose.

As she did so, she saw a little ugly black face, all blubbered over with tears, on the ground beside her. It was Mosie, and he was kissing the hem of her skirt and saying:—

"Mosie very sorry. He not know. Will lady ever forgive Mosie?"

Helena's heart leapt up at sight of the boy. She wanted his help immediately, and his unexpected appearance at that moment was like an assurance from Heaven that what she intended to do ought to be done.

Comforting the lad and drying his eyes, she asked him in breathless whispers a number of questions. Where was the donkey on which he had ridden into the camp? It was near by, tethered. Did he know the way to the railway station at Bedrasheen? He did. Could he lead her there through the darkness? He could. It was now half-past nine—would there be a train to Cairo soon? Yes; for the alim had just gone to catch one that was to go to Boulaq Dacrour at ten o'clock.

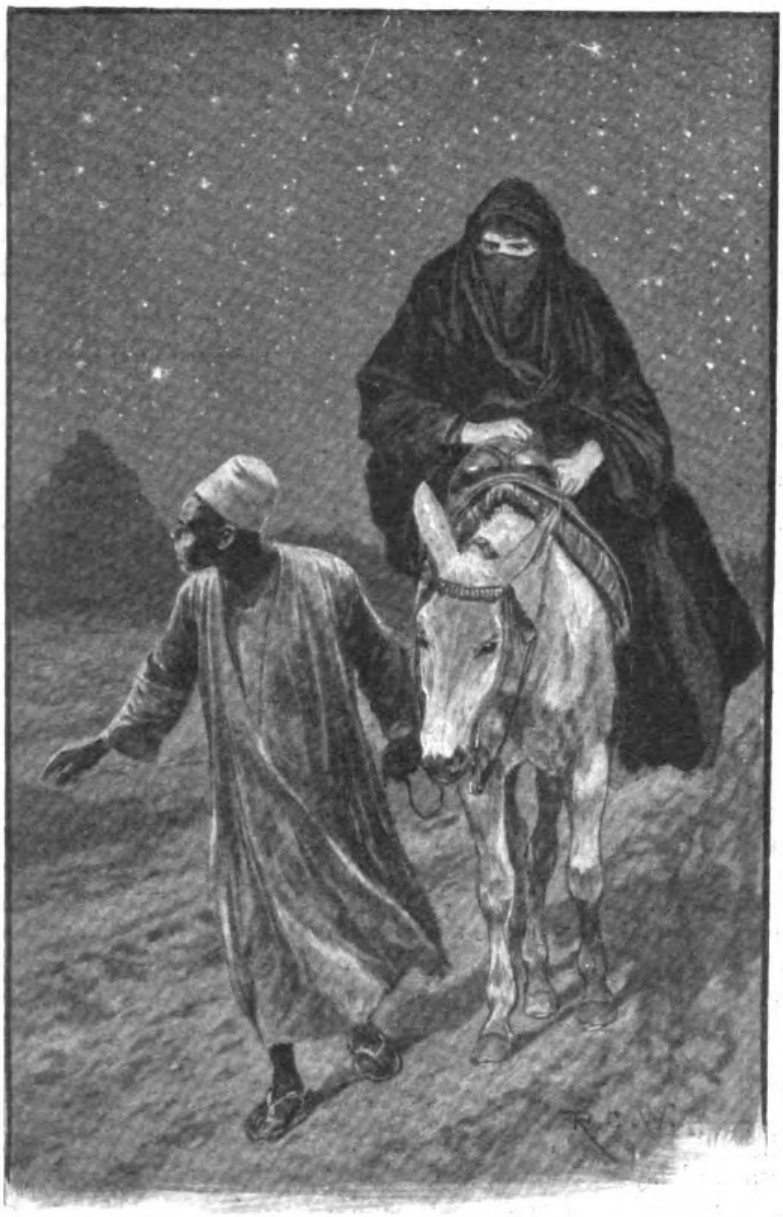
"The very thing!" said Helena. "Bring your donkey to the back of the tent and wait there until I come."

"Yes, yes," said the boy, now ablaze with eagerness, and, kissing both her hands alternately, he shot out on his errand.

Then Helena picked up a little locked hand-bag which contained Gordon's precious letters, added her own to them, and, after extinguishing the lamp that hung from the pole, stepped out of the tent.

A few minutes later, mounted on a donkey that was led by a boy, a woman, looking like an Egyptian, with her black skirt drawn over the back of the head and closely clipped

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"THERE WAS NO MOON, BUT THE STARS WERE THICK, AND ONE WAS FALLING."

under her nose, was picking her way through the darkness.

All was quiet by this time. The weeping and wailing had at last come to an end, and from the vast encampment there rose nothing but the deep somnambulent moan that comes up from a great city when it is falling asleep. The fires were smouldering out, and the people, such of them as remained, were lying, some in their tents, others outstretched on the sand, all weary and heart-broken in the misery of their dead hope, their dead dream, their dead faith.

A kind of soulless silence hung in the air. Even the call of the night-watchmen ("God is One!") was no more to be heard. Only the braying of donkeys at intervals, the ruckling of camels, and the barking of dogs.

There was no moon, but the stars were thick, and one was falling.

CHAPTER V.

TAKING his steam launch, which had been moored to the boat-landing of the Ghezireh Palace, the Consul-General returned home immediately after Gordon's arrest. He did not wait to say what was to be done with the prisoner, or to tell his officials what further steps, if any, were to be taken to prevent the expected insurrection. One overwhelming event had wiped everything else out of his mind. His plans had been frustrated; he had been degraded, made a laughing-stock of, and by Gordon—his own son.

As his launch skimmed across the river in the darkness he could hear in the back-wash of the propeller the guffaws of the Diplomatic Corps, and in the throbbing of the engine the choking laughter of the whole world.

His mind was going like a weaver's shuttle, and he was asking himself by what sinister development of fate this devilish surprise had been brought about. He could find no answer. In the baffling mystery of events only one thing seemed clear—that Gordon, when he disappeared from Cairo after the affair of El Azhar, had not gone to America or India or Australia, as everybody had supposed, but straight to the man Ishmael's camp, and that he had allowed himself to be used by that charlatan-mummer to further his intrigues. Against his own father, too! His father, who had been thinking of him every day, every night, and nearly all night, and was now, by his instrumentality, made an object of derision and contempt.

"Fool! Fool! Fool!" thought the Consul-General, and his anger against Gordon burnt in his heart like a fierce and consuming fire.

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On reaching the Agency he went upstairs to his room and rang violently for Fatimah. Somebody within his own household had become aware of his plans and revealed them to his enemies. He had little doubt of the identity of the traitor, for he remembered Fatimah's unexpected appearance in the dining-room the night before, and her confusion and lame excuse when the Sirdar observed her presence.

Fatimah answered her bell cheerfully as one who has nothing to fear, but the moment she saw the Consul-General's face, with the deep folds in his forehead and the hard and implacable lines about his mouth, she dropped on her knees before he had uttered a word.

"What is this you have been doing, woman?" he demanded, in a stern voice, whereupon Fatimah made no attempt at disguise.

"I couldn't help it, O master," she said, breaking into tears. "I would have given him my eyes. He was the same as my own son, and I had suckled him at my breast. Can a woman deny anything to her own?"

The Consul-General looked down at her for a moment in silence, and his drooping lower lip trembled. Then, with a gesture of impatience, he said:—

"Get away to your room at once," and, opening the door for her, he closed and locked it when she was gone.

But the momentary spasm of tenderness towards Gordon which had come to the Consul-General at sight of the foster-mother's love disappeared at the next instant. The only excuse he could find for his son's conduct in duping his ignorant Egyptian nurse was that perhaps he had himself been duped.

After the first plans had been formed in Khartoum, and Helena's letter had been dispatched, the "fanatic-hypocrite" had probably discovered that his intrigue had become known in Cairo. Then he had put Gordon into the gap, and Gordon had been so simple, so innocent, so stupid as to be deceived. There was small comfort in this reading of the riddle, and the Consul-General's fury and shame increased tenfold.

"Fool! Fool! Fool!" he thought, and, taking from the mantelpiece the portrait of the boy in the Arab fez, he looked at it for a moment and then flung it back impatiently. It fell to the floor.

Some minutes passed in which the infuriated man was unconscious of his surroundings—for great anger wipes out time and place—and then he became aware that there was a knock at the door of his room.

"Who's there?" he cried.

It was Ibrahim. He had come to tell His Excellency that two reporters from Reuter's Agency were below, by appointment, and wished to hear what His Excellency had to give them.

"Nothing. Send them away," said the Consul-General.

A moment afterwards there was another knock at the door.

"Who's there now?" cried the Consul-General.

It was his First Secretary. The Adviser to the Ministry of Justice had come to say that the Special Tribunal had been summoned and the judges were waiting for further instructions.

"Tell them there will be no sitting to-night," said the Consul-General.

A little later there was yet another knock at the door. It was the Secretary again. The Adviser to the Ministry of the Interior had called him up on the telephone to say that, according to instructions, the gallows had been set up in the square in front of the Governorat, and now he wished to know . . .

"Tell the men to take it down again at once, and don't come up again," said the Consul-General, in a voice that was hoarse with wrath and thick with shame.

These interruptions had been like visitations of the spirits of the dead to a tormented murderer, and it was some time before the Consul-General could bring his mind back to the mystery before him. When he was able to do so he asked himself how it had come to pass that if Gordon had been in Khartoum, and if he had been duped into taking Ishmael's place, Helena had not informed him of the change? Where had she been? Where was she now? What had become of her? Could it be possible that she, too, by her love for Gordon, had been won over to the side of his enemies?

Thinking of that as a possible explanation of the devilish tangle of circumstances by which he was surrounded, the Consul-General's wrath against Gordon rose to a frenzy of madness. Fierce and wild imprecations broke from his mouth, such as had never passed his lips before, and then, suddenly remembering that they were directed against his own flesh and blood, his own son, he cried, in the midst of his fury and passion:—

"No, no! God forgive me! Not that!"

Ibrahim knocked at the door again. The

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Grand Cadi had come, and begged the inestimable privilege of approaching His Excellency's honourable person.

"Say I can't see him," said the Consul-General, and then, sitting down on a sofa in an alcove of the room, he tried his best to compose himself.

In the silence of the next few minutes he was conscious of the ticking of the telegraph-tape that was unrolling itself by his side, and to relieve his mind of the burden that oppressed it he stretched out his hand for the long white slip.

It reported a debate on the Address to the Crown at the opening of a new Session of Parliament. Somebody, a rabid, irresponsible Radical, had proposed as an amendment that "the time had come to associate the people of Egypt with the government of the country," and the Foreign Minister was making his reply.

"This much I am willing to admit," said the Minister; "that there are two cardinal errors in the governing of alien races—to rule them as if they were Englishmen, and to repress their aspirations by blowing them out of the mouth of a gun."

The Consul-General rose to his feet in a new flood of anger. But for Gordon he would have silenced all such babbling. To-morrow morning was to have seen Downing Street in confusion, and in the conflagration that was to have blazed heaven-high on the report of the Egyptian conspiracy and how he had crushed it, he was to have found himself the saviour of civilization.

But now—what now? Duped by his own son, who had taken sides against him, he was to become the laughing-stock of all Europe.

"Fool! Fool! Fool!" he cried, and in the cruel riot of anger and love that was going on within him he felt for the first time in his life as if he wanted to burst into tears.

Another knock came to the door. It was Ibrahim again, to say that the Grand Cadi, who sent his humble salaams, had said he would wait, and now the Sirdar had come and he wished to see His Excellency immediately.

"Tell the Sirdar I can see no one to-night," said the Consul-General.

"But His Excellency says his business is urgent, and he must come upstairs if your Excellency will not come down."

The Consul-General reflected for a moment, and then replied:—

"Tell the Sirdar I will be down presently."

CHAPTER VI.

BESIDES the Grand Cadi with his pock-marked cheeks and base eyes, and the Sirdar with his ruddy face (suddenly grown sallow), the plump person of the Commandant of Police was waiting in the library.

The Grand Cadi, in his turban and silk robes, sat in the extreme corner of the room, opposite to the desk; the Sirdar, in his full-dress uniform, stood squarely on the hearth-rug, with his back to the empty fireplace; and the Commandant, in his gold-braided blue, stood near to the door.

No one spoke. There was a tense silence such as pervades a surgeon's consulting-room immediately before a serious operation.

When the Consul-General came in, still wearing his Court dress, it was plainly apparent to those who had seen him as recently as half an hour before that he was a changed man. Although perfectly self-possessed and as firm and implacable as ever, there was an indefinable something about his eyes, his mouth, and his square jaw which seemed to say that he had gone through a great struggle with his own heart and conquered it—perhaps killed it—and that henceforth his affections were to be counted as dead.

The Sirdar saw this at a glance, and thereby realized the measure of what he had come to do. He had come to fight this father for his own son.

Answering the salute of the Commandant, the salutation of the Sirdar, and the salaam of the Cadi with the curtest bow, the old man stepped forward to his desk and, seating himself in the revolving chair behind it, said, brusquely:—

"Well, what is the matter now?"

"Nuneham," said the Sirdar, with an oblique glance in the direction of the Cadi, "the Commandant and I wish to speak to you in private on a personal and urgent subject."

"Does it concern my son?" asked the Consul-General, sharply.

"I do not say it concerns your son," said the Sirdar, with another oblique glance at the Cadi. "I only say it is personal and urgent, and therefore ought to be discussed in private."

"Humph! We'll discuss it here. I'll have no secrets on that subject."

"In that case," said the Sirdar, "you must take the consequences."

"Go on, please."

"In the first place, the Commandant finds himself in a predicament."

"What is it?"

"The warrant he holds is for the arrest of Ishmael Ameer, but the prisoner he has taken to-night is . . . another person."

"Well?"

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"The Commandant wishes to know what he is to do."

"What is it his duty to do?"

"That depends on circumstances, and the circumstances in the present case are peculiar."

"State them precisely, please."

The Sirdar hesitated, glanced again at the Cadi—this time with an expression of obvious repugnance—and then said:—

"The peculiar circumstances in this case are, my dear Nuneham, that, though the prisoner cannot possibly be held under the warrant by which he was arrested, he is wanted by the military courts for other offences."

"Therefore . . . "

"Therefore, the Commandant has come with me to ask you whether the man he has taken to-night is to be handed over to the military authorities or . . ."

"Or what?"

"Or allowed to go free."

The Consul-General swung his chair round until he came face to face with the Sirdar, and said, with withering bitterness:—

"So you have come to me—British Agent and Consul-General—to ask if I will connive at your prisoner's escape! Is that it?"

The Sirdar flinched, bit the ends of his moustache for a moment, and then said, with a faint tremor in his voice:—

"Nuneham, if the prisoner is handed over to the authorities he will be court-martialled."

"Let it be so," said the Consul-General.

"As surely as he is court-martialled his sentence will be death."

The old man swung his chair back and answered, huskily:—

"If his offences deserve it, what matter is that to me?"

"His offences," said the Sirdar, "were insubordination, refusal to obey the orders of his General, and . . ."

"Isn't that enough?" asked the Consul-General, whereupon the Sirdar drew himself up and said:—

"I plead no excuses for insubordination. I am myself a soldier. I think discipline is the backbone of the Army. Without that everything must go to chaos. But the General who exacts stern compliance with military discipline on the part of his officers has it for his sacred duty to see that his commands are just and that he does not provoke disobedience by outrageous and illegal insults."

The old man's face twitched visibly, but still he stood firm.

"Provoked or not provoked, your prisoner disobeyed the orders of his recognized superior—what more is there to say?"

"Only that he acted from a sense of right, and that he *was* right. . . ."

"What?"

"I say he *was* right, as subsequent events proved, and if his conscience . . ."

"Conscience! What has a soldier to do with conscience? My servant Ibrahim, perhaps any fellah, may have a right to exercise what he is pleased to call his conscience, but the first and only duty of an English soldier is to obey."

"Then God help England! If an English soldier is only a machine, a human gun-wagon, with no right to think about anything but his rations and his pay and how to use his rifle, he is a butcher and a hireling, not a hero. No, no; some of the greatest soldiers and sailors have resisted authority when authority has been in the wrong. Nelson did it and General Gordon did it, and if this one . . ."

But the old man burst out again in a quivering voice, "Why do you come to tell me this? What has it got to do with me? The case before us is perfectly clear. By some tangle of devilish circumstance the wrong man has been arrested to-night. But your prisoner is wanted by the military authorities for other offences. Very well; let him be handed over to them."

The Sirdar now saw that he had not only to fight the father for his own flesh and blood, but the man for himself. He looked across the room to where the Grand Cadi sat in smug silence, with his claw-like hands clasped before his breast, and then, as if taking a last chance, he said, "Nuneham, the prisoner is your son."

"All the more reason why I should treat him as I should treat anybody else."

"Your *only* son."

"Humph!"

"If anything happens to him—if he dies before you—your family will come to an end when you are gone."

The old man trembled. The Sirdar was cutting him in the tenderest place—ploughing deep into his lifelong secret.

"Your name will be wiped out. *You* will have wiped it out, Nuneham."

The old man was shaking like a rock which vibrates in an earthquake. To steady his nerves he took a pen and held it firmly in the fingers of both hands.

"If you tell the Commandant to hand him over to the military authorities it will be the same in the court of your conscience as if *you* had done it. *You will have cut off your own line.*"

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The old man fought hard with himself. It was a fearful struggle.

"More than that, it will be the same—it will be the same, when you come to think of it—as if with that pen in your hands you had signed your own son's death-warrant."

The pen dropped, as if it had been red-hot, from the old man's trembling fingers. Still he struggled.

"If my son is a guilty man, let the law deal with him as it would deal with any other," he said, but his voice shook—it could scarcely sustain itself.

The Sirdar saw that deep under the frozen surface the heart of the old man was breaking up; he knew that the shot that killed Gordon would kill the Consul-General also, and he felt that he was now pleading for the life of the father as well as of the son.

"It's not as if the boy were a prodigal, a wastrel," he said. "He is a gentleman, every inch of him, and if he has gone wrong, if he has acted improperly, it has only been from the highest impulses. He has sincerity and he has courage, and they are the noblest virtues of the soul."

The old man's head was down, but he was conscious that the Cadi's cruel eyes were upon him.

"He's a soldier, too. In some respects the finest young soldier in the Army, whoever the next may be. He saw his first fighting with me, I remember. It was at Omdurman. He had taken the Khalifa's flag. The dervish who carried it had treacherously stabbed his comrade, and when he came up, with fire and tears in his eyes together, he said, 'I killed him like a dog, sir.' 'My God,' I said to myself, 'here is a soldier born.'"

The old man was silent, but he was still conscious that the Cadi's cruel eyes were upon him, watching him, interrogating him, saying, "What will you do now, I wonder?"

"God has never given me a son," continued the Sirdar, "but from that day to this I have always felt as if that boy belonged also to myself."

The old man was breaking up rapidly; but still he would not yield.

"His mother loved him, too. Perhaps he was the only human thing that came between her and her God. She is dead, and they say the dead see all. Who knows, Nuneham?—she may be waiting now to find out what you are going to do."

The strain was terrible. The two old friends, one visibly moved and making no effort to conceal his emotion, the other fighting hard with the dark spirits of pride and wrath.

The Sirdar's mind went back to the days when they were young men themselves, at Sandhurst together, and approaching the Consul-General he put one hand on his shoulder and said:—

"Nuneham—John Nuneham—John—Jack—give the boy another chance. Let him go."

Then with a cry of agony and with an oath, never heard from his lips before, the Consul-General rose from his seat and said:—

"No, no, no! You come here asking me to put my honour into the hands of my enemies—to leave myself at the mercy of any scoundrel who cares to say that the measure I mete out to others is not that which I keep for my own. You come, too, excusing my son's offences against military law, but saying nothing of the other crimes in which you have this very night caught him red-handed."

At that he smote the desk with his clenched fist and cried:—

"No, no; I tell you no! My son is a traitor. He has joined himself to his father's and his country's enemies, in order to destroy him and to destroy England in Egypt; and if the punishment of a traitor is death, then death it must be to him as to any other, that the same justice may be dealt out to all."

Then to the Commandant, who was still standing by the door, he said:—

"Go, sir! Let your prisoner be handed over to the military authorities without one moment's further delay."

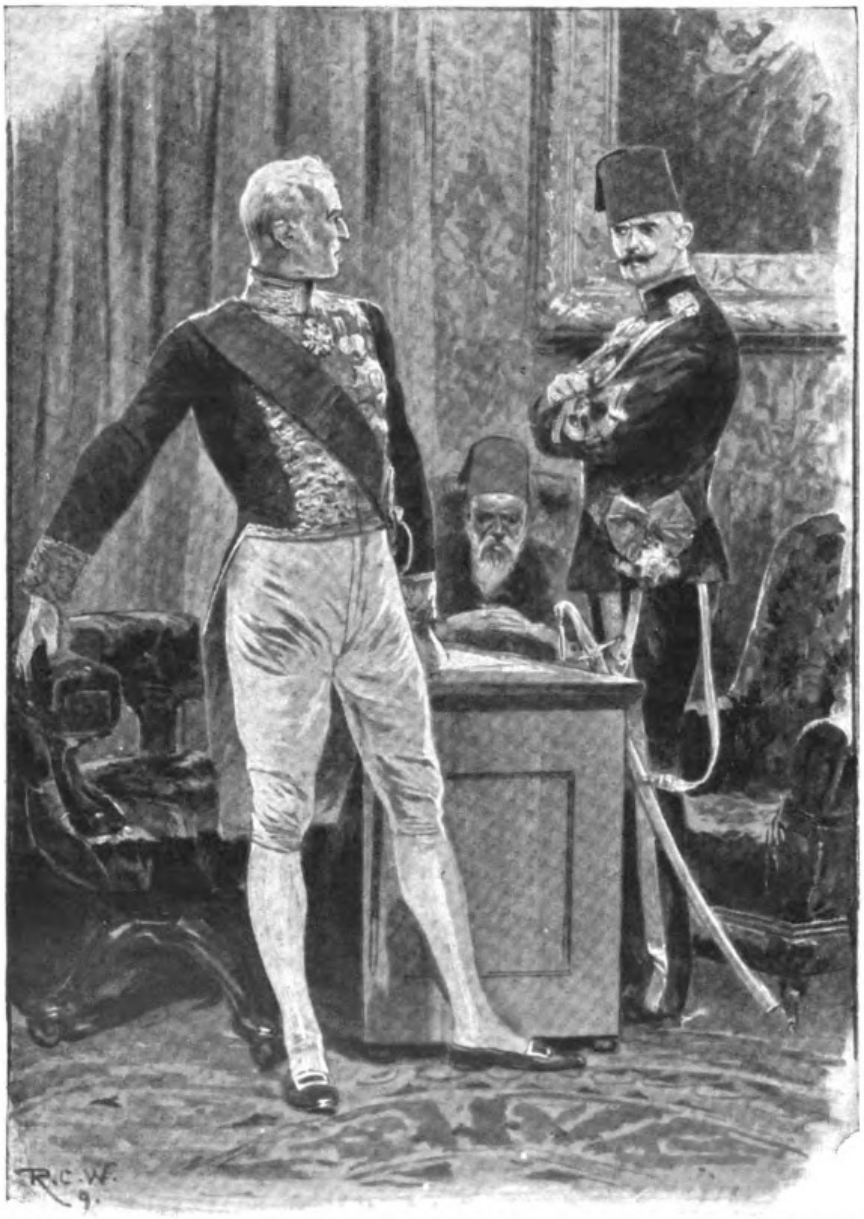
It was like the moment of the breaking away of an avalanche, and after it there came the same awful stillness. No one spoke. The Commandant bowed and left the room.

The Consul-General returned to his seat at the desk, and, digging his elbows into the blotting-pad, rested his head on his hands. The Sirdar stood sideways, with one arm on the chimney-piece. The Cadi sat in his smug silence, with his claw-like hands still clasped in front of his breast.

They heard the Commandant's heavy step and the click of his spurs as he walked across the marble floor of the hall. They heard the front door close with a bang. Still no one spoke, and the silence seemed to be everlasting.

Then they heard the outer bell ringing loudly. They heard the front door opened and then closed again, as if after admitting somebody. At the next moment Ibrahim, looking as if he had just seen a ghost, had come, with his slippered feet, into the library and was stammering:—

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"NO, NO, NO! YOU COME HERE ASKING ME TO PUT MY HONOUR INTO THE HANDS OF MY ENEMIES."

"If you please, your Excellency . . . If you please, your Ex . . ."

"Speak out, you fool—who is it?" said the Consul-General.

"It is . . . it is Miss . . . Miss Helena, your Excellency."

The Consul-General's face contracted for an instant, as if he were trying to recover the plain sense of where he was and what was going on. Then he rose and went out of the room, Ibrahim following him.

The Sirdar and the Grand Cadi were left together. They did not speak nor exchange a sign. The Sirdar felt that the Cadi's presence had contributed to the late painful scene—that it had been a silent, subtle, devilish influence against Gordon—and he was conscious of an almost unconquerable desire to take the man by the throat and wring his neck as he would wring the neck of a bird of prey.

A quarter of an hour passed—half an hour. Still the two men did not speak. And the Consul-General did not return.

CHAPTER VII.

MEANTIME Helena, in another room, still wearing her mixed Eastern and Western dress, was sitting by a table in an attitude of supplication, with her arms outstretched and her hands clasped across a corner of it, speaking earnestly and rapidly to the Consul-General, who was standing, with head down, in front of her.

Pale, in spite of the heat of the South and the sun of the desert, very nervous, flurried, and a little ashamed, yet with a sense of urgent necessity, she was telling him all that had happened since she left Cairo: how she had gone to Khartoum under an impulse of revenge that was inspired by a mistaken idea of the cause of her father's death; how, being there, she had been compelled to accept the position of Ishmael's nominal wife or go back with her errand unfulfilled; how she had come to know of the base proposals of certain of the Ulema; and how at length, when Ishmael had succumbed to the last of them, she had written and dispatched her letter saying he was coming into Cairo in disguise.

Then, in her soft voice with its deep note, she told of Gordon's arrival in Khartoum; of his tragic mistake and awful sufferings; of his confession to her; of her own confession to him; and of how she realized her error

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but found herself powerless to overtake or undo it.

Finally she told the Consul-General of Gordon's determination to take Ishmael's place, being impelled to do so by the firmest conviction that his father was being deceived by someone in Cairo, by the certainty that Ishmael could not otherwise be moved from his fanatical purpose, and that, while the consequences of his own arrest must be merely personal to himself, the result of Ishmael's death at the hands of the authorities might be a holy war, which would put Egypt in the right and England in the wrong and cover his father's honoured name with infamy.

The old man listened eagerly, standing as long as he could on the same spot, then walking to and fro with nervous and irregular steps, but stopping at intervals as if breathless from an overpowering sense of the hand of Fate.

Having finished her story, Helena produced Gordon's letters from the little hand-bag which hung from one of her arms, and having kissed them, as if the Consul-General had not been present, she began with panting affection to read passages from them in proof of what she had said.

Being a woman, she knew by instinct what to read first, and one by one came the passionate words which told of Gordon's affection for his father, whom he felt bound to resist.

"My father," she read, "is a great man who probably does not need and would certainly resent my compassion, but Lord God, how I pity him! Deceived by false friends, alone in his old age, after all he has done for Egypt!"

The old man stopped her and said:—

"But how did he know that—that I was being deceived? What right had he to say so?"

"Listen!" said Helena, and she read Gordon's account of his visit to the Grand Cadi, when the "oily scoundrel" had called his father "the slave of power," "the evil-doer," "the adventurer," and "the great assassin."

"Then why didn't he come like a man and tell me himself?" asked the Consul-General.

"Listen again, sir," said Helena, and she read what Gordon had said of his impulse to go to his father, in order to disclose the Grand Cadi's duplicity, and then of the reasons restraining him, being sure that his father was aiming at a *coup* and that, acting from a high sense of duty, the Consul-General would hand him over to the military authorities before the work he had come to do had been done.

"But didn't he see what he was doing himself—aiding and abetting a conspiracy?"

"Listen once more, please," said Helena, and she read what Gordon had said of Ishmael's pilgrimage—that while his father thought the Prophet was bringing up an armed force, he was merely leading a vast multitude of religious visionaries, who were expecting to establish in Cairo a millennium of universal faith and empire.

"But, even so, was it necessary to do what he did?" demanded the Consul-General.

"Listen for the last time, sir," said Helena, and then in her soft, earnest, pleading voice, she read:—

"It is necessary to prevent the massacre which I know (and my father does not) would inevitably ensue; necessary to save my father himself from the execrations of the civilized world; necessary to save Ishmael from the tragic consequences of his determined fanaticism; necessary to save England . . ."

"Give them to me," said the Consul-General, taking, almost snatching, the letters out of Helena's hands in the fierce, nervous tension which left him no time to think of courtesies.

Then drawing a chair up to the table, and fixing his eyeglasses over his spectacles, he turned the pages one by one and read passages here and there. Helena watched him while he did so, and in the changing expression of the hitherto hard, immobile, implacable face she saw the effect that was being produced.

"I cannot say how hard it is to me to be engaged in a secret means to frustrate my father's plans—it is like fighting one's own flesh and blood, and is not fair warfare. . . .

"Neither can I say what a struggle it has been to me as an English soldier to make up my mind to intercept an order of the British Army—it is like playing traitor, and I can scarcely bear to think of it. . . .

"But all the same I know it is necessary. I also know *God* knows it is necessary, and when I think of that my heart beats wildly. . . .

"I am willing to give my life for England, whatever name she may know me by . . . and I am willing to die for these poor Egyptians because . . .

"This may be the last letter I shall write to you. . . .

"May the great God of heaven bless and protect you. . . ."

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The Consul-General was overwhelmed. The Grand Cadi's duplicity stifled him, Ishmael's innocence of conspiracy humiliated him, but his son's heroism crushed him and made him feel like a little man.

Yet he had just now denounced his son as a traitor, handed him over to the military authorities, and, in effect, condemned him to death!

As the old man read Gordon's letters his iron face seemed to decompose. Helena could not bear to look at him any longer, and she had to turn her own face away. At length she became conscious that he had ceased to read, and that his great, sad, humid eyes were looking at her.

"So you came here to plead with me for the life of my boy?" he said; and as well as she could for the tears that were choking her she answered:—

"Yes."

He hesitated for a moment, as if trying to summon courage to tell her something, and then, in a voice that was quite unlike his own, he said:—

"Permit me to take these letters away for a few minutes."

And, rising unsteadily, he left the room.

CHAPTER VIII.

When the Consul-General returned to the library he looked like a feeble old man of ninety. It was just as if twenty years of his life had been struck out of him in half an hour. The Sirdar stepped up to him in alarm, saying:—

"What has happened?"

"Read these!" he answered, handing to the Sirdar the letters he carried in his hand.

The Sirdar took the letters aside, and, standing by the chimney-piece, he looked at them. While he did so his face, which had hitherto been grave and pale, became bright and ruddy, and he uttered little sharp cries of joy.

"I knew it!" he said. "Although I was at a loss to read the riddle of Gordon's presence at Ghezireh, I knew there must be some explanation. If he had acted with a sense of conscience in the one case he must have done so in the other. . . . Thank God! Splendid! Bravo! . . . Of course, you will stop the Commandant?"

The Consul-General, who had returned to his seat at the desk, did not reply; and the Sirdar, thinking to anticipate his objection, said, eagerly:—

"Why not? The Commandant will act as for himself, and nobody will know that you have been consulted. . . . That is to say," he added, with another oblique glance in the direction of the Grand Cadi, "nobody outside this room; and if anybody here should ever whisper a word about it I'll . . . I'll . . . well, never mind; nobody will, nobody dare!"

Then, in the fever of his impatience, the Sirdar proposed to call up the Commandant of Police on the telephone and tell him to consider his order cancelled.

"Don't stir," he said. "I'll do it. Your Secretary will show me the box."

When, with a light step and a hopeful face, the Sirdar had gone out of the room on this errand, the Cadi began for the first time to show signs of life. He coughed, cleared his throat, and made other noises indicative of a desire to speak, but the Consul-General, still sitting at the desk with the look of a shattered man, seemed to be unconscious of his presence. At length he said, in that hushed voice of one who was habitually afraid of being overheard:—

"I regret . . . sincerely regret . . . that I have been again compelled to approach your Excellency's honourable person . . . especially at a time like this . . . but a certain danger . . . personal danger . . . made me think that perhaps your Excellency would deign . . ."

Before he could say any more the Sirdar had returned to the library, with a long face and a slow step.

"Too late!" he said. "I called up the Commandant at his office and they said he had gone to the Citadel. Then I called him up there, thinking I might still be in time. But no, the thing was over. Gordon was under arrest."

After that there was silence for some moments, while the Sirdar looked again at the letters which he was still holding in his hands. At one moment he raised his eyes, and, turning to the Consul-General, he said:—

"You'll not call down the troops from Abbassiah?"

"No."

"And you'll allow this man Ishmael and his visionary followers to come into Cairo if they've a mind to?"

The Consul-General bent his head.

"Good!" said the Sirdar. "At all events, that will shut the mouths of the fine birds who must be getting ready to crow."

But a look of alarm came into the Grand Cadi's eyes, such as comes into the eyes of a hawk when an eagle is about to pounce upon it.

"Surely," he said, "His Excellency does

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not intend to allow this horde of fifty thousand fanatics to pour themselves into the capital?"

Whereupon the Sirdar turned sharply upon the man, and answered :—

"That is exactly what His Excellency *does* intend to do."

"But what is to become of *me?*" asked the Cadi. "This is exactly the errand I came upon. Already the people are threatening me, and I came to ask for protection. I am suspected of giving information to His Excellency. Will His Excellency desert me . . . leave me to the mercy of this man Ishmael, this corrupter and destroyer of the faith?"

Then the Consul-General, who had sat with head down, the picture of despair, rose to his full height and faced the Grand Cadi.

"Listen!" he said, with a flash of his old fire. "I give your Eminence twenty-four hours to leave Egypt. If the *people* do not dispose of you after that time, as sure as there is a British Minister in Constantinople, *I will.*"

The look of alarm in the Cadi's cunning face was smitten into an expression of terror. Not a word more did he say. One glance he gave at the letters in the Sirdar's hands, and then, rising, with a low bow and touching his breast and forehead, he turned to leave the room. Meantime the Sirdar had rung the bell for Ibrahim, and then, stepping to the door, he had opened it. The ample folds of the Cadi's sleeves swelled as he walked, and he passed out like a human bat.

Being alone with the Sirdar, the Consul-General's mind went back to Helena.

"Poor child!" he said. "I hadn't the heart to tell her what I had done. Go to her, Reg. She's in the drawing-room. Give her back her letters and tell her what has happened. Then take her to the Princess Nazimah. Poor girl! Poor Gordon!"

The Sirdar made some effort to comfort him, but it was hard to say anything now to the man who in the days of his strength had hated all forms of sentimentality. Yet the shadow of supernatural powers seemed to be over him, for he muttered some simple, almost childlike, words about the Almighty permitting him to fall because he had wandered away from Him.

"Janet! My poor Janet!" he murmured. His once proud head hung low.

The Sirdar could bear no more, and he quietly left the library.

As he approached the drawing-room he heard voices within. Fatimah was with Helena. All the mother heart in the Egyptian woman had warmed to the girl in her trouble, and, forgetful of the difference of class, they were clasped in each other's arms.

The Sirdar could see by the tears that were trickling down Helena's cheeks that already she knew everything, but all the same he told her that Gordon had been handed over to the military authorities. She stood the fire of the sad news without flinching, and a few minutes afterwards they were in the Sirdar's carriage on their way to the Princess Nazimah's—the black boy on his donkey trotting proudly behind.

"We must not lose heart, though," said the Sirdar. "Now that I come to think of it, to be court-martialled may be the best thing that can happen to him. He'll have a good deal to say for himself. And whatever the sentence may be, there's the Army Council, and there's the Secretary of State, and there's the King himself, you know."

"Then you think there's some hope still?" she said, faintly but sweetly.

"I'm certain there is," said the Sirdar, and as the carriage passed under the electric arc lamps in the streets he could see that Helena's wet eyes were shining.

After a while she asked where Gordon was imprisoned, and was told that he was at the Citadel, but that he was in officers' quarters, and that his Egyptian foster-brother, Hafiz Ahmed, was permitted to be with him.

Then she asked if Ishmael and his people would be permitted to come into Cairo, and was told that they would, and that they might encamp in El Azhar if they cared to —Ishmael being nothing to the Sirdar but an inoffensive dreamer with a disordered brain.

Helena's lovely face looked almost happy. She was thinking of the light that was expected to shine at midnight from the minaret of the mosque of Mohammed Ali, and was telling herself that as soon as she reached the house of the Princess she would call up Hafiz at the Citadel and see what could be done.

Meantime Fatimah, who had gone to the Consul-General's bedroom to see that everything was in order, had felt something crunching under her feet, and, picking it up, she found that it was the portrait of Gordon as a boy in his Arab fez. With many sighs she was putting the pieces aside when the old man entered the room. He did not seem to see her, and though she lingered some little while he did not speak.

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Sitting on the sofa he rested his head on his hands and looked fixedly at the carpet between his feet. Half an hour passed—an hour—two hours—but he did not move. At intervals the telegraphic machine which stood



"HALF AN HOUR PASSED—AN HOUR—TWO HOURS—BUT HE DID NOT MOVE."

in an alcove of the room ticked for a time and then stopped. The debate on the amendment to the Address was still going on, but that did not matter now. Nothing mattered except one thing—that he, he himself, had sent his own son to his death, thus cutting off his line, ending his family, and destroying the one hope and lode-star of his life.

"Ah, well! It's all over," he thought, and at length, switching off the lights, he went to bed.

While the great Proconsul slept his restless, troubled sleep, the telegraphic machine ticked out in the darkness, on the long slip of white paper that rolled on to the floor, the future history of Egypt and in some sense of the world.

Far away in London the Foreign Minister was speaking.

"I am one of those who think," he was saying, "that just as religious leaders, Popes as well as Mahdis, may go to wreck under the mental malady which permits them to believe they are the mouthpieces of the Almighty, so statesmen may be destroyed by the seeds of dissolution which power, especially absolute power, carries within itself.

"Holding this opinion, I also hold that to place one person in sole charge of millions of people of a different race, creed, and mode of thought, is to put a load on one man's shoulders which no man, whatever his power and influence, his integrity, and the nobility of his principles, ought to be called upon to bear."

But the heavy-lidded house on the Nile was asleep. The Consul-General did not hear.

(*To be concluded.*)

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THE ROYAL FAVOUR

Penalties of offending Royalty

THE greatest social offence is to do anything which incurs the direct displeasure of either the King or Queen. There is, to be sure, no legal penalty for doing so, but the man or woman who intentionally offers offence to their Majesties ceases, of course, to have any longer the social recognition of their Sovereign. There is a large volume in the keeping of the Lord Chamberlain which contains the names of all persons who are on the official list. The degree of intimacy with the Sovereign which some of the people whose names are to be found in this volume are privileged to enjoy is, of course, much greater than others, but all, at any rate, are socially recognized by the King and Queen, and all receive command invitations to meet their Majesties at least once a year to some entertainment either at Buckingham Palace or Windsor Castle.

Through some of the names in the volume there is, however, drawn a deep blue pencil line which indicates that their Majesties have ceased to know that particular person, which means absolute social extinction for the individual, be he duke or commoner, rich or poor.

If the offender happens to be a man he is at once asked to remove his name from the list of members of every club of repute to which he may belong, and if he chances to be an officer in the Army or Navy, or a member of the Diplomatic Service, he is asked to resign. His name is removed from the visiting lists of every person in society, and he is subjected to a social boycott that is absolute and complete.

Of course, it need scarcely be said that their Majesties are always extremely reluctant to inflict on anyone the severe penalty which a public avowal of their displeasure is bound to bring; but there are certain social offences, whether committed wilfully or even through ignorance, which are nearly always punished by the offenders ceasing to have the social recognition of the Sovereign. For example, anyone who takes an undue liberty with His Majesty invariably suffers the penalty which being struck off the Royal visiting list entails.

A young diplomatist, brilliantly clever, highly connected, and with every prospect of rising to the top of his honourable profession, ruined his career utterly by taking an unpardonable liberty with his Sovereign. The young diplomatist in question, a Mr. F——, the younger son of a well-known peer, happened to be one of a large country-house party which had been asked to meet the King a little while ago. In the smoking-room after dinner young Mr. F——, who possessed the ability to draw very clever snap-shot likenesses, was asked by his host to sketch some of those present. The young diplomatist willingly enough complied, and among those he sketched was His Majesty. Underneath the sketch the young man had the impertinence to write "Teddy," and somehow or other the sketch found its way into the King's hands. Such an unpardonable piece of impertinence could have but one result. Mr. F—— was asked by his host to leave the house the next morning, and from that hour the career, socially and professionally, of a brilliantly clever

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diplomatist was ruined. He could, of course, never meet his Sovereign again.

A member of a foreign Embassy in London committed rather a similar offence at the Marlborough Club on one occasion not so very long ago, but the circumstances attending the incident made it different, and, besides, the offence was at once apologized for. It so happened that the diplomatist in question was playing bridge and had the King as a partner. The former, though not a very good player, was a most enthusiastic one. The final hand of the rubber was played by the King, which was a "no trumper," His Majesty winning the game by two tricks. "Ah, my dear boy, well played!" exclaimed the diplomatist, who had been watching the fall of the cards with the greatest anxiety. Instantly a dead silence fell on the players; and then the Frenchman, recollecting himself in a moment, jumped to his feet and said, "I beg your pardon, sir!" And, of course, the offence, which was transparently unintentional, was at once pardoned by the King, who was really amused by his partner's enthusiasm.

Some people occasionally forget the deference which etiquette demands shall be at all times paid by a subject to the Sovereign when brought into close social contact with Royalty, and however charming and gracious their Majesties may be they never permit anyone to overstep the rigid line that separates Sovereignty from the subject. A lady whose name figured among the leading American hostesses in London some few years ago had the honour to be invited, on two or three occasions, to receptions at Buckingham Palace, and later received an invitation to dinner. The lady was foolish enough to imagine that she had now become sufficiently intimate with Royalty to presume on the friendship extended to her by their Majesties, and a few days before the dinner she wrote to the Queen asking permission to bring a guest who was staying with her.

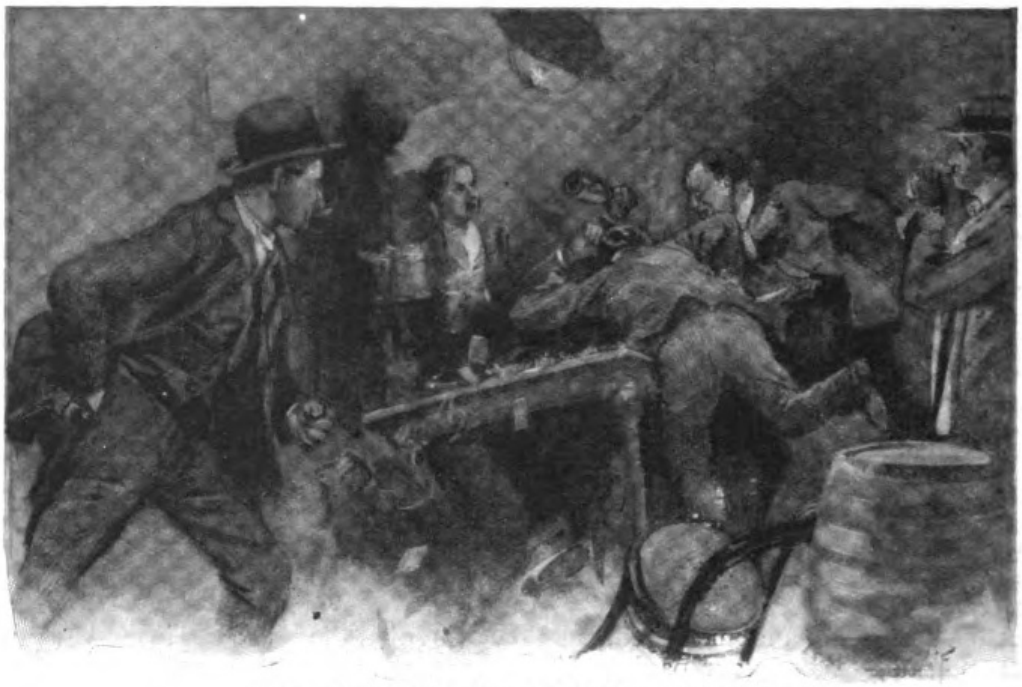
Now this was not only an act of impertinence, but a gross violation of Court etiquette with which the lady in question was apparently not familiar, and which the most intimate friends of Her Majesty would not think of violating. The lady's request was refused, though, of course, the refusal was couched in the most courteous language, but her name never again figured in the Royal invitation lists, and it became known that their Majesties did not wish to meet her. The inevitable results followed.

Of course, there are many people who, though socially recognized by their Majesties, may not for many reasons be people whom either the King or Queen would care to meet at a house-party. For this reason any person who has the honour to entertain the King is always expected to furnish a list of the guests who are intended to be asked to join the house-party. It is considered a gross violation of etiquette to omit to furnish such a list for Royal approval, and no one in the least familiar with Court etiquette would dream of neglecting to do so.

Some few years ago, however, a well-known sporting peer who had the honour of entertaining His Majesty, though he did not neglect to send a list of his proposed guests to the King, was foolish enough to permit a gentleman and his wife who had been struck off the list by the King to be present, the fact being that the peer had invited them before sending the list of guests for Royal approval, and he did not wish then to put them off. But it would have been much wiser of him to have done so, for it was an outrageous violation of etiquette to permit them to be present in face of the fact that their Majesties had expressed a wish not to meet them. The peer found that an ancient title and high position could not save him from the consequences of the King's displeasure.

It is extremely rare that anyone ever offers direct and intentional offence to Royalty, but a well-known instance of this occurred some years ago. The offender was a retired naval officer of high rank; he was a notorious bully, and was one of the most intensely-disliked men in society. One afternoon, in a famous Service club, he flatly contradicted a statement made by the King, who was then Prince of Wales. His Majesty suggested, mildly, that the officer had forgotten whom he was addressing, but the latter replied simply by repeating his words. Now a man may bully a great many people successfully, but the officer made a grave mistake when he fancied he could bully the heir to the English throne. His Majesty did not take any notice of the officer's rudeness at the moment, but later on sent an equerry to him to say that His Royal Highness did not wish to include him any longer among his acquaintances. From that instant it need hardly be said the officer was cut by every person in society; for several months he endeavoured to brazen out his offence, but he sank lower and lower in the social scale and ultimately disappeared from London, and a few years

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"HE WAS KILLED IN A DRUNKEN QUARREL."

later was killed in a drunken quarrel in a gambling-den in New York.

The penalties for offending Royalty may appear extreme, but they are, as a matter of fact, necessary to maintain that absolute social supremacy which it is for the benefit of all classes of society that their Majesties should maintain. A King who permitted his subjects, even though they were his personal friends, to treat him in an easy and familiar manner would soon lose all the dignity of his high position, and cease to be able to exercise that great social influence in which so much of the real power of Sovereignty lies.

No one is less ready to take offence than our monarch; no one more ready to pardon one, but there is a code of social laws which any person brought into social contact with Royalty must understand and must take care never to violate. If they do so they must be prepared to suffer the consequences of their conduct, a fact which many aspirants for the favour of Royalty have learnt by experience.

The ultimate ambition of every climber of the social ladder is to receive the personal recognition of their Majesties; to win the favour of the Sovereign settles the social position of the climber once and for all, and beyond all dispute. Of course, it is obvious that only people of a certain position in society can hope to aspire to Court favour, but to win it makes a world of difference in their position. It establishes them absolutely in the best and most exclusive society in England. To win such a position, it is obvious that a person must be endowed with many social qualities which are impossible to define. It is one of the most popular mistakes to suppose that a person has but to be a millionaire to attract Court favour. Several conspicuous instances could be cited of people who are millionaires several times over who have made the most strenuous but unsuccessful efforts to enter that most exclusive circle in which their Majesties possess most intimate friends; and it is equally certain that money will not save anyone from the disfavour of Royalty who violates any one of the unwritten code of rules which every aspirant to Court favour must thoroughly understand. There is nothing that is more sure to incur the displeasure of the Sovereign than a betrayal of ignorance of the manners and customs which His Majesty expects everyone with whom he is brought into social contact to observe and understand.

For example, there is nothing the King or Queen dislikes more than being addressed too often as "Your Majesty" in the course of ordinary conversation. A rather amusing story is told of a young sporting baronet who was asked some years ago to a house-party to meet the King; it was the first time the baronet had met His Majesty, and he addressed him as "Your Majesty" with considerable frequency whenever the King spoke to him. Later on his host informed the young baronet, in an entirely good-natured manner, that the King did not like being addressed as "Your Majesty" so frequently.

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"Why," exclaimed the baronet, "how else can I address him?"

"Oh," replied his host, "that is all right, but how would you feel if I were to address you, say, at dinner for example, 'Sir W——, will you, Sir W——, play bridge, Sir W——, to-night, Sir W——?'"

"Oh," replied the baronet, laughing, "I should feel like breaking your head."

"Well, then," said his host, "think of how His Majesty must feel when you interject 'Your Majesty' half-a-dozen times into a short sentence." The young baronet wisely took the hint and refrained in future from giving offence to his Sovereign in this way.



"THE YOUNG BARONET WISELY TOOK THE HINT."

As a matter of fact, it is customary for people who enjoy an intimacy with Royalty to address the King as "Sir" and the Queen as "Madame," but "Your Majesty" is the more formal mode of address used by those subjects who meet their Majesties for the first time.

There is no greater violation of Court etiquette than to discuss any political question in the presence of the King or Queen, who are, of course, supposed to have no politics.

A very charming lady, some time ago, lost the favour she had obtained at Court by discussing at a dinner-party at Buckingham Palace some matter in connection with the Irish policy of the last Administration. She did not, of course, address any of her remarks to their Majesties, but what she said was overheard by her Royal host and was a distinct violation of etiquette. The lady's name was not, of course, removed from the Royal visiting list, and she continues to receive invitations to large State entertainments at Buckingham Palace and Windsor Castle, but she has lost her place in that exclusive circle in which the King and Queen move, which, once lost, can never be regained.

There is a well-established rule of Court etiquette forbidding any members of the Household to be interviewed in the Press, and it is also a well-known fact that their Majesties do not care for any of their intimate friends to lend themselves to that particular form of advertisement which the Press is very ready to give to people of great social distinction. An American gentleman and his wife, who had won some favour at Court, were foolish enough to give an interview to the representative of a New York journal some time ago, in which they made some remarks about how they met their Majesties at some country house. The interviewer made the most of their probably quite harmless observations, and a long article appeared in the New York paper in question, entitled "King Edward and the Queen as Guests," in which the gentleman and his wife mentioned were freely quoted. It is scarcely necessary to remark that this foolish and rather unfortunate gentleman and his wife were never again asked to meet their Majesties.

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The Romance and Reality of the "Death-Watch."

By JOHN J. WARD,

Author of "Life Histories of Familiar Plants," "Some Nature Biographies," etc., etc.
Illustrated from Original Photographs by the Author.

"THE patient, after suffering long, had fallen into a deep sleep; and the nurse, in the still hours of the night, was, with anxious forebodings, critically watching her charge. Intently she listened to his weak and irregular breathing, and while she listened a weird ticking commenced. Five gentle but distinct taps—a pause—five more taps, but this time from a different direction; then a dead silence. The old and superstitious nurse hopelessly raised her hands and shook her head. All now was of no avail. It was a 'warning'! She had heard the 'death-watch.'

"Two hours later the patient died."

Such a passage as this was common enough in the pages of novels not very many years ago.

In earlier days the "death-watch" was heard much more frequently than now; indeed, was quite a popular terror amongst the superstitious and ignorant, who believed in "omens," "warnings," and such presages of future events. However, like most of the superstitious fancies of bygone days, this supposed prophetic and mysterious "augury," when investigated with ordinary scientific methods of observation, proves to be entirely fallacious and a delusion.

The "death-watch" that produces the weird tickings formerly so much feared is nothing more or less than a mischievous and destructive little beetle madly in love and very desirous of finding its mate. Thus is the fallacy of our ancestors regarding this mystery dispelled.

Let us review the circumstances more closely, and endeavour to see how this erroneous idea came to have such a hold.

The Death-Watch Beetle (shown in Fig. 1, magnified twenty diameters) is a worker in wood. Nearly the whole of its life is spent hidden amidst the woodwork of old houses or old furniture. There are few houses, indeed, but contain some articles upon which the ravages of this most destructive insect may be observed; such articles are spoken of as being "worm-eaten." Neatly-drilled, round holes, irregularly scattered over some wooden article, giving it the appearance of having been riddled by fine shot, are the outward and visible signs that *Anobium domesticum*, or the Death-Watch Beetle, is an inmate of our home, and warn us that, under favourable conditions, its "death-watch" tickings may be heard.

It is obvious that in old houses, where wooden rafters and panels are much in evidence, these mischievous insects would be more abundant than in modern buildings; hence the frequency of such "visitations" in olden times. Furthermore, superstitious minds are far more prone to explain all mysterious occurrences as supernatural "omens," or "warnings," than to seek for a natural cause, and so simple an explanation as a tiny beetle being the source of the

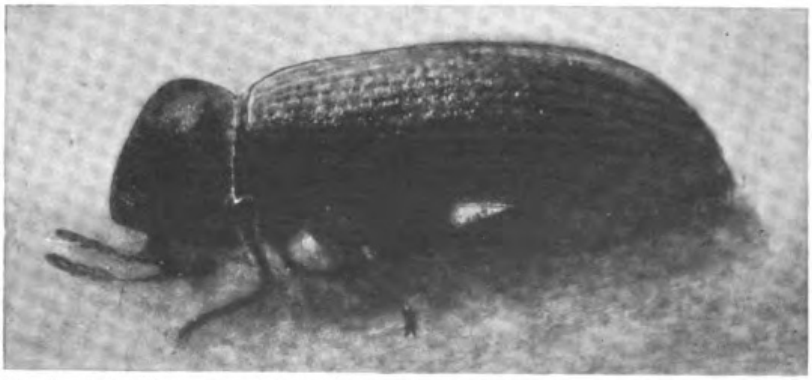


FIG. 1.—THE "DEATH-WATCH" BEETLE MAGNIFIED TWENTY DIAMETERS.

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weird tickings would be regarded as absurd, especially as the beetles are scarcely ever seen away from their burrows amidst the wood.

It may be that the tickings emanated from the very chair on which the nurse attending a sick patient was sitting, or even from the wooden bedstead on which her charge was resting. In Fig. 2 is shown a source from which it may have originated.

Near the centre one of the beetles is shown natural size, and one may naturally ask how so small an insect can tap sufficiently loud to be heard by human ears. As already explained, the ticking is most often heard at night and in a sick room, because then, owing to the quietude and suspense, a slight noise is greatly intensified. A glance at Figs. 2 and 3 will throw more light on this point.

The photographs show a common wooden gas-bracket block of four inches diameter. On the back (Fig. 2) the wood is seen to be penetrated in all directions by the burrowings of the larvæ of the beetles, for it is in their early stages as larvæ, while feeding on the wood, that they carry on their destructive work.

The front (Fig. 3), it will be observed, bears the familiar shot-like perforations, and the sides have completely crumbled away as yellow dust or powder in the process of removing it from the wall to which it was attached.

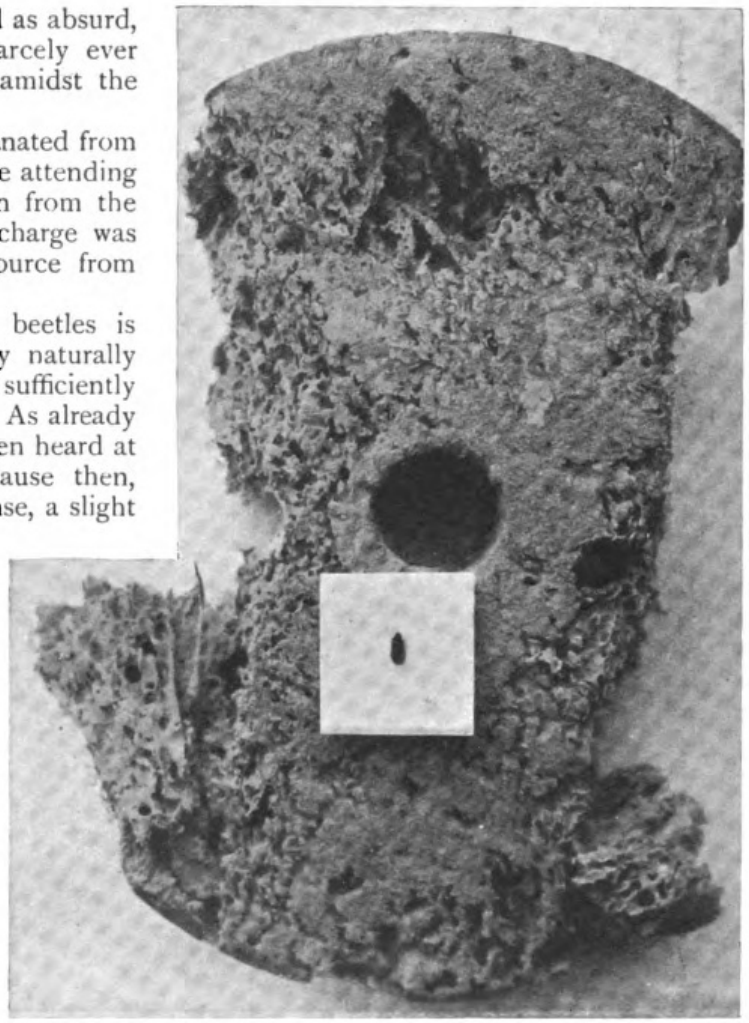


FIG. 2.—A WOODEN GAS-FITTING BLOCK DESTROYED BY THE "DEATH-WATCH"—ONE OF THE BEETLES IS SHOWN AT NATURAL SIZE.

It is obvious, then, that the beetles in the block would be surrounded by more or less hollow tunnels, and that these would tend to increase the sound of their tappings as they communicate with each other. It should be observed (Fig. 1) that the thorax, or portion of the body next the head, has developed in a curious fashion, forming a kind of horny hood which covers the beetle's head. In making its tappings the beetle raises itself on its fore legs, tucks in its head, and then brings down this horny and helmet-like thorax in contact with the wood. Thus results that regular interval between the beats which has given rise to the expression, "death-watch." The hollowed and cowl-like thorax may also serve to increase the sound that it makes.

In this manner the insect is enabled to call to its mate, and often, after its four or five taps, responding taps may be heard from a different direction; and, as the communications sometimes go on at intervals until the couple have met, it is not surprising that a superstitious nurse, sitting alone in a sick chamber and hearing these weird noises that arise without apparent cause and come from all directions, should be scared. The ultimate death of the patient is, under such circumstances, of course, offered as culminating evidence which there can be no disputing.

I have previously stated that these insects are but rarely seen away from their borings amidst the wood. However, when the wood in which they have developed shows signs of having exhausted its resources for providing food material and shelter for the rearing of the young, the old beetles make their way out, taking to their wings at night, to seek more favourable quarters; but they quickly disappear from view, as they are essentially of nocturnal habits and prefer darkness to light.

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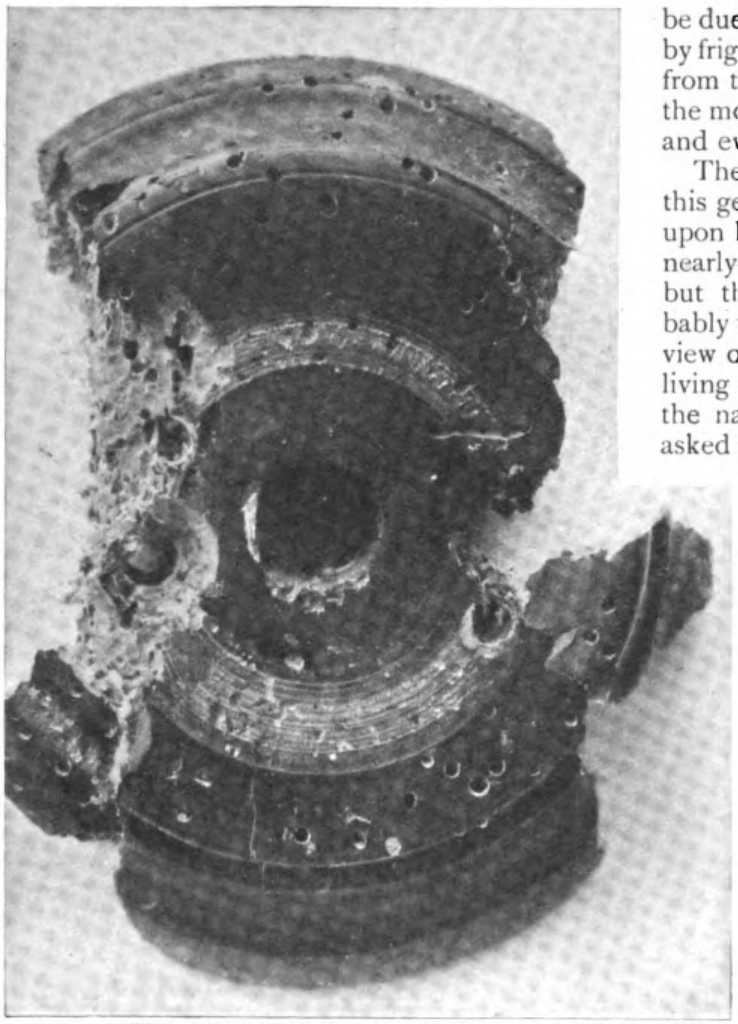


FIG. 3.—THE FRONT OF THE SAME BLOCK, SHOWING THE FAMILIAR SHOT-LIKE PERFORATIONS.

It is, nevertheless, an easy matter to see them if an infested article of furniture can be obtained. All that need be done is to select a part of the wood where the holes are not too numerous, and then to drop a little turpentine into a few of the holes here and there. As the spirit finds its way into the borings and is absorbed by the dry wood the beetles will be seen making their way out into the open through the holes down which no turpentine has been poured. A complete immersion in turpentine will kill them in the borings; although paraffin would prove more effectual for this purpose.

It is also interesting to observe that the moment the beetles are touched they immediately feign death, drawing their legs together and lying on their backs, or in any position they may be, and remaining perfectly motionless, often for five minutes or more. This is a defensive feature which they share with many other insects and some familiar species of spiders. Probably at first this action would be due to paralysis of the limbs produced by fright, but as it served to protect them from the further attacks of their enemies the movement would become exaggerated and evolve into a defensive habit.

There are several species belonging to this genus of destructive beetles that prey upon household furniture, and also some nearly-related kinds with similar habits, but the species here considered is probably that most commonly met with. In view of the fact that even the smallest of living things has its place and function in the natural world, the question may be asked: What good purpose can these household pests serve to justify their existence?

In the home of man, where they destroy beams, floors, tables, chairs, cupboards, etc., they, of course, cannot serve any good purpose. Nevertheless their action, even when engaged on such destructive work, has its place in Nature's economy. As Darwin has so vividly shown, long before man used the plough the earth was regularly ploughed by earthworms, the whole soil of this country having to pass and repass through the bodies of these lowly-organized creatures every few years. A similar work is also carried on by the termites, or the so-called white ants, in Africa and other places where earthworms are not prolific; fallen trees and broken and decaying branches are quickly reduced to dust with the soil excavated from the "ants'" underground galleries; thus they serve as natural scavengers and fertilizers of the soil. Likewise with submerged and decaying timber, the mollusc known as the shipworm eats its way through and through such woodwork until it has become once more converted into organic material.

So it is with the Death-Watch Beetle. Our chairs, tables, and furniture are nothing more than dead and decaying material; material, too, that is ever needed in the organic laboratory for the remodelling of other life forms. Nature is the theatre of incessant change, and the existence of dead and decaying matter is strictly prohibited in natural economy. Although we may bar the doors against the entrance of natural scavengers, it is but for the moment; immediately the doors are opened they will reappear.

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JANE,
of the Rabbit Patrol.

By MADGE S. SMITH.



"I MUST speak to Jane now," said the Professor. The cab was already at the gate, and William, his man, was carrying out his portmanteaux.

Somehow it had not been easy to tell Jane about the change that was coming into the house. The Professor had put it off to the very last minute.

"Where is Jane?" asked the Professor.

Sarah, the housemaid, who stood by with his overcoat, thought Miss Jane was in the garden.

The Professor went across to the window and threw it open with an exclamation, for he had seen something astride the garden-railings that shocked him very deeply.

"Come here at once, Jane," roared the Professor. "What is the meaning of this?"

Two very small boys, with very long sticks, disappeared from the railings with marvellous celerity, and a small, slim girl wriggled down on the inside and came towards the open window, outwardly calm, but inwardly very much perturbed.

"What is the meaning of this?" said the Professor. His daughter followed the direction of his pointing fore-finger in a search for inspiration.

"Those—those are my stockings, father," she said, with the least tremble of the dimpled chin.

"And why, may I ask, are your stockings rolled about your knees, instead of covering up your—your legs, miss?"

"Because—because—I have to wear them that way now. I'm a scout, you see!"

"A scout! I was under the impression, my child, that you were a little lady."

Jane raised two sorrowful brown eyes to her father's frowning brows.

"No, father, "I'm a scout!" she said. I'm really afraid it's all dicky up with being a little lady. Scouts, you see, are different. They have to run and march, and do things like boys; and you can't keep your gloves on, even if you want; and your nails *will* go into mourning when you make a camp-fire. You have to get your feet wet, and your frock won't keep clean, and, you know, if you turn your stockings down, it saves lots of holes in the knees. And oh! father, it's glorious; it's simply glorious! Do, do let me off being a lady, and let me be a scout instead!"

The Professor motioned towards the house-door.

"Come round to me. I want to speak to you," he said. "I've been neglecting Jane," he reflected, sadly. "Never mind; Lavinia will soon put that right."

Jane marched into the study in good order—a neat little scout in full kit. Her clean holland overall was tucked up through a leather belt to the brevity of a tunic, and two dimpled knees and long, slim shanks showed over the rolled-down stockings. A big B.P. hat shaded her dark, unruly curls, and a white haversack was slung over her shoulders. She clicked the heels of her ankle-straps together smartly, shifted the long pole from right hand to left in two movements, and saluted gravely.

"Turn up your stockings at once, Jane," said the Professor.

Two big tears splashed on the polished

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boards as the child silently obeyed. The pole fell to the ground with a clatter.

"What on earth's that?" asked the Professor, testily.

"The handle of the carpet-sweeper, father," answered the discomfited scout, drying her eyes hastily on a triangular rag attached to one end of the stick, whereon was blazoned in wavering outlines a scarlet quadruped, regardant, couchant. "This is my pennon. A r-rabbit, father. I made it myself, all but the outline, and Eddie Jones d-drew that."

"What have you got in here?" He touched the haversack with a gingerly finger and thumb.

"M-my rashuns, father. And my penny. We always take a penny in case of emergency. And the matches, father. And I must go, father; I must really," urged Jane, standing first on one leg and then on the other. "It's a parade, and I'm warned to c-carry the stretcher."

"Pull down your frock," said the Professor, sternly. "I'm shocked, Jane, dreadfully shocked. A little lady of nine years old! I never heard of such behaviour, never!"



"A NEAT LITTLE SCOUT IN FULL KIT."

"Oh, but it's *quite* all right, father!" cried Jane. "It is really! B.P. says it's *quite* the best thing for girls."

"And who may 'B.P.' be?" asked the Professor, with withering scorn.

Jane collapsed. Who was B.P., indeed? In the face of such ignorance, argument, explanation, expostulation seemed hopeless.

"Take off that rubbish at once," ordered the Professor. "And sit down. I have something to tell you."

"Oh, dear, don't you think it would keep till bedtime?" pleaded Jane. "Eddie

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Jones'll be most awfully mad if I'm late on parade."

"And who's Eddie Jones?"

"Eddie's our patrol-sergeant. There's seven in a patrol, and they had me in because there's only six boys up our road, and they didn't want to let outsiders in. And I'm so afraid they'll chuck me out if I turn up late."

"Chuck out! Dicky up! What language!" fumed the Professor. "Jane, you—you astonish me! Let there be no more of this nonsense—you hear? I forbid it."

"Not—scouting?" murmured the culprit.

"Most certainly! I never heard of anything so preposterous. You'll be screaming for a vote next! Take off that horrible hat! Dear me! I had something very important to tell you, and now I have barely time for my train! Ahem! My dear child, I am going away for a short time. You must try to act and speak like a young lady, and not like a rough schoolboy. My dear, you have missed a mother's care. If your dear mother had lived, all this"—he waved a disgusted hand over Jane's discarded trappings—"would never have happened. When I come back, my child, I shall bring you a new mother—who will be able to bring you up properly—a lady whom I wish you to resemble in every respect—ahem! You are to love her and obey her, Jane, as if she were your own mother. She will expect to find you a nice, well-mannered little girl; and she will be very much distressed to learn that her new daughter is a rough, vulgar hoyden."

"Really," thought the Professor, "I'm getting on famously!" Jane's big eyes showed that a vast impression had been made. Never had her father so lectured her before.

"See," he went on, "this is a picture of your dear mother at your age. Just what I should like to see you, my child. Always the same dainty, delicate, gentle creature."

"But I look quite nice in *my* photograph, father," said Jane, dubiously. "It doesn't follow she was *always* like that."

And then her fortitude broke down completely, and she sat on the floor beside the beloved B.P. hat.

"Oh, father, father," she sobbed. "You're nothing but a man! You don't know what a norful fate it is to be ladylike *all* the time!"

The Professor did not know what to do. He thought for a moment of gathering the small enthusiast in his arms and comforting her. But at that moment his eye fell on the haversack, and a fat, green caterpillar crawling therefrom across the writing-pad.

"What insect is that?" he demanded, suddenly.

"A c-caterpillar, father," sobbed the scout. "Eddy Jones t-told me to b-bring something for a camp-dinner, and I c-couldn't think of anything but c-caterpillars."

"You are a very dirty, disgusting little girl," said the Professor, warmly. "You deserve—you richly deserve to be whipped! Go and wash your face and get your sewing—have you got any sewing?"

Jane thought a little and said "Yes."

"Get your sewing, then, and sit quietly in here. I want you to think about what I have said. I am shocked—deeply shocked, Jane! Try to be a better child."

The Professor struggled into his coat, kissed the clouded little face with uncertain lips—he was getting out of the art and habit of kissing—and dashed out into the waiting cab, from whence he waved a forgiving hand to his little daughter in the window.

Jane did not wave back. She sat in gloomy silence, with a world of gloomy thoughts circling through her brain. The cab rolled away, and a big tear in each eye blotted it out of sight. It would come back to-morrow or the next day, with the new mother in it. No more picnics; no more rides on the hay-cart; no more fishing for jack-sharps; no more scouting!

"I don't want a new mother," sighed poor little Jane. "I wish I was dead!"

She went upstairs for her "sewing," a many-coloured bundle, cut out by the scouts in committee, and hopefully intended to represent a Union Jack. This was to be the regimental colour. A tear fell in the middle of a tough stitch, and the needle ran into Jane's stubby finger. She pushed the sewing to the floor, and put the finger in her mouth.

Outside a bird was singing blithely, and the sun shone. A little breeze stirred the leaves and tapped with the ivy on the window suggestively. Floating up from the woods in the valley a haunting, heart-stirring bugle-note came to Jane's ears, the "assemble" so often bravely started, so seldom brought to a successful finish, by Eddie Jones's unpractised lips. Jane's chin protruded, and her jaw set firmly.

"I don't want any new mothers," she said, miserably. "If it was my own mother, she'd let me be a scout. I won't be a young lady!"

She rolled down the long brown stockings to just above her ankles, and set the big wideawake on her head.

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"I'm going to be bad," said Jane, "as bad as ever I can be. I'm going to enjoy myself."

With delicious tremulation she slung over her shoulders the much-prized haversack, and whirled her staff round her head in jubilation. Then, tucking up her frock to convenient brevity, she darted for the open, making the welkin ring as she went with the whoop of the Rabbit Patrol.

"And where is Jane?" asked the Professor's bride.

William was there, looking respectful, and the housemaid, looking pert, and the cook, looking scandalized. All the Professor's household was assembled to greet the new mistress but Jane.

The housemaid stated, in the course of some rambling remarks, that she had not been able to catch Jane.

William had seen her a couple of hours ago, and was of opinion that she had done a bunk.

Cook confessed to having supplied Jane, "poor lamb," with dough-nuts and biscuits, "but I'd no idea of her taking off, sir!"

The Professor frowned.

"No matter," he said. "Some childish folly. My dear, if the child is rebellious and naughty, I beg you will not be disturbed!"

"Oh, Richard!" cried the new mother. "Poor little Jane!"

And there was a world of reproof in the tone, that made the Professor squirm.

"She's took the handle of the Ewbank, m'm, and her stockings' rolled down," said the housemaid. "And something's pinned on the study-table, sir, as she's written."

The new mother put an arm over the Professor's shoulder, and read:—

"Dear father professor, I am going to be bad. I was bad two days. I scouted and camped, and it was fun, and I don't want a new mother. I don't want to be a lady, I have run away for a scout, so no more your dorter Jane."

"Poor Jane!" said the new mother, and a tear blistered Jane's letter.

"Really," said the Professor, "really, Jane is very—really——," he broke off and cleared his throat.

"William, go and search the grounds. Cook and Sarah, look in all the rooms. My field-glass—where is my field-glass?"

"Go in, everybody, please," said the new mother; "I can find Jane."

"But oh, my dear!" expostulated the Professor, "you will tire yourself."

He looked so concerned that his bride laughed merrily.

"You go and have that nap you are longing for," she said. "May I take this window-pole?"

"It isn't possible the child is in the river!" said the Professor, aghast.

The lady went out into the leafy lane, kilting up the skirt of her travelling-gown. A couple of little boys came dawdling along to afternoon-school. She gave them a sign that brought them both to attention in a crack, the watchword by which one scout knows another.

And in ten minutes she knew more of Jane and her ways than the Professor could have found out in a month of Sundays.

"You'll never catch her," said Eddie Jones, hopefully, his sympathies clearly on the side of Jane. "She's a stunner for a girl. She can go all day and hide anywhere. And she's desp'rate!"

"But I don't want to catch her. I'm a friend—a brother-scout, you know."

"Honour bright? No kidding?"

"Honest Injun!" said the new mother.

"Then—I'll give you our whoop. She'll answer that—the secret sign of the Rabbit Patrol. Listen." He put two fingers to his mouth. "Whoo-oo-eee!"

The lady repeated the weird cry.

"'Tisn't particularly like a rabbit's voice," said the boy. "But it carries miles. Two fingers, remember."

"Right," said the stranger scout, and climbing a gate she ascended a little hill that commanded a fine view of the surrounding country. "Whoo-oo-eee!"

The supposed cry of their brothers startled, rather than soothed, the four-footed rabbits, who vanished into their holes all along the grassy mounds.

But it came with a healing sense of comradeship to a little lonely girl sitting on a stone in the gorse.

All day she had sat there, her pole across her knee, the haversack on her back, thinking a lot, crying a little, eating dough-nuts while they held out. The sun was hot, and she was thirsty. She was beginning to realize that she couldn't sit there for ever. Was it Eddie playing wag and coming to play, or was it only her fancy that had conjured up the Rabbit war-cry?

"Whoo-oo-eee!"

Jane's two fingers went to her lips and sent an answer echoing over the heather.

She unfurled her white pennon and let the blood-red rabbit flutter out on the breeze.

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Then she sat still, distrustful and alert, her staff across her bare knees, watching.

Dark against the sky-line somebody appeared, short-skirted, staff in hand. What was this? The stranger who called with the Rabbit call, and yet was no Rabbit, came nearer and nearer.

Jane did not move. If it came to close quarters, she trusted to her own nimble heels.

The stranger was within speaking range now, and still she said nothing. A lady, pretty and young, with rosy cheeks and no gloves. And she looked Jane up and down, from her tear-stained, obstinate little face to her scratched bare knees.

Then the lady whipped out two pocket-handkerchiefs and began to signal. Jane was on her feet in an instant, reading off the code. She was well drilled.

"Receive message. Alphabetical sign," the extended arms moved briskly and with precision—no novice this. "J.A.N.E.—stop — C.O.M.E. — stop — H.O.M.E. — stop— A.L.R.I.T.E.—stop—M.O.T.H.E.R."

The scout leaped to her feet and bounded across the intervening hollow. Like a true Rabbit, she scuttled up the mound to where the improvised flags hung limp from extended arms.



"SHE SCUTTLED UP TO THE MOUND TO WHERE THE IMPROVISED FLAGS HUNG LIMP."

Right into those loving, embracing arms Scout Jane flung her small, tired, dirty person, and buried her hot, tear-stained face on her New Mother's breast!

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"MISSING DETAIL" PICTURES.

SECOND SERIES.

ONE HUNDRED POUNDS IN PRIZES.

THE following is the second and final instalment of "Missing Detail" pictures, for which the Proprietors of THE STRAND MAGAZINE offer a Prize of ONE HUNDRED POUNDS to the competitors who suggest the best solution of the meaning of all the twelve pictures, together with the titles which best correspond to the initial letters given below them.



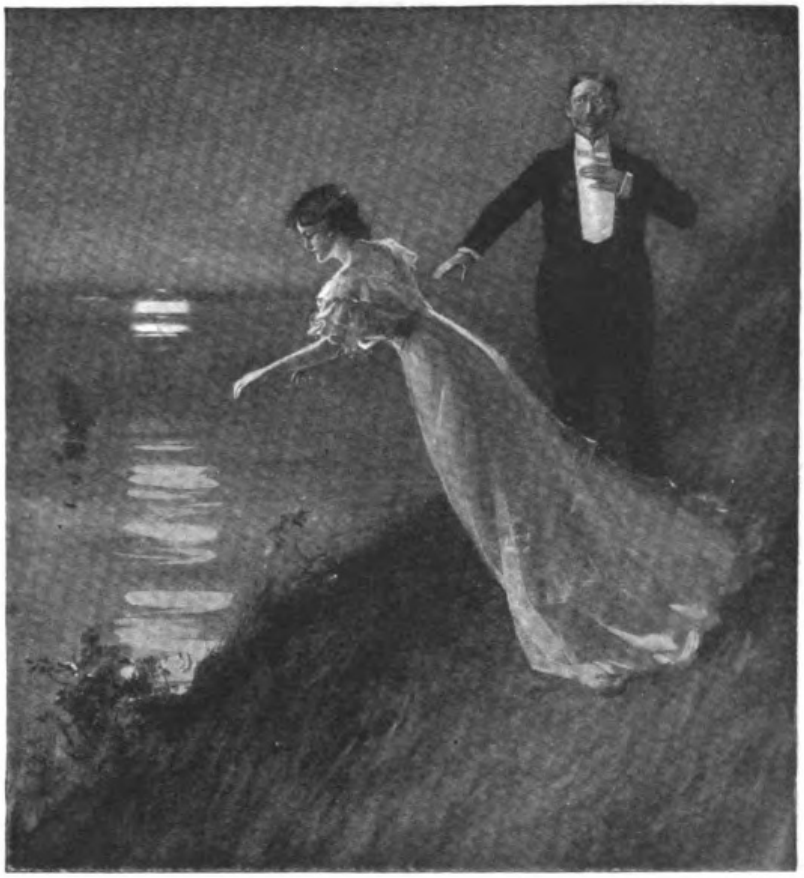
No. 7.
"V—— THE S——."



No. 8. "A G—— U—— D——."

From each of the pictures has been omitted some essential detail and also the description of the picture. Competitors must supply the missing information upon a coupon, which is published on page 17 of this number of THE STRAND MAGAZINE. A competitor may send in any number of solutions, but each must be sent in on a separate coupon. Solutions must reach the Editor,

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No. 9.
"A M—— A——."

8, Southampton Street, Strand, London, W.C., not later than the 15th of October. The decision of the Editor upon all questions relating to the competition will be final. In the event of more than one competitor sending the whole of the solutions correctly the prize will be divided. The result of the competition will be announced in *Tit-Bits* on the 13th of November. Prizes will be awarded to the competitors who give the most correct solutions: First prize £50, second prize £30, and four prizes of £5 each.

In the present series the first picture introduces us to a scene of deep interest. A woman, lightly clad in the simplest of garments, is confronting a group of three persons. Is one of these, apparently the owner of the house, expostulating at the intrusion? The title is, "V—— the S——."

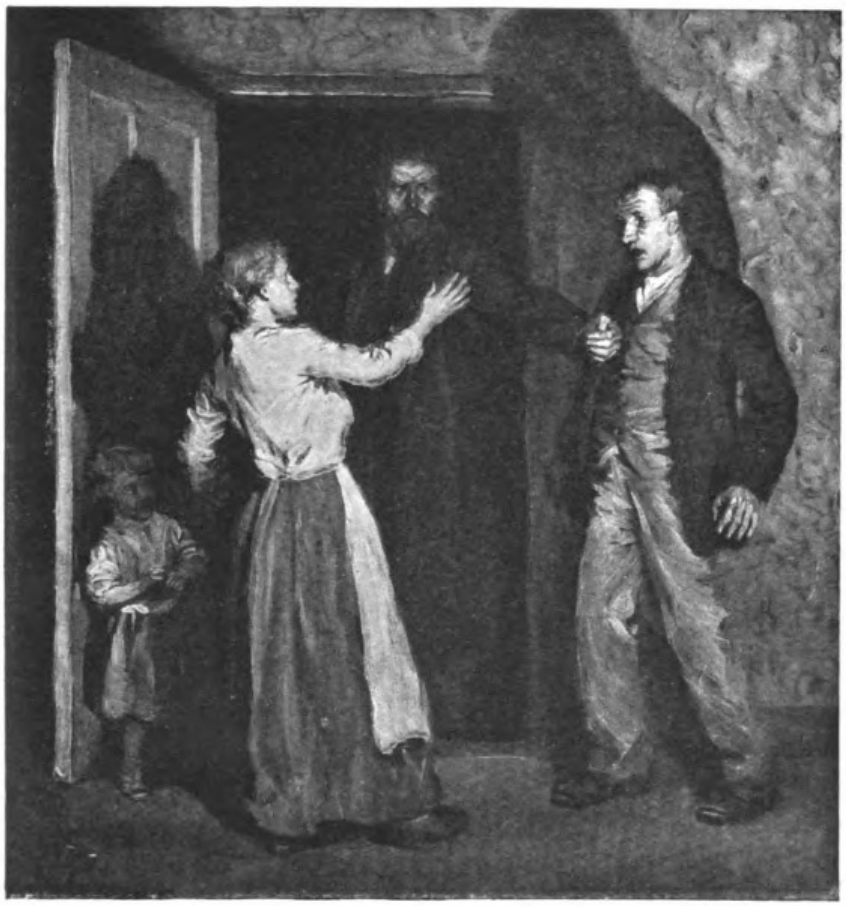
In the next picture the artist shows us a couple of bearded men springing at one another upon a deserted beach. What detail has been omitted to explicate this apparently singular spectacle? The artist calls his picture "A G—— U—— D——."

A desperate tragedy is apparently being enacted in the third picture. Driven to despair by the attentions of a man she can never love, we seem to see a beautiful girl taking a fatal and irrevocable step. Or what else has prompted the poor young lady's action? We can only observe that the suitor seems a sensible, decent, soldierly-looking man, who does not seem capable of impelling her to this extremity. The title of the picture is, "A M—— A——," which should prove a clue.



No. 10. "M—— A—— T—— F——."

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No. 11.

"A W—— OF A——."

The next picture shows us a somewhat corpulent character, apparently very ill at ease. Is there any connection between his action and the contents of the adjacent basket, or is there a cause far other than this which has been omitted by the artist? This picture is entitled "M—— A—— T—— F——."

Next we see the interior of a cottage and a group which reminds us of the terrors of some secret society, as depicted in certain sensational novels. The wife is no less horror-struck than the husband at what is happening. Can you guess the missing detail here? The title is, "A W—— of A——."

Two men are standing in the open air. At first sight one would judge them to be conspirators. Tidings of something that will tend to foil their plot would seem to come to one of these men, startling him out of his equanimity. Or the picture may have a wholly different explanation. Can you light upon the missing detail in "A—— Y——"?

These pictures are, of course, capable of many explanations, according to the ingenuity of the reader, but there is only one solution in the mind of the originator of each, and this, together with the title, we think the most appropriate. It is not necessary to be a draughtsman. Insert the missing detail or state what it is, and send along a title which corresponds with the initial letters under each picture.



No. 12. "A—— Y——."

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FRIENDS IN NEED



BY

W. W. JACOBS

MR. JOSEPH GIBBS finished his half-pint in the private bar of the Red Lion with the slowness of a man unable to see where the next was coming from, and, placing the mug on the counter, filled his pipe from a small paper of tobacco and shook his head slowly at his companions.

"First I've 'ad since ten o'clock this morning," he said, in a hard voice.

"Cheer up," said Mr. George Brown.

"It can't go on for ever," said Bob Kidd, encouragingly.

"All I ask for—is work," said Mr. Gibbs, impressively. "Not slavery, mind yer, but work."

"It's rather difficult to distinguish," said Mr. Brown.

"'Specially for some people," added Mr. Kidd.

"Go on," said Mr. Gibbs, gloomily. "Go on. Stand a man 'arf a pint, and then go and hurt 'is feelings. Twice yesterday I wondered to myself what it would feel like to make a hole in the water."

"Lots o' chaps *do* do it," said Mr. Brown, musingly.

"And leave their wives and families to starve," said Mr. Gibbs, icily.

"Very often the wife is better off," said his friend. "It's one mouth less for her to feed. Besides, she gen'rally gets something. When pore old Bill went they 'ad a friendly lead at the King's Head and got his missis pretty near seventeen pounds."

"And I believe we'd get more than that for your old woman," said Mr. Kidd. "There's no kids, and she could keep 'erself easy. Not that I want to encourage you to make away with yourself."

Mr. Gibbs scowled and, tilting his mug, peered gloomily into the interior.

"Joe won't make no 'ole in the water,"

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said Mr. Brown, wagging his head. "If it was beer, now——"

Mr. Gibbs turned and, drawing himself up to five feet three, surveyed the speaker with an offensive stare.

"I don't see why he need make a 'ole in anything," said Mr. Kidd, slowly. "It 'ud do just as well if we said he 'ad. Then we could pass the hat round and share it."

"Divide it into three halves and each 'ave one," said Mr. Brown, nodding; "but 'ow is it to be done?"

"'Ave some more beer and think it over," said Mr. Kidd, pale with excitement. "Three pints, please."

He and Mr. Brown took up their pints, and nodded at each other. Mr. Gibbs, toying idly with the handle of his, eyed them carefully. "Mind, I'm not promising anything," he said, slowly. "Understand, I ain't a-committing of myself by drinking this 'ere pint."

"You leave it to me, Joe," said Mr. Kidd.

Mr. Gibbs left it to him after a discussion in which pints played a persuasive part, with the result that Mr. Brown, sitting in the same bar the next evening with two or three friends, was rudely disturbed by the cyclonic entrance of Mr. Kidd, who, dripping with water, sank on a bench and breathed heavily.

"What's up? What's the matter?" demanded several voices.

"It's Joe—poor Joe Gibbs," said Mr. Kidd. "I was on Smith's wharf shifting that lighter to the next berth, and, o' course, Joe must come aboard to help. He was shoving her off with 'is foot when——"

He broke off and shuddered and, accepting a mug of beer, pending the arrival of some brandy that a sympathizer had ordered, drank it slowly.

"It all 'appened in a flash," he said, looking round. "By the time I 'ad run round to his end he was just going down for the third time. I hung over the side and grabbed at 'im, and his collar and tie came off in my hand. Nearly went in, I did."

He held out the collar and tie; and approving notice was taken of the fact that he was soaking wet from the top of his head to the middle button of his waistcoat.

"Pore chap!" said the landlord, leaning over the bar. "He was in 'ere only 'arf an hour ago, standing in this very bar."

"Well, he's 'ad *his* last drop o' beer," said a carman in a chastened voice.

"That's more than anybody can say," said the landlord. "I never heard anything against the man; he led a good life so far as I know, and 'ow can we tell that he won't 'ave beer?"

He made Mr. Kidd a present of another small glass of brandy.

"He didn't leave any family, did he?" he inquired, as he passed it over.

"Only a wife," said Mr. Kidd; "and who's to tell that pore soul I don't know. She fair doated on 'im. 'Ow she's to live I don't know. I shall do what I can for 'er."

"Same 'ere," said Mr. Brown, in a deep voice.

"Something ought to be done for 'er," said the carman, as he went out.

"First thing is to tell the police," said the landlord. "They ought to know; then p'r'aps one of them'll tell her. It's what they're paid for."

"It's so awfully sudden. I don't know where I am 'ardly," said Mr. Kidd. "I don't believe she's got a penny-piece in the 'ouse. Pore Joe 'ad a lot o' pals. I wonder whether we couldn't get up something for her."

"Go round and tell the police first," said the landlord, pursing up his lips thoughtfully. "We can talk about that later on."

Mr. Kidd thanked him warmly and withdrew, accompanied by Mr. Brown. Twenty minutes later they left the station, considerably relieved at the matter-of-fact way in which the police had received the tidings, and, hurrying across London Bridge, made their way towards a small figure supporting its back against a post in the Borough market.

"Well?" said Mr. Gibbs, snappishly, as he turned at the sound of their footsteps.

"It'll be all right, Joe," said Mr. Kidd. "We've sowed the seed."

"Sowed the wot?" demanded the other.

Mr. Kidd explained.

"Ho!" said Mr. Gibbs. "An' while your precious seed is a-coming up, wot am I to do? Wot about my comfortable 'ome? Wot about my bed—*and* grub?"

His two friends looked at each other uneasily. In the excitement of the arrangements they had forgotten these things, and a long and sometimes painful experience of Mr. Gibbs showed them only too plainly whither they were drifting.

"You'll 'ave to get a bed this side o' the river somewhere," said Mr. Brown, slowly. "Coffee-shop or something; and a smart, active man wot keeps his eyes open can always pick up a little money."

Mr. Gibbs laughed.

"And mind," said Mr. Kidd, furiously, in reply to the laugh, "anything we lend you is to be paid back out of your half when you

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get it. And, wot's more, you don't get a ha'penny till you've come into a barber's shop and 'ad them whiskers off. We don't want no accidents."

Mr. Gibbs, with his back against the post, fought for his whiskers for nearly half an hour, and at the end of that time was led into a barber's with the air of a lamb—a sulky, cantankerous, jibbing lamb—going to the slaughter. He gazed at the barefaced creature that confronted him in the glass after the operation in open-eyed consternation, and Messrs. Kidd and Brown's politeness easily gave way before their astonishment.

"Well, I may as well have a 'air-cut while I'm here," said Mr. Gibbs, after a lengthy survey.

"And a shampoo, sir?" said the assistant.

"Just as you like," said Mr. Gibbs, turning a deaf ear to the frenzied expostulations of his financial backers. "Wot is it?"

He sat in amazed discomfort during the operation, and emerging with his friends remarked that he felt half a stone lighter. The information was received in stony silence, and, having spent some time in the selection, they found a quiet public-house, and in a retired corner formed themselves into a Committee of Ways and Means.

"That'll do for you to go on with," said Mr. Kidd, after he and Mr. Brown had each made a contribution; "and, mind, it's coming off of your share."



"MR. GIBBS, WITH HIS BACK AGAINST THE POST, FOUGHT FOR HIS WHISKERS FOR NEARLY HALF AN HOUR."

Mr. Gibbs nodded. "And any evening you want to see me you'll find me in here," he remarked. "Beer's ripping. Now you'd better go and see my old woman."

The two friends departed, and, to their great relief, found a little knot of people outside the abode of Mrs. Gibbs. It was clear that the news had been already broken, and, pushing their way upstairs, they found the widow with a damp handkerchief in her hand surrounded by attentive friends. In feeble accents she thanked Mr. Kidd for his noble attempts at rescue.

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"He ain't dry yet," said Mr. Brown.

"I done wot I could," said Mr. Kidd, simply. "Pore Joe! Nobody could ha' had a better pal. Nobody!"

"Always ready to lend a helping 'and to them as was in trouble, he was," said Mr. Brown, looking round.

"'Ear, 'ear!" said a voice.

"And we'll lend *'im* a helping 'and," said Mr. Kidd, energetically. "We can't do 'im no good, pore chap, but we can try and do something for 'er as is left behind."

He moved slowly to the door, accompanied by Mr. Brown, and catching the eye of one or two of the men beckoned them to follow. Under his able guidance a small but gradually increasing crowd made its way to the Red Lion.

For the next three or four days the friends worked unceasingly. Cards stating that a friendly lead would be held at the Red Lion, for the benefit of the widow of the late Mr. Joseph Gibbs, were distributed broadcast; and anecdotes portraying a singularly rare and beautiful character obtained an even wider circulation. Too late Wapping realized the benevolent disposition and the kindly but unobtrusive nature that had departed from it for ever.

Mr. Gibbs from his retreat across the water fully shared his friends' enthusiasm, but an insane desire—engendered by vanity—to be present at the function was a source of considerable trouble and annoyance to them. When he offered to black his face and take part in the entertainment as a nigger minstrel, Mr. Kidd had to be led outside and kept there until such time as he could converse in English pure and undefiled.

"Getting above 'imself, that's wot it is," said Mr. Brown, as they wended their way home. "He's having too much money out of us to spend; but it won't be for long now."

"He's 'aving a lord's life of it, while we're slaving ourselves to death," grumbled Mr. Kidd. "I never see 'im looking so fat and well. By rights he oughtn't to 'ave the same share as wot we're going to 'ave; he ain't doing none of the work."

His ill-humour lasted until the night of the "lead," which, largely owing to the presence of a sporting fishmonger who had done well at the races that day, and some of his friends, realized a sum far beyond the expectations of the hard-working promoters. The fishmonger led off by placing a five-pound note in the plate, and the packed audience breathed so hard that the plate-holder's responsibility began to weigh upon his spirits. In all, a financial tribute of thirty-seven pounds three and fourpence was paid to the memory of the late Mr. Gibbs.

"Over twelve quid apiece," said the delighted Mr. Kidd as he bade his co-worker good night. "Sounds too good to be true."

The next day passed all too slowly, but work was over at last, and Mr. Kidd led the way over London Bridge a yard or two ahead of the more phlegmatic Mr. Brown. Mr. Gibbs was in his old corner at the Wheelwright's Arms, and, instead of going into ecstasies over the sum realized, hinted darkly that it would have been larger if he had been allowed to have had a hand in it.

"It'll 'ardly pay me for my trouble," he said, shaking his head. "It's very dull over 'ere all alone by myself. By the time you two have 'ad your share, besides taking wot I owe you, there'll be 'ardly anything left."

"I'll talk to you another time," said Mr. Kidd, regarding him fixedly. "Wot you've got to do now is to come acrost the river with us."

"Whaffor?" demanded Mr. Gibbs.

"We're going to break the joyful news to your old woman that you're alive afore she starts spending money wot isn't hers," said Mr. Kidd. "And we want you to be close by in case she don't believe us."

"Well, do it gentle, mind," said the fond husband. "We don't want 'er screaming, or anything o' that sort. I know 'er better than wot you do, and my advice to you is to go easy."

He walked along by the side of them, and, after some demur, consented, as a further disguise, to put on a pair of spectacles, for which Mr. Kidd's wife's mother had been hunting high and low since eight o'clock that morning.

"You doddle about 'ere for ten minutes," said Mr. Kidd, as they reached the Monument, "and then foller on. When you pass a lamp-post 'old your handkerchief up to your face. And wait for us at the corner of your road till we come for you."

He went off at a brisk pace with Mr. Brown, a pace moderated to one of almost funereal solemnity as they approached the residence of Mrs. Gibbs. To their relief she was alone, and after the usual amenities thanked them warmly for all they had done for her.

"I'd do more than that for pore Joe," said Mr. Brown.

"They—they 'aven't found 'im yet?" said the widow.

Mr. Kidd shook his head. "My idea is they won't find 'im," he said, slowly.

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"Went down on the ebb tide," explained Mr. Brown; and spoilt Mr. Kidd's opening.

"Wherever he is 'e's better off," said Mrs. Gibbs. "No more trouble about being out o' work; no more worry; no more pain. We've all got to go some day."

"Yes," began Mr. Kidd; "but——"

"I'm sure I don't wish 'im back," said Mrs. Gibbs; "that would be sinful."

"But 'ow if he wanted to come back?" said Mr. Kidd, playing for an opening.

"And 'elp you spend that money," said Mr. Brown, ignoring the scowls of his friend.

Mrs. Gibbs looked bewildered. "Spend the money?" she began.

"Suppose," said Mr. Kidd, "suppose he wasn't drownded after all? Only last night I dreamt he was alive."

"So did I," said Mr. Brown.

"He was smiling at me," said Mr. Kidd, in a tender voice. "'Bob,' he ses, 'go and tell my pore missis that I'm alive,' he ses; 'break it to 'er gentle.'"

"It's the very words he said to me in my dream," said Mr. Brown. "Bit strange, ain't it?"

"Very," said Mrs. Gibbs.

"I suppose," said Mr. Kidd, after a pause, "I suppose you haven't been dreaming about 'im?"

"No; I'm a teetotaller," said the widow.

The two gentlemen exchanged glances, and Mr. Kidd, ever of an impulsive nature, resolved to bring matters to a head.

"Wot would you do if Joe was to come in, 'ere at this door?" he asked.

"Scream the house down," said the widow, promptly.

"Scream—scream the 'ouse down?" said the distressed Mr. Kidd.

Mrs. Gibbs nodded. "I should go screaming, raving mad," she said, with conviction.

"But—but not if 'e was *alive!*" said Mr. Kidd.

"I don't know what you're driving at," said Mrs. Gibbs. "Why don't you speak out plain? Poor Joe is drownded, you know that; you saw it all, and yet you come talking to me about dreams and things."

Mr. Kidd bent over her and put his hand affectionately on her shoulder. "He escaped," he said, in a thrilling whisper. "He's alive and well."

"WHAT?" said Mrs. Gibbs, starting back.



"'WHERE IS HE?' SHE GASPED."

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"True as I stand 'ere," said Mr. Kidd; "ain't it, George?"

"Truer," said Mr. Brown, loyally.

Mrs. Gibbs leaned back, gasping. "Alive!" she said; "but 'ow? 'Ow can he be?"

"Don't make such a noise," said Mr. Kidd, earnestly. "Mind, if anybody else gets to 'ear of it you'll 'ave to give that money back."

"I'd give more than that to get *'im* back," said Mrs. Gibbs, wildly. "I believe you're deceiving me."

"True as I stand 'ere," asseverated the other. "He's only a minute or two off, and if it wasn't for you screaming I'd go out and fetch 'im in."

"I won't scream," said Mrs. Gibbs, "not if I know it's flesh and blood. Oh, where is 'e? Why don't you bring 'im in? Let me go to 'im."

"All right," said Mr. Kidd, with a satisfied smile at Mr. Brown; "all in good time. I'll go and fetch 'im now; but, mind, if you scream you'll spoil everything."

He bustled cheerfully out of the room and downstairs, and Mrs. Gibbs, motioning Mr. Brown to silence, stood by the door with parted lips, waiting. Three or four minutes elapsed.

"'Ere they come," said Mr. Brown, as footsteps sounded on the stairs. "Now, no screaming, mind!"

Mrs. Gibbs drew back, and, to the gratification of all concerned, did not utter a sound as Mr. Kidd, followed by her husband, entered the room. She stood looking expectantly towards the doorway.

"Where is he?" she gasped.

"Eh?" said Mr. Kidd, in a startled voice. "Why, here. Don't you know 'im?"

"It's me, Susan," said Mr. Gibbs, in a low voice.

"Oh, I might 'ave known it was a joke," cried Mrs. Gibbs, in a faint voice, as she tottered to a chair. "Oh, 'ow cruel of you to tell me my pore Joe was alive! Oh, 'ow could you?"

"Lor' lumme," said the incensed Mr. Kidd, pushing Mr. Gibbs forward. "Here 'e is. Same as you saw 'im last, except for 'is whiskers. Don't make that sobbing noise; people'll be coming in."

"Oh! Oh! Oh! Take 'im away," cried Mrs. Gibbs. "Go and play your tricks with somebody else's broken 'art."

"But it's your 'usband," said Mr. Brown.

"Take 'im away," wailed Mrs. Gibbs.

Mr. Kidd, grinding his teeth, tried to think. "'Ave you got any marks on your body, Joe?" he inquired.

"I ain't got a mark on me," said Mr. Gibbs, with a satisfied air, "or a blemish. My skin is as whi——"

"That's enough about your skin," interrupted Mr. Kidd, rudely.

"If you ain't all of you gone before I count ten," said Mrs. Gibbs, in a suppressed voice, "I'll scream. 'Ow dare you come into a respectable woman's place and talk about your skins? Are you going? One! Two! Three! Four! Five!"

Her voice rose with each numeral; and Mr. Gibbs himself led the way downstairs, and, followed by his friends, slipped nimbly round the corner.

"It's a wonder she didn't rouse the whole 'ouse," he said, wiping his brow on his sleeve; "and where should we ha' been then? I thought at the time it was a mistake you making me 'ave my whiskers off, but I let you know best. She's never seen me without 'em. I 'ad a remarkable strong growth when I was quite a boy. While other boys was——"

"Shut—up!" vociferated Mr. Kidd.

"Sha'n't!" said Mr. Gibbs, defiantly. "I've 'ad enough of being away from my comfortable little 'ome and my wife; and I'm going to let 'em start growing agin this very night. She'll never reckernize me without 'em, that's certain."

"He's right, Bob," said Mr. Brown, with conviction.

"D'ye mean to tell me we've got to wait till 'is blasted whiskers grow?" cried Mr. Kidd, almost dancing with fury. "And go on keeping 'im in idleness till they do?"

"You'll get it all back out o' my share," said Mr. Gibbs, with dignity. "But you can please yourself. If you like to call it quits now, I don't mind."

Mr. Brown took his seething friend aside, and conferred with him in low but earnest tones. Mr. Gibbs with an indifferent air stood by whistling softly.

"'Ow long will they take to grow?" inquired Mr. Kidd, turning to him with a growl.

Mr. Gibbs shrugged his shoulders. "Can't say," he replied; "but I should think two or three weeks would be enough for 'er to reckernize me by. If she don't, we must wait another week or so, that's all."

"Well, there won't be much o' your share left, mind that," said Mr. Kidd, glowering at him.

"I can't help it," said Mr. Gibbs. "You needn't keep reminding me of it."

They walked the rest of the way in silence; and for the next fortnight Mr. Gibbs's friends

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paid nightly visits to note the change in his appearance, and grumbled at its slowness.

"We'll try and pull it off to-morrow night," said Mr. Kidd, at the end of that period. "I'm fair sick o' lending you money."

Mr. Gibbs shook his head and spoke sagely about not spoiling the ship for a ha'porth o' tar; but Mr. Kidd was obdurate.

"There's enough for 'er to reckernize you by," he said, sternly, "and we don't want other people to. Meet us at the Monument at eight o'clock to-morrow night, and we'll get it over."

"Give your orders," said Mr. Gibbs, in a nasty voice.

"Keep your 'at well over your eyes," commanded Mr. Kidd, sternly. "Put them spetacles on wot I lent you, and it wouldn't be a bad idea if you tied your face up in a piece o' red flannel."

"I know wot I'm going to do without you telling me," said Mr. Gibbs, nodding. "I'll bet you pots round that you don't either of you reckernize me to-morrow night."

The bet was taken at once, and from eight o'clock until ten minutes to nine the following night Messrs. Kidd and Brown did their best to win it. Then did Mr. Kidd, turning to Mr. Brown in perplexity, inquire with many redundant words what it all meant.

"He must 'ave gone on by 'imself," said Mr. Brown. "We'd better go and see."

In a state of some disorder they hurried back to Wapping, and, mounting the stairs to Mrs. Gibbs's room, found the door fast. To their fervent and repeated knocking there was no answer.

"Ah, you won't make *her* 'ear," said a woman, thrusting an untidy head over the balusters on the next landing. "She's gone."

"*Gone!*" exclaimed both gentlemen. "Where?"

"Canada," said the woman. "She went off this morning."

Mr. Kidd leaned up against the wall for support; Mr. Brown stood open-mouthed and voiceless.

"It was a surprise to me," said the woman, "but she told me this morning she's been getting ready on the quiet for the last fortnight. Good spirits she was in, too; laughing like anything."

"*Laughing!*" repeated Mr. Kidd, in a terrible voice.

The woman nodded. "And when I spoke about it, and reminded 'er that she 'ad only just lost 'er pore husband, I thought she would ha' burst," she said, severely. "She sat down on that stair and laughed till the tears ran down 'er face like water."



"'GONE!' EXCLAIMED BOTH GENTLEMEN. 'WHERE?'"

Mr. Brown turned a bewildered face upon his partner. "Laughing!" he said, slowly. "Wot 'ad she got to laugh at?"

"Two—born—fools," replied Mr. Kidd.

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SOME ACTOR-MANAGERS I HAVE KNOWN.

By PERCY BURTON.

IT has been given to few, I think I may say without egotism, to be engaged continuously, as I have been, with such past-masters of their art and profession as Sir Henry Irving, Sir John Hare, Sir Charles Wyndham, Wilson Barrett, and Forbes-Robertson, while I have been brought into more or less contact with all the other leading actor-managers of to-day. The future may possibly afford me opportunities of extending my reminiscences, which must be considerably curtailed in the present instance.

I will briefly pass over my first engagement with Sir (then Mr.) Charles Wyndham, most fascinating and mercurial of men, whose magnetic personality, added to his irrepressible humour, has endeared him to many. Wyndham's interests in the theatre, however, are principally those of a man of business, and he has told me on more than one occasion that he measures success by the box-office. Yet Sir Charles Wyndham's sympathies—unlike those of some of his contemporaries—extend beyond his own profession, and as an after-dinner speaker he cannot be excelled.

One of my first recollections of Sir Charles is in connection with his performance of "David Garrick," in which I rarely missed his "drunken scene," and must have witnessed it scores of times. In addition to Wyndham's famous impersonation, it will be remembered with what consummate dignity and distinction the elder Farren (who died, alas! a few months ago in Italy) invested the character of Simon Ingot. The latter, it will be recalled, wishes to cure his daughter of her love for David Garrick, who himself feigns drunkenness to dispel her illusions. During this scene, which is constantly marked by changes from grave to gay on the part of Wyndham, Mr. Farren had to say, "Mr. Garrick, sir, if you were only sober!" One memorable night, however, intoxicated perhaps by the exuberance of his own verbosity, Simon Ingot inadvertently said, "Mr. (as he then was) Wyndham, sir, if you were only sober!" much to his own and



SIR CHARLES WYNDHAM.
From a Photo. by Dover Street Studios.

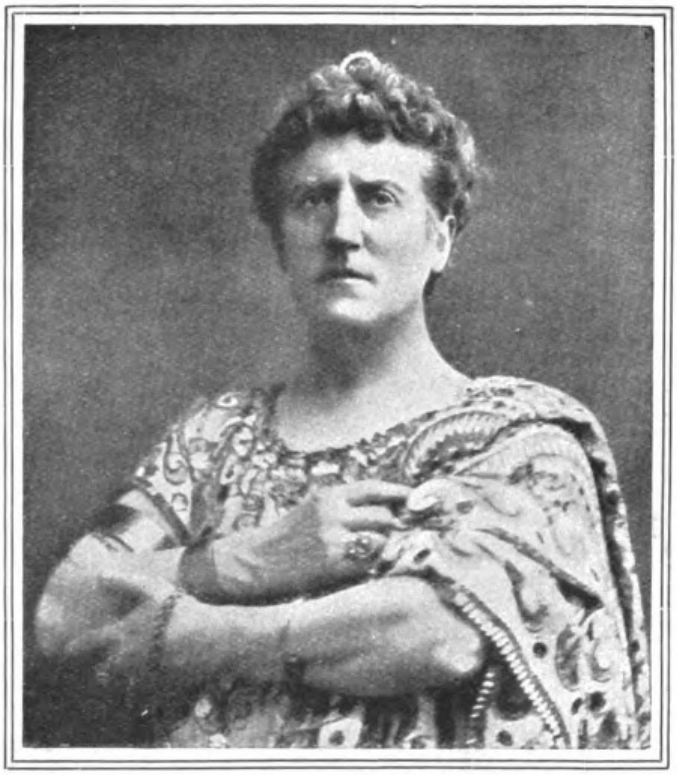


WYNDHAM AS DAVID GARRICK.
"Simon Ingot inadvertently said: 'Mr. Wyndham, sir, if you were only sober!'"
From a Photo. by Barraud.

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David Garrick's consternation and the undisguised amusement of the audience.

Well do I recall my first meeting with Wilson Barrett, to whom I was introduced at the Adelphi Theatre during the run of that extraordinary play of his, entitled "The Christian King." Mr. Barrett was generally rather careless and bizarre in his private costume, and at the interview in question he wore a frock-coat, top hat — and cricketing shirt!



WILSON BARRETT AS MARCUS IN "THE SIGN OF THE CROSS."
From a Photo. by W. & D. Downey, Ebury Street, W.

He was the strangest contrast to Wyndham. Unlike him, Barrett had little, very little, sense of humour. He could never have written some of his plays, much less make many of his speeches, if he had. Often he would come in front of the curtain and make a speech on some such foreign subject as Chinese labour in South Africa, or other political topic, until he was warned it was prejudicial to business.

Wilson Barrett, however, had a great heart and was exceedingly popular, especially among the middle and poorer class of playgoer. Many a time have I seen when on tour the mill-girls and others waiting outside the stage-door to kiss his hand as he passed through their ranks to his brougham. His popularity with the people — the "plebs," in its broader sense — was probably greater than that of Irving even — at all events, on tour. Wilson Barrett, unlike the majority of actor-managers, was a good business man.

During his last appearances at Liverpool, prior to his death, which led up to my engagement by Sir Henry Irving, so successful was Barrett, in spite of the counter-attraction of Irving, that we had to prolong his visit from one week to three, this being the termination of the tour, while Barrett had the opportunity of renewing his friendship with Irving. This had been somewhat strained for a time, but he came down to the theatre one day very proud of the fact that they had been sitting talking together till five o'clock in the morning. It was the last time they met.

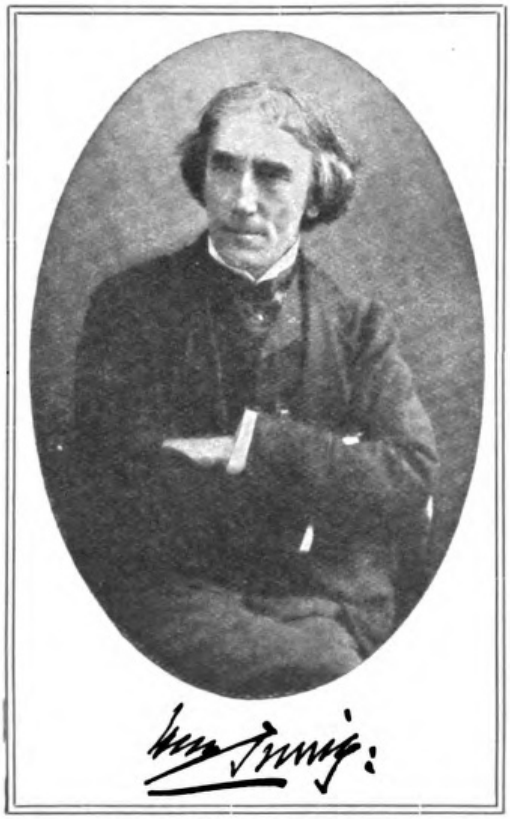


WILSON BARRETT'S GRAVE AT FINCHLEY, SHOWING THE PALL OF VIOLETS AND NUMEROUS WREATHS SENT BY HIS FRIENDS.
From a Photo. by Hall.

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Never shall I forget the simple-hearted but sincere way in which Wilson Barrett was mourned by thousands of his fellow-countrymen and the innumerable callers we had at our office, distracted by the news of his sudden death. Whatever his limitations as an actor, Wilson Barrett was a natural genius.

He told me once of his struggles as a youth, and how at one time he had pushed a barrow in Tottenham Court Road for a shilling a day, out of which he had saved money to buy Shakespeare. Not long ago, in talking of old times, I was relating this incident to Sir John Hare, who said in his dry and characteristic way, "Yes! Barrett was a splendid fellow; but what a pity he bought Shakespeare!"



From a Photo. by Warwick Brookes.

On Wilson Barrett's death I was engaged all the year round by Sir Henry Irving, and remained with him until he passed away. Irving had a greatness apart from his own profession, of which he was universally acknowledged to be the leading exponent. It was the greatness of character and will, allied to a magnetic personality, which every really popular actor must possess. But Irving was predominant in every way. Like most great actors he would probably have won fame in any other walk of life, especially perhaps as a diplomatist.

Irving reversed the well-known definition of a cynic in that he knew the value of everything and the price of nothing. The most uncommercial-minded of men, he yet fully appreciated the value of publicity. Taking up a London weekly paper, which had given a page somewhat prematurely to the subject of his jubilee, just as he was starting on his last tour, he remarked: "They seem very anxious about it, don't they? But what a splendid advertisement! One of the best I think I've ever seen!"

He was always intensely interested in newspaper reports—especially of his own performances—and kept a special pair of scissors for cutting them out. He sent these to be sharpened at Sheffield the week before his death. Going to the same hotel three years later, when with Sir John Hare, I saw his old waiter, who told me that he had subsequently sold the scissors to Seymour Hicks for five pounds!

Irving was, of course, a strenuous supporter of the national and municipal theatre, and one day, when discussing the former with him at Drury Lane prior to his penultimate tour, I remember his suggesting a shilling subscription throughout the country, instancing the example of what had been done for W. G. Grace by the London *Daily Telegraph*. "If a big paper can do that for a cricketer," he said, "what couldn't they do for a National Theatre? The amounts need not be limited, and they would be representative." Such a scheme might be suggested to the Shakespeare Memorial Committee.

To revert to Irving's wit, this was often of a very caustic and biting nature, with a little sting sometimes lurking behind its humour and philosophy. He had a great sense of his own importance, and, though not conceited in a small way, had plenty of personal pride. Speaking of the action of a Scottish photographer in connection with the copyright of a picture he had taken, which eventually resulted in a law-case, into which Irving was dragged, while discussing the matter with him in Glasgow Irving said to me: "He wouldn't dare to do such a thing to Lord Rosebery, would he? Well, why should he do it to me?"

Irving on the stage and at rehearsal, too, was inclined to be something of a satirist. During the rehearsal of a certain production Sir Henry had observed an actor with a somewhat striking and apparently studied resemblance to his own style and methods, and called him quietly to his side.

"Hum—extraordinary," he said to himself; and then to the other, "Ah, my boy; how

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would you like to play Macbeth?" The surprised actor, of course, stammered out his delight at the anticipation, and Irving abruptly finished the conversation by saying, "Yes; and you would play it —— badly, too!" and went on with the rehearsal.

A good story, though cruel, is well worth repetition. Irving wanted a horse for a certain production, and, when it was brought to him, inquired anxiously of the dealer as to its qualifications. "Plenty of experience?" he asked. "Oh, yes, sir," replied the horse-dealer, assuringly; "he's a splendid actor—fifteen years' experience. The only fault I have to find with him is that whenever Mr. So-and so gets on his back he always jibs and kicks." "Hum, ha; *critic*, too!" was Irving's terse comment.

My last long interview with Irving was at his hotel in Sheffield on the Saturday night and Sunday before the company arrived, and prior to the opening of his last tour—the week before he died at Bradford.

Sir Henry spoke on many subjects, and evinced his usual interest in everything pertaining to his profession. He had few other interests. I told him that, in order to obviate any uncertainty in the minds of the public, I had been careful to contradict any rumours as to his doubtful health. "Ah!" he said, with what even then seemed a note of prophecy, "I shouldn't say too much about that if I were you." And he rose from his chair and walked to the window, looking through space as though he were gazing into the mysteries of the future. I was thrilled by the sadness of his tone.



SIR HENRY IRVING.
From a Sketch by H. W. Cooke.

The following week I was in advance, as usual, making the necessary arrangements, when I received wires recalling me to Bradford the day he died. It had then been decided to take "The Bells" out of all future programmes. But it was too late. The same night I was having supper with Mr. Bram Stoker when Shepherd—"gentle Shepherd," as Sir Henry facetiously called him—drove up in Irving's brougham, saying that he had again collapsed on entering the hotel, and was lying in a dead-faint. We drove down, fearing the worst.

When we got to the hotel Irving was lying full length on the floor. A doctor told us that he had passed away two minutes before. I helped to carry him upstairs in a blanket, feeling as though I were assisting to bear a mighty warrior on our shields to his last long rest.

He was dreadfully thin, and his arms and legs almost emaciated. His lower jaw had dropped, and we had to tie a handkerchief round his head and neck. It was a pitiful sight. Only his will had kept him alive so long, and that had triumphed over everything except death.

To one who had the honour of working for Irving, and the pride of being in personal touch with him through the closing scenes of his great life, it is difficult to speak dispassionately of so transcendent a personality and so magnificent a man.

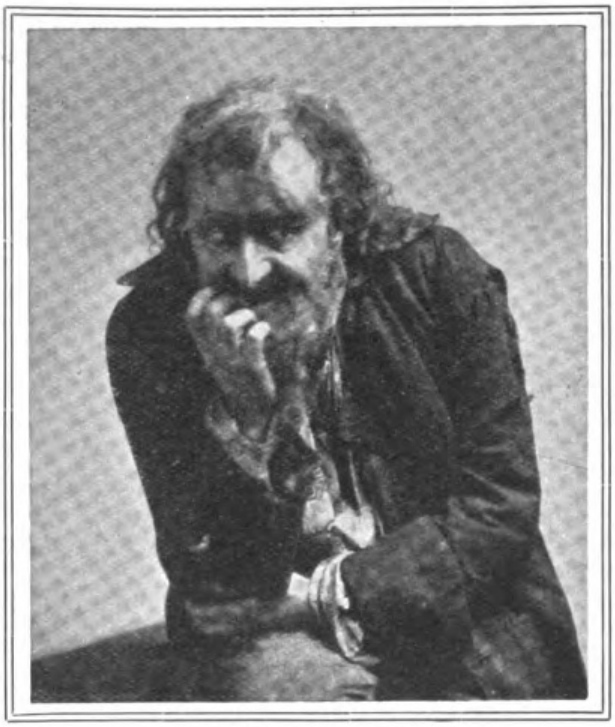
Several notes I still have in his own handwriting are characteristic, and recall many other incidents besides those mentioned. A little letter reading, "Kindly tell me the days you mentioned for lunch with the two or three mayors!" was in the typical Irving vein, as also, "A few more to go on with! All good wishes," enclosing a few of his favourite photographs signed by him for diplomatic distribution, while "Greetings and right hearty thanks!" recall an acrostic I wrote on his last birthday.

A letter from the late Coquelin *aîné* is well worthy of reproduction, especially at the present time, when we still mourn the passing of another great actor whose art was international. "He will pass into our art as a

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figure which will become immortal," wrote Coquelin of Irving. "All in him was noble—body, spirit, and soul; and I grieve that I am unable to come to London to follow him to his last resting-place. I shall never forget that I had the happiness and honour of being his friend. I hold out my hands to you with deep emotion and eyes full of tears."

Amongst other actor-managers I came into personal contact with about this time were Mr. George Alexander and Mr. (now Sir) Herbert Beerbohm Tree, the former an excellent man of affairs. Sir Herbert is always interesting and entertaining, epigrammatic in conversation, and delightfully outspoken. "I hate people with tact," he said to me. "People going about pretending to be something else than what they really are." And his own abstraction is proverbial. It is said that, feeling rather poorly one day at rehearsal, he called on a neighbouring doctor, and, after ringing the bell, he fell into a reverie. Aroused from it by the opening of the door he said to the servant, "Well, my dear, what do you want?" How true this is I don't know.



BEERBOHM TREE AS FAGIN.
From a Photo. by F. W. Burford.

On another occasion, at the rehearsal of a play, in which he was not appearing, at His Majesty's, the leading actor and actress were arguing as to how a certain bit of "business" should be effected on the stage. Intervention proving useless, Sir Herbert, who was sitting in the stalls, at last jumped up, saying, "Wait a moment," and vanished through the iron door leading from the auditorium to the stage. As he did not appear in a minute or two he was followed and seen to rush out of the stage-door, where he hailed a passing hansom and said to the Jehu, "Drive me to the Garrick Club—quick!" That was his solution of the problem.

At still another rehearsal, in the middle of a scene a loud explosion was heard coming from the flies, and the members of the company looked anxiously about. "Oh, that's all right," said Sir Herbert, reassuringly; "it's only So-and-so's head gone off," naming a certain fellow-manager with whom he was not then on the best of terms.

Tree on one occasion, when playing Fagin in "Oliver Twist," came on in his usual rags, but adorned with a brand-new pair of patent leather boots, which he explained, in an aside, were quite in keeping with the character, as he had stolen them!

"I want you to play this part with a mauve voice," he said to Miss Constance Collier when rehearsing Calypso in "Ulysses." It was at first somewhat difficult to understand what he meant, but afterwards she thought it was very suggestive of the part—and typical of the actor-manager in question.

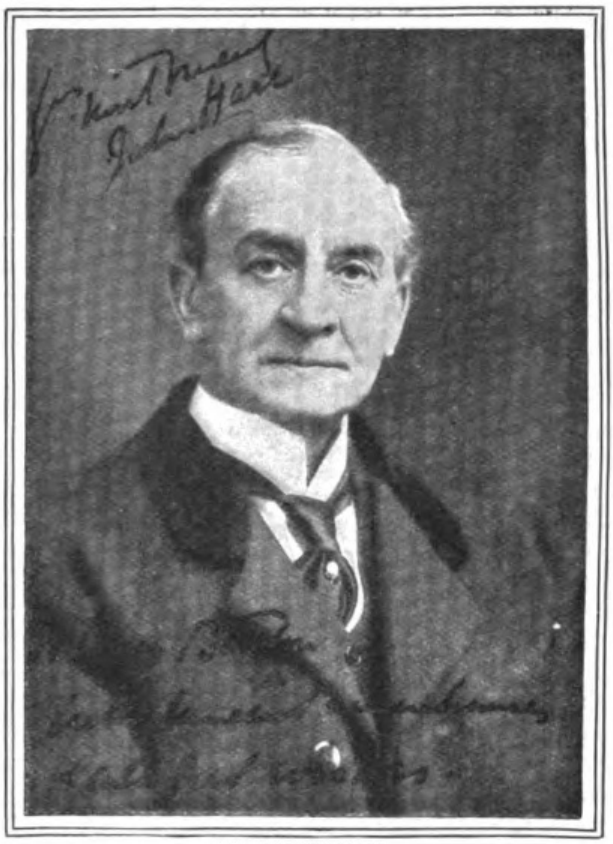
When Miss Collier was playing Roma in "The Eternal City" Mr. Hall Caine was anxious to get a powerful effect in a certain scene she was taking with the late Robert Taber, and the former was himself in a vein of reminiscence. "I once saw," said Mr. Caine, "a very striking bit of business. The man picked up the woman and threw her over his shoulder." Miss Collier looked at him in consternation, for she would be rather a heavy person to throw about. However, they did their best, but their futile efforts were interrupted by Tree. "That reminds me," said the actor-manager. "I saw a play in Italy once in which the hero caught hold of the heroine by the legs and banged her head on the floor." "Splendid—a magnificent idea!" interpolated the enthusiastic author. "What was the play?" "'Punch and Judy,'" replied Tree.

On Irving's death, notwithstanding a flattering offer from Mr. George Alexander, I rejoined my old chief, Sir Charles Wyndham. Subsequently I had the great pleasure of joining Sir John Hare, who wrote

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offering me the position of general manager for his farewell tours of the provinces and subsequent season in London. Thus commenced one of the most delightful of all my engagements with actor-managers — so appreciative was he, while he entrusted me with the sole control of all his business. In Sir John Hare I always found one whom a colleague of his aptly described as "not only a great actor but a great gentleman."

Sir John has himself recently contributed many interesting reminiscences to the pages of this magazine, so that his views and earlier experiences are well known, but I cannot refrain from alluding briefly to his phenomenally successful farewell tour, culminating in his knighthood and appearances at Court twice within a week —once at Sandringham, on the King's birthday, in "A Quiet Rubber," and a few days afterwards at Windsor in "A Pair of Spectacles."



SIR JOHN HARE.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

On both of these occasions I was a close observer. The former was especially interesting to me as showing the more simple life of the Court and the unaffected attitude of Royalty towards their guests. It was



From Sketches by JOHN HARE IN "A PAIR OF SPECTACLES" [*J. H. Dowd.*

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charming to see the frank simplicity with which King Edward came along and thanked Sir John afterwards, at the same time expressing the personal pleasure it had given him to grant Hare the honour of knighthood, and the boyish delight of King Alfonso, who, with a genial smile irradiating his countenance, came also to shake him heartily by the hand, accompanied by Queen Alexandra, Queen Maud of Norway, and Queen Victoria of Spain, who were no less appreciative. Other of his acquaintances and friends greeted Sir John as they passed with the Royal party, Lord Rosebery saying, with a smile: "We shall be having another supper, Hare, at the Garrick soon," anticipating a congratulatory gathering at the famous club, when Sir John's picture as Lord Kilclare, by Rivière, exhibited in last year's Academy, was presented to the club by the members, who had subscribed for it. The news of Hare's knighthood, both in town and on tour, was greeted with expressions of the greatest satisfaction and delight.



MR. FORBES-ROBERTSON.
From a Photo. by T. C. Turner, London and Hull.

Few know how much Sir John Hare has done for the Irving Memorial, while he and Mr. Forbes-Robertson have recently raised another tribute to their own unselfishness and labour in the memorial to Coquelin shortly to be unveiled at the Comédie Française. Their names too on the committee of the proposed National Theatre in honour of Shakespeare speak well for the fulfilment of its worthy objects.

Forbes-Robertson's address at Southwark Cathedral on Shakespeare's birthday was the chief feature of the last anniversary celebrations, and was only accomplished at considerable self-sacrifice, as he was playing in Glasgow at the time.

Like Hare, but unlike most other actors, it is difficult to get Forbes-Robertson to speak about himself, eloquent though he is on the subject of others. Sometimes, however, a chance remark will awaken reminiscences of the charm of his early days at Rouen, and the experiences he has enjoyed since, but he is usually one of the most abstracted of men.

I had several interesting conversations with Mr. Forbes-Robertson while on tour recently with "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," which he is about to take to America (opening on October 4th at the Maxine Elliott Theatre, New York), where he will doubtless repeat the gratifying success he has achieved with Jerome's play in England. A chat in particular I remember over luncheon one Sunday at an Edinburgh hotel. Swinburne had died the day before, and Forbes-Robertson was full of recollections of earlier days, when the great poet was a man of twenty-eight and he a lad of twelve. Swinburne's "Atalanta in Calydon," he recalled, was first read in his own mother's drawing-room. Swinburne was very fond of reading aloud, not necessarily his own work, and revelled in the plays of the Elizabethan and Jacobean dramatists, particularly Webster. "Well do I remember," said Forbes-Robertson, "one evening when Swinburne was about to take his leave after reading four acts of 'The Duchess of Malfi.' Suddenly he rushed back, pushed my father to one side, and with his beautiful eyes in a fine frenzy rolling, exclaimed, 'Wait a bit! We *must* kill the Duchess!'"

Swinburne, too, according to Forbes-Robertson, was very fond of children, and exercised an extraordinary influence over them. "Once," he continued, "when my sister (Mrs. Harrod) was a little dot, only a few months old, she was crying bitterly, and Swinburne said he could soon soothe her sorrows. Taking her in his arms, he nestled her head against his own. At once, with a broken sob, the tears ceased, and he carried the contented child up three flights of stairs without a murmur." Forbes-Robertson often used to see Swinburne home, and had long walks with him, but they saw little of each other after the latter joined Mr. Watts-Dunton. Forbes-Robertson endeavoured to get Swinburne to adapt François Coppée's "For the Crown," but in vain, and so availed himself of John Davidson, of whom

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and George Meredith, amongst others, he has many interesting reminiscences.

Mr. Forbes-Robertson is a delightful personality, the greatest Hamlet of his time, and for long has been one of our leading actor-managers, whose Shakespearean productions in particular have been distinguished by a classical taste and poetical beauty always in keeping with their character. The most idealistic of our theatrical managers, Forbes-Robertson is, at the same time, our greatest classical actor, to whom the English stage must look to carry on its best traditions.



FORBES-ROBERTSON IN "THE PASSING OF THE THIRD FLOOR BACK."
Drawn by Will A. Bradley for the "Sunday Chronicle."

In a letter I received from a friend and distinguished novelist recently, he wrote: "Forbes-Robertson has for years been my ideal actor. Many a time in my younger days has he made me shout myself hoarse with enthusiasm. It doesn't matter what he appears in, he always lifts me into a nobler mood. I know of no one on the stage who so perfectly combines high and fascinating personality with sincere and exquisitely sensitive and delicate art. He has filled the chambers of my memory with impressions of indelible beauty. In the old days, when I tried my hand at dramatic criticism, I used to get into a blue funk at the idea of writing about him. There was always something in his art and in himself that knocked all my powers of expression into a cocked hat. In sheer intellectuality and, what is far rarer, spiritual insight he has simply no equal in the modern English theatre. Henry Irving could be more magical at times, I think, but not even he was capable of the wonderful sense of ringing purity and grandeur of atmosphere which Forbes-Robertson can apparently produce with ease. This, I suppose, must mean that he is a great man as well as a great artist." And so it does! What more could one wish as tribute to an actor, or hope for in a National Theatre?



FORBES-ROBERTSON AS HAMLET.
From a Photo. by L. Caswall Smith.

I must conclude these incomplete and imperfect chronicles of some of our most eminent actors by saying that "it is a custom more honoured in the breach than in the observance" to abuse the actor-manager, but it will be a bad day for the stage if those who add genius to the art of acting and dignity to their calling do not leave behind them successors to follow in their famous footsteps.

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HARDINGS' LUCK

A STORY
FOR CHILDREN.

By E. NESBIT.



CHAPTER VIII. (*continued*).

THE welcome that awaited Dickie at Beale's cottage, from Beale, Amelia, and, not least, the dogs, was enough to drive all thoughts of unlikely places out of anybody's head. And, besides, there were always so many interesting things to do at the cottage.

It was dusk when he bade them good night, embracing each dog in turn, and set out to walk the little way to the cross-roads where the dog-cart returning from Cliffville would pick him up. And the dog-cart was a little late, because the pony had dropped a shoe and had had to be taken to the blacksmith's.

So when Dickie had waited a little while he began to think, as one always does when people don't keep their appointments, that perhaps he had mistaken the time, or that the clock at the cottage was slow. And when he had waited a little longer, it seemed simply silly to be waiting at all. So he picked up his crutch and got up from the milestone where he had been sitting, and set off to walk down to the castle.

And as he was walking along a twig cracked sharply in the hedge, and then a dozen twigs rustled and broke, and something like a great black bird seemed to fly out at him and fold him in its wings.

It was not a bird, he knew the next moment—but a big, dark cloak that someone had thrown over him, and through it strong hands were holding him.

"Hold yer noise," said a voice. "If you so much as squeak it'll be the worse for you."

"Help!" shouted Dickie, instantly.

He was thrown on to the ground. Hands fumbled, his face was cleared of the cloak, and a handkerchief with a round pebble in it was stuffed in his mouth, so that he could not speak Then he was dragged behind a hedge and held there while two voices whispered above him. The cloak was over his head again and he could see nothing, but he could hear. He heard one of the voices say, "Hush! they're coming." And then he heard the sound of hoofs and wheels, and Lord Arden's jolly voice saying, "He must have walked on. We shall catch him up all right." Then the sound of wheels and hoofs died away, and hard hands pulled him to his feet and thrust the crutch under his arm.

"Step out," said one of the voices; "there's a carriage a-waiting for you."

He stepped out. There was nothing else to be done. They had taken the cloak from his eyes now, and he saw presently that they were nearing a coster's barrow.

They laid him in it, covered him with the

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cloak, and put vegetable marrows and cabbages on that. They only left him a little room to breathe.

"Now, lie still for your life," said the second voice. "If you stir a inch, I'll lick you till you can't stand."

So he lay still, rigid with misery and despair. For neither of these voices was strange to him. He knew them both only too well.

CHAPTER IX.

THE NOBLE DEED.

WHEN Lord Arden and Elfrida and Edred reached the castle and found that Dickie had not come back, the children concluded that Beale had persuaded him to stay the night at the cottage, and Lord Arden thought that the children must be right. But when Edred and Elfrida were gone to bed Lord Arden found that he could not feel quite sure or quite satisfied. Suppose Dickie was *not* at Beale's. He strolled up to the cottage to see.



"HE WAS DRAGGED BEHIND A HEDGE AND HELD THERE."

And Dickie was not there!

Beale came close to where Lord Arden stood, a tall, dark figure in the starlight, and spoke in a voice that trembled.

"The little nipper!" he said, and again, "The little nipper! If anything's 'appened to 'im—swelp me, guv'nor—my lord, I mean—what I meanter say, if anything's 'appened to *'im!* One o' the best."

The two men went quickly towards the gate. As they passed down the quiet, dusty road Beale spoke again.

"I warn't no good—I don't deceive you, guv'nor—a no-account man I was—swelp me. And the little 'un, 'e tidied me up, and told me tales and kep' me straight; it was 'is doing me and 'Melia come together. An' the dogs an' all. An' the little one. An' 'e got me to chuck the cadging. An' worse. 'E don't know what I was like when I met him. Why, I set out to make a blighted burglar of *'im*—you wouldn't believe."

And out the whole story came.

They looked for hours, but they did not find Dickie.

And so, when Edred and Elfrida came down to breakfast, Mrs. Honeysett met them with the news that Dickie was lost, and their father still out looking for him.

"It's that beastly magic," said Edred, as soon as the children were alone. "He's done it once too often, and he's got stuck in some time in history and can't get back."

"And we can't do anything. We can't get to him," said Elfrida. "Oh, if only we'd got the old white magic and the Mouldiwarp to help us! Suppose we dressed up and made some poetry?"

Before long two most dismal children faced each other in Edred's bedroom, dressed as Red Indians, so far as their heads and backs went. Then came bits of plate-armour for chest and arms. Then, in the case of Elfrida, petticoats and Roman sash and Japanese wicker-work shoes and father's shooting gaiters made to look like boots by brown-paper tops. And in the case

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of Edred, legs cased in armour. These looked like cricket-pads, ending in jointed foot-coverings that looked like chrysalises.

They were two forlorn faces that looked at each other as Edred said, "Now the poetry."

Elfrida frowned fiercely, and the feathers on her Indian headdress quivered with the intensity of her effort.

"Is it coming?" Edred asked in anxious tones, and she nodded distractedly, then repeated, slowly:—

> Great Mouldiestwarp, on you we call,
> To do the greatest magic of all;
> To show us how we are to find
> Dear Dickie, who is lame and kind.
> Do this for us and on our hearts we swore
> We'll never ask you for anything more.

"Well, fire away," said Edred. "Not that it's any good. Don't you remember you can only get at the Mouldiestwarp by a noble deed, and wanting to find Dickie isn't noble."

"No," she agreed; "but then if we could get Dickie back by doing a noble deed, we'd do it like a shot, wouldn't we?"

"Oh, I suppose so," said Edred, grumpily. "Fire away, can't you?"

So Elfrida fired away.

Then the walls of Edred's room receded, farther and farther, till the children found themselves in a great white hall with avenues of tall pillars stretching in every direction as far as you could see. The hall was crowded with people dressed in costumes of all countries and all ages—Chinamen, Indians, Crusaders in armour, powdered ladies, doubleted gentlemen, Cavaliers in curls, Turks in turbans, Arabs, monks, abbesses, jesters, grandees with ruffs round their necks, and savages with kilts of thatch. Every kind of dress you can think of was there. Only all the dresses were white. It was like a *redoute*, which is a fancy dress ball where the guests may wear any dress they choose, only all the dresses must be of one colour.

Elfrida saw the whiteness all about her, and looked down anxiously at her clothes and Edred's, which she remembered to have been of rather odd colours. Everything they wore was white now.

The people round the children pushed them gently forward. And then they saw that in the middle of the hall was a throne of silver, spread with a fringed cloth of chequered silver and green; and on it, with the Mouldiwarp standing on one side and the Mouldierwarp on the other, the Mouldiestwarp was seated in state and splendour. He was much larger than either of the other moles, and his fur was as silvery as the feathers of a swan.

Everyone in the room was looking at the two children, and it seemed impossible for them not to advance, though slowly and shyly, right to the foot of the throne.

Arrived there, it seemed right to bow very low. So they did it.

Then the Mouldiwarp said:—

"What brings you here?"

"Kind magic," Elfrida answered.

And the Mouldierwarp said:—

"What is it you desire?"

And Edred said, "We want Dickie, please."

Then the Mouldiestwarp said, and it was to Edred that he said it:—

"Dickie is in the hands of those who will keep him from you for many a day, unless you yourself go alone and rescue him. It will be difficult, and it will be dangerous. Will you go?"

"Me? Alone?" said Edred, rather blankly. "Not Elfrida?"

"Dickie can only be ransomed at a great price, and it must be paid by you. It will cost you more to do it than it would cost Elfrida, because she is braver than you are."

Edred flushed crimson, and a shudder ran through the company.

Elfrida caught Edred's hand.

"Edred is quite as brave as me," she said. "He'll go; won't you?"

"Of course I will," said Edred, impatiently.

"Then ascend the steps of the throne," said the Mouldiestwarp, very kindly now, "and sit here by my side."

Edred obeyed, and the Mouldiestwarp leaned towards him and spoke in his ear, so that neither Elfrida nor any of the great company in the white hall could hear a word—only Edred alone.

"If you go to rescue Richard Arden," the Mouldiestwarp said, "you make the greatest sacrifice of your life. For he who was called Richard Harding *is* Richard Arden, and it is he who is Lord Arden, and not you or your father. And if you go to his rescue you will be taking from your father the title and the castle, and you will be giving up your place as heir of Arden to your cousin Richard, who is the rightful heir."

"But how is he the rightful heir?" Edred asked, bewildered.

"Three generations ago," said the Mouldiestwarp, "a little baby was stolen from Arden. Death came among the Ardens, and that child became the heir to the name and the lands of Arden. The man who stole the child took it to a woman in Deptford, and gave it in charge to her to nurse. She knew nothing but that the

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"THE MOULDIESTWARP LEANED TOWARDS HIM AND SPOKE IN HIS EAR."

child's clothes were marked 'Arden,' and that it had tied to its waist a coral and bells engraved with a coat of arms. The man who had stolen the child said he would return in a month. He never returned. He fought in a duel and was killed. But the night before the duel he wrote a letter saying what he had done, and put it in a secret cupboard behind a picture of a lady who was born an Arden, at Talbot Court. And there that letter is to this day."

"I hope I sha'n't forget it all," said Edred.

"No one ever forgets what I tell them," said the Mouldiestwarp.

"Finding that the man did not return the Deptford woman brought up the child as her own. He grew up, was taught a trade, and married a working girl. The name of Arden changed itself gradually, as names do, to Harding. Their child was the father of Richard, whom you know. And he is Lord Arden."

"Yes," said Edred, submissively.

"You will never tell your father this," the low, beautiful voice went on; "you must not even tell your sister till you have rescued Dickie and made the sacrifice. This is the one supreme chance of all your life. Every soul has one such chance—a chance to be perfectly unselfish, absolutely noble, and true. You can take this chance. But you must take it alone. No one can help you. No one can advise you. And you must keep the noble thought in your own heart till it is a noble deed. Then, humbly and thankfully, in that you have been permitted to do so fine and brave a thing, and to draw near to the immortals of all ages who have had such deeds to do and have done them, you may tell the truth to the one who loves you best, your sister Elfrida."

"It seems very unkind to daddy," said Edred, "stopping his being Lord Arden and everything."

"To do right often seems unkind to one or another," said the Mouldiestwarp; "but think. How long would your father wish to keep his house and his castle if he knew that they belonged to someone else?"

"I see," said Edred, still doubtfully. "No, of course he wouldn't. Well, what am I to do?"

"When Dickie's father died a woman related to Dickie's mother kept the child She was not kind to him and he left her. Later she met a man who had been a burglar. He had entered Talbot Court, opened the panel, and found that old letter that told of Dickie's birth. He and she have kidnapped Dickie, hoping to get him to sign a paper promising to pay them money

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for giving him the letter which tells how he is heir to Arden. But already they have found out that a letter signed by a child is useless and unlawful. And they dare not let Richard go for fear of punishment. So if you choose to do nothing, your father is safe and you will inherit Arden."

"What am I to do?" Edred asked again—"to get Dickie back, I mean?"

"You must go alone and at night to Beale's cottage, open the door, and you will find Richard's dog asleep before the fire. You must unchain the dog and take him to the milestone by the cross-roads. Then go where the dog goes. You will need a knife to cut cords with. And you will need all your courage. Look in my eyes."

Edred looked into the eyes of the Mouldiestwarp and saw that they were no longer a mole's eyes, but were like the eyes of all the dear people he had ever known, and through them the soul of all the brave people he had ever read about looked out at him and said, "Courage, Edred. Be one of us."

"Now look at the people in the hall," said the Mouldiestwarp.

Edred looked; and behold they were no longer strangers. He knew them all—Joan of Arc and Peter the Hermit, Hereward and Drake; Elsa, whose brothers were swans; St. George, who killed the dragon; Blondel, who sang to his king in prison; Lady Nithsdale, who brought her husband safe out of the cruel Tower. There were captains who went down with their ships; generals who died fighting for forlorn hopes; patriots, kings, monks, nuns, men, women, and children, all with that light in their eyes which brightens with splendour the dreams of men.

And as he came down off the throne the great ones crowded round him, clasping his hands and saying, "Be one of us, Edred. Be one of us."

Then an intense white light shone so that the children could see nothing else. And then suddenly there they were again within the narrow walls of Edred's bedroom.

"Well," said Elfrida, in tones of brisk commonplace, "what did it say to you? I say, you do look funny."

"Don't," said Edred, crossly. He began to tear off the armour. "Here, help me to get these silly things off."

"But what did it say?" Elfrida asked, helping.

"I can't tell you. I'm not to tell anyone till it's over."

"Oh, just as you like," said Elfrida. "Keep your old secrets," and left him.

And when she was gone Edred sat down on the box at the foot of his bed and tried to think. But it was not easy.

He thought so hard that his thoughts got quite confused. His head grew very hot and his hands and feet very cold. Mrs. Honeysett came in, exclaimed at his white face, felt his hands, said he was in a high fever, and put him to bed, with wet rags on his forehead and hot-water bottles to his feet. Perhaps he *was* feverish. At any rate, he could never be sure afterwards whether there really had been a very polite and plausible black mole sitting on his pillow most of the day saying all those things which the part of himself that he liked least agreed with. Such things as:—

"Think of your father."

"No one will ever know."

"Dickie will be all right somehow."

"Perhaps you only dreamt that about Dickie being shut up somewhere and it's not true."

"Anyway, it's not your business, is it?"

And so on. You know the sort of thing.

Elfrida was not allowed to come into the room for fear Edred should be ill with "something catching." So he lay tossing all day, hearing the black mole, or something else, say all these things, and himself saying, "I must go."

"Oh, poor Dickie!"

"I promised to go."

"Yes, I will go."

And late that night, when Lord Arden had come home and gone to bed, tired out by the long day's vain search for the lost Dickie, and when everybody was asleep, Edred got up and dressed. He put his bedroom candle and matches in his pocket, and crept downstairs and out of the house and up to Beale's. It was a slow and nervous business. More than once on the staircase he thought he heard a stair creak behind him, and again and again as he went along the road he fancied he heard a soft footstep pad-padding behind him, but, of course, when he looked round he could see no one there. So presently he decided that it was cowardly to keep looking round, and, besides, it only made him more frightened. So he kept steadily on, and took no notice at all of a black patch by the sweetbrier bush at Beale's gate that looked, as he stood by Beale's cottage door, just exactly as if someone was crouching in the shadow.

He pressed his thumb on the latch and opened the door very softly. Something moved inside and a chain rattled. Edred's

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heart gave a soft, uncomfortable jump. But it was only True standing up to receive company. He saw the whiteness of the dog and made for it, felt for the chain, unhooked it from the staple in the wall, and went out again, closing the door after him, and followed, very willingly, by True. Again he looked suspiciously at the shadow of the great sweet-brier, but the dog showed no uneasiness, so Edred knew that there was nothing to be afraid of. True, in fact, was the greatest comfort to him. He told Elfrida afterwards that it was all True's doing; he could never, he was sure, have gone on without that good companion.

True followed at the slack chain's end till they got to the milestone, and then suddenly he darted ahead and took the lead, the chain stretched taut, and the boy had all his work cut out to keep up with the dog. Up the hill they went, on to the downs, and in and out among the furze-bushes. The night was no longer dark to Edred. His eyes had got used to the gentle starlight, and he followed the dog among the gorse and brambles without stumbling and without hurting himself against the million sharp spears and thorns.

Suddenly True paused, sniffed, sneezed, blew through his nose, and began to dig.

The spot he had chosen was under a clump of furze bigger than any they had passed. The sharp furze-spikes pricked his nose and paws.

Edred remembered the knife he had brought. It was the big pruning-knife out of the drawer in the hall. He pulled it out. He would cut away some of the furze branches. Perhaps Dickie was lying bound hidden in the middle of the furze-bush.

He took hold of a branch of furze to cut it, but it was loose, and came away in his hand without any cutting. He tried another. That, too, was loose. He took off his jacket and threw it over his hands to protect them, and, seizing an armful of furze, pulled and fell back, a great bundle of the prickly stuff on top of him. True was pulling like mad at the chain. Edred scrambled up. The furze he had pulled away disclosed a hole, and True was disappearing down it. Edred saw, as the dog dragged him close to the hole, that it was a large one, though only part of it had been uncovered. He stooped to peer in, his foot slipped on the edge, and he fell right into it, the dog dragging all the time.

"Stop, True; lie down, sir!" he said; and the dog paused, though the chain was still strained tight.

Then Edred was glad of his bedroom candle. He pulled it out and lighted it, and blinked, perceiving almost at once that he was in the beginning of an underground passage. He looked up; he could see above him the stars plain through a net of furze-bushes. He stood up and True went on. Next moment he knew that he was in the old smugglers' cave that he and Elfrida had so often tried to find.

And lying on the sand near the stream was something dark.

True gave a bound that jerked the chain out of Edred's hand and leaped upon the dark thing, licking it, whining, and uttering little dog-moans of pure love and joy. For the dark something was Dickie, fast asleep. He was bound with cords—his poor lame foot tied tight to the other one. His arms were bound too. And now he was awake.

"Down, True!" he said. "Hush! 'Ssh!"

"Where are they—the man and woman?" Edred whispered.

"Oh, Edred! You! You perfect brick," Dickie whispered back. "They're in the farther cave. I heard them snoring before I went to sleep."

"Lie still," said Edred. "I've got a knife. I'll cut the cords."

He cut them, and Dickie tried to stand up. But his limbs were too stiff. Edred rubbed his legs, while Dickie stretched his fingers to get the pins and needles out of his arms.

Edred had stuck the candle in the sand. It made a ring of light round them. That was why they did not see a dark figure that came quietly creeping across the sand towards them. It was quite close to them before Edred looked up.

"Oh!" he gasped, and Dickie, looking up, whispered, "It's all up. *Run!* Never mind me. I shall get away all right."

"*No*," said Edred, and then with a joyous leap of the heart perceived that the dark figure was Elfrida, in her father's ulster.

"Elfrida!" said both boys at once.

"Well, you didn't think I was going to be out of it," she said. "I've been behind you all the way, Edred."

They got Dickie up to the passage, one on each side, and by that time he could use his leg and his crutch. They got home and roused Lord Arden, and told him Dickie was found and all about it, and he roused his house. Then he and Beale and half-a-dozen men from the village went up to the cave and found that wicked man and woman in a stupid sleep, and tied their hands and marched them to the town, and to the police-station.

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When the man was searched the letter was found on him which the man—it was that red-headed man you have heard of—had taken from Talbot Court.

"I wish you joy of your good fortune, my boy," said Lord Arden, when he had read the letter. "Of course, we must look into things, but I feel no doubt at all that you *are* Lord Arden."

"I don't want to be," said Dickie; and that



"THE DARK FIGURE WAS ELFRIDA, IN HER FATHER'S ULSTER."

was true. Yet at the same time he did want to be. The thought of being Richard Lord Arden, he who had been just little lame Dickie of Deptford, of owning this glorious castle, of being the master of an old name and an old palace—this thought sang in his heart a very beautiful tune. Yet what he said was true. There is so often room in our hearts for two tunes at a time. "I don't want to be. You ought to be, sir. You've been so kind to me," he said.

"My dear boy," said the father of Edred and Elfrida, "I did very well without the title and the castle, and if they're yours I shall do very well without them again. You shall have your rights, my dear boy, and I sha'n't be hurt by it. Don't you think that."

Dickie thought several things, and shook the other's hand very hard.

The tale of Dickie's rescue from the cave was the talk of the countryside.

Edred's father and Mrs. Honeysett agreed that Edred had done it in the delirium of a fever brought on by his anxiety about his friend and playmate. People do, you know, do odd things in fevers that they would never do at other times.

The red-headed man and the woman were tried at the assizes and punished.

When they all went, a week later, to explore the caves they found a curious arrangement of brickwork and cement and clay, shutting up a hole through which the stream had evidently once flowed out into the open air. It now flowed away into darkness, and Lord Arden pointed out how its course had been diverted and made to run down underground towards the sea.

"We might let it come back to the moat," said Edred. "It used to run that way. It says so in the History of Arden."

"We must decide that later," said his father, who had a long blue lawyer's letter in his pocket.

There was a lot of talk and a lot of letter-writing before anyone seemed to be able to be sure who was Lord Arden. If the father of Edred and Elfrida had wanted to dispute about it, no doubt there would have been enough work to keep the lawyers busy for years, and seas of ink would have been spilt and thunders of eloquence spent on the question. But as the present Lord Arden was an honest man and only too anxious that Dickie should have everything that belonged to him, even the lawyers had to cut their work short.

When Edred saw how his father tried his best to find out the truth about Dickie's birth, and how willing he was to give up what he had thought was his own, if it should prove to be *not* his, do you think

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he was not glad to know that he had done his duty and rescued his cousin, and had not, by any meanness or any indecision, brought dishonour on the name of Arden? As for Elfrida, when she knew the whole story of that night of rescue, she admired her brother so much that it made him almost uncomfortable.

To Dickie Lord Arden said, "Of course, if anything *should* happen to show that I am really Lord Arden, you won't desert us, Dickie. You shall go to school with Edred and be brought up like my very own son."

And, like Lord Arden's very own son, Dickie lived at the house in Arden Castle, and grew to love it more and more. He no longer wanted to get away from these present times to those old days when James I. was King. It is not in the nature of any child to brood continually on the past or the future. The child lives in the present. And Dickie lived at Arden and loved it, and enjoyed himself; and Lord Arden bought him a pony, so that his lame foot was hardly any drag at all. The other children had a donkey-cart, and the three made all sorts of interesting expeditions. But Dickie's mind was not at ease. He felt that he ought to find the treasure.

Once they went over to Talbot Court and saw the secret place where Edward Talbot had hidden his confession about having stolen the Arden baby three generations before. Also they saw the portrait of the Lady Talbot who had been a Miss Arden. In rose-coloured brocade she was, with a green silk petticoat and her powdered hair dressed high over a great cushion, but her eyes and her mouth were the eyes of Dickie of Deptford.

And one day, when they were fishing in the smugglers' cave, which had by this time been thoroughly explored,

"We *ought* to try," said Elfrida, "and we must. Whoever has the castle will want to restore it; they've got those pictures of it as it used to be. And then there are all the cottages to rebuild. Dear Dickie, you're so clever, do think of some way to find the treasure."

So Dickie thought.

And presently he said:—

"You once saw the treasure being carried to the secret room—in a picture, didn't you?"

They told him yes.

"Then why didn't you go back to that time and see it really?"

"We hadn't the clothes. Everything in our magic depended on clothes."

"Mine doesn't. Shall we go?"

"There were lots of soldiers in the picture," said Edred, "and fighting."

"I'm not afraid of soldiers," said Elfrida very quickly, "and you're not afraid of *anything*, Edred—you know you aren't."

"You can't be, or you couldn't have come after me right into the cave in the middle of the night. Come on. Stand close together and I'll spread out the moonseeds."

So Dickie said, and they stood, and he spread the moonseeds out, and he wished them to be with the party of men who were hiding the treasure. But before he spread out the seeds he took certain other things in his left hand and wished to be back in King Charles's days just before Arden Castle was taken by the Roundheads. And instantly they were.

They were standing very close together, all three of them, in a niche in a narrow, dark passage, and men went by them carrying heavy chests and great sacks of leather, and bundles tied up in straw and in handkerchiefs. The men had long hair and the kind of clothes you know were worn when Charles I. was King. And the children wore the dresses of that time, and the boys had little swords at their sides. When the last bundle had been carried, the last chest set down with a dump on the stone floor of some room beyond, the children heard a door shut and a key turned, and then the men came back all together along the passage, and the children followed them. Presently torch-light gave way to daylight as they came out into the open air. But they had to come out on hands and knees, for the passage sloped up steeply and the opening was very low. The chests must have been pushed or pulled through. They could never have been carried.

(*To be concluded.*)

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How I Made the Record Motor Climb.

By Motor-Car to the Mer de Glace!

By E. DOUGLAS FAWCETT.

DO you wish to enjoy one of the most famous views in the Alps? Climb, then, to a height of some six thousand feet up the Flegère and look across the Chamonix Valley in the direction of the Mer de Glace and its snow-crested bounding peaks. Born from the confluence of three glaciers—the Tacul, the Leschaux, and the Talèfre—the great ice-river, four and a half miles long, and at its widest part over a mile in breadth, rolls confusedly towards the valley. To the left of the ice-river tower the Aiguilles Verte, du Dru, and à Bochard; to the right the splintered spires of the Grands Charmoz. Just overlooking it on the right, at no great height above the *séracs*, is the Montanvert (six thousand two hundred and fifty-seven feet), an eminence which rises some three thousand feet above Les Praz, yon village in the valley beneath. If you look steadfastly in the direction of the Montanvert, you will manage to descry the well-known hotel on the terrace beside which the pilgrims of pleasure flock in such numbers during the summer season.



THE ENTIRE CLIMB—POINTS OF DEPARTURE AND ARRIVAL MARKED WITH CROSSES.

From a Photo. by] [*Sommer.*

The terrace of the Montanvert can be reached by crossing the glacier from the side of the "chapeau" and the Aiguille à Bochard. But if you desire to reach it from Chamonix or Les Praz more directly, you have a choice of two ways by which to make the ascent. You can sit cosily in the little "rack and pinion" railway train which toils up so bravely from Chamonix, or you can plod on foot, or jog on mule-back, up one of two mule-paths, steep, narrow, rock-set, and sinuous, which start from Chamonix and Les Praz respectively. The latter path, of which much anon, is known as the Chemin des Bois. Beginning near a wooden bridge which spans the Arveyron in the valley immediately below the Montanvert, it soars sharply upwards into the forest, joining the other mule-path from Chamonix at a point about midway up the ascent. After this midway point has been reached there exists only one path by which you can reach the terrace. The reader being now in possession of the main "topographical" facts relevant to my story, I hasten to get to business.

Until very recently the "mule-path" deserved to retain its name—only folk on foot or mule-back wound their way up its

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precipitous curves. The reasons are not far to seek. The average gradient (so writes the special correspondent of the *Figaro* who described my climb) is 20 per cent., or 1 in 5; while the worst passages, which are very rocky, touch 30 per cent., or 1 in 3·3, and at times 35 per cent., or 1 in 2·86! Further, the path is very narrow, is strewn with stones and boulders over the greater portion of its length, zigzags very evilly in many places, and skirts, for the most part, precipices. The idea of ascending it in a four-wheeled carriage was regarded as just a "mad Englishman's" dream. But, thanks to the reliability of the modern automobile, even this seemingly fantastic dream was to be realized!

Let me tell the story accurately and completely for the first time. Absurd and even grotesquely untrue accounts have appeared in the Press.

Anxious to avoid the gathering of crowds, I kept the hour and place of our start as secret as possible, with the result that many correspondents of the papers had to draw on their imaginations to supply the required "facts." One well-known paper made me ascend the stiffest part of the climb backwards! Another credited me with having driven up a fully-loaded car, carrying three passengers, chauffeur, dog, and all! Let me say at once that I had no desire to ascend backwards when the easier and more natural mode of progression was feasible! And I should certainly decline to take the responsibility of conveying anyone, save myself, up some of the more formidable passages of this astonishing path.

At 2.15 p.m., August 6th, I start up the engine at the foot of the Chemin des Bois just beyond the Arveyron bridge, my wife takes her seat, and the dog follows. A shout from some friends and guides, and the car bounds forward up the curly narrow path, and, taking what low rocks she meets in her stride, speeds smartly up the 1 in 5 gradient into the forest. She is running not on her low, but on her second "speed," and soon leaves our small following of panting enthusiasts far behind. A French gentleman tells me that the car's leap, when taking one of the larger rocks, was startling. I recall that rock well—it was a "beast," to speak befittingly, and could not well have been taken slowly, as the wheels might have skidded and spun around without topping it. Of course, I knew well what liberties I could take with the car, and that occurrences of this kind might be frequent.

For a time—barring the necessity of providing for outward shelving portions of the path—we rise easily. Then I have to come down on to the low speed. We take the first open turn well, and then plunge into the forest anew. The gradient here is severe, but there is a welcome absence of rocks. Presently I have to negotiate more outward shelving of the path—have to ask my wife to descend, the driving being rather a delicate matter. Up and up withal, and always so easily! The wonderful single-cylinder pulls superbly without a trace of "heating." I stop twice—once for photographs and once to give friends a chance to catch me up. Then the second turn is taken. What a view of Les Praz and the valley, now that I am momentarily beyond the trees! But stay! What of the obstacles ahead—hundreds of yards of rock-passages up which the car has to fight till one would think that tyres, or axles, or springs, or, anyhow, the transmission mechanism *must* fail? It is an anxious time for one who feels for his car. I have to stop occasionally to arrange stone "leads" up the worst passages, the ladder I had carried in the car being found useless. Once there is serious trouble—a leak starts in a copper



THE START NEAR THE SOURCE OF THE ARVEYRON (LES PRAZ), CHEMIN DES BOIS.
From a Photograph.

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RESTARTING AT A TIGHT TURN ABOUT HALF-WAY UP—I IN 3 UP A ROCK-STREWN, NARROW MULE-PATH.
From a Photo. by] [Stoecke & Monferrino, Chamonix.

pipe connected with the water circulation. This righted, I have to jump the car over a terrible stretch of rock-passage, to find myself anon, to my delight, at the junction where the paths from Chamonix and Les Praz meet. Half the ascent has been accomplished! On again now along the open mountain-side, up a steep, narrow path, with a glorious view to my left—and sheer precipice! Then up a ladder-like climb under trees once again, and, lo! a very sharp turn has to be made. I am about to negotiate the weird, rock-paved zigzags of the middle and worst part of the ascent.

At this point I have to stop the car for a long time in order to let mules pass—a process for which there is only just enough room, though the De Dion has been "reversed" right against the boulders which back the turn. Then in goes the clutch—a powerful heave—and the car leaps up the rocky way towards the next bend. I can just get her head round the turn, but no more. Hence (as had been arranged for) it was necessary to lift the back of the car round by hand. A special "jack" could have been used, but I had chosen to rely on the assistance of friends and guides. Understand clearly that, except in the matter of moving the wheels round into position for a restart, these assistants did nothing, the car always restarting and climbing with a superb ease. I had dispensed with all aid for more than half the ascent, but it was mechanically impossible to turn the car unhelped at these hairpin turns. This truth grasped, the reader will appreciate the account of an Alpinist, Mr. Walter Robson, of Selbourne Lodge, Sale, near Manchester, who came upon me while solving the problem presented by this formidable zigzag:—

"The tyre marks had excited my curiosity for some time before I saw you, and therefore I was not surprised to see a car, but could not expect to see one in the position of yours. At a turn of the path above the Halfway House I saw a two-seater (Three.—E. D. F.) De Dion car, tilted from bonnet to back at an extraordinary angle, which appeared to be recoiling just for a moment the better to rush straight up the side of the hill, at this point some 35 per cent. in steepness. Closer approach showed that the



HIGH UP IN THE MOUNTAINS—THE WONDERFUL CAR IS INDIFFERENT TO ANY GRADIENTS WHEN TYRES CAN "BITE."
From a Photo. by M. Willmann, Chamonix.

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ONE OF THE HIGHER REACHES OF THE TRACK, SHOWING BIT OF "RACK-AND-PINION" RAILWAY.
From a Photo. by] *[M. Willmann, Chamonix.*

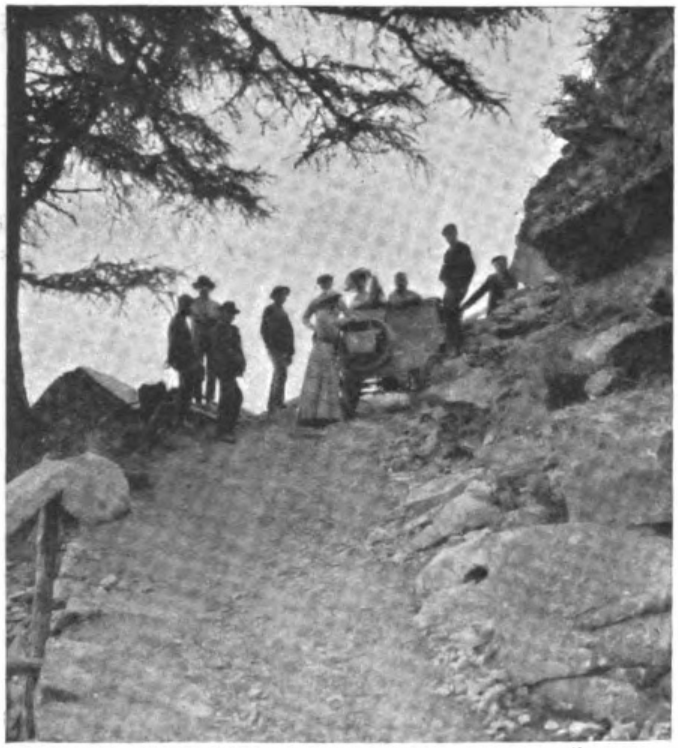
difficulty was to get round the hair-pin bend of the path, which was at this point unusually steep. . . . This task was accomplished when the brake was put hard on and wooden wedges placed behind the back wheels to prevent a backward plunge of the car. Then came a revelation of the capabilities of the car. The owner took his place at the steering-wheel, and running his engine at full speed released the brake and slipped in the clutch. The car started forward, then the wheels skidded, held again, and this time, with many a bump over huge pieces of rock in the path, it bounded up to the next bend. Here the slope again steepened, but the car mounted bravely, half turning the acute angle turn of the path. There was not room, however, to get round, and with its nose against the high bank forming the upper side of the path the brakes were applied, the blocks again placed behind the wheels, and those assistants who had been left behind at the previous bend now came panting to help in the further task of turning the corner. This bend was not quite so terrific as the previous one; after the car had been made to face the steep path it was again driven up. With a snort of satisfaction it left the wooden blocks and fairly leapt upwards. A huge rounded hump of rock on the inside of the track seemed to bar the way and a smash looked inevitable. The car mounted this obstacle, however, with amazing and even fierce energy. In doing so it was tilted over outwards towards the edge of the precipice, and for several yards it was running on three wheels at a lateral angle which again threatened disaster. Like a good boat in a running sea, it righted itself and continued its course. Over holes and stones, tree roots and savage boulder edges, it fought and panted to the next corner, its owner driving with the utmost coolness under these difficult circumstances. . . .

"Again and again, over obstacles always cruel, till the car seemed to tear out its heart, the same brave and victorious struggle was seen. The engine ran perfectly although the jolts and jars were so terrible. One could see a tyre squeezed almost flat by harsh side contact with a piece of rock, whilst the wheels seemed frequently strained to breaking point. Everything—body, chassis, engine—appeared constantly on the brink of dissolution. Yet at the successful completion of the ascent to the Montanvert Hotel the tyres were uninjured and the car showed no sign whatever of rough usage."

At 6.55, after a succession of such inspiriting climbs, I reach a turn hard by which is the site of a demolished Italian *cabane*. Here I leave the valiant car for the night in charge of the *cantonnier*, who lights a bonfire which tells its tale to crowds of onlookers in the valley below. Our elated party betakes itself to the Montanvert Hotel, still some hundreds of feet overhead. Success now seems probable and a merry dinner-party crowns the day's work.

At four in the morning we descend, and at five the murmur of the exhaust is heard once more on the path. Several difficult passages lie between the start and success, and once or twice the narrowness of the track becomes marked, and adds a distinct zest to the driving. I note that the gradients are becoming easier, though the rockiness of portions of the track—the worst, I suspect, ever traversed by a car—compels cautious going. At last, however,

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THE LAST TURN BEFORE THE "HOME STRETCH" (EARLY MORNING). *From a Photo. by* [*M. Willmann, Chamonix*

I reach the long, easy, and fairly level stretch on which the Montanvert Hotel comes into view. One more heave of the wonderful climber up a steep, smooth path and I am at the foot of the very rocky ascent that leads to the hotel. And now I open up the throttle a trifle, whereat the car bumps, thumps, and jumps over the boulders like a thing of life—the most surprising piece of mechanism which driver ever controlled. A slow taking of the last turn, a springing forward of the bonnet as the engine quickens, and lo! an automobile is running on the terrace above the Mer de Glace!

I have no space in which to describe the amusing scenes which occurred when the morning's trains brought the usual crowds of sightseers to the terrace. Many folk insisted, despite the protests of the station-master, that the car must have been conveyed to its "proud eminence" on a railway wagon! I enjoyed the spectacle from a discreet distance, subsequently giving some of the more enthusiastic sightseers the experience of a ride along the new path that leads to the station beyond the terrace.

The climbing time, during which the car was actually in motion, has been estimated in the papers as two hours thirty minutes. I am inclined myself to think that it was somewhat less. If, however, I am to include the delays caused by waits for the passing of mules and by the turning of the wheels at the worst zigzags, the time required to reach the site of the *cabane* (three-quarters of the way up) was four hours forty minutes, while the concluding portion of the ascent, all delays included, took about two hours more.



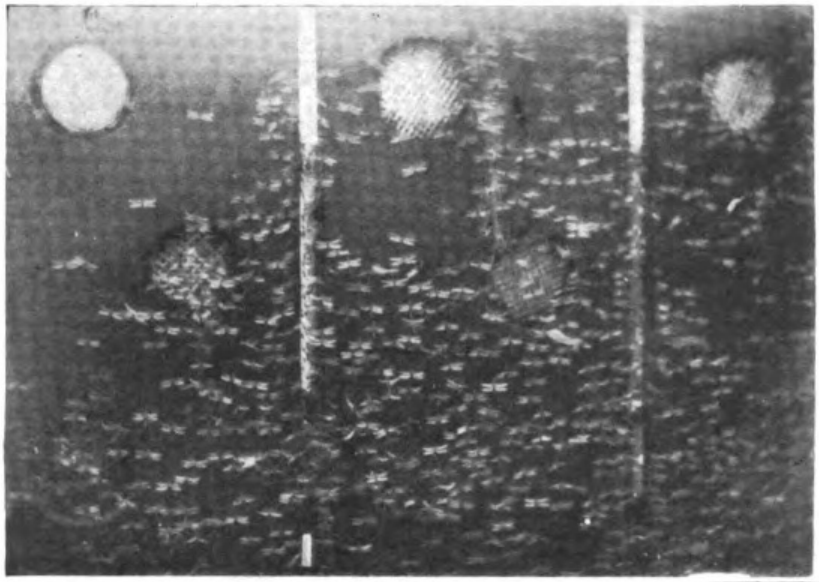
THE FIRST AUTOMOBILE ON THE TERRACE ABOVE THE MER DE GLACE.
From a Photo. by M. Willmann, Chamonix.

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CURIOSITIES.

* [*We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.*]

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A PLAGUE OF DRAGON-FLIES.

I AM sending you a photograph, taken when off the coast of Uruguay, showing a swarm of dragon-flies which settled and died on the engine-room skylight of the ss. *Tongariro*. — Mr. A. E. Dunn, Chief Officer, ss. *Kaipara*.

A CHINA JAP!

OVER six thousand pieces of china-ware have been used in the manufacture of this figure, which represents "Benkei," a noted Japanese warrior of the thirteenth century. It was exhibited in Yokohama during the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the opening of the port to foreign trade—1st July, 1859—1st July, 1909.—Mr. W. Hayward, Rising Sun Petroleum Co., Ltd., Yokohama.

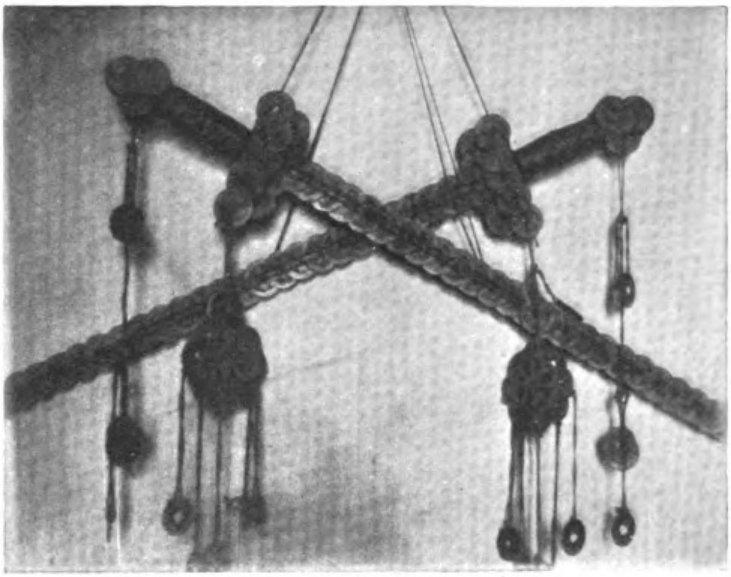


AN EFFECTIVE PUNISHMENT.

HERE is a photograph showing the way in which unruly Hindu boys are brought to order after ordinary methods of punishment have failed. In most Hindu schools, as well as in Hindu households containing a number of boys, there is to be found a block of wood with a chain attached, and known as a "thundoo." This is riveted round the leg of the boy with the aid of the nearest blacksmith, or fastened strongly with twine, and kept there for a period ranging from a few hours to as many days, as the nature of the case may require. The boy is then exposed to the unsympathetic hoots and jeers of other boys (and girls), who enjoy the fun immensely and follow the boy wherever he goes. The disgrace is very keenly felt, and a second infliction of the "thundoo" is seldom found necessary. I have cut out the boy's head in the photograph to prevent his recognition by the numerous readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE who live in these parts.—Mr. M. S. Ramachandra, 1,134, Fort Kolar, India.



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SWORDS MADE OF MONEY.

THESE two swords, each of which is about two feet in length, are made entirely of Chinese "cash" of various sizes—handle, hilt, and blade. They are used as charms by the Chinese, probably something after the manner in which the horse-shoe is employed in some of the rural districts of England, but, of course, to a much greater extent, the Chinese being a very superstitious nation. The swords were purchased by a friend of mine some time ago in Chinatown, San Francisco.—Mr. R. J. Arnott, Fernlea, Dumfries, N.B.



A UNIQUE SNAPSHOT.

THIS is not a picture of a brace of flying fish taken from an airship crossing the Channel. It is a photograph of a pair of dolphins swimming just beneath the water off the coast of Brazil, and was taken by Mr. Thomas Cochran, of Cardiff, who was stretched out along the bowsprit of his ship, pointing his camera straight down beneath him. He had the good fortune to snap the female transporting her young. The two little dolphins can be seen clinging one to each side of the mother. They will rest there undisturbed, though her progress may often exceed fifty miles an hour.

AN ARMOUR-CLAD NEST.

IN the Argentine Republic, where the summers are long and hot, it is customary to leave the windows open both day and night during the hottest part of the year. A bird, taking advantage of this, proceeded to build a nest in my room, fixing it firmly to one of the Venetian blinds over the window. The eggs were duly hatched and the young ones fledged. On taking down the empty nest, I found it to be practically armour-clad, the outer part being composed almost entirely of old rusty iron nails woven in amongst the hay. On counting the nails I found that no fewer than sixty-six had been used, besides some wire and pins taken from my dressing-table. The bird was about the size of a robin and very tame.—S. P. W., Buenos Ayres, South America.





"THE IRON MAIDEN."

"THE Iron Maiden of Nuremberg," shown in the accompanying photograph, is no doubt familiar by name to many readers, though probably few have seen this instrument of torture. It is made of strong cast-iron, in rough imitation of a nun. The front of the body consists of two heavy hinged doors, seen half open in the picture, the inner sides of which are studded with three-inch iron spikes. The captive was put inside the figure, the doors were closed, and there he was left to get on as best he could. —Mr. G. W. Murray, 1, Royd Villas, Knock, Belfast.

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A HUMAN PASS-OUT CHECK.

At a recent *fête* organized by the Beddington, Carshalton, and Wallington Horticultural Society an ingenious idea was utilized in order to prevent unauthorized readmissions. Those who, on leaving the grounds, applied for the usual pass-out check had the palm of one of their hands marked with a rubber stamp in the manner shown in the photograph. Though certainly efficacious, such a plan is hardly likely to become popular, especially with ladies.—Mr. H. Jones, 127, Holmesdale Road, South Norwood.

THE HAWK AND THE HOOPOE.

THIS photograph was taken by a passenger on the P. and O. ss. *Britannia* during the ship's recent homeward voyage from Australia. When almost exactly in the middle of the Red Sea, and far out of sight of land, a hoopoe was noticed flying near the ship, and was soon afterwards seen to settle on a rope immediately under one of the boat davits. Almost at the same moment a large hawk appeared on the scene, evidently in pursuit of the smaller bird. The hawk soon found out the hoopoe's hiding-place, and began to circle round and round, getting each time nearer to its prey, till at last it passed close to the davit and scarcely three feet from the hoopoe. The latter bird was so snugly tucked away under the davit that the hawk was unable to strike at it. The passengers not unnaturally sympathized with the smaller bird, and for nearly three-quarters of an hour they watched the hawk circling round, but were unable to frighten it away for fear that in so doing they might also frighten the hoopoe from its place of safety. Eventually an air-gun was produced, with the result that the hawk flew off with one feather less but with an extra slug in it. Thus the hoopoe was saved, but the poor hawk went off without its dinner.



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Visit of Hie Magestey
Hhe Rigg of Spani
to Las Palmas

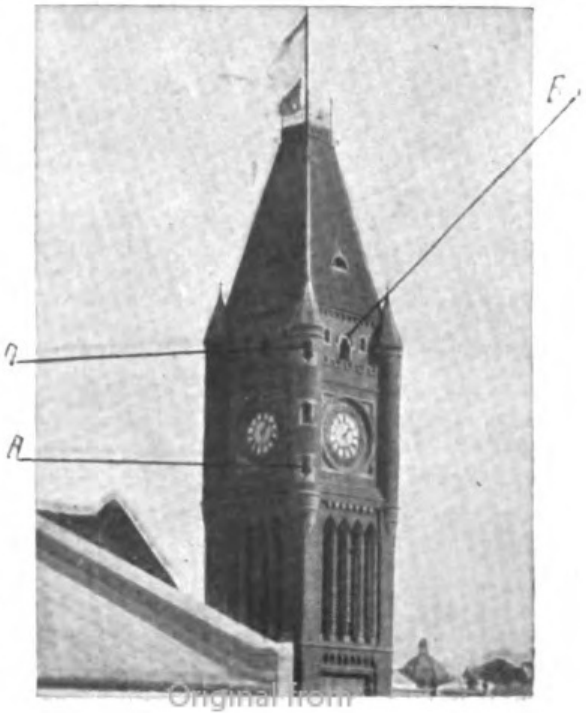
Trophies, Flags Garlands, Streamers aud Decorativus for hire.
Trumphal Arches creited Apply.
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WHO IS "HHE RIGG OF SPANI"?

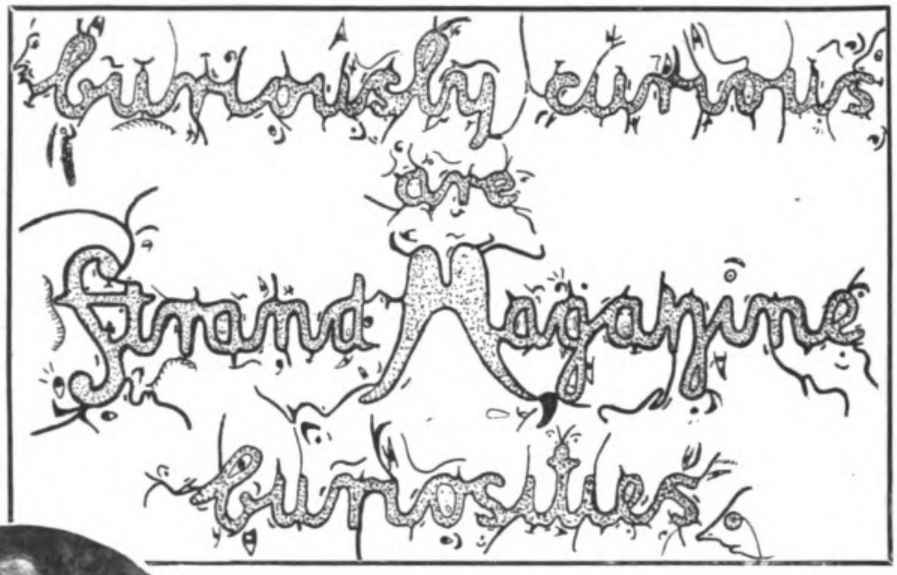
I AM sending you an advertisement cut from a paper published in the Canary Islands. The fact that at the time the King of Spain was visiting the islands will afford your readers some clue to the meaning of the words, "Hhe Rigg of Spani."—Captain W. J. Farrer, Chapel House, Bassenthwaite, Keswick.

A CONVICT'S SENSE OF HUMOUR.

I HOPE you will consider this photograph, showing the Town Hall tower at Perth, W.A., deserving of a place in THE STRAND MAGAZINE. The building was started in 1876 and finished in 1879, and was built by convict labour, the architect also being a convict. The latter was evidently possessed of a very keen sense of the humorous, for some time after the building was finished (so runs the story, which is generally accepted as true) the authorities suddenly discovered that in the small corner windows, "AA," he had introduced the broad arrow inverted, and over the window "B" the hangman's rope. Yet, although these are so plain when pointed out, very few out of the thousands who gaze at this clock day by day are aware of these facts. To add interest in local minds to this subject, it may be added that this building is soon to be pulled down and a new building erected on the site. When it does come down there will be one less of the old landmarks and of the examples of convict labour in this State.—Mr. Wallace H. Mathews, c/o Y.M.C A., Perth, Western Australia.



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CAN YOU FIND THEM ALL?

HAVING seen several examples of curious faces in THE STRAND "Curiosities" pages, I send you another. On examination you will find that each face (if one may be permitted to call them faces) has been written separately, and that there are over eighty in all. The result is really an attempt at printing by faces. The stipple was added last to make the letters stand out clearly. —Mr. Henry Williams, 216, Bright Street, Carbrook, Sheffield.

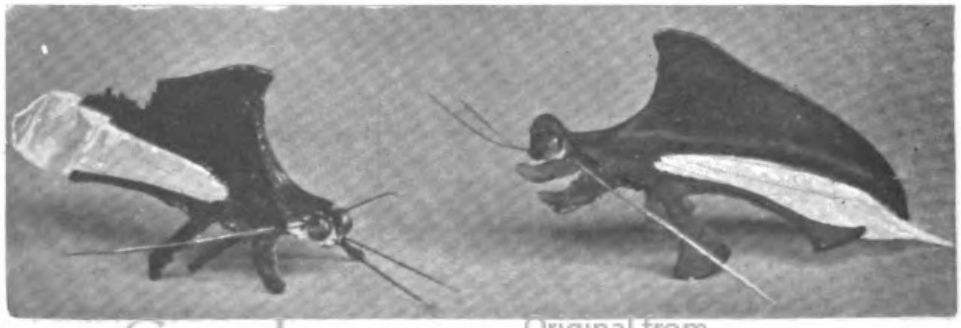


STRANGE STORY OF A STATUE.

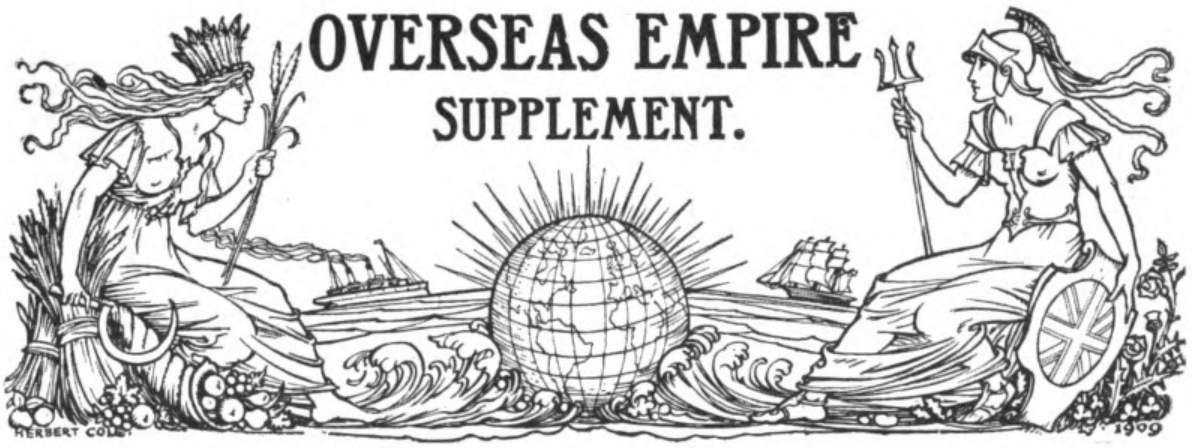
IT is not often that one finds a most beautifully-carved and graceful statue of a celebrated figure in history about which it is most difficult to obtain anything like authentic information. Such, however, is the case with regard to the subject of this sketch. The statue, which is of remarkably fine workmanship, is no less than nine feet in height, including a fine pedestal of three feet three inches, and stands on the estate of Orbiston, equi-distant between Motherwell and Bothwell. Yet, strange to say, it is perhaps the least-known attraction in the district. Even the oldest worker on the estate is unable to tell "the true story," but there is a wonderful unanimity in the following tale, related by several "old stagers." It appears that one of the ladies of the manor had a love attachment for the celebrated Sir John Moore, and when that stalwart warrior fell at the Battle of Corunna she, good lady, had this monument erected to his memory. For a long time the statue stood near the mansion-house, but latterly, on account, mayhap, of the exposure it was getting there to the fierce Scottish storms, it was removed farther down into the glen. Here Sir John stands in deep meditation. There is a peculiar atmosphere of fascination or awe about the spot from which the figure towers, and, indeed, when one has contemplated the latter the image becomes vividly impressed on the memory. As adding to the general mystery it may be said that, although the workmanship is of the finest, the name of the sculptor seems to remain unknown.—Mr. James A. King, 18, Muir Street, Motherwell, Scotland, N.B.

A NEW KIND OF INSECT.

IN sending us the accompanying photograph, Master George Corbyn Shepherd, a son of Mr. J. A Shepherd, whose animal drawings are so well known to readers of THE STRAND, writes: "I found the breast-bones of two chickens, and as I thought they looked like beetles I thought I would make them more like them. So I painted them black, got some of my sister's green beads for eyes, and then took some bristles out of the stable broom for their whiskers. Then all I had to do was to get some of daddy's tracing paper and cut out their wings and paste them on, and there they were. Daddy says these beetles are called humbugs."



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New Zealand Through the Eyes of Its Premier,

SIR JOSEPH G. WARD, P.C., K.C.M.G.

IT was the afternoon of the last day of the New Zealand Premier's stay in England; the last discussion of the first great Defence Conference, of which Sir Joseph Ward was so prominent a member, had just been concluded, and the interviewer was privileged to obtain a brief but authoritative and important expression of Sir Joseph's views regarding his own country for the benefit of our readers. In his temporary official quarters at the Hotel Cecil—surrounded by an active staff and aided by all the labour-saving equipment that modern invention has placed at the service of the up-to-date business man—the Premier seemed the embodiment and personification of the later and better Imperial idea that has been evolved from earlier and cruder aspirations. In spite of the fact that, as he so aptly expressed it, "the perplexities of preparing for departure were heavy upon him," and notwithstanding the abundance of evidence that the interviewer observed on all sides of urgent and pressing matters awaiting his decision before leaving London, the Premier was pleased to make time for this interview—the only Press interview granted by him during his recent visit. Thorough master of his subject, seeing things clearly and squarely, correctly gauging the potentialities of his country, and possessing the rare power of concise eloquence, he quickly detached himself from other thoughts, and, in answer to a few prompting questions, let the interviewer see through the Premier's own eyes, as it were, what New Zealand stood for in the general Empire outlook. The same sterling patriotism that produced the famous offer of a *Dreadnought* to the Imperial Navy is evinced in every point of Sir Joseph Ward's heartening message.

NEW ZEALAND'S CALL TO THE ENGLISH PEOPLE.

Asked to say something about New Zealand as a field for English settlement, the Premier said: "New Zealand has been called the Britain of the South, and not entirely without cause. Language, institutions, traditions, aspirations, all are British. For Englishmen of the right sort New Zealand has a call both strong and clear. For Englishmen of the wrong sort she has no call at all. It is an ideal home for a practical man who is prepared to turn his hand to everything or anything of an outdoor nature. The policy of the Legislature is to settle land in small holdings, and for this purpose the land laws are framed on the broadest and most liberal lines. The tenure is practically perpetual, the rentals are exceedingly low, and the conditions are most generous. For farmers, therefore, or men who are prepared to take up farming, it offers a splendid field. Capital, of course, is necessary, but the amount required to start with is not large. With £200 and a Government lease of reasonably good land, a man of ordinary industry can ensure a comfortable home and a life of comparative independence."

NOT THE PLACE FOR TOWN FOLK.

In further reference to the wanted and unwanted classes, the Premier was brief but to the point. "For clerks and people who want to hang about the towns," he remarked, with emphasis, "there is no opening, and they had better stay away. The towns are

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not large, and I am disposed to think they never will be. Wellington, the capital, has about 60,000 inhabitants, and Auckland a few more, and though they must grow they will undoubtedly never become such huge centres as Melbourne or Sydney. Partly owing to the geography, and partly to the land and labour legislation, population and wealth are diffused.

THE COUNTRY OF OUTDOOR DELIGHTS.

"The climate of New Zealand is curiously like that of the British Islands," remarked Sir Joseph. "The country is practically a long line of longitude, running almost north and south for 1,000 miles or more, with an average breadth of about 200 miles. The result is a great variety of climate, from the semi-tropical in the far north to the semi-Arctic in the far south, but in each case escaping the extremes. Auckland in the north, for example, is somewhat warmer than the Riviera. From Auckland to Wellington, southward, the temperature gradually lowers, but is still warm. The South Island resembles the mildest parts of the South of England, while the southernmost portions recall Scotland. There is thus every variety and gradation, without extremes, and the country as a whole is eminently adapted for the development of a strong and hardy race. There is an abundance of sunshine, and it is at all times a delight to be out of doors."



SIR JOSEPH WARD, P.C., K.C.M.G.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

THE LAND OF PROGRESSIVE LEGISLATION.

When the subject of the Dominion's legislation was mentioned, Sir Joseph Ward made a quick, eager, and eloquent response. The theme was evidently to his mind. "In legislation," he went on to say, "New Zealand proceeds with a boldness and a rapidity that would make your home-abiding Briton's hair stand on end. The conditions are very different. We have no huge vested interests—no time-hallowed traditions. We start from a new base, and can take with safety risks which in England would be unthinkable. The most amazing experiments are made, and, curious to tell, in most cases they have turned out to be successful. Our successes, indeed," he added, with meaning, "are being copied by other portions of the Empire. We were the first in the British Dominions to establish old age pensions; Australia followed, and they now exist in Great Britain. The home country, too, has just established a Public Trust Office, an institution which has been in successful operation for very many years in New Zealand. Insurance—life, fire, and accident—is conducted by Departments of State. The State, moreover, owns all the railways, telegraphs, and telephones. State coal-mines are worked; Government loans are granted to farmers at low rates of interest. In fine, it may be said that in New Zealand the functions and energies of the State have been extended in all directions to assist the development of the country and promote the prosperity of the inhabitants."

DOGMAS AT A DISCOUNT.

The Premier took leave of the subject of State legislation with the following pithy pronouncement: "This, of course, is a violation of all individualistic dogmas; but in New Zealand dogmas—individualistic or otherwise—do not command much reverence. 'Prove all things' seems to be the motto. And it is to be noted that the State institutions referred to are not run for a profit. If they pay their working expenses and a

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reasonable interest on the capital involved, this is all that is looked for. The surplus comes back to the people in lowered rates and increased conveniences."

THE INDUSTRIAL AND MINERAL OUTLOOK.

"In the fiscal system of New Zealand," explained Sir Joseph, "the Customs duties, which are necessarily imposed, if only for revenue purposes, give substantial protection to the local manufacturer, and the wages he pays are far above those of England; moreover, the working hours are much shorter.

"The long line of coast must in time produce an important maritime people; while the rich coal-fields, the large iron deposits, and the many other forms of mineral wealth with which New Zealand abounds must produce a manufacturing people, and the fertility and variety of the soil must produce an agricultural people. And in this diversity of resources and occupations, nothing, humanly speaking, can permanently check the growth and prosperity of the country.

"I have spoken of the mineral wealth of New Zealand," he continued, "and I may tell you that the Waihi is perhaps the largest and richest gold-mine in the world. Our Westport coal, too, is of splendid quality. That was the coal that saved the cruiser *Calliope* at Apia, when all the American and German warships were piled on the beach by the hurricane. Iron exists in limitless quantities, and needs only capital to convert it into the finest steel. As for agricultural and pastoral products, New Zealand exports more—in proportion to its size—than any other country, and its wool, meat, butter, and cheese command the highest prices in the English market."



From a Photo. by] LADY WARD. *[Lafayette.*

A LAND FOR SPORTSMEN AND TOURISTS.

The interviewer knew something of the scenic and sporting attractions of New Zealand, and an allusion to them produced a characteristic confirmation from the Premier. He became enthusiastic. "Of the outdoor charms of New Zealand," he said, "it is difficult to speak with moderation. Thanks to a spine of mountain ranges which runs down the centre of both islands, the country abounds in beautiful cold, clear streams. The streams are alive with trout. It is not uncommon for gentlemen to go from England to New Zealand regularly year after year for the sole purpose of trout-fishing. In both islands there is excellent deer-stalking, while in the mountainous region of Mount Cook there is mountain-climbing equal to anything obtainable in the Alps. I believe the Tasman Glacier is larger than any in Europe. The sounds and fjords are unsurpassed by anything that Norway has to show. The hot lakes at Rotorua and elsewhere attract thousands of visitors every year. Indeed, it may be said, without exaggeration, that no country in the world possesses in so small a geographical area so much to charm the sportsman, the tourist, and the artist."

At this point, when the Premier could and would have said so much more had time permitted, there was no evading the fact of "other urgent matters" demanding his attention, and the interviewer took a grateful leave. Next morning Sir Joseph and Lady Ward took ship for home, where the duty of opening the New Zealand Parliament will fall to him on the 1st October, soon after his landing.

J. B.

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PRINCE RUPERT.

By CY WARMAN.

FOR the past two or three years Prince Rupert, the Pacific Coast terminus of the Grand Trunk Pacific, has been basking in the limelight of publicity. Speculative men and women the world over have been watching for an opportunity to invest, as gamblers about a gaming table elbowing each other, eager to get action on their money. In the hope-sprouting, optimistic month of May last they had their opportunity and embraced it with warmth and enthusiasm. During the public auction at Vancouver and Victoria, persons from nearly every Province and State in Canada, and the country to the South, as well as British subjects and foreigners from abroad, expressed their belief in the future of the new port by the investment of three million pounds in Prince Rupert town lots. Two million pounds was invested in the first two days.

There is justification for this optimism in the fact that a city is bound to build up in time at the end of this long portage on the new line across the continent and the short cut around the little end of the earth.

Prince Rupert is midway between Halifax and Yokohama; Winnipeg is half-way from Halifax to Prince Rupert. East and West away from Winnipeg, the great half-way house, an almost level line reaches down to tide-water. Already the tide has turned, and from this day forward the trend of traffic will be to the Western Ocean from the Middle West.

Millions of bushels of wheat from the Prairie Provinces will pass out *viâ* Prince Rupert to the Orient, and *viâ* the Panama Canal to Europe. Already there is a saving of six cents a bushel from Saskatchewan and Alberta in favour of the Western route, and with the completion of the National Trans-continental Line, with its easy grades, the saving will be even greater. The fact that Prince Rupert is four hundred and eighty-three miles nearer to Yokohama than any other ocean port on the Pacific is also of importance.

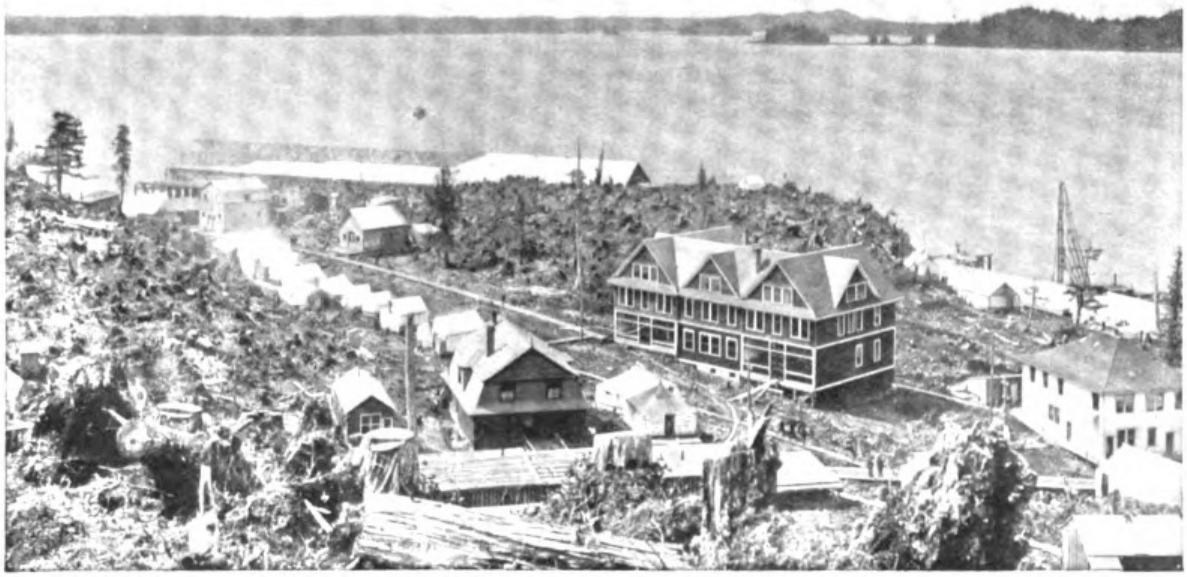
The quickest trip yet made with a cargo of tea bound from Yokohama to Liverpool was *viâ* Vancouver and New York. The time was twenty-eight days, which was three days shorter time than was taken by the shipment sent at the same time *viâ* Seattle, and beat the San Francisco time by five days. It seems a startling statement to make, but when the Grand Trunk Pacific is completed it will be possible to cut this time in two.



CLEARING THE SITE OF THE NEW CITY OF PRINCE RUPERT, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

With steamers riding the Pacific

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PRINCE RUPERT INN AND HARBOUR.

at the speed made by the best Atlantic liners, the journey from Yokohama to Prince Rupert can be easily accomplished in six and a half days. Three days and twelve hours would be ample time for the land trip to Halifax. That is ten days, and, allowing four days on the Atlantic, we should reach Liverpool in fourteen days.

In the matter of the movement of troops from England to the Pacific the new national highway will be of greater importance and will advantage the Empire more than the building of many *Dreadnoughts*. In time of war the quick transportation of troops from one part of the Empire to another is of the greatest importance, and in this connection the Grand Trunk Pacific—"The All Red Route"—will be invaluable. When comes the Yellow Menace, which is probably as remote as the German Peril, the sending of soldiers to the Pacific will be the first duty of the War Office; therefore to be able to send them swiftly and surely over a British trail will be worth something.

However, all this is apart from the real importance of Prince Rupert and the railway which ends there. Aside, too, from its importance as an outlet for wheat, the new port has many claims.

Prince Rupert has a mild, equable climate. It is comparatively free from snow and severe cold in winter. The summer there is cool.

At Queen Charlotte Sound are the great halibut banks, and all along the Skeena River are the salmon canneries, shipping millions of dollars' worth of fish out annually by the American ports. With the completion of the Grand Trunk the products of these vast fishing fields will pass out through Prince Rupert and across Canada to the Eastern markets.

The lumbering industry in the region about Prince Rupert will be very extensive, as all this Western watershed is well wooded. In fact, the Western slope may be likened to a great commercial watershed, the traffic of which will naturally flow down to and pass in and out through this picturesque port. Inland, up the Skeena River, along whose picturesque shores the line lies for nearly one hundred miles, there is a country whose varied resources are among the wonders of the West. There are gold prospects here in British Columbia, and vast areas of coal already in sight. Up toward Atlin there are mountains of copper, so rich, so nearly pure, that it is difficult to tear it from the heart of the hills. The gold from the Klondike will naturally come down to Prince Rupert. The wheat from the Peace River Valley, a field

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HARBOUR FRONT, PRINCE RUPERT.

almost untouched, will pass out by the Western way.

The asphalt of the Athabasca, the salt from the Mackenzie River, the fur and other wealth of this last fastness will funnel out over the Grand Trunk Pacific and its feeders and pass through Prince Rupert to the markets of the world.

The site of this new city to be is extremely attractive. From the edge of the splendid land-locked harbour the ground slopes gradually back to the foot of the mountain that rises two thousand feet above the sea. In front of the new town, across the harbour, through the open waterway, by which the tempering tide sweeps in to cradle the warm Chinook winds, can be seen the Indian village, "Metlakatla," locally known as the Holy City.

Back of the town, into the heart of the hills, the tide rushes, encircling Kian Island. Back of the island, in Lake Morse, the tides meet and battle with each other and then flow back to the sea.

The entrance to the harbour proper is nearly a mile wide, and the harbour, into which ocean steamers may safely sail and find anchorage, is fourteen miles long. Passing out of the harbour and looking westward there lies an open roadway to the open sea. Far out, humping on the horizon, are the soft green outlines of the wooded isles, the silent sentinels of the sea.



GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC OFFICES, PRINCE RUPERT.

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The Sanatorium of the Southern Pacific.

Health and Pleasure in Tasmania.

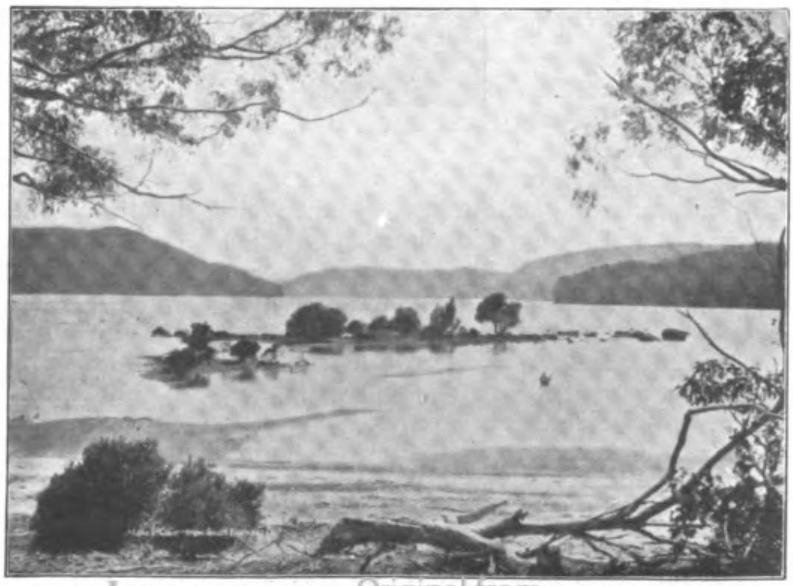
By J. EVERETT BAYNES.

MANY as are the industrial, commercial, and general-living-and-prospering advantages that the beautiful island of Tasmania has to offer to settlers, it possesses such special attractions to those in search of health and relaxation that it is by common consent called the Sanatorium of the Australian Commonwealth, or, as some prefer to style it, the Garden of Australia. For a long time it has been a favourite touring and health resort of the people of the Australian mainland, from which it is only an eleven-hours' run distant, the passage across Bass Strait being made in fast, well-appointed steamers from Melbourne, Sydney, or the Bluff, at a very moderate cost. But of late years the British tourist and many British invalids as well have found in the old land of Van Diemen the "health and quiet breathing" so necessary to their requirements. Many East Indians, too, love to escape from their own country when the scorching heats are there, and take refuge in the cool, refreshing atmosphere of the Tasmanian uplands.

One great advantage about Tasmania is that all the beauties and benefits it has to bestow upon visitors are easy of reach. There is nothing remote. Distances are easy, and quickly bridged by excellent and cheap transportation facilities. No long gaps of uninteresting landscape present themselves in whatever direction one turns. There is lovely scenery everywhere.

But perhaps the most remarkable thing about Tasmania is its climate — or, rather, its diversity of climate. In this matter there is an *embarras de choix* that is not a little surprising in a country of only 26,385 square miles in extent, but it is explained by the rich variety of its configuration. With a bold, rocky coast, relieved here and there by fine harbours, it presents a picturesque outline to the ocean that washes its cliffs and spreads its breezy ozone across the inland hills and vales; and in the interior parts are mountains, lakes, ravines, rivers, gorges, waterfalls, and Alpine plateaux, with intervening stretches of dense forest or undulating grassy plains, constituting different climatic conditions in different territories.

It is a matter of scientific testimony that Tasmania possesses "no fewer than six well-marked divisions of climatic diversity." That is what Dr. J. S. C. Elkington, Chief Health Officer for Tasmania, avouches, and his word on such a point is beyond dispute. It amounts to this: the island offers suitability of climate for any class of health-seeker, while the tourist who desires sport and recreation can be accommodated over a wide range of charming country. In the north and north-west the summer is bright and restful, the winter dry and bracing. The north winds of the mainland are tempered and cooled by the time they reach Tasmania, taking leave of their worst elements in the passage across. The east coast has a very even climate, moderately warm, yet altogether refreshing in summer and balmy and mild in winter. An almost Riverine climate prevails in the midlands. Then there is the Alpine climate of the great mountain plateau of the interior; and on the south, near the sea-level, there is an average annual temperature of about 55°. On the west coast



LAKE ST. CLAIR (3,239FT. ABOVE SEA-LEVEL), TASMANIA.

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alone the moisture-laden clouds of the Atlantic are accountable for a considerable annual rainfall; but the compensations are many, the superb mountain scenery, the deep gorges, the lovely groves of forest trees and ferns, and the tremendous waterfalls which this region reveals being at all times wonderful to behold. With accommodating conditions like these Tasmania is not miscalled when it is styled the Sanatorium of Australia. It is well, however, that Europeans should remember that at the Antipodes the seasons fall at opposite periods to their own. Thus January is the hottest month in Tasmania, while July is midwinter; so that the British tourist who has been enjoying the summer in his own country can easily continue his summer enjoyment by summering in Tasmania during the months of the English winter, as so many do nowadays.



COLUMBA FALLS (300FT. HIGH), EAST COAST, TASMANIA.

Hobart, where he will land, need not detain him long if he be on health or pleasure bent, although it is highly interesting, and offers many attractive short excursions to waterside and riverside resorts, that up the Derwent Valley being perhaps the most favoured, where there are numerous points of attraction, such as the Junee Caves, at the terminus of the Derwent Valley Railway, which contain waterfalls, gorges, and beautiful stalactites and stalagmites; Mount Wellington (4,166ft.), from the pinnacle of which the whole valley of the Derwent as far as New Norfolk is visible; and the famous D'Entrecasteaux Channel and Huon River, with their magnificent panorama of forest, fern gullies, and orchards, walled in by mountain ranges, dented with deep bays and coves.

In Tasmanian lakeland the most beautiful spot is Lake St. Clair, 114 miles from Hobart, and reached by rail and coach. This lake, which is ten miles long by two miles broad, is 3,239ft. above the level of the sea, and, with its mountainous surroundings, forms a fascinating scene. Indeed, the lakes of the island are all of them of great picturesqueness; including Lake Hartz, with Mount Hartz in the background; the Great Lake, which is reached by several routes and is 14 miles in length; Lake Sorrell, Lake Echo, and Lake Crescent. Each of these land-locked waters has its own special features of beauty and interest, and all of them afford good sport for the angler. In fact, there is fine fishing in most of the waters of Tasmania. Sport of many kinds can be indulged in all over the island with assured success, the owner of a gun having plenty of objects to fire at wherever he may adventure. Boating, yachting, cycling, and even motoring may be resorted to also with confidence, for the waters are many and wide, and for the most part smooth, and, except in the wilder sections of the country, there are excellent roads.

It is for these realizations that thousands of visitors voyage to Tasmania every year from the mainland of Australia and from other parts of the world; and under the advantages of an efficient and solicitous Government everyone can count upon the fullest facilities and protection in their quest of health and enjoyment.

Beyond the things here pointed out, none can see Tasmania without becoming deeply interested in its agricultural and industrial resources, nor can fail to be impressed by the general aspect of content and prosperity which seems to prevail over the length and breadth of the island. The changes that have taken place since the old days of Port Arthur (now Carnarvon), with its terrible convict settlement (now ruins)—so graphically described in Marcus Clarke's "For the Term of His Natural Life"—are wonderful. The old period saw the desecration of a land of beauty; the new period sees the exaltation of the country to its rightful heritage.

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"'THE MAGAZINE — MY MAGAZINE!' HE CRIED. 'THE LIGHTNING HAS STRUCK IT!'"

(*See page* 533.)

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THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

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Mr Crusoe

by Frank Savile

OLD Sir Patrick flourished his telescope in welcome, and, in spite of his rheumatism, came striding across the dew-washed lawn to Aileen's side.

"Niece," he said, with enthusiasm, "you match the morning!"

Her blue eyes twinkled. She dropped him a curtsy.

"Uncle," she answered, "you're a flatterer and, I fear, a flirt. Must I scream to auntie for protection?"

"Faith!" grinned the old gentleman from below his white moustache. "You might scream, then. It's not one bawl or two would stir her outside her bed three hours before breakfast. And what has brought *you* out among the dewdrops, my darling?"

Aileen stretched out her arms towards the grey-blue shimmer of the morning mist—to the delicately-veiled outline of sea and shore and island—to the mile upon mile of purple moor which swelled away to the distant hills—to the entrancing spectacle, in fact, of a West Coast Irish summer dawn.

"This!" she cried, ecstatically.

Sir Patrick nodded.

"I'd not dare to compare it, of course, with Hyde Park or Kensington Gardens," he allowed, "but it has its points. I'm honoured you find time to notice them—you that's next door to being a duchess."

Her face shadowed over. She laid her hand upon his arm in a quick, impulsive gesture of protest.

"I'm not," she said. "At least—not yet."

Her uncle looked at her keenly from under his bushy brows.

"That's—that's why I came," she continued, hurriedly. "I—I wanted to think it over—thoroughly."

"Is he pressing you against your will?" asked the old gentleman, grimly. "I'd have him know there's *one* man left in the family, for all your mother's a widow."

"No," she said. "It—it isn't that. He's a good man—and a gentleman—and—and I *like* him. But—but it's marriage, you see. There's no going back on that."

"There is *not!*" said her uncle. "And though you'll likely call me an old fool, I'll tell you that a marriage *without* love——"

She squeezed his arm again.

"No!" she interrupted. "You mustn't tell me anything! I promised mother that I wouldn't be influenced, one way or another. I am going to think it out for myself—finally. Do you see?"

Sir Patrick grunted.

"I do *not!*" he retorted. "I married for love myself, and after forty years of it I'll say this——"

But Aileen's hand was laid across his lips.

"Promise you'll not utter another word on the subject or I'll go back by the first train!" she threatened. "Promise!"

Sir Patrick kissed the rosy fingers.

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"'WHAT IS IT?' SHE GASPED. 'A—A VOLCANO?'"

"I promise—for this morning," he agreed. "But——"

"There are no buts," she cried. "There is nothing but the most beautiful morning in all the year and the most beautiful country in all the world to enjoy it in. Lend me the telescope; I want to examine every corner minutely."

He gave a little shrug as he handed it to her. As she focused it upon the great headland which guards the bay he sighed—a sigh which seemed to combine a sort of irritation in its tenderness.

She made a sudden exclamation. The telescope was pointed towards an island, clustered about with rocks, and a mile or more from shore.

"You've roofed in the old house on Errig!" she cried. "I can see peat-smoke rising from the chimney."

"Peat-smoke?" echoed Sir Patrick. "The saints be thanked it's no worse! Sometimes it's yellow, and sometimes it's red; and when the wind brings the reek of it ashore the milk goes sour, and the birds drop off the trees, and the young lambs fetch a choke and die."

She looked at him with bewildered amazement.

"What is it?" she gasped. "A—a volcano?"

He grinned.

"No," he said. "It's just Mr. Crusoe."

She still stared at him with uncomprehending eyes.

"Crusoe?" she repeated. "Crusoe?"

"What else *could* you call him?" asked her uncle. "It's an island, and he lives upon it alone; and what's more is that he couldn't bribe a lad in this district to keep him company with a thousand pounds a week!"

Aileen took him by the lapels of his coat. She shook him gently to and fro.

"Explain yourself!" she cried. "To whom have you let Errig? What is he doing there? Why do you let him do it?"

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"Why?" said Sir Patrick. "For pure patriotism—no less. The concoctions that he's brewing there—the reckless omadhaun that he is—are going to blow every enemy of Great Britain and Ireland from the face of the earth! Unless, of course, he destroys himself first, or the Atlantic Ocean sees fit to remove him and Errig together—it's been threatening as much since I was the height of my own boots! So now you have the plain tale of it."

"If that's your idea of a plain tale," she said, despairingly, "try me with something complicated. I don't understand a word you're saying!"

He smiled, and began to speak with elaborate distinctness.

"I'm—telling—you," he said, "that I've let Errig to the War Office in order that their chemical expert, Captain Reginald Warriner by name, and a good lad, may perfect experiments in picric powders with a fair chance of blowing nobody but himself to pieces! Is that within the powers of your intelligence, asthore, or isn't it?"

A sudden rush of colour flooded her cheek.

"Captain Warriner?" she said, a little breathlessly. "Captain Reginald Warriner?"

"That's him," said Sir Patrick, ungrammatically. "A broth of a boy when he isn't poisoning fifty square miles of innocent country with his concatenations. You have his acquaintance?"

"I—I know the name," she said, slowly. "And—and he's living in danger—over there?"

"He's quite apt to be blowing himself up any time now," said her uncle. "And if he doesn't destroy Errig, Errig's likely to be demolishing *him!* It's falling away in lumps with every other high tide. 'Let him do his worst with his devastations!' says I to the War Office. 'He'll not hurry it into the sea a day sooner than the Atlantic means taking it!' And twenty years ago there was feeding for a dozen cows on it, and fifty years before that the best farm on the estate!"

"Yes," she said. "Even I can remember when it was twice the size. And he is working there—from choice?"

"From necessity," said her uncle. "No other landlord would look twice at him for any rent you like to mention. Small blame to them, either, when tenant and tenancy may close together in the same cloud of blue smoke!"

Aileen's eyes grew bright.

"It's very brave of him—and very interesting," she said. "Can—can we go over and visit him?"

Sir Patrick threw up his arms.

"Visit him, is it? I'd as soon visit a loose rhinoceros! I'll send him a note asking him to dinner by the boot-boy, and then Mary Callagan, his mother—the boot-boy's mother, I mean, you wild colleen!—will be mutilating me with her innuendoes for sending the child to face certain death for five shillings a week!"

She nodded gratefully.

"Thanks," she said, simply. "I'd like to meet him again. I'm sure he's somebody—somebody I met—once." She paused. "And perhaps he has his off-days too. Perhaps he isn't always cooking dynamite. Then he can ask us to pay a return visit?"

But Sir Patrick, with a violent gesture of protest, fled out of the danger-zone of further persuasions.

A few hours later Aileen had taken her easel and sketching materials down to the cove below the house. The heat was great—the only refreshing airs were those which drifted across the surface of the bay and fanned the tiny ripples against the beach. And there was a great stillness over everything. It was a perfect morning—for meditation.

But placid meditation, she told herself petulantly, was a matter now beyond her powers. Why had Fate dealt her this unheralded blow?

A few hours ago she had been looking forward to—what? A month of freedom in which to frame the decision which would affect the whole of her future life. Fate then wore the very correct clothes of the Duke of Caterham, a man she genuinely liked, respected, but—did not love. And now? Fate, using the weapons of coincidence, had sent the one man whose presence had the power to thrill her with feelings stronger than respect, deeper than mere liking, to live within a mile of the cliff in the shadow of which she sat, looking across the calm to the rock-ringed islet where he toiled alone.

She shrugged her shoulders. So be it. She would meet Fate with fatalism. She would see Reginald Warriner again, and then—Fate would show her hand. With an unconscious gesture of resignation she turned towards her easel.

The sound of footsteps reached her. She looked round. Thady Callagan, the boot-boy, was descending the cliff path, the picture of dejection. He rubbed his eyes with the back of his grimy little fist. The smear of recently-shed tears was upon his cheeks.

"Thady!" she said, sternly. "Is it possible

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that you have been caught robbing the strawberry-beds again?"

He gave a howl.

"Strawberries, is it?" he wailed. "I declare to you, miss, that I'd give a hundred bushel-baskets of the fruit, and ivry wan of them brimmed neck-high with crame and sugar to the tip-top, to be freed from the calamities they've set upon me this morning, so I wud!"

Suddenly she remembered. Thady was to be the messenger to Errig.

As she looked at him a whimsical, uncontemplated inspiration seized her.

"I'm afraid you're a little coward, Thady," she said. "Is it the visit to the island that's frightening you?"

"Who wudden't be frightened, tell me *that* then!" cried the urchin, miserably. "I'll be suffocated with poisons and blown into dilapidations with gunpowders, and me mother'll have the hide from me for flyin' in the face of her instructions not to come near so much as where the cliffs touch out to Errig within a mile!"

She laughed. Then she got up slowly and came towards him.

"Give me the note," she said.

He plucked it eagerly from his pocket. She stood silent for a moment, turning it between her fingers. The boy's eyes were raised anxiously but hopefully to her face.

"Thady," she said, "I'll make a bargain with you. If you'll promise to leave the strawberry-bed alone for evermore I'll take the note."

He broke out into protestations. He called the saints to witness that if he looked so much as the way of any corner of the fruit garden they might choke him with the first mouthful he ate. She cut him short.

"While I'm gone, you are to keep out of the way of everybody. Do you understand that?" she demanded.

"I'll creep into any choice hole your honour'll be at the throuble of giving a name to!" he assured her. "I'll not show a thumb above the surface of the airth! I'll be a mouse—I'll be a rat—I'll be a rabbit!"

She nodded.

"Very well!" she answered. "Get out the boat for me and then wait here till I come back."

Five minutes later she was rowing out into the bay, leaving an anxious, perturbed, but relieved-looking small boy standing upon the beach and watching her.

The island landing-place was familiar to her—she had used it innumerable times in days gone by. She threaded her way through the maze of reefs and half-submerged rocks which ringed it, flung the painter carelessly around a stake, and sauntered towards the house.

A shed had been added to the main building. From this came the sound of dull thuds.

She knocked, but the sound within drowned any sounds from without. She knocked again and then opened the door.

A man stood with his back towards her, beating a pestle within a mortar.

She hesitated. Then she spoke.

"I beg your pardon," she began.

He dropped the pestle and whirled round. At the sight of her a light of amazement leaped into his eyes.

"Aileen!" he cried. "Aileen!"

A flush rose to her cheek. Another one darkened his. He made a gesture of apology—he came forward, holding out his hand.

"You must forgive me," he murmured. "I—I was startled. But—but how do *you* come here—*how?*"

She smiled.

"A pair of arms, two oars, a boat," she said. "Is a mile's row such a wonderful feat?"

"But—but how were you *allowed* to come?" he stammered. "Don't you know what kind of risks you run—here?"

She leaned against the table behind her and looked at him fixedly.

"I've come to find out why *you* run them," she said.

There was a moment's silence. Even the sea-birds seemed to have ceased their shrilling. And then the brooding stillness of the morning was explained by a distant rumble of thunder from the outer sea.

He lifted his eyes and met her gaze.

"Because it's my duty," he said, quietly.

"And no one else's?"

He smiled.

"A hundred others would have been glad of the chance. I—I was lucky to obtain it."

"Why?"

"Because it's an honour to be selected—because it means, eventually, promotion."

She nodded.

"I see," she answered. "Does it also explain why you left London in such haste that you had no time to bid good-bye to—to old friends?"

Again there was silence. A line or two deepened round his eyes. He did not meet her gaze; he looked past her, wistfully searching, through the open window, the limitless expanse of sea.

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"'AILEEN!' HE CRIED. 'AILEEN!'"

Then he flung out his hands with a suddenly hopeless gesture.

"Yes," he cried, "I ran away! I saw—the inevitable end of it all. What was I against Caterham—a plain soldier against a duke? Why should I wait and eat out my heart—vainly?"

Again there was silence, and again the menace of the thunder rumbled—nearer this time, and more distinct. He started, and turned his eyes again to the window.

"There's a storm coming up," he said, quickly. "I—I mustn't let you stay."

She smiled.

"So I am to run away—too?" she said, meaningly.

"I would gladly give you shelter till—till it's over," he said. "But these sudden changes of temperature are the special danger—here. I have to be careful."

She looked out at the channel between the island and the mainland.

"What about myself?" she asked. "Is it safe for me to cross that with a storm coming up? Is it safe for me—alone?"

His eyes grew anxious.

"I'm sorry," he said. "But—but even that is safer than staying here."

For the third time the moan of the thunder echoed down the coast. A streak of lightning was vivid across the increasing blackness of the sky.

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"Isn't there an alternative?" she asked, slowly.

He looked bewildered.

"*You* might come with me—for *my* sake as well as for your own," she explained.

He shook his head.

"It is just at these times that I have to be here," he said. He pointed to the ventilating fans which had been fixed between the window and the door. "I have to regulate those—I *must* stay," he added, desperately.

She lifted her shoulders with a little shrug of resignation.

"Of course, I can't come between you and —duty," she said. "Here is a note from my uncle. Perhaps we shall meet again."

He took it, read it rapidly, and then looked at her hesitatingly.

"It's very kind of him—very," he said. "But—but——"

"Yes?" she prompted. "Yes?"

He flung the note away.

"I have been all these weeks stanching a wound, and now you would tear it open again!" he cried. "Don't ask me! Don't ask me!"

She looked at him quietly, meditatively. The faint suggestion of a smile hung round her lips, but her eyes were grave. Then she gave him a little bow of farewell.

"Very well," she said, and felt in her heart that it was Fate whom she was addressing rather than him. She turned and passed out into the open. He did not speak; he returned her bow silently, and gently closed the door.

A minute later she stood at the landing-place and saw that Fate meant to prolong the comedy yet awhile — or was tragedy, perhaps, the appointed curtain to the scene? For her boat was gone.

She recollected how carelessly she had moored it. A shore current had snatched at it, borne it away, and flung it upon one of the outer reefs. It lay there waterlogged and evidently leaking.

She turned and ran back to the house.

Half-a-dozen words made the situation clear. Warriner flung down his pestle.

"There is my boat—thank God!" he said, and led the way back to the tiny quay. He drew a roughly-made craft, half boat, half coracle, out of the boat-house, brought it round to the steps, and motioned her into it. By now the enshrouding blackness of the storm was overhead—the thunder was continuous—the lightning eye-searing.

She hesitated, her foot upon the gunwale. A sudden pulse of fear gripped her.

"Let me stay! Oh, let me stay!" she cried.

"No," he answered, sternly, "I daren't—I daren't! There is more danger here—infinitely more."

He half pushed, half handed her into the boat and shoved it out into the current. She laid her hands tremblingly upon the oars.

She took an awkward, hesitating stroke.

The boat whirled round. The oar hit a submerged rock, broke a rowlock, and was torn from her grasp. She gave a cry of despair.

Warriner echoed it. She used the remaining oar desperately, thrusting it against the other reefs which threatened her, but could not stem the force of the tide which raced up the channel. A gust roared out of the north before the advancing storm and added speed to her going. And then the second oar found a submerged crevice—and remained in it. She was swept away, helpless.

There was a splash. With outstretched hands Warriner had leaped from the rock. He came swimming after her with vigorous strokes.

Again the heralding gust of the storm swept down upon her, and again her speed increased. The distance between her and the swimmer broadened, grew narrow, widened again, and then was bridged. Warriner gasped as he flung his hand upon the gunwale and climbed in. For a moment he sat motionless, breathing in the fierce pants of a strong man whose strength has been overtaxed.

An instant later he rose, snatched up the stretcher, and began to paddle desperately back towards the landing-place.

But now the gusts had become an almost continuous gale. The waves were rising, buffeting the advancing prow and taking back nearly all the headway his exertions gained. And with the rising of the tide the strength of the current increased. They advanced no more; they remained stationary through a hopeless minute or two and then began to lose ground.

Warriner redoubled his efforts. As he did so Aileen gave a sudden cry of warning.

He looked round. A sharp, pinnacled tooth of rock stood up from the water immediately behind them. They were being carried against it stern first.

He churned the water to foam as he tried to beat out a way past the danger, but the squall rose in irresistible force. The crest of a breaking wave swamped in upon them. There was a shock, and then the timbers of

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the coracle split open beneath their very feet.

He flung an arm about his companion. Together they sank below the green wall of water as it passed.

He rose, panting, his arm still about Aileen's waist. He dashed the water from his eyes—searched the surroundings wildly.

There was another shock. The following wave had lifted and flung them against the teeth of the reef. A terrible pain throbbed in Warriner's shoulder. He lay beside his companion, fixed, as it were, to the stone which had wounded him, dazed, barely conscious, and for the moment half paralyzed. Wave after wave foamed over his head.

A hand dragged insistently at his wounded arm. The pain of it goaded him to action. He rose stumblingly to his feet, tottered, and out of the night of a semi-unconsciousness felt vaguely for support. As his powers of sight wavered back to him they made the situation plain.

He was poised upon the frail platform of the reef. His companion was clinging to the rock—and to him.

A shudder shook him. At their feet, roaring through the narrow channel which separated them from the sheer cliffs of the island, the tide raced along, rising as he watched. The mainland was hidden under the black curtain of the storm. Out in the current the splinters of the boat were being whirled away.

Aileen's eyes met his. She smiled.

"Fate refuses to rid you of me," she said, quietly. "Here we must stay till we are rescued—or till the tide goes down."

He groaned aloud.

"But it is rising!" he cried. "It has just begun to rise!"

A sudden whiteness blanched her cheeks.

"It will reach us—cover us?" she asked.

Her breath came in a gasp, which told him that realization had only reached her then.

"God help us—yes!" he said. "And my shoulder is dislocated. And so—and so that last hope is taken from us. With only one sound arm how can I swim with you in that—in that!" He gave a desperate gesture towards the wild eddies which brimmed the twenty yards between them and the cliff.

He felt a throb pass through her, and then, for a moment, she was motionless and silent. When she turned towards him again he read in her eyes something which was not fear.

"I asked Fate a question this morning," she said. "This is the answer to it. The future was offering me most things which women prize—my share of a great name, position, wealth. But not love. I waited for Fate to show me how to choose, and, a few minutes back, I thought that you had given me the answer. But what you rejected Fate has forced upon you. For the little hour that is left to us I am to be yours—yours alone."

He cried out in his despair.

"My darling, my darling!" he groaned. "If I could have given my life for yours—if Fate would be satisfied with my sacrifice alone!"

She shook her head.

"No!" she said. "I can see plainly now. Because the future has been taken from me I know where its happiness lay. Life without you—death with you? Yes; I should always choose the last now that I know you care—that you really care."

His lips dropped to her brow, her eyes, her hair. He kissed her passionately. He pressed her to him in the encirclement of his unwounded arm. They snatched their short breath of happiness from beneath the very feet of Death itself.

The wild uproar of the tempest was about them. The flare of the lightning dazzled them; they saw, they heard each other, and no more; but Fate had not answered their question yet, for Fate moves down paths of no man's foreseeing.

A flash—steel-blue, tearing, as it were, the whole scroll of the heavens apart into flame—stood out between the island and the sky. Instantly, dazzlingly, the stricken rocks blazed back the red answer. The challenging crash of the thunder was drowned, obliterated, made as nothing in the stupendous clangours of the reply. It was as if the world itself was a-tremble—the whole illimitable forces of Nature herself unleashed.

Dazed, deafened, they clung together through an instant in which the very rocks around them seemed to reel. And then Warriner shouted—at first in despair, a moment later with sudden, incredulous hope.

"The magazine—my magazine!" he cried. "The lightning has struck it. And now—look! look!"

Aileen raised her eyes towards the island cliffs. Was it an illusion? Did the edge of the crag quiver and slip as she watched?

She gave a gasp of excitement. A huge mass of earth and stone slid suddenly from the face of the rock, sending a great wave boiling against their foothold and engulfing them to the waist.

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"SENDING A GREAT WAVE BOILING AGAINST THEIR FOOTHOLD AND ENGULFING THEM TO THE WAIST."

Another mass followed—another—a third. Finally, with a slow, grinding noise which seemed to smother the very uproars of the gale, the upper portion of the cliff surged slowly outwards, sank, and drove the menacing waters right and left, while the whole bed of the channel was filled with its ruin. Where a moment before the tide-race had whirled past in a maelstrom of foam was land—mere wreckage of rock and earth and boulder, but land, joining their half-submerged resting-place to its parent crags, flinging a bridge to safety at their very feet!

An hour later a sail gleamed white in the sunshine which was flooding the storm-washed rocks, and a boat shot across the channel and spun between the reefs. As it swept up to the landing-place two figures rose awaiting it.

In the stern Sir Patrick flung up his arms with a gesture of supreme relief.

"Thank God! Ah, thank God!" he cried. "My darling, in the last half-hour I've lived a thousand years!"

Aileen gave him a dazzling smile.

"So have I, uncle!" she answered, joyously. "A thousand years of pain—and hope—and happiness. The island's full of all three, but it took a lightning flash to show me the last!"

Sir Patrick looked from her to her companion with bewildered eyes. "Happiness?" he wondered. "Happiness?"

"It was quite a mistake to think there was nothing but gunpowder and dynamite here," she went on, whimsically. "Mr. Crusoe was making tons of happiness—enough to last him all his life—and Mrs. Crusoe, too. And she"—she paused as she put her hand upon her lover's arm—"and she—is going to be *Me!*"

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"MY REMINISCENCES"

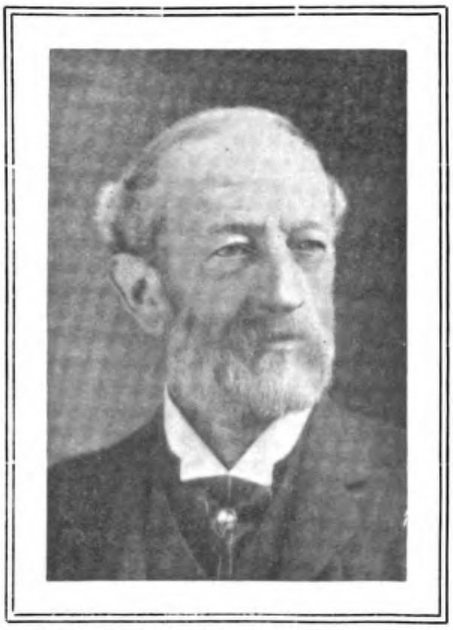
XII

Sir Robert Anderson K.C.B.

Although for many years regarded as a terror to evil-doers and as the chief criminal expert in this country, Sir Robert Anderson, late of Scotland Yard, is by nature a scholar, singularly modest and affable. His theological writings have won him a high place amongst the thinkers of the day. In his books, especially "Crime and Criminals" and "Sidelights on the Home Rule Movement," he narrates more fully his experiences.

WHENEVER my friends press me to write my Reminiscences, I remind them of my resolve first to embark upon salmon-fishing, and then to set about the compilation of a book of Reminiscences, when my mental faculties begin to fail.

I am not vain enough to believe that the particulars of my birth and upbringing are of any interest. I will only say that in the same year which gave the Empire its present ruler I was born in Ireland, of Scottish stock that for several generations had settled in the sister kingdom. And I always imagined I was Irish until the Home Rule movement exhibited to me my error; for, having no "nationalist" aspirations and no tendency to sedition, I could not be "Irish" in the now accepted sense of the word.



SIR ROBERT ANDERSON.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

I may add in passing that when I entered Trinity College, Dublin, as a Presbyterian, every member of the governing body and all the fellows and professors belonged to the Established Church, and at that time a spirit of narrowness and bigotry, little known on this side of the Channel, was all too rife outside the walls of Trinity College. It was unknown within them, as my relations both with the "dons" and with my fellow-students abundantly proved. But with neither was the question of my being a Presbyterian of more account than whether I drank tea or coffee for breakfast.

But Maynooth has changed all that. The pupils there were so separated from life around them that even in the playfields they were generally required to talk in Latin. "Do you mean," I remember asking one of them, "that you have Latin for losing your leg-stump at cricket?" "Yes," he replied, with a laugh; "but I don't think Cicero would understand it."

My special knowledge of the Fenian movement began with the State Trials of 1865. Not that I was professionally engaged in those prosecutions, for my standing at the Bar was too junior for this. But my father, the Crown Solicitor, was permitted by the law officers to depute the duties of his office to my brother, the late Sir Samuel Lee Anderson, and never was there between brothers a closer friendship than ours. And so it came about that not only were the Crown briefs at my disposal, but also the confidential reports and secret information which had led the Government to bring the leaders of the conspiracy to account.

In those stirring days the Permanent Under Secretary at the Castle was Sir Thomas Larcom. When, after the change of Government in 1866, Lord Mayo (then Lord Naas) was casting about for someone to whom he might entrust a task of an exceptionally confidential kind, the Under Secretary recommended

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me for the work. Though dangerous conspiracies had been rife in Ireland for years, there existed no Secret Service organization or Intelligence Department of any kind at Dublin Castle. America being then the hotbed of Fenianism, our Minister at Washington and some of our Consuls in the United States procured much valuable information about the progress of the movement, and all their despatches were communicated to the Irish Government. But so secret were they regarded that they were put away without being even "registered" in the Chief Secretary's office. Specially confidential reports from the Irish magistracy and police were treated in the same manner. So it came about that when the new Chief Secretary sought information respecting the history of the conspiracy, the task which confronted him was to master the contents of a cupboard in which all these documents lay heaped up in an undigested mass. And the task which Lord Mayo entrusted to me was that of compiling a *précis* of these secret papers and of the other official archives relating to Fenianism.

Then came the "Fenian rising" of March, 1867. I was paying an after-circuit visit in the country when a summons from the Attorney-General recalled me to Dublin. Some hundreds of the "insurgents" had been marched into the city in custody and, after a very summary magisterial hearing, committed for trial for high treason; and I was charged with the duty of sifting all these cases with a view to selecting those which were worth bringing to trial.



AN EARLY PORTRAIT OF SIR ROBERT ANDERSON.
From a Photo. by W. G. Moore.

Here again my work was appreciated by Lord Mayo, and I found myself still further drawn into Government employment. That a man of my age should be accorded a position of such responsibility and trust as that which I held in Dublin Castle at this time is explicable in only one way. I was my brother's brother, and therefore credited with the qualities which made him the trusted adviser of the Irish Government in all administrative matters. An exceptional capacity for affairs and imperturbable amiability of temper are rarely combined as they were in his case, and, though not many years my senior, he was regarded as a Nestor in the councils of "The Castle."

In 1865 an American Fenian named Rickard Burke settled in Birmingham as "arms agent" to the conspiracy. He was a man of such mark in the organization that if the career of the notorious Kelley (the chief organizer) had been cut short by a conviction Burke would have succeeded him as "C.O." This man fell into the hands of the police, and was committed to the House of Detention at Clerkenwell.

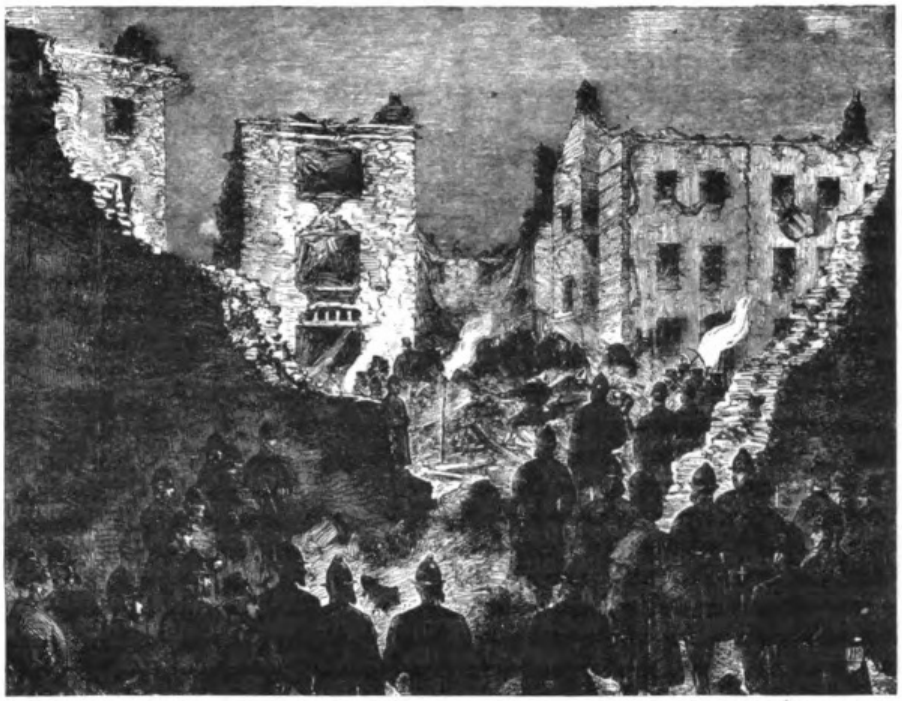
We received information of the fullest and most explicit kind that a plot was formed for his rescue, and we sent a warning to London in the following terms: "The rescue of Rickard Burke from prison in London is contemplated. The plan is to blow up the exercise walls by means of gunpowder; the hour between 3 and 4 p.m.; and the signal for 'all right,' a white ball thrown up outside when he is at exercise."

It all occurred exactly as thus described. Change the tenses and it would read as a record of what actually took place. Moreover, an amazing part of the story is that there was a "full-dress rehearsal" of the plot the day before the actual explosion. On the afternoon of December 12th (1867) a barrel of gunpowder was brought to the place on a barrow. The preconcerted signal was given—a white ball was thrown over the wall of the prison yard. Burke "fell out" on the pretence of having a stone in his shoe, and retired to a corner of the yard, which, as was proved next day, was a perfectly safe retreat. For some unaccountable reason, however, the fuse when lighted failed to explode the powder. Consequently the execution of the plot was postponed till the morrow.

The warning having been unheeded, the conspirators repeated their performance. Once again the cask of powder was rolled to the place agreed upon; the white ball signal was given as before. This time there was no failure—the explosion followed. The prison authorities, however, had taken the precaution of exercising the prisoners in a different yard; and thereby the whole purpose of the plot was thwarted.

A new generation has arisen since then,

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EFFECTS OF THE EXPLOSION AT THE HOUSE OF DETENTION, CLERKENWELL, SEEN FROM WITHIN THE PRISON YARD.

who can hardly realize to what an extent the Metropolis was thrown into a state of panic. "Fenian scares" were springing up all over the kingdom, when, on a telegram from Lord Mayo, I crossed the Channel and arrived in London that very week. We met, and I placed myself at the disposal of the Government. I did not know whether to be more amused than amazed at the state of things I found in the British capital. The teetotallers, it has been remarked, throw off all restraint when they give way to a debauch; and the same remark seems to apply to Englishmen when they yield to panic. Even the private secretaries at Whitehall carried revolvers. A Fenian was seen in every lamp-post. Staid and sensible men gave up their evening engagements, and their sleep at night, to take their turn at "sentry-go" as special constables. The lives of many of them were seriously imperilled, but more, I fear, by London fogs than by Fenian plots.

It thus came about that almost on the eve of Christmas, 1867, I found myself installed in the Irish Office in London. This was one result of the famous Clerkenwell explosion.

In the following April I moved to the Home Office as adviser to the Secretary of State in matters relating to Fenian and Irish business. It is certain that the scare produced by that crime operated as an encouragement to the conspirators, and further tended to cause a revival of the Fenian activity in London. Next year came the attempt to assassinate the Duke of Edinburgh in Australia. But there is one error which here merits passing correction. In his "Life of Lord Beaconsfield," Mr. Lewis Apjohn narrates that "on March 12th, 1868, the Duke of Edinburgh was shot in the back by an avowed Fenian in Australia, and was hanged for the offence." Having enjoyed the honour of his Royal Highness's acquaintance, I can assert that this is wholly inaccurate. The Duke of Edinburgh was *not* hanged for the offence!

One hears much from time to time about cases of mistaken identity. I was once nearly in serious trouble from this cause. Being detained in London by official business far into the summer, I took lodgings at Norwood. Arriving late one night at the Crystal Palace Station, I made for my lodgings at a smart pace. I heard steps behind, turned, and soon discovered that I was being pursued by a constable. Two ladies who had travelled in the same train accused me of having grossly insulted them. I returned with my constable to the station, and to my horror my accusers identified me as the delinquent, but absolutely refused to prosecute the charge. Indeed, they were in such an hysterical condition that they could scarcely be induced to look at me at all. As I had travelled in a compartment by myself, there was only my own word against theirs, and if they had pressed the charge I do not see how I could have escaped. In any case, my position was a painful one. Luckily, in the sequel, accident enabled me to put the police upon the track of the real offender, or the stigma of the accusation might have rested upon me to the present day.

While I am on the subject of my early criminal experiences I will narrate how I was once actually locked up. When the Dublin Special Commission to inquire into

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the Fenian outbreak was appointed, certain technical evidence was wanting which the law of conspiracy requires; the Government sought my aid in the matter, and I immediately set about obtaining the necessary evidence. Armed with a permit to see all the prisoners without restriction, I repaired one morning to Kilmainham Jail. No one, save the Governor, was in the secret. After visiting a number of men, and taking notes of their complaints or appeals, I left the prison as openly as I had entered it; but I had not yet finished. Returning by the Governor's house, during the officers' dinner-hour, I was smuggled unobserved into a cell. In vain the Governor remonstrated when I begged him not to rejoin me until after locking-up time, as I was resolved that no one, not even the police, should get an inkling of my mission. I refused to listen to the friendly official's warning that I was entering upon an unpleasant ordeal; but I laughed at the idea, and, certainly, as long as I was occupied with the task that had brought me to the cell—and its nature may be guessed—I was quite indifferent to the surroundings. Had my work occupied me up to the time I had fixed for my release, my incarceration would not have troubled me. But for three long hours—and it seemed an age—I had experience of a prisoner's lot.

Only a single feature distinguished that cell from any other barely-furnished closet room. It was that the aperture that passed for a window was, as in every prison cell, placed high up near the ceiling, and a pane of ground glass obscured even the sight of a few square yards of sky. I fancied as I sat there that if only it were night, and I had artificial light, I could forget the miserable window and be at my ease; but in the daylight I could not get away from it. I seemed to be in a pit. There was no want of air, and yet I felt smothered. My nerves would not have long stood the strain of it. I was almost ready to cry out and beat upon my prison door when I was released, and I have since understood what must be the feelings of highly-strung prisoners on first being in close confinement in the wretched cells of our prisons.

Secret Service work seems to have such a strange fascination for many people, but as for me I always felt a decided aversion to it. When in the spring of 1882 an opportunity of escaping from it appeared, I began to look forward to a long holiday. Then came the terrible Phœnix Park murders, and suddenly all my plans were changed. Colonel Brackenbury, appointed to office at Dublin Castle, as Under Secretary for Police and Crime, called on me at Whitehall to claim my help. I refused his appeal, and adhered to my refusal when he returned a second time to press it upon me. But I had to give way at last. He convinced Sir William Harcourt, then Home Secretary, that it was essential to have me to represent his department in London; and to the pressure thus brought to bear upon me I was obliged to yield.

With Colonel Brackenbury my official relations were altogether pleasant, unmarred by a hitch of any kind. But his tenure of office was unfortunately brief, and the years that followed brought me a good deal of worry and not a little anxiety. London Fenianism, indeed, though more formidable than in 1867, was a negligible quantity, for I had the organization practically "in my pocket." But the dynamite plots of that era were cause *for* grave concern.

One bitter winter night in February, 1883, I was just on the point of going to bed, when one of my informants came to report that money to enable certain Irish criminals to escape had reached London. I left my house and drove at once to Grosvenor Square, to place the business in the hands of my friend who then ruled at Scotland Yard. He had already retired, but came down to see me. "You are far more competent to do this business than I," he said. "I'll send orders to the office delegating my powers to you for the occasion. Won't you undertake it?" In a weak moment I consented to do so. Indeed, I was so zealous that I went out with the officers whom I "put on the job." If I had possessed official authority I might have got the money. Unhappily for the success of that night's work, many of the Scotland Yard officers know more law than some of the lawyers. Their desire to help me on this occasion was as great as when I afterwards became their official chief. But I was not their chief, and that made all the difference. So, after all my zeal and my labours, when I got back home at three o'clock in the morning I had taken nothing but the worst cold I ever had in my life—a cold from the effects of which I am still suffering.

The Home Secretary of those days, as I have said, was Sir William Harcourt, and I knew enough of him to keep out of his way the next day. But I had accepted an invitation to a party at Lady Harcourt's. I went late, thinking that the presence of Lady

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Harcourt's guests would bar an opportunity for "talking shop." Vain hope! Sir William tackled me in a characteristic manner the moment I appeared in the drawing-room, without even taking me aside. "Why had I not seized that money?" I pleaded that the law was against me. The "Bah!" with which he turned away from me made me feel that I had fallen grievously in his esteem.

I may mention here another nocturnal experience of a different kind. It was while I was living with Charles Reade, the novelist, long ago in his house at Albert Gate, which he afterwards christened "Naboth's Vineyard." It was this house, by the way, in which Mr. Rolfe received his visitors in "A Terrible Temptation." Late one night, on arriving home, I discovered I had forgotten my latch-key. Unable to rouse the inmates, I decided to enter burglariously. My experiences of criminal courts had given me a theoretical knowledge of the business, and it was with a light heart that I dropped into the area and attacked the kitchen window. Of course, I had no fear of the police. Neither had I any cause to dread a pistol-shot in entering the house. But the kitchen window refused to yield, and such was the effect of spending twenty minutes in that area that the sound of a constable's tread in the garden made me retreat into the coal-cellar I felt then that my case was desperate. There being no steps to the area, escape was impossible, and a new bolt on the window baffled me. There was nothing for it—I was driven to break the glass. It is extraordinary what a noise it makes to smash a pane of glass when one does it deliberately. To my horror, it was so great that the passers-by were attracted by the sound. Luckily for me, they had no bull's-eye lantern to flash into the area, and as I had again taken refuge in the cellar they could see nothing to account for the noise. As soon as they were gone it was the work of a moment for me to shoot the bolt, open the window, and scramble into the house.

But my adventure doesn't end here. The next morning the police were sent for, and the detectives investigated the crime. The broken glass and the finger-marks gave proof of a felonious entry; but nothing was disturbed and nothing was stolen. The case was most mysterious, and it passed into the statistics as an undetected burglary. I need hardly add that when I afterwards told Charles Reade the facts the novelist's delight was unbounded.



SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT AND SIR ROBERT ANDERSON.
"The 'Bah!' with which he turned away from me made me feel that I had fallen grievously in his esteem."

As for the moral of my story, it is this. I know the popular idea exists that serious crimes against property are like many serious crimes of violence—*i.e.*, the result of accidental circumstances or sudden passion. It is not so; such crimes are deliberately planned and executed by expert criminals.

When it comes to such special feats as safe-breaking, for example, the men competent for the task are so few that some police-officers could probably write down the names of them all from memory. When a crime of a certain sort occurs, it is not necessary for the police to hold a "Sherlock Holmes" inquiry. The practical problem is to discover what members of certain definitely

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"THERE WAS NOTHING FOR IT—I WAS DRIVEN TO BREAK THE GLASS."

known gangs of thieves had a hand, either active or passive, in the crime.

Experience proves that the men competent to plan and execute crimes of a special character are limited in number, and they are definitely known. When such crimes occur, therefore, the list of men who are in that line of business is examined. Some of them are found to be in seclusion—"doing time"; some of them are known to be out of London in the course of their business; others are proved to have been at their registered addresses on the night of the crime. So by elimination the list becomes reduced to working dimensions, and it is not difficult to go on eliminating one name after another till the delinquent is found. But to find the criminal is often easier than to obtain evidence on which to charge him.

On taking charge of the Criminal Investigation Department in 1887 I was no novice in matters relating to criminals and crime. Besides my experience at the Bar and on the Prison Commission, Secret Service work had kept me in close touch with Scotland Yard for twenty years, and during all that time I had the confidence not only of the chiefs but of the principal detectives. As a consequence, I embarked on my duties with very exceptional advantages. Notwithstanding all this, to my surprise I found myself credited with a vast amount of ignorance by one of my principal subordinates. When any notable crime occurred and I began to investigate it, *à la* Sherlock Holmes, he used to listen to me in the way many people listen to sermons in church, and at the conclusion he would stolidly announce that the crime was the work of So-and-so, naming one of his stock heroes—"Old Carr," "Wirth," "Sausage," "Shrimps," or "Quiet Joe." And I soon found that my prosaic subordinate was right. Great crimes are the work of great criminals.

There is nothing spontaneous and occasional about the crimes of "professionals." Take the case of a "ladder larceny," for example. While the family are at dinner the house is entered by means of a ladder placed against a bedroom window, all outer doors and ground-floor windows having been fastened from outside by screws or wire or rope. Wires are stretched across the lawn to baffle pursuit in case the thieves are discovered. A case of the kind occurred some years ago at a country house in Cheshire. The next day brought the chief constable of the county to Scotland Yard. Such a crime, he said, was beyond the capacity of provincial practitioners, and he expected us to find the delinquents among the criminals on our list at Scotland Yard. He gave me a vague description of two strangers who had been seen near the house the day before. An hour or two later I handed him three photographs. Two of these were promptly identified as the men who had come under local observation, and arrest and conviction followed. They were well-known "ladder" thieves.

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The sentences of this pair expired about the time of my retirement from office in 1901, and thus my official acquaintance with them came to an end. But in the year after I left office I picked up a newspaper recounting a similar case and I recognized my old friends. Rascals of this type are worth watching, and the police had notice that they were frequenting the Lambeth Free Library, where their special study was provincial directories and books of reference. They were tracked to a bookshop where they bought a map of Bristol, and to other shops where they procured the plant for a "ladder" larceny. Then they booked for Bristol, and there took up observation of the house they had fixed upon. They were seized, however, before the burglary was actually committed, and were sentenced to nine months' imprisonment on a minor issue.

Crime in general, I would here say, is diminishing, but professional crime is on the increase, and it is this kind of crime which is the most serious danger to the community, as well as the severest tax upon the police administration.

The comparatively small band of known criminals who are responsible for almost all the serious crimes against property live well. They can name their favourite wine and they know a good cigar. A trip to Brighton is an ordinary incident in their easy lives, and a winter visit to Monte Carlo is nothing uncommon. They are responsible for the elaborate frauds and great forgeries and jewel larcenies and bank robberies which now and then startle the public.

In fact, the professional is a man who takes good care of himself. He is no out-at-elbows petty thief. He does not work on foggy nights or during prolonged frosts. As a matter of fact, a fog causes no anxiety to the Criminal Investigation Department, and a burglary epidemic, like a fever epidemic, flourishes in mild weather.

I know this upsets a popular notion, but it is true all the same. Professional crime is organized crime, and all organizing involves time. Now, professional men, even burglars, do not care to be abroad at night when the thermometer is approximating a Polar temperature.

As to burglaries, they are usually committed by men who are burglars in the sense in which other men are doctors, lawyers, and architects. The only difference, indeed, is that in the burglar's trade success gives proof of greater proficiency than seems necessary in other lines.

Once Dr. Max Nordau called upon me. I put his "type" theory to the test. I took a couple of photographs and, covering all but the face of each, told him that one was an eminent public man and the other a notorious criminal. I challenged him to say which was the "type," but he evaded the test. One was Raymond, *alias* Wirth—one of the most able criminals of my time; the other was Dr. Temple, Archbishop of Canterbury, and if anything the former's countenance was more replete with strength and benevolence than the latter's. It was Raymond who stole the famous Gainsborough picture, for which Mr. Agnew had recently paid the record price of £10,000. In this matter the dealer acted with great consideration. The picture was offered him more than once on tempting terms, yet he refused to treat with the thieves, until I intimated to him that he might himself take steps for its recovery.

I would here remark in conclusion that my duties at Scotland Yard were not always directed to overtaking crime. The Criminal Investigation Department of the Metropolitan Police is one of the greatest "Prisoners' Aid Societies." No part of my work as head of that department gave me more pleasure than carrying on and developing the system which my predecessors had inaugurated in this sphere. Following their practice, I kept an annually-revised list of employers of labour who were willing to give work to criminals on their release. There was no deception or concealment in the matter. The firms who were willing to help received particulars of a man's antecedents, so that they could stop employing him in circumstances where he might be tempted again to fall. And I had a fund at my disposal which enabled me sometimes to keep a man from want till work was found for him. Very many criminals were thus restored to labour and an honest life. And I entertain no doubt this good work is continued by my successor.

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An Intellectual Acquaintance

by Sidney Low



CELIA VAYNE sat at the piano, with her fingers ranging rather idly over the keyboard, while the old butler hobbled about the room, pulling down the blinds to keep out the afternoon sun that came glimmering through the trees of the square and setting out the table for tea. He did it awkwardly; for he was in reality a little past his work. But he had been in Lady Vayne's service since her husband's death, and, indeed, for several years before, and she did not care to part with him.

"Walton!" said Celia, "my mother and sister will not be back to tea; but I shall be at home if anybody comes."

"Yes, miss; I'll show him up at once."

"Why do you say 'him,' Walton? How do you know I'm not expecting a lady?"

"It's mostly gentlemen people *expect*, miss," said the old man. "The ladies come unexpected."

"Like other blessings, I suppose you mean. But do be careful, Walton," she added, as something was swept off a side table. "You are always upsetting things."

The butler stooped and apologized, and picked up the little image of a praying Eastern god that he had tumbled to the floor. Celia, twisting her pretty head to watch him, got up hastily and took it from his hands. "Walton," she said, "you have knocked over the jade Buddha. Just think! You might have broken His Holiness."

"Well, there ain't much value in it, as far as I can see," answered Walton. "I don't hold with all them outlandish things people put about the rooms nowadays. What's the good of them heathen idols in a Christian house?"

"We wouldn't part with this for anything," said the girl. "My dear father brought it with him when he came home from Burma. It's a talisman, Walton—a talisman against the evil eye, witchcraft, and the works of the Devil generally. The natives think that if anybody tried to exercise any bad influence over you, all you would have to do would be to hold this in your hand and then you would be safe."

"Ah, they have got rum notions out there, miss; but it don't do to believe 'em."

"No, I suppose not," said Celia, pensively. "But I believe my father thought there was something in them. He had seen some curious cases of occultism, mesmerism, and that sort of thing, and I fancy he really had an idea that the Oriental faith in protection by amulets and talismans wasn't quite delusive."

She laughed at the old servant's bewildered face. "But I am puzzling you, Walton. At any rate, we can't have our jade Buddha

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"YOU HAVE KNOCKED OVER THE JADE BUDDHA."

injured. I shall take him off the side-table and put him on the top of this bureau, where your clumsy old arms are not so likely to reach him."

She put the image on the flat cover of a Chippendale escritoire and went back to the piano, while Walton slowly completed his preparations and left the room. Presently he returned, opened the door, said "Mr. Murchison, miss," and departed again.

The visitor was a good-looking young fellow of four-and-twenty, evidently much at home in the Lowndes Square drawing-room. "Don't stop, please," he said, as he moved towards the piano.

Celia gave him her left hand and struck a chord with her right. "I am just finishing," she said. "I didn't know you were coming in to-day, Arthur."

"I met Lady Vayne in Sloane Street this morning," replied the young man. "She said that she and your sister were going to Ranelagh for the afternoon, and I might come and cheer your loneliness about half-past four."

The clock on the mantelpiece struck the half-hour as Celia spoke, with a faint sub-acidity in her tone. It was obvious that her cousin Arthur Murchison was not the guest she had been "expecting."

"The half hour exactly! You are developing a morbid punctuality which at your age is almost unwholesome."

"I am not often afflicted with it," he answered, "but I am not likely to be late when it is a question of seeing *you*. I hope you are going to give me tea—slowly—all by myself."

"I'm afraid I cannot oblige you with a duologue to-day," said his cousin, rather coldly; "but you can have an intellectual feast instead if you like. Professor Mendeloff is coming."

Arthur was annoyed and showed it. "What, that theatrical windbag?" he said. "You seem very fond of his society, Celia."

"I am. He tells me all sorts of interesting things."

"I wish you would tell me how *I* could interest you." He paused; but Celia only played a few rather noisy chords, and he went on impatiently. "You don't take any notice of what I say. I have told *you* often enough——"

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"That I am the loveliest of my sex and you the most devoted of yours! My dear Arthur, that isn't the way to win a woman nowadays. Don't you know?"—she broke into a gay melody and played the accompanying notes:—

"If doughty deeds my lady please,
For you I'll wear the bays.

You must *do* something, Arthur."

"I'll do anything if you will only care for me a little. What doughty deeds will your ladyship set me? You are a suffragette, I believe. Shall I break up a public meeting, or assault a Cabinet Minister, or pull a policeman's nose?"

"Thank you," said Celia, with a laugh. "But that's woman's work, you know. Why waste a strong man's energies over these refined methods of persuasion which delicate, fragile women can employ so well without masculine aid?"

"Well, what is it you expect of a man, then?"

"A man?" Celia got up from the music-stool and looked at Arthur pacing restlessly on the carpet. "I am not quite sure. But, at any rate, he ought to know all sorts of things that we don't know, and have seen all kinds of places that we shall never see. He ought to have read all the great books on philosophy and religion."

"Or pretend to have read them," interrupted Arthur, "and deliver slightly indecent lectures about them at a fashionable hotel."

But Celia went on. "And he ought to be able to talk of something besides gossip and games, and to find the answer to some of those questions that a woman—an intellectual woman—asks in the depths of her soul."

"And to have black curls, and a liver-coloured skin, and a property moustache."

"And rather nice eyes," added Celia, tranquilly.

"I am afraid," said Arthur, bitterly, "I can't claim all these attractions. I am only a very ordinary sort of English gentleman—at least I suppose I am a gentleman—with about the average allowance of brains."

Celia surveyed him critically, and not unkindly. "Brains!" she said. "You don't want any. You've been at Eton. But you are certainly a gentleman, Arthur. Sit down and don't look so gloomy. You are quite a nice boy, and I'm really rather fond of you. But you know you *are* ordinary; and I do like a man to be a little out of the common, to have just a touch of strangeness and romance, something that makes him different from the people I am always seeing. The average young man is so very—average."

"I am average enough," said Arthur, with some dignity, "not to worry you if you don't want me. All the same, Celia, I am older than you——"

"About two years, I believe."

"And know more of the world; and I don't think you ought to be about so much with that nondescript Roumanian or Bulgarian, or whatever he is, going to lectures and museums and things with the charlatan."

"Charlatan! Why, he is one of the most learned men in Europe. Lady St. Jerome told me so. She got him to meet the President of the Royal Society the other day."

"My dear Celia, Lady St. Jerome would ask a bishop to meet a man who had married his deceased wife's sister if she thought that would draw people to her Sunday luncheons. She would invite the hangman to tea after one of his professional operations and tell him to bring the rope along with him, if not the corpse. They say her husband found a burglar in his library one night, and asked him to sit down and have a cigarette, under the impression that it was one of his wife's friends, rather eccentrically dressed, who had dropped in late to supper. I don't know how your friend Mendeloff got hold of her, but I take it she didn't ask him for a certificate of character. Anyhow, the fellow's a humbug."

"I don't believe," said Celia, "you know anything about him."

"How much do you know? My own impression is that he has never been a professor of anything except mesmerism."

"Mesmerism!"

"Yes; the fellow must have been a professional mesmerist or conjurer or something."

"What makes you say that?"

"He was at the Margetsons the other night, and showed off with a whole lot of the regular tricks—pretended to hypnotize people so that they couldn't move one arm, or couldn't see what he didn't want them to see, and all that sort of rot."

"I don't know that it is rot. At any rate, it doesn't prevent him being a learned man, and I'm not sure that it makes him less interesting."

"Oh, I see you're determined to be interested in the beast. Tell a woman a worm is a highly unusual kind of caterpillar, and she'll be interested in him at once."

"You should take something for this, Arthur. The epigram habit is very weakening, and there is a lot of influenza about. But you will have to postpone further

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revelations about the Professor, for I hear Walton bringing the object of your benevolent criticism up the stairs."

It was a rather striking personage who now joined this young couple. Professor Mendeloff was distinctly picturesque, a man of about seven-and-thirty, tall and thin, with an olive complexion, longish black hair, and large eyes with strange dark lights in them. When he spoke it was in excellent English, with little more than a trace of a foreign accent. Celia greeted him with some effusion.

"How nice of you to come, Professor," she said. "Won't you sit down? You know my cousin, Mr. Murchison, I think?"

Mendeloff rose and bowed rather elaborately to Arthur, who responded with a curt and sulky nod.

"I am hoping to discuss those last discoveries in Crete with you, Miss Vayne," said the Professor. "Perhaps you are interested in the subject, too, Mr. Murchison?"

But Arthur only replied shortly: "I don't know anything about it," and there was a silence broken by the shrill tinkle of a telephone call from the ante-chamber that opened out of the drawing-room.

"There is the telephone in Mum's little room," said Celia. "Do go and see what it is, Arthur."

The young man rose with reluctance from an extremely comfortable arm-chair. "I believe telephones were invented to provide people with superfluous indoor exercise," he observed, as he disappeared through the communicating door.

Professor Mendeloff drew his own chair a little nearer Celia's and said:—

"I had some difficulty in obtaining those papers for you, Miss Vayne. They have not been published yet, and I only procured them through the kindness of an eminent friend of mine in Berlin."

"I am so sorry you have had so much trouble."

"Ah, no!" said the Professor, gazing at her with his scintillating, dark eyes. "You wished to see them; and in *your* service no trouble can be too great."

"You are very kind, I am sure," replied Celia. "Well, Arthur"—she turned to her cousin as he re-entered—"what was it?"

"A message for me."

"For you?"

"Yes," said Arthur. "My father rang me up at my chambers, and they told him I had come on here. The old-fashioned father must have been bad enough from all I've heard; but the modern parent who tracks his unoffending offspring to his lair by telephone ought to be suppressed by Act of Parliament."

"What is he doing to you now?"

"Oh, the dear old dad, who isn't a bad sort really, is going out of town this evening, and there is something he wishes to tell me before he leaves. He says I'm to come to him at his club at once. I suppose I'll have to go."

"Of course you must go. But you can come back afterwards if you like."

"May I? Well, then, I'll just nip into a taxi and slip along to Piccadilly and get back again. Don't drink all the tea while I'm gone."

"We won't," said Celia. "As you go down tell Walton not to bring it just yet. And when you return don't let him toil up to announce you—the poor man's had asthma and the stairs try him—but come straight in here, will you?"

"Righto!" replied Arthur. "Good-bye for half an hour or so." He went out, ignoring Mendeloff, who rose and bowed to him.

A sudden savage gleam shot across the Professor's smooth features as the young man passed out. Then he sat down again, and his eyes were very soft indeed as he looked at Celia.

"I hope," he murmured, in his deep, oleaginous voice, "that lively youth will make a long half-hour of it."

The tone was a little too confidential, and Celia resented it. "Mr. Murchison is not only my cousin, but my particular friend," she said, rather stiffly.

"I am afraid I am a little jealous of your particular friends, Miss Vayne," he answered, with a meaning glance—a glance so swift and keen that Celia felt her own blue eyes droop under it.

"Jealous!" she said, a little disconcerted both by the words and the look. "Really, I—but you were going to explain the Cretan photographs to me, I think. I had the portfolio sent from the London library. There it is on the piano. Shall we look at it?"

"Certainly, if you wish."

They both rose and leant over the large album lying on the top of the Broadwood grand. Mendeloff busied himself in opening the portfolio, and as he threw up the heavy cardboard flap the long tape-string with which it was tied was flicked across Celia's face. She put up her hand with a little exclamation.

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"I beg a thousand pardons," said Mendeloff. "How clumsy of me! I see I have whisked a speck of the library dust upon your forehead. Allow me to remove it."

Before Celia could prevent him he drew a silk handkerchief from his pocket and touched her lightly on the forehead with it. As he did so a curious thrill passed through her, and it was only with a strong effort that she could withdraw her eyes from the black ones gazing so intently into her own at the closest range. It was the affair of an instant; but it seemed to Celia as if she had been standing there quite a long time before she turned her head aside and said, "Thank you. Well, shall we look at the pictures?"



"IT WAS ONLY WITH A STRONG EFFORT THAT SHE COULD WITHDRAW HER EYES FROM THE BLACK ONES GAZING SO INTENTLY INTO HER OWN."

The Professor rested his hand on the portfolio, but he did not turn its pages. He was still, she was conscious, looking at her with that uncomfortably intent gaze.

"A moment!" he said. "We shall talk about them later. But let me use this precious interval in which we are together for once——"

"Why," interrupted Celia, in some surprise, "we have been together often enough during the past six weeks."

"Yes; but in public always—at any rate where there were other eyes upon us and other ears not far distant."

"Chiefly the ears of the attendants at picture galleries and museums."

"They are diabolically developed — those ears of your public attendants; and you find them always in the most quiet corners. But now, my dear lady, here at last we are alone, and I have the opportunity to tell you something that—perhaps you have already guessed."

Miss Vayne did not at all like the turn the conversation was taking, for there was a kind of warm familiarity in the Professor's tone which jarred upon her. Her friendship with him had so far been maintained strictly on the intellectual plane. They had seen a good deal of one another since they had first met a few months earlier at a drawing-room lecture. Nobody quite knew who Professor Mendeloff was or precisely from what quarter of the world he had descended upon London; where, however, he had managed to get himself taken up by one or two ladies who supposed themselves to be interested in philosophy and learning, and he was able to attract very select little audiences to his Mayfair discourses. His handsome presence and fluent tongue were appreciated by the pupils in furs and silks and marvellous hats who "sat under" him; particularly as he made no great demand upon the previous knowledge of his hearers, but on the contrary talked with a pleasant freedom from pedantic restraint,

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Celia, who was passing through an acute phase of "culture," very readily allowed this learned person to assume the direction of her studies, a process that involved more meetings and excursions to museums and art-galleries than Lady Vayne knew of. But Mendeloff was always so interesting; he could talk about so many things and tell Celia so much that she thought she wanted to know. Besides, it was really rather nice to feel that the Professor, with so many other women hovering about him, had selected her to be his special pupil and disciple; evidently because he recognized that she was not merely a trifler, but had a genuine aptitude for serious and perhaps original work. Indeed, he often allowed her to see that, though always with respectful discretion.

But his glance and his manner upon this occasion had an intimacy which Celia thought entirely uncalled for; and she acknowledged his last remark rather distantly.

"I am afraid I can hardly claim to have divined your thoughts, Professor Mendeloff."

She turned from the portfolio on the piano and sat down on the settee near the instrument. The Professor sat down too, in a chair which he brought nearly opposite her, and still with his eyes fastened upon hers he replied:—

"My thoughts have been all of you. Surely you must know what this brief but, ah, too delightful companionship has been to me."

"It has been," said Celia, "very—instructive to me, and I am much obliged for all you have taught me."

But Mendeloff went on, and his gaze grew more intense and more ardent.

"You have taught me far more than I can ever teach you. I have learnt from you what the sweetness and beauty of a woman can be."

Celia was growing more and more embarrassed, but she still tried to maintain an easy conversational tone. "I fear you make too much of a very commonplace young person," she said, endeavouring to speak lightly. "But shall we go back to our Cretans?"

"Celia!" Mendeloff broke out; and the girl gave a start of surprise, for he had never called her by her Christian name before. He noticed the movement, and added rapidly: "Ah! let me call you by your own dear name; let me tell you that you are more to me than any other woman on earth. Celia, you are a lady, well-born, rich, I believe—but what does that matter? I am only a poor scholar; but you reverence learning and intellect, I know. Is it presumptuous of me to hope that I may aspire to make you mine?"

"Yours!" She rose to her feet in indignation. What did the man mean? Had she heard him aright and comprehended his words? Her mind seemed curiously bewildered and confused. She sank down again on the sofa, passing her hand across her eyes. "I—I feel strangely dizzy and stupid this afternoon. Perhaps I have not understood you. Is it possible you are trying to tell me in this extraordinary fashion that you want me to marry you?"

"To marry me?" He paused and looked at her. "Yes, of course, I ask you, *ma toute belle*, to marry me—to be my wife. But, now, why speak of marriage? There will be time enough for that. Let us speak for the moment of love—of the deep, consuming love I bear you."

He drew his chair close and tried to take her hand. Celia shrank away from him and spoke with nervous haste, her main anxiety being now to get rid of this uncomfortable visitor.

"Perhaps you don't know, but English gentlemen don't talk to girls like that. And I could not for an instant have thought of anything of the kind in connection with you; the idea never entered my head. Please say no more on the subject. Let us talk of Crete; or, indeed, I think you had better go now, if you don't mind, and come some other time."

But Mendeloff showed no intention of departing. He started to his feet and spoke down to her with sudden passion.

"No, I will not go. I will not talk of other things. I tell you I love you and you *shall* love me!"

Celia rose too, resentment mastering all other feelings, and faced him angrily.

"Shall?" she said. "You must be out of your mind to use such language to me. I am going to ring the bell for the servant to show you out."

She began to move across to the gold-tasselled bell-pull which hung on the wall at the opposite side of the room, but Mendeloff stopped her with an imperious word and gesture.

"Wait!" he cried—and his voice had lost all its sleek smoothness—"I have something to say."

"You are not a man to listen to. I have nothing more to say to you, Professor Mendeloff."

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"But I have a good deal to say to you, my dear young lady. If I am turned out of this house, you know, there might be quite an unpleasant exposure, for which you would be sorry."

"Why should I be sorry for it, if your insolent presumption is exposed?"

"Because another exposure may have to be made at the same time. Do you want all the world to know how we have been running about together for the last six weeks, and that you have been making assignations with me and sending me love-letters?"

"How can you utter anything so ridiculous?" said Celia, still indignant but a little anxious. "You know I never wrote you more than a brief note or two."

The Professor smiled, an unpleasant smile with more than a hint of menace in it.

"Unhappily those exquisite missives are less numerous and less explicit than I could wish; but one at least was a trifle indiscreet." He drew a sheet of mauve note-paper from his pocket. "Listen to this: '*Cher Ami*'—an intimate form of address, you observe."

"You asked me to use it," interrupted Celia, uneasily. "You said 'Professor' sounded so formal."

"True; it does," said her tormentor. "But the other is distinctly *in*-formal and might mean anything—in judicious hands. To proceed: '*Cher Ami*—I am all impatience. Yes; I can meet you to-morrow at the Café Manzoni, in the Tottenham Court Road.' A curious place for Lady Vayne's daughter to receive her friends, is it not?"

"You said it would suit your work that afternoon, and was near the British Museum, where you were going to take me to see the Elgin Marbles."

"Exactly; but it is quite possible that a censorious world may not accept the explanation. Then my pretty little note goes on: 'We can have tea together, and you shall tell me a great deal more about the subject that interests us both so much. *A bientôt*, Celia Vayne.' The subject that interests us both so much—so much! Now, what is that subject? What *should* it be when the conversation is between a man and a woman?"

"You know well enough that I only wanted to talk to you about the essay I was trying to write on the Superwoman in Greek Art."

"*I* may know it, but other people won't know it—if I can help it. No, my dear young lady. With our meetings and excursions, which have not been entirely unobserved (I have taken good care of that), and this precious *billet d'amour* you have put yourself in my power, and you are not going to get off so easily as you think."

Celia was growing seriously distressed and alarmed, and it was almost in tears that she appealed to him. "Why do you persecute me? What is it you want?"

"Well, you are a very beautiful woman, Celia, for one thing; and for another you are, or are going to be, wealthy. Why not be reasonable and think of it? With your money and looks and *my* brains we could do anything."

"Oh, the idea is horrible," said the girl, with a shudder. "I cannot endure the thought of it."

Mendeloff sent another long, intent look out of those uncomfortable black eyes of his; but he spoke quite calmly.

"I don't wish to appear harsh or to do anything unreasonable; but you see we have reached a point at which we must come to an understanding, or I shall be reluctantly compelled to make myself extremely disagreeable."

The girl's nerves were beginning to give way. The whole thing was so sudden, so unexpected, so perplexing.

"What am I to do?" she said, wringing her hands. "Oh, what am I to do?"

Then she pulled herself together with sudden resolution and tried to remember that it was absurd to allow herself to be frightened and bullied by this theatrical adventurer. Celia Vayne was a soldier's daughter and had plenty of spirit. If only her head were not singing so oddly! But she met her persecutor's glance boldly.

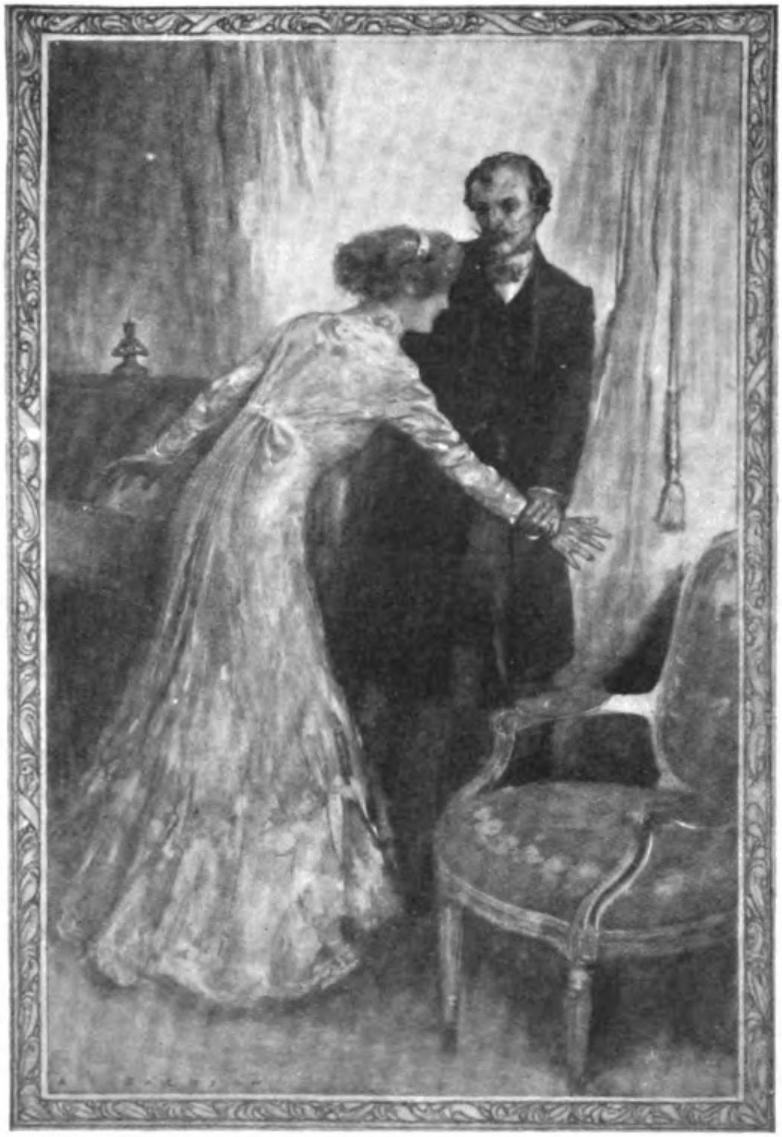
"It's all nonsense. I am not going to submit to any further annoyance. You will be good enough to leave this house; and you can do what you please with that idiotic little note. After all, it's not really compromising."

"No?" replied the Professor; and he smiled again: "No, perhaps not. But you are going to write me one that shall be compromising enough for anybody."

"You must have lost your senses, I think," said Celia. "I shall have you turned out at once."

Again she made as if to reach the bell-rope. But her adversary was too quick for her. He stepped forward and caught her right arm in a sudden firm clasp. "*Stop!*" he said, loudly and imperatively. Celia tried ineffectually to tear his hand away. "*Look at me!*" he commanded, in the same compelling tone. Angrily she gazed into the black orbs, fixed in a wide, open stare just

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"HE STEPPED FORWARD AND CAUGHT HER RIGHT ARM IN A SUDDEN FIRM CLASP."

above her own. They held her fascinated; she tried to turn her head away but could not; Mendeloff's eyes seemed fastened upon her very soul, and she could only stand helplessly while those globes of lambent darkness burnt into her. Then she felt that Mendeloff had released her arm. It fell limply by her side, and she heard him speaking with a kind of chuckle.

"So you want to ring that bell, young lady? Well, do it, *if you can.*"

Celia made an effort to comply with the invitation. But it was useless. She could not move her arm, try as she would. The muscles seemed paralyzed; they hardly responded to her furious exertions with a quiver.

Her condition was curious, though it is one with which those who have studied the phenomena of psychical suggestion are not unfamiliar. She did not know that Mendeloff during the past few weeks had been quietly placing himself *en rapport* with her, and had gradually accustomed her to receive and act upon suggestions made by him. Her mind was clear and she was in full possession of her faculties; but Mendeloff had contrived to reach her sub-conscious intelligence so that he could inhibit any of the motor centres of the nervous system at will and control the use of her muscles. The modern skilled hypnotic practitioner is often able to produce his effects without putting his "percipient" into a sleep or trance. The victim may be quite aware that this influence is being brought to bear upon him and may seek to resist it; but that mental state is sometimes an aid rather than an impediment to the operator, up to a certain point, at any rate.

Mendeloff watched the girl's ineffectual struggles with a saturnine smile. "Ah! I thought I had not quite lost the old trick," he muttered. Then he spoke to Celia. "You see, you cannot raise your arm; you cannot even move from where you are standing without my permission."

"You scoundrel!" returned Celia, angrily. "You are trying to hypnotize me, I know. But I won't allow it—I won't—I won't!"

"You must, I am afraid," replied the Professor, coolly. "Pray don't imagine I am going to practise any of the vulgar old passes or mesmeric trances, or anything of that sort, on so charming a subject. That's quite out of date, you know. Just a few trifling inhibitions and suggestions, that's all. You won't be put to any inconvenience, but you will have to do what I tell you."

"I won't. Ah, I am free—I can move!"

"Yes, because I allow you. But you can't touch that bell, all the same."

Celia dashed at it, but fell back as if striking against some invisible obstacle. She

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tried again and again, with the same result. But she could still use her voice.

"Walton!" she screamed, suddenly. "Walt——"

Mendeloff raised his hand, and the shout died away in her throat.

"Stop that!" he said. "You may talk, but you are not to scream."

Celia tried to call out, but only a choked and muffled cry came from her. She burst into tears of rage and mortification.

"What are you doing all this for?" she sobbed. "What devil is it that makes you torture me? You can't think you can take me away and force me to marry you. What is the meaning of this horrible shame and misery you make me bear?"

"Ah," replied Mendeloff, "now we come to business. Sit down there."

He pointed to a chair beside the open flap of the Chippendale escritoire.

"I won't."

"You will. Sit down at once!"

He raised his hand above her head. Celia wavered and swayed, but remained standing. "*Teufel!* A bad subject," muttered the man. "I ought to have induced hypnosis after all. Sit down, Celia!" he continued, imperiously, and the girl collapsed into the seat. "Now take that pen and this sheet of paper—so—and write."

"I will not write. You can't make me write against my will."

"Yes; we shall compose a nice tender, quite compromising little epistle, which you are to be good enough to write at my dictation. Now: 'Dear Otto'—my Christian name, you know. Have you got that?"

"I won't write—not a word." She made a great effort and struggled to her feet. "I won't—I won't—I will not write."

"Sit down, woman!" said the mesmerist. Again he raised his hand and fixed her with his eyes. "Sit down and write."

"I will not." Then an irresistible impulse came upon her. "Oh, I must, I must write." Hastily she sat down and took up the pen.

"Now—'Dear Otto, my own dearest love'—have you got that?" He looked over her shoulder. "You are writing, but not what I told you. That won't do. Another sheet. Now we will begin again, please. 'Dearest Otto'—you are not writing."

"I am not going to write. You may master my limbs; you shall not master my soul. You can't make me do anything wicked—no, not with all your infernal magic."

"Confound her! She's right," said Mendeloff to himself. "The moral anti-suggestion. Certainly a confoundedly bad subject. If you don't write," he said to her, "I shall throw you into a hypnotic sleep and then you won't know what you are doing."

"I shall know—I will know. Even in my sleep I will not do wrong; and I will *not* sleep."

But the Professor was making passes before her forehead. "You are tired now," he said, in a level, monotonous voice; "you are feeling sleepy—you are yawning"—and Celia tried in vain to repress a yawn—"you are very tired—your eyes are closing—you are going to sleep."

"No, no"—she spoke drowsily—"no, I will not sleep. But I am so tired—I should like to sleep." The lids began to fall over her eyes; her head was drooping. Then, with a desperate effort, she roused herself, started from the chair again, and stood up. She must *not* sleep, she knew; but this heavy, languid feeling was on her still, and she had to lean against the Chippendale escritoire for support. Her lips moved in a sort of prayer. "God give me help!" she murmured. Then, with a stifled cry, "Help! Help! There must be help!"

"Sleep, girl, sleep!" said Mendeloff, fiercely. "There is no help for you, if you try to resist me. I can make you as helpless as that jade image there beside you."

"Jade image!" Celia turned with a start. Yes; there, close to her hand, on the smooth top of the bureau was the little praying Buddha. "Fool that I am! There *is* help." She grasped the image, and as she did so it seemed to her as if an electric current had passed through her frame, and she quivered from head to foot. The sensation was not in reality due to any occult properties of the idol she was holding in her hand. There was, of course, nothing magical nor indeed was there anything at all remarkable about this cheap reproduction of the traditional figure of the god; one may buy the like of it any day for a few rupees in the bazaars of Mandalay and Rangoon. But Celia did not know this; some vague family tradition had attached to the little stone god which her father had brought home from the East when she was a child, and she and her sister had woven a sort of nursery romance of wizardry about it.

Now, in her excited state, this thought of an amulet, a charm, that could prevail against an evil power flashed into her mind; the illusion brought her the strength she needed,

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and enabled her to shake off the inhibition that Mendeloff had laid upon her nerves and muscles. The intense concentration of the faculties upon one set of ideas was suddenly interrupted; it was not the idol, but Celia's belief in the idol, which had de-hypnotized her. The drowsiness slipped from her like a garment; she felt herself in full command of her limbs and movements, and before Mendeloff could prevent her she sprang away from him to the opposite side of the room, holding the Buddha aloft triumphantly.

"Thank God, I am free—saved—saved!"

Mendeloff looked at her in blank amazement. "Celia! come here," he said. "You cannot disobey me."

"I can—I do," she shouted. "My father's talisman is in my hand, and you have no power over me. Make one step towards me and I will scream the house down. I can call out now; with this in my hand I am not afraid of you. Your devilish influence over me has gone."

opened suddenly and Arthur Murchison entered. Celia gave a great sigh of relief. Mendeloff scowled.

"Well," said the young man, "here I am unannounced as you told me. Why, what's the matter? Celia, you seem——"

"Oh, Arthur, thank Heaven you have come. This horrible man says I have got to marry him."

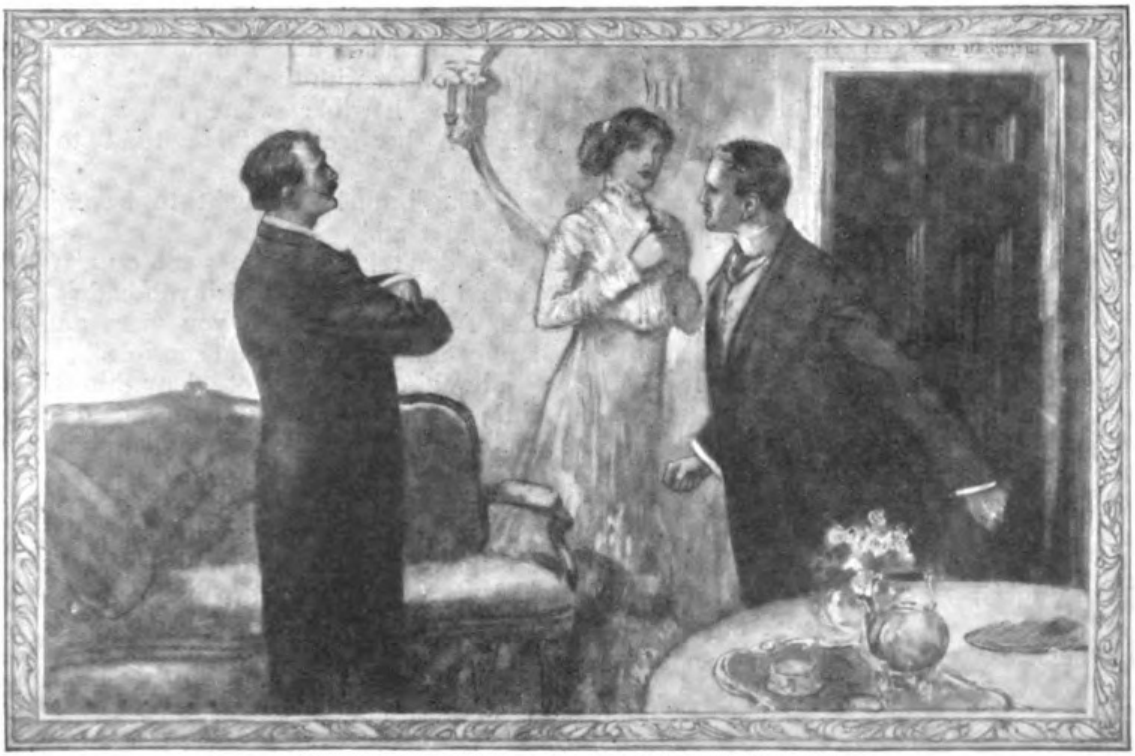
"What the deuce——"

"Yes," went on Celia, breathlessly, "because I let him take me to museums and galleries sometimes; and he has got hold of a silly little note I wrote and he tried—oh——"

Arthur turned angrily on Mendeloff. "You infernal blackguard!" he said. "Celia, if you will kindly go into the next room I shall have a word to say to this gentleman before I kick him into the street."

Mendeloff tried to ignore him. "Miss Vayne——" he began.

But Arthur interrupted him. "Say another



"ARTHUR TURNED ANGRILY ON MENDELOFF."

The Professor was conscious of it. "Anti-suggestion this with a vengeance," he muttered. "All very fine, Miss Celia," he added, vindictively; "but, mesmerism or no mesmerism, you will find you are in my power. You have not done with me. I shall make you marry me yet."

But before he could say more the door

word to that lady and I'll wring your neck for you. Do you hear me?"

Mendeloff turned and faced him. "I hear you, Mr. Arthur Murchison."

"Then," said Arthur, slowly and with deliberate emphasis, "you had better pay attention to what I say, Mr. Anton Goldberger!"

The Professor's self possession went by the

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board at this unexpected blow. "Anton Goldberger!" he repeated, in confusion. "What do you mean? I—don't understand you."

"I think you do. I happened to meet a man at my father's club who was able to give me some interesting information. Perhaps we may spare Miss Vayne the details if I mention that Herr Anton Goldberger left Vienna under another name, and that the Austrian police would rather like his present address."

"And—and I suppose," said Mendeloff, obviously alarmed, "you are going to give it them?"

"I am not a detective," replied Arthur.

The Professor was much relieved, and made an attempt to resume his easy manner. "Then I think we can arrange a treaty of peace satisfactory to all parties," he said.

"We don't want any treaties with you, Mr. Mendeloff, *alias* Goldberger," answered Arthur, contemptuously. "But if you venture to speak to Miss Vayne again, or so much as mention that you *have* spoken to her, or show yourself in any place where she is likely to meet you, I'll knock your head off first and give a hint to a friend of mine at the Austrian Embassy afterwards. That's all. Do you understand me now?"

"Perfectly. Your mode of expression is singularly lucid."

"Well, then——"

"My letter, Arthur," said Celia, faintly.

"Ah, yes. We must trouble you for that document, Professor Blackmailer. Thank you. Your property, Celia," he added, as he handed the mauve sheet to her.

"You may read it if you like, Arthur," she said. "There's nothing in it I mind anybody seeing."

"Do you suppose I don't know that? I don't want to read it."

The Professor was almost himself again by this time.

"What delightful confidence!" he interjected. "I suppose it would hardly be—how do you say?—good form for me to congratulate Mr. Murchison on what is evidently going to be a delightful *tête-à-tête?*"

But Arthur was losing patience. "Look here, my man," he said. "You had better put yourself outside this house in less than two minutes, or I shall have to ask you whether you will prefer to go by the door or by the window."

"Thanks. I prefer the door," and he edged towards it. "Don't be angry, Mr. Murchison. You are a clever young man, and though you have spoilt my game I bear you no malice. In fact, I shall not trouble you any further; I think I shall try the climate of America. I do not like your friend at the Embassy. In the meanwhile, for the sake of everybody concerned, I would recommend a policy of judicious silence. Good-bye, Mr. Murchison! *Adieu*, Miss Celia! May I suggest that you should be a little more careful in choosing your intellectual advisers for the future?"

He caught Arthur's eye, and retired precipitately through the half-opened door as the young man made a stride towards it.

Celia, now that the long strain was over, was leaning upon the piano, shaken with the hysterical sobs she was endeavouring to control.

"Don't, Celia," said Arthur. "He is gone; it's all right. I'm afraid you had a bad half-hour with the bounder."

"The horrible wretch!" said Celia, between her sobs. "He tried to mesmerise me."

"The brute! I ought to have kicked him, after all."

"I don't know," she went on, "what I should have done or said if you hadn't come. Oh, Arthur, how good you were, and how strong and cool and—and sensible."

Murchison could not deny himself his little triumph. "You see," he observed, "there is some small use for the average man, after all."

Celia smiled at him through her tears. "Ah! but, Arthur, you know you are rather an impostor, too. You are not half so average as you pretend to be."

"Celia," said Arthur, "my dear, intellectual, foolish little Celia, you really do want an average male person to look after you. Why not try me?"

He came close to her and took her hand, and she did not withdraw it. "Why not try me?" he repeated, softly.

She looked up at him with a shy smile. "Perhaps I might; but I have had quite enough emotions for one afternoon. I think you had better ring for tea."

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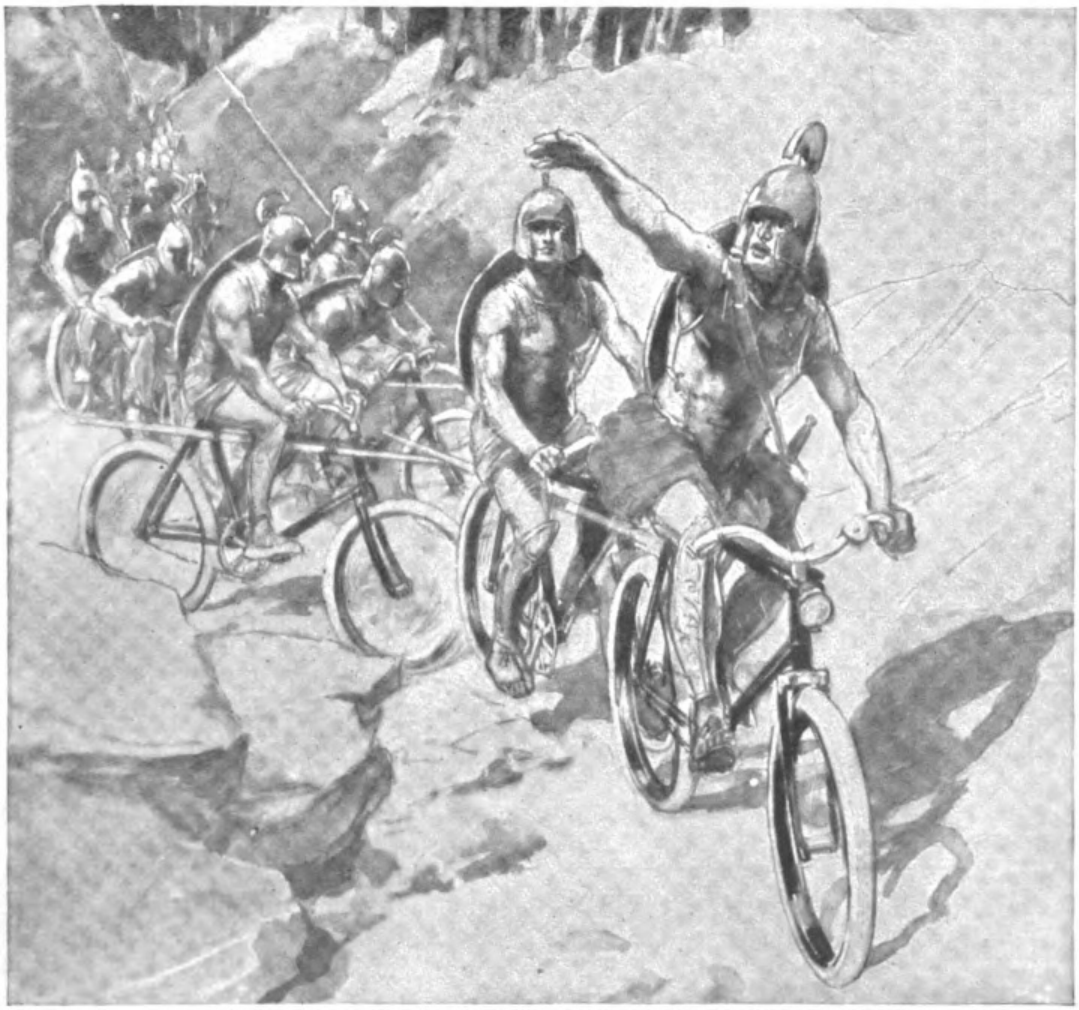
"If They Had Thought of It."

Modern Inventions in Ancient Times.

By E. S. VALENTINE.

HOW few of us are sufficiently grateful for the times in which we live! Think of all the material and mechanical advantages we enjoy over the ancients, who, with all their boasted civilization, their arts and sciences, went from their cradle to their grave utterly ignorant of clocks, pocket-handkerchiefs, trousers and bonnets, or even those demi-ancients, our great-grandfathers, who would have regarded a barometer as an instrument of Beelzebub!

How differently history might have been written if Julius Cæsar had snatched a couple of Colt's double-barrelled revolvers from his tunic and shot Casca and his fellow-conspirators dead on the spot! What a tremendous advantage it would have given Xenophon and the retreating Ten Thousand to have seized a line of railway from Persia to the Hellespont, with fast steamers to Attica

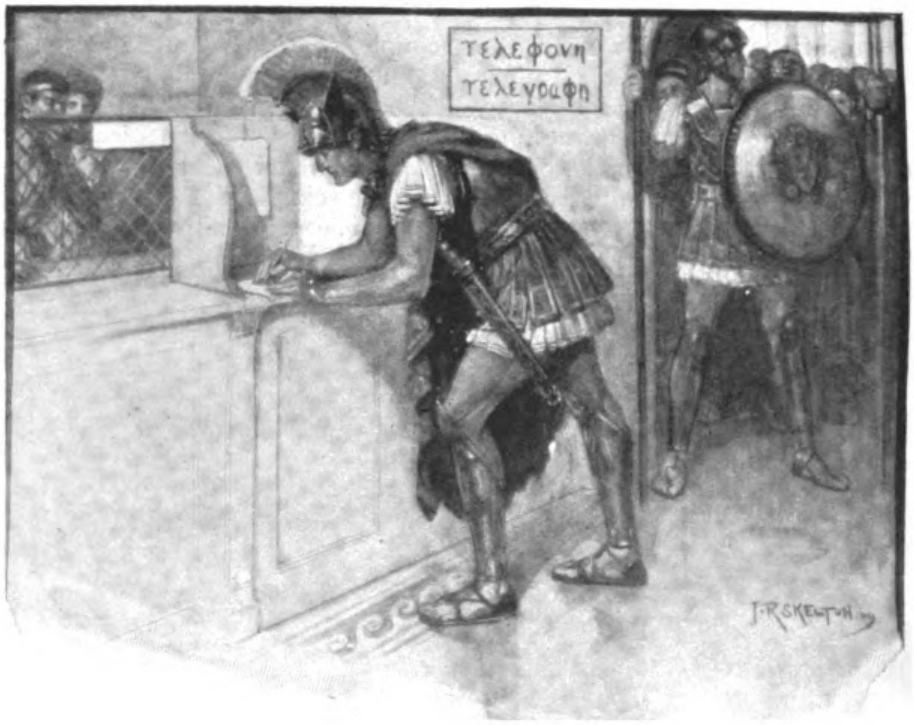


ALCIBIADES LEADS THE BICYCLE CORPS OF THE ATHENIAN ARMY.

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and Laconica! The people of Pericles's day were not wholly destitute of ingenious appliances for use and amusement, but, for some reason or other which posterity cannot exactly explain, the Athenian populace knew not the delectable joys of the Flip-flap, and the charms of the Scenic Railway were to them a closed book. Yet we can picture the scene which would have astonished Æschylus and Sophocles, the vast Athenian multitude deserting the fields and groves to flock about the latest sensation, a mighty engine of balance brought into Hellas by the Western magician, Imreus Kiralfos. What an excellent subject for satire this adventure of the army, what extraordinary achievements in the way of mobilizing his light infantry Alcibiades would have gained! It would utterly have confounded the Persians and the Lacedemonians, and modern painters would have conspired to render the bicycle and the bicyclist an object of interest and beauty; and the figure of Socrates on his tricycle—or perhaps in a trailer—on his way to the academical groves, or Sappho and one of her lovers mounted on a bicycle built for two, would effectually have consecrated this interesting vehicle.

Historians relate that Alexander the Great, advancing upon Darius, who led half a million



ALEXANDER THE GREAT DISPATCHES A WIRE TO DARIUS AT A VILLAGE STATION.

Athenians would furnish later to Aristophanes, and how rude delineations of the apparatus would delight modern scholars and invite comparisons with the screw of Archimedes! To be so near the brink of a mechanical revolution and yet to retreat after all into Cimmerian ignorance. A little more and the apparatus might have led to the railway, the hydraulic lift, and the skyscraper!

One often marvels why, having invented wheels for locomotive purposes, the ancients did not at once hit upon the bicycle and the tricycle. The idea would have been so simply explained to a man like Alcibiades. And when the cycle had been invented and manufactured and adopted by the Greek men, desired at a critical moment to ask for the assistance of the detachment under his general, Parmenio. The latter being stationed at a great distance, messengers had to traverse at top speed over hill and dale for the space of thirty-five hours, one by one dropping dead in their tracks. Alexander was a great man, a master mind, but it did not occur to him to save himself from his jeopardy by stepping into a village telegraph-office *en route* and telegraphing to Parmenio. Such an oversight as this on Alexander's part makes us almost doubt the wisdom of antiquity. There is less excuse for it, because the word "telegraph" is itself of Greek origin. It would have saved a lot of trouble and

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CÆSAR TELEPHONING TO ARTEMIDORUS.

anxiety to Alexander the Great; and if, on the other hand, Darius had been able to send a wire to his satraps the Greeks would have been done for.

It is the same with the telephone—also a Greek word, but which not even the Romans knew as a thing. Julius Cæsar missed a great deal in not knowing the telephone, or at least in not using it if he knew it. One can see the telephone engineer attached to the Roman post-office endeavouring, but without avail, to get an instrument installed at the Capitol and at the Palace. "I am instructed by the Emperor to say that he does not desire these barbarian novelties, and so Thomas Alva Edisonus need not call again with his magician's apparatus." A signal blunder! We can imagine what would



CLEOPATRA PLAYING THE PIANO TO MARK ANTONY.

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have happened. "Halloa! 1287 Tiber! Is it thou, Artemidorus? I understand thou rangst me up this morning. What? Details of a plot? Go not to the Senate to-day? Beware of Brutus? Go not near Casca? Right; and I thank thee, Artemidorus. I will have an extra guard put on instantly and the conspirators arrested." And so, although Artemidorus was unable to give his warning in the street, he gave it over the telephone, and Cæsar's valuable life, and with it the fortune of Rome, was saved.

But after Cleopatra had exerted all her charms there was one other which was to bring the wavering Mark Antony a helpless captive to her feet. Leading him into a lofty and spacious apartment, constructed throughout of costly Parian marble, she seated herself at a magnificent pianoforte wrought by the Persian Becstinus, and touched the ivory keys with her shapely fingers. Soon a flood of melody permeated the apartment as Cleopatra, with her peerless foot alternately on the hard and soft pedal, passed from mazurka to sonata and serenade, including Op. 78 of Aphius Mozartus, when the Roman conqueror, who had been turning the music, fell spellbound on his knees before such a piano and such a pianiste, and declared he was henceforward Cleopatra's abject slave. Such is a passage from Plutarch which might have been written and read by tens of generations, but was not, for the simple reason that pianos were not invented until the eighteenth century A.D.

We pass to the Court of Arthur, King of Britain. We read of the adventures of his knights, of their loves and hates, but how little we read of their pastimes. Why has no one sung of the prowess of Arthur and his knights on the occasion when, under a clear heaven and upon a faultless wicket, they met and vanquished the Hibernian eleven led by Brian Boru? What a noble figure was



KING ARTHUR AND THE KNIGHTS PLAY CRICKET, WITH MERLIN AS UMPIRE.

Arthur—"the most superb cricketer of his time," saith the monkish chroniclers—as, bat in hand, with Sir Launcelot as partner, he faced the demon bowler (or, as then written, *bòlár*) of the foe! But is not the stirring tale of that day — when Merlin umpired — all chronicled in old Mallory and in Tennyson's poem? Alas! no, it is not. Cricket was a product of more modern times, and their descendants, Arthur and his knights, had to wait many centuries for the national game.

There is no reason why Canute and his courtiers who were so fond of the seashore should not have emulated that far later

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CANUTE AND HIS COURTIERS USE BATHING-MACHINES.

monarch, George III., and bathed from machines drawn up in the surf, save the single one that both sea-bathing and bathing-machines were still institutions of the future. Neither kings nor commoners in those days took any pleasure in such marine disport; otherwise such a picture as the artist has depicted above might easily have been as common a spectacle as when "Farmer George" flung his Royal and portly person into the breakers at Weymouth and gave a crown to the tanned and dripping servitor who helped him to his morning dip.



WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR HAS A FRIENDLY ROUND OF GOLF AT HASTINGS.

"A right doughtie champion at golf was William of Normandy, his ball being alwaies very remote after a drive or a brassie-shot; and on the approach, and likewise on the green, there were none like unto him." But history is not, unfortunately for its interest, written in this way. Veracity compels us to confess that the Conqueror knew nothing

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of the Ancient and Royal game. Yet how easily he might have known! The mere detail of someone previously inventing it, and the thing was done.

Human society in the Middle Ages may have been distinguished by all that variety of movement and colour and emotion described by Charles Reade, but one matutinal experience the medieval paterfamilias did not have to undergo, and that was to catch the fast up-train to Liverpool Street or to Liverpool. pain of death to the general manager and the superintendent of the line.

To Henry VIII. the motor-car would have been as great a boon as it is to Edward VII. —a greater, in truth. Henry was very fond of travel; but the slowness of contemporary equipages bored him, and if he tried to go faster the wheels of his carriage came off. A new charm would have been given to that historic meeting on the Field of the Cloth of Gold if our noble and much-married

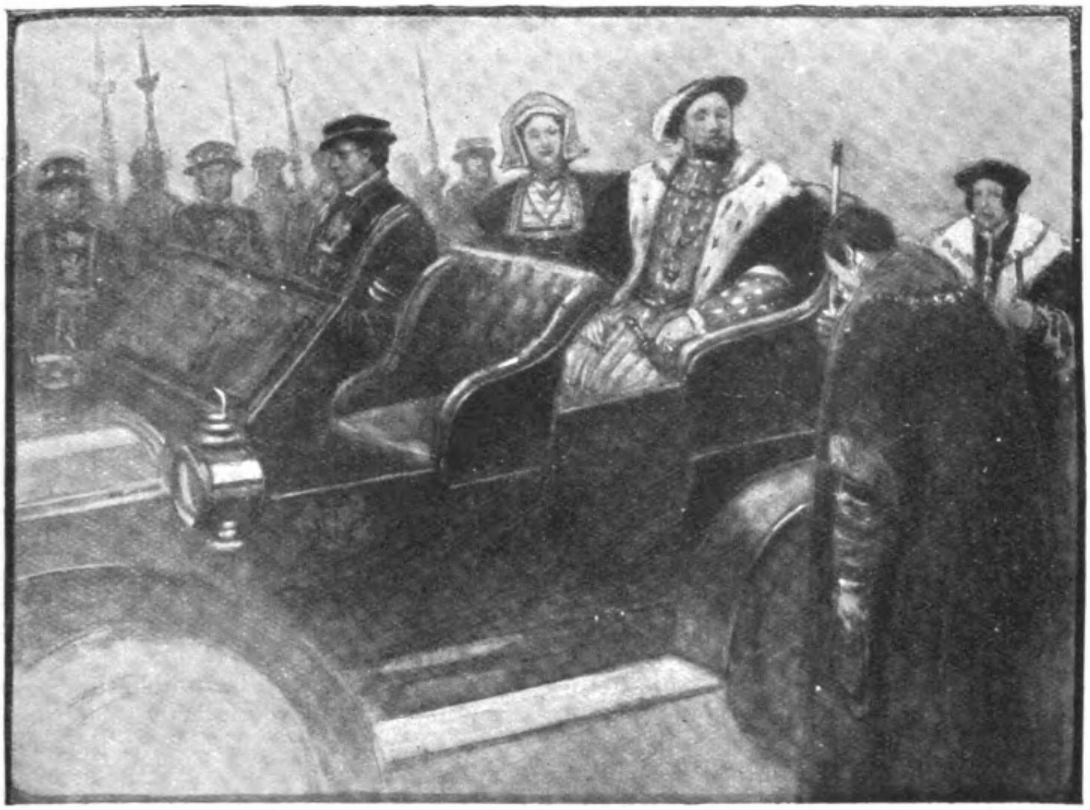


CATCHING THE CITY EXPRESS IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

But if they had happened to possess such an institution as railways some such scene as that depicted above would undoubtedly have been of as frequent occurrence then as now, and Shakespeare's plays would have been full of passages bearing on the subject. "How now, Sir John, art away into Kent?" "Yea, Hal. I take the 9.40 from the Cross of Charing to-morrow." And Richard III. instead of bawling for "A horse! A horse!" would have Marconigrammed to the down Midland express to stop at Bosworth under monarch could have advanced towards the French King and his Court in a magnificent 60 h.-p. Panhard. And we must not pause too long over the picture of poor Anne Boleyn's delight at being whirled over England with her Royal Consort in the swiftest car that Coventry could turn out.

As an indefatigable letter-writer and copier of Latin prose as well as an ill-fated damsel do we know Lady Jane Grey. We feel for her as, immured in the Tower

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HENRY VIII. MOTORS WITH ANNE BOLEYN TO GREENWICH.

of London, with sinister jailers on the alert, she indites page after page slowly and painfully. It is for this reason that we would fain endow her with a typewriter of the latest pattern, whereby her fair fingers would be saved some stiffness and the eyesight of her correspondents some strain. It is a humane wish, but, alas! it is vain. Typewriters, like telegraphs, telephones, motor-cars, and all the other wonderful contrivances for which some of us are not sufficiently grateful, were then in the limbo of uncreated things. Still—if they had only known! Then our artists' ten glaring anachronisms would never have been painted.



LADY JANE GREY IN THE TOWER TYPEWRITES A LETTER TO HER HUSBAND.

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Big-Game Hunting With a Camera.

By A. RADCLYFFE DUGMORE.

[Mr. A. Radclyffe Dugmore, who recently made a journey to Africa for the purpose of hunting big game with a camera instead of with rifles (which were only carried by the party for self-defence), succeeded in securing what are undoubtedly the finest photographs of the kind ever obtained. Readers of the following article will see that this novel form of hunting requires at least as much nerve, wariness, and skill as that of the ordinary sportsman.

Photographs copyright in U.S.A. by A. R. Dugmore.

NEARLY everyone who is interested in wild animals and in travel has for many years past come to consider British East Africa as the country of all countries for interesting wild animal life. For my own part, I had heard such glowing accounts that I determined to make the trip, and finally found myself, with an outfit suitable for photographing wild animals, landing at Mombasa, the starting-point of the so-called Uganda railroad. With my companion I left Mombasa on the 30th of January of the present year, and as the train took us farther and farther inland we were delighted to find that wild animals could really be seen from the train windows exactly as we had been told. All the way to Nairobi this abundance of animals continued.

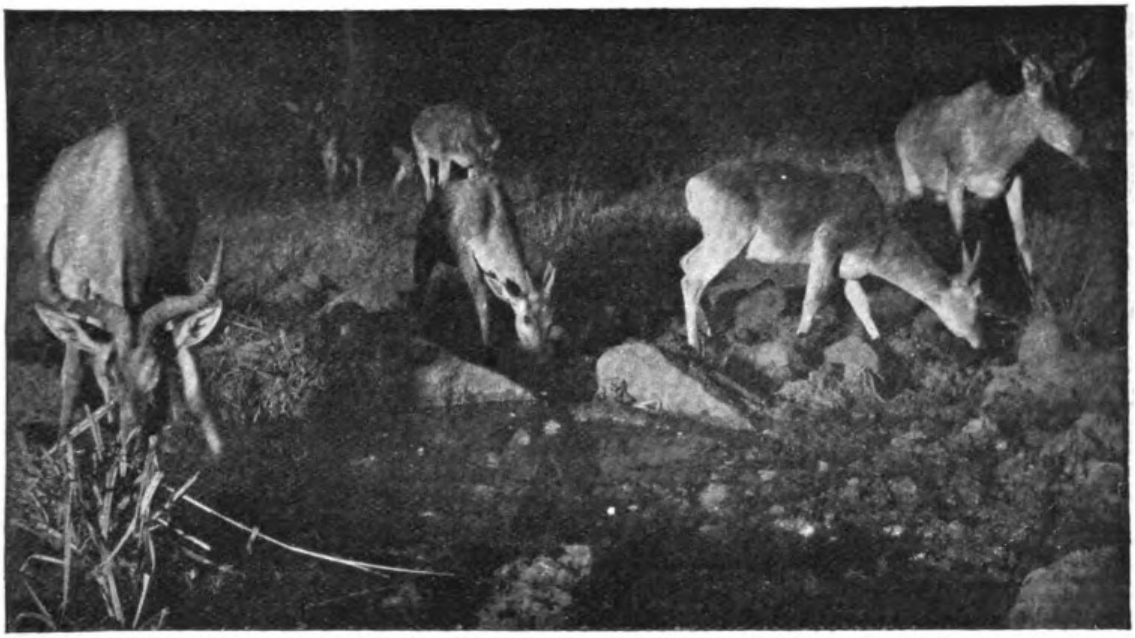
From Nairobi we made a trip to the Olgerei region, partly to test thoroughly the photographic apparatus, etc., before setting out on a long expedition. Of the many incidents on this journey I have space to describe but one.

We were marching along, single file, our Masai guide leading. Suddenly the tall Masai stopped, and, pointing ahead, whispered, "Kijaro!" Surely enough, the grey back of a large rhino showed above the waving grass not more than twenty yards away. This was rather too sudden, and we quickly realized the value of rapid action. The loading of the rifles and opening of the camera took only a few seconds, but that rhino was up and at us even quicker. Never did I see anything so quick. It seemed incredible that so large an animal could move with such rapidity. Almost unconsciously I released the shutter, when at the same moment a shot rang out. C—— was trying to turn that animal with a charge of buckshot. The attempt, however, was futile, and the creature came on without hesitation. C—— then fired a 12-bore ball from the left barrel, and grabbing his revolver began firing right into its head as it rushed past him not six feet away, making straight for the Masai, who stood quietly waiting the onrush, and actually jumped



A LARGE RHINO IN THE ACT OF CHARGING. A MOMENT AFTER THIS PHOTOGRAPH WAS TAKEN (AT A DISTANCE OF ABOUT THIRTY FEET) HE WAS WITHIN SIX FEET OF MY COMPANION AND THE GUIDE.

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FLASHLIGHT PHOTOGRAPH OF COKE'S HARTEBEEST AT A WATER-HOLE. IMMEDIATELY THE FLASH WENT OFF THEY SCAMPERED AWAY IN FRIGHT.

aside when within touching distance of the big horn. Finally C—— put another revolver shot into its head, and off it went. My great regret about the affair was that I did not get a second picture, but then it really isn't so very easy to have *all* one's mind on the details of a camera when an infuriated rhino is running amok.

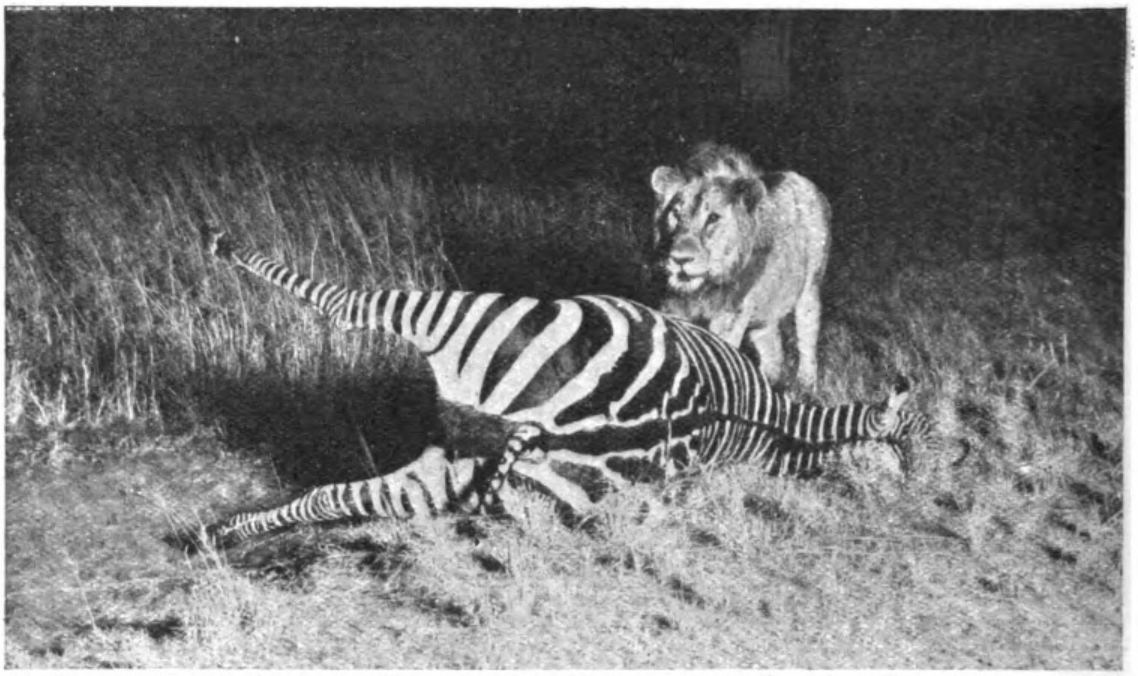
Returning to Nairobi, we said good-bye to the town again on Thursday, February 25th, and started off on our expedition with a caravan numbering about fifty all told. After we had been some days on the march I saw that the country did not lend itself particularly well to daylight camera hunting, so I decided to devote the time to night work. Of all branches of animal photography none offers a greater fascination than flash-lighting, whether one uses an automatic device, by which the animal photographs itself, or whether one sits up all night and springs the flash as the animal approaches.

As the scene of operations we selected a water-hole in the dry region where we were camped, and built a boma, or zareba, of thornbrush, which, while affording more or less protection against a surprise attack from lions and leopards, offered us a good view of the water-hole. Near this we placed two cameras well concealed and a flashlight device, all connected by an electric arrangement. We took our places in the shelter at dusk, and about nine o'clock saw several hartebeest approaching. How



A SPOTTED HYENA STARTLED BY THE FLASHLIGHT.

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"HE STOOD ALONGSIDE THE ZEBRA AS MOTIONLESS AS A STATUE." THIS STRIKING FLASHLIGHT PHOTOGRAPH OF THE KING OF BEASTS WAS TAKEN AT A DISTANCE OF TWELVE YARDS.

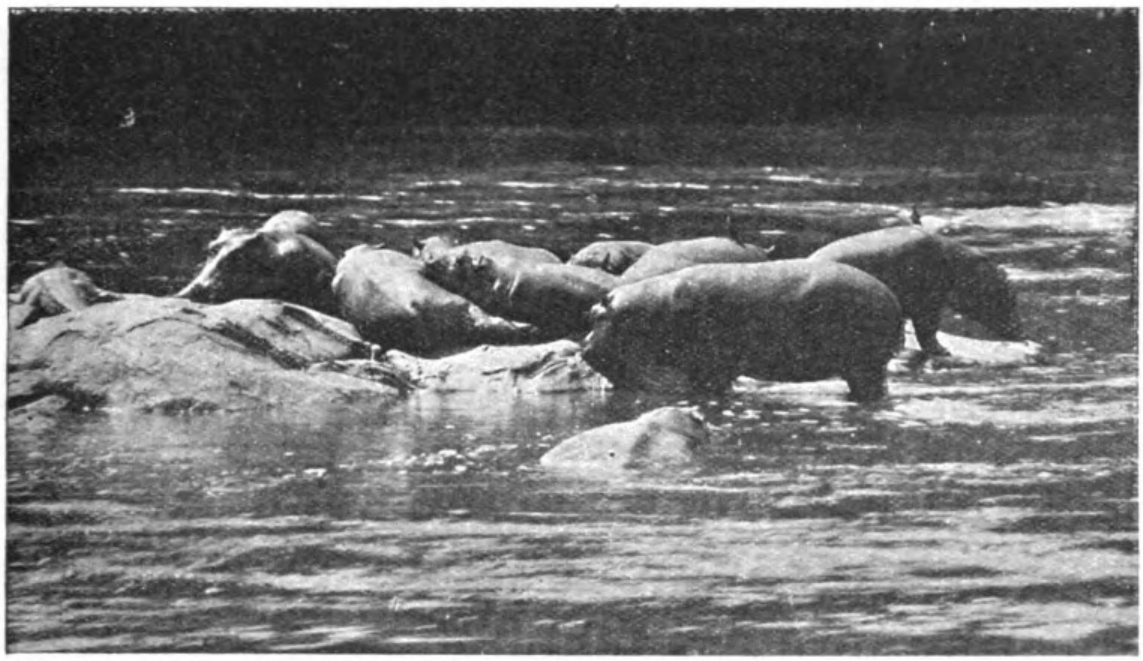
cautiously they came! A lion might be lurking in the shadow of the rocks ready to pounce on them, so they circled around, gradually coming nearer and nearer. Over an hour they continued their investigation, and during that time we were in a state of breathless anxiety. On they came until they reached the pool, and then, to my intense satisfaction, they began drinking; with trembling hands I almost unconsciously pressed the button. Off went the flash and away scampered the frightened hartebeest, leaving their pictures imprinted on the photographic plates. These were our first flashlight pictures and we were thoroughly happy. The following night we succeeded in getting two photographs of a hyena, but the zebra, a few of which came in sight, were too wary and would not drink.



THIS IS ONE OF TWO LIONS WHICH STALKED ME IN BROAD DAYLIGHT AS I SAT WATCHING FOR ANTELOPES, AND IT WAS ONLY BY THE MEREST LUCK THAT I ESCAPED. AFTER I HAD WOUNDED HIM, INSTEAD OF CHARGING, AS I EXPECTED, HE MOVED INTO THE BUSH, WHERE I SECURED THIS PHOTOGRAPH.

On March 14th we broke camp. Going in a northerly direction, we soon reached a likely-looking country, and, seeing many tracks of lions, decided to camp not far from a dry river-bed. Our first night was made interesting by the

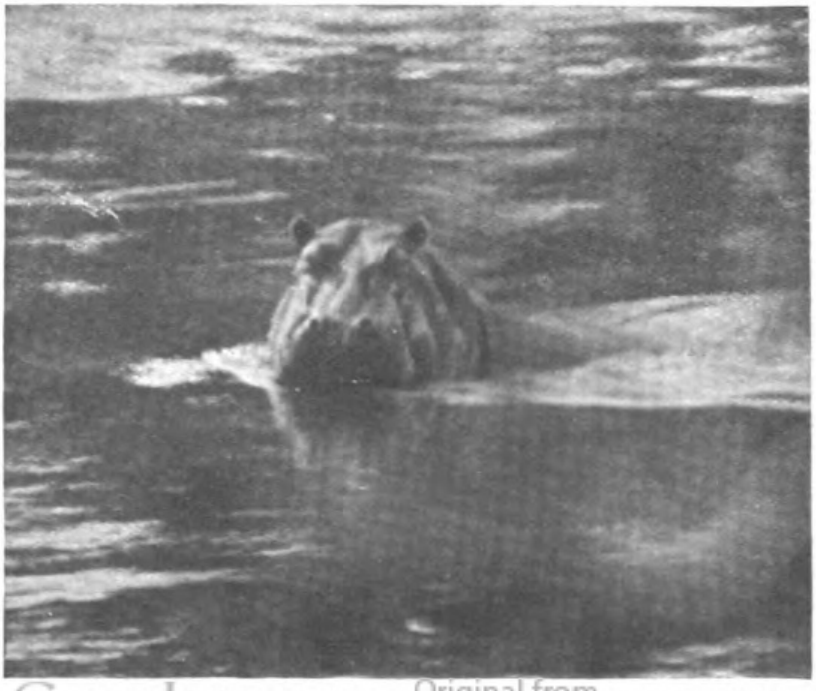
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HIPPOPOTAMI ON THE TANA RIVER. THE BIRDS STANDING ON THE ANIMALS ARE SUPPOSED TO EAT THE LEECHES WHICH CLING TO THE HUGE BEASTS. ON THE LEFT OF THE PICTURE WILL BE SEEN A LARGE CROCODILE.

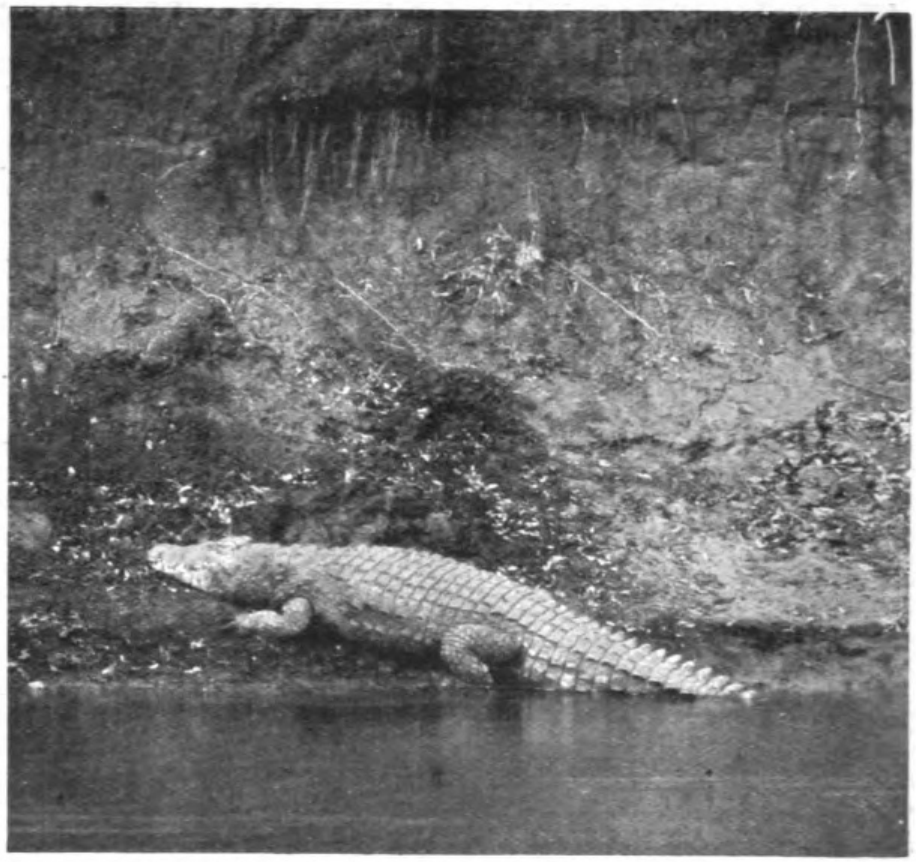
continued roar of lions, so we determined to have a try at them next day. Accordingly, we built a thorn boma about twelve yards from a freshly-killed zebra and placed two cameras near it. The first night passed off quietly, but the next proved very much more exciting.

At a few minutes after nine a dark form appeared as though from nowhere. It was so sudden that I could scarcely believe my eyes, but it really was a lion, and a big one, too. He stood alongside the zebra as motionless as a statue, and I can scarcely describe my feelings as I gazed at the king of beasts—perhaps the most feared animal in Africa—as he stood watching us only twelve yards away. Had he decided to spring it is doubtful whether we would have had any chance of escape. Trembling with excitement I pressed the electric button. The scene was lighted as though by magic, and two photographs were made simultaneously. The lion had gone, but he only went a short distance away, as we heard him roaring. The flashlight had to be reset and the plates changed in the cameras, but the job was not an alluring one. At least five lions were around us, but none came within sight again, and the night passed off with no further excitement. As soon as daylight appeared we returned to camp, and on developing the plates I found, to my intense delight, that the image of the lion was clear and sharp.



AN OLD HIPPOPOTAMUS COMING TO HAVE A LOOK AT THE CAMERA.

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A CROCODILE ASLEEP ON THE BANK OF THE TANA RIVER.

On leaving Simba (Swahili for lion) camp we went farther down the Tana River to have a try at the hippopotami. After failing to get them by flashlight, I came across a sight one afternoon which did my heart good. On a rock in the middle of the river were hippo asleep, and in the water were more of them quietly resting. Here, then, was what we had been trying to find for eight days. Shortly after two o'clock next day we were again within sight of the hippo rock, and there were the animals in even greater numbers. The question was, how could we get near them? They are very shy beasts and their sense of smell is wonderfully keen. After some careful stalking we reached the bank opposite the hippo, and with the utmost caution I placed the camera in position and made an exposure, fully believing that one would be all I should be able to make. To my astonishment the sound of the shutter did not frighten the animals at all, and I continued for half an hour making exposures with every possible combination of lens and time. They were about eighty or one hundred yards away, and the conditions for telephoto work were admirable. Such an opportunity seldom falls to the lot of the animal hunter who uses a camera in place of the rifle, so I made the most of it. On our way back to camp we saw two crocodiles in places where conditions were excellent for photographic purposes, and I secured three satisfactory pictures.

On April 7th we broke camp and started on our long march to Muru and the North Guaso Nyiro, about two hundred miles away, a journey which proved full of interest. Want of space, however, forbids further reference to this portion of our trip, so I pass on to the time when we found ourselves back again at Simba camp. When we had almost despaired of getting any more lion pictures we found a partly-eaten hartebeest, which had evidently been killed during the past night. This was the chance we wanted, and by sunset everything was in readiness. We had arranged the boma so that we were only ten yards from the kill. This was, of course, rather close, but farther away we could have seen nothing. Darkness had scarcely set in before we heard a very slight rustle in the grass a few yards from the kill, and soon we made out the light shadowy form of a lion. Soon another appeared on the other side, and then another. Three lions were really more than we had bargained for, and having them all within about fourteen yards was, to say the least, exciting. I pressed the electric button and off went the flash, and, with a lot of growling, so did the three lions. We immediately left our shelter, and with hands trembling with excitement I refilled the flash-lamp and changed the plates and soon obtained some more pictures.

That any other lions would come seemed scarcely probable, but at two o'clock I saw three more prowling among the grass at the

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back of the kill. A fourth one in the meanwhile came at the back of us, which did not add one bit to our comfort. They moved about slowly among the grass, growling gently all the time, but always keeping out of range of the flash. At last, after what seemed hours, one ventured down the bank and was dimly visible. We turned on the electric light, and had the pleasure of seeing a fine lioness crouching down at the kill. I immediately pressed the button, and got three of the best photographs made on that eventful night.



ONE OF THREE LIONS WHICH WERE PROWLING ROUND WITHIN ABOUT FOURTEEN YARDS OF THE SPOT WHERE WE LAY HIDDEN. IT IS HERE SEEN CAUTIOUSLY APPROACHING THE "KILL."

This was almost our last night after lions, as time was drawing near for our departure from Africa. During the last stages of our journey I obtained some good pictures of herds of zebra, hartebeest, etc., but at length the time came when our trip was at an end. No more would I hunt the wild animals of East Africa. On June 2nd we arrived at Nairobi. A more enjoyable, interesting, or exciting trip I never hope to have, and I shall always look back at the four months spent in that sportsman's paradise with a pleasure that will grow as the years go by.



LIONESS CROUCHING AT THE "KILL" (A HARTEBEEST KILLED BY LIONS THE PREVIOUS NIGHT). THIS FLASHLIGHT PHOTOGRAPH WAS TAKEN AT A DISTANCE OF TEN YARDS.

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The White Prophet.

By HALL CAINE.

FOURTH BOOK:—The Dawn.

CHAPTER IX.

WHEN Ishmael left Helena's tent he did not return to his own. In the torment of his soul he sought the solitude of the desert. For two hours he walked on the sand without knowing where he was going.

His first thoughts were about Helena.

"I am nothing to her," he told himself, and greater grief than he felt at that thought seemed to surpass the bounds of possibility.

But there was worse behind. At the next moment of his anguish he remembered that not only did Helena not love him, but he was repulsive to her.

But even worse than all this was the thought that Helena had betrayed him—she who had seemed to sacrifice so much.

The shame of his betrayal was stifling, the sense of his downfall was crushing, but still more painful was the consciousness of the penalty which his people would have to pay for the pride and blind love which had misled him.

Thinking of this in the agony of his despair, he asked himself why God had permitted it to come to pass that not himself only, but the whole body of his people should suffer. "Why, O God, why?" he cried.

The wild insurrection in his soul had left him no time to think which course he was taking, but wandering across the Sakkara desert he had come to the foot of the Sphinx.

Calm, immovable, tremendous, the great scarred face was gazing in passionless meditation into the luminous starlight, asking, as it had asked through the long yesterday of the past, as it will continue to ask through the long to-morrow of the future, the everlasting question, the question of humanity, the question of all suffering souls:—

"Why?"

Why should man aim higher than he can reach? Why should he give up the joys of humanity for divine dreams that can never be realized? Why should he be a victim to the devilish powers, within and without, which are always waiting to betray and destroy him? Why should God forsake him just when he is striving to serve Him most?

"Allah! Allah! Why? Why?" he cried.

But his higher nature speedily regained its supremacy. It came to him as a flash of light in his darkness that the true explanation of his downfall was that God was punishing him for his presumption in allowing the idolatry of his people to carry him away from his first humility—to forget his proper place as a man and to think of himself as if he were a god.

This led him to thoughts of atonement, and in a moment the image of death came to him—his own death—as a sacrifice. He began to see what he had now to do. He had to take all that had happened upon himself. He had to call his people together and to say, "I lied to you! I was a false prophet! I deceived myself, and in deceiving myself I deceived you also! The wonderful world I promised you—the Redeemer I foretold—all, all are vain!"

Yes, he would go into Cairo and say, "I am here—you want me—take me!"

Under this sublime resolution his heart became almost buoyant. He turned to go back to the camp, and as he walked he thought of Helena again. The tender love which had filled his whole being for months could not be banished in an hour, and he began to tell himself that perhaps, after all, she had not been to blame. The white woman could not help but love the white man. It was a woman's way to risk everything, to sacrifice everybody, to commit sin and even crime for the man she loved—how many good women had done so!

He must go back to her. His people might suspect that she was the author of their trouble, and in their fury they might threaten her. He must conceal her fault. He must take her sin upon himself.

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Thus, thirsting with a desire to drink the cup of his degradation to the dregs, Ishmael got back to camp.

He made his way first to Helena's tent, and called to her: "Rani!"

A woman who had been lying on the angerib rose to answer him. It was Zenoab.

"Alas! Your Rani has gone, O Master," she said, with mock sympathy but ill-concealed tones of triumph. "She was afraid the people might kill her, so she fled away."

Ishmael groaned and staggered, but the woman showed no pity.

"Better have contented yourself with a woman of your own people, who would have been true and faithful," she said, bitterly.

Covered with shame Ishmael turned away. He looked for Zogal.

The black dervish was at that moment struggling to sustain the people's faith in the Master and his mission by means of a pagan superstition.

"Give me a mutton bone," he had said, and, having received one, he had looked at it long and steadfastly in order to read the future.

As Ishmael came up to the smouldering fire about which Zogal and his company were squatting, the wild-eyed dervish was saying:—

"It will be well! Allah will preserve His people and the Master will be saved! Did I not tell thee the bone never lies?"

"Zogal," said Ishmael, "sound the horn and let the people be brought together."

The sky was dark. The stars had gone out. It was not yet midnight.

CHAPTER X.

At the next moment the melancholy notes of the great horn rang out over the dark camp, and within a few minutes an immense multitude had gathered. It was a strange spectacle under the blank darkness of the sky.

Ishmael caused the people to be drawn up in a great square, and then he rode into the midst of them. He was seen to be in a state of great excitement.

"Brothers," he said, "we have passed through many hard days together. You have shared with me your joys and your sorrows. I have shared with you my hopes and my dreams. We are one."

Touched to the heart by his voice as much as his words, the people cried:—

"May God preserve thee!"

"Nay," he cried, "may God punish me, for I have permitted myself to be deceived."

The people thought he was going to speak of the woman who was understood to have betrayed him, but he did not do so.

"Look!" he cried, pointing towards the Pyramid. "We stand amid the ruins of a pagan world. Where are the Kings and Counsellors who slept in these desolate places? Gone! All gone! Have not strangers from a far country taken away their bodies to wonder at? Where is the king who built this tomb? He thought himself the equal of God, yet what was he? A man, shaped out of a little clay! And I," he said, "I too have been drunk with power. I have been living in the greatness of my own strength. I have permitted myself to believe that I was the messenger of God, and therefore God—God has brought me down. He has laid me in the dust. Blessed be the name of God!"

Only the broken ejaculations of the people answered him, and he continued:—

"In bringing me down He has brought down my people also. Alas for you, my brothers! You cannot go into Cairo. The armed forces of the Government are waiting there to destroy you. Therefore turn back and go home. Forgive your leader who has led you astray. And God preserve and comfort you!"

"And you, O Master?" cried a voice.

Ishmael paused and then said:—

"In times of great war and pestilence God has accepted an atonement, and perhaps he will do so now. I will go into Cairo and deliver myself to the Government. I will say, 'The man you hold was arrested instead of me. I am your true prisoner. Take me and let him—and my poor followers—go free."

The anguish of the people swelled into sobs, and some of them, full of zeal, swore that they would never return to their homes without the Master, but would follow him to prison and to death.

"If you go into Cairo, so will I," cried one.

"And I, too," cried another.

"And I!" "And I!" cried others, each holding up his hand and stepping out as he spoke, until the square in which Ishmael sat on his camel was full of excited men.

At that moment of deep emotion, while great tears were rolling down Ishmael's cheeks, a loud, delirious shout was heard, and a man was seen to be crushing his way through the people.

It was Zogal, and his wild eyes were ablaze with frenzy.

"Wait! Wait!" he cried. "Has the Master forgotten his own message? He

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says the soldiers of the Franks and Turks are waiting in Cairo to destroy us. But isn't God greater than armies? We are weak and defenceless, but does He always give His victory to the armed and the strong? What!" he cried, excitedly, "are you afraid that the Christians will kill us with bullets? That they will eat our flesh and drink our blood? That they will make us worship the wooden cross? If God is with us, what can our enemies do? It is not they who throw the javelin—it is God! Therefore," he cried, in a voice that had risen to a scream, "if the Master is to go into Cairo we will *all* go with him."

In vain Ishmael tried to stop the man. His protests were drowned in the rapturous responses of the crowd. People are as easily swayed to as fro; they regain confidence as rapidly as they lose it. In a moment the Master was forgotten, and only the wild-eyed dervish seemed to be heard.

"Did not God promise us, through the mouth of His messenger, that we should go into Cairo—and will He break His word?"

"Allah! Allah!" shouted the crowd.

"Did He not tell us He would send a sign?"

"Allah! Allah!"

"Shall we say it will not come, and call God a liar?"

"Allah! Allah!"

"'At the hour of midnight prayers,' he said, 'the light will shine.'"

"Allah! Allah! Allah!"

"Pray for it, my brothers, pray for it," cried Zogal, and in another moment, with the delirious strength of one possessed, he had cleared a long passage through the people and begun to lead a wild barbaric Zikr, such as he had seen in the desert.

"The light! The light! Send the light, O Allah!" cried Zogal, striding up and down the long alley of bowing and swaying people.

It has been truly said that everything favours those who have a special destiny—that they may become glorious against their own will and as if by the command of fate. It was so with Ishmael. At the very moment when Zogal, on the desert, was calling for the light which he believed God had promised, Hafiz, at the Citadel, having received the message which Helena had sent over the telephone from the house of the Princess Nazimah, was running with a powerful lantern up the stairway of one of the minarets of the mosque of Mohammed Ali.

"The light! The light! Send the light, O Allah!" cried the dervish, and at the next moment, while the breathless crowd about him were looking through the darkness towards the heights above Cairo, expecting to see the manifestation of God's sign in the sky, the light appeared!

In an instant the whole camp was a scene of frantic rejoicing. Men were shouting, women were lu-luing, camels and asses were being saddled, tents were being struck, and everybody and everything was astir.

Oh, mysterious and divine power of destiny that could make the fate of an entire nation hang on the accident of time and the unreasoning impulses of one poor demented man!

CHAPTER XI.

NEXT day Ishmael entered Cairo. News of his coming had been noised abroad, and the police had been told that beyond the necessary efforts to preserve order they were not to interfere with his procession. Neither Ishmael nor any of his people were to be allowed to pose as martyrs.

The guests at the King's Dinner had left the Ghezireh long before midnight. Such of them as were innocent of all participation in conspiracy—they were the majority—attributed the Consul-General's strange outbreak to an attack of mental vertigo. Nothing was allowed to occur which would give the incident a more serious significance. The bridge which had been opened was closed, and the guests had returned to their homes as usual.

In the early hours of morning they were awakened by two hundred men from Ishmael's company flying down every thoroughfare to reassure the population of the nature of the vast procession that was coming, and crying:—

"Peace! Peace! It is peace!"

It was a triumphant entry. The procession came in by the Gizeh bridge, and, passing down the Kasr-el-Aini into the place Ismailyah, it turned down the broad boulevard Abul Aziz towards the heart of the city.

Before the procession had gone far it seemed as if the whole population of Cairo had come out to meet it.

Many of those who had no personal interest in the procession fell into line with it. Bursts of wild Arab music broke out from time to time and then stopped, leaving a sort of confused and tumultuous silence.

Carts filled with women and children jolted along by the pilgrims like trundling bundles of joy. And then there were the pilgrims themselves, the vast concourse of

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fully forty thousand from the Soudan, from Assouan, from the long Valley of the Nile.

To the great body of the Cairenes the entrance of Ishmael Ameer denoted victory. That the Government permitted it indicated their defeat. The great English lord who had closed El Azhar, thereby damming up the chief fountain of the Islamic faith, had been beaten. Either the Powers, or God Himself, had suppressed him and rebuked England. Pharaoh had fallen. The children of Allah were crossing their Red Sea. Even as Mohammed, after being expelled from Mecca as a rebel, had returned to it as a conqueror, so Ishmael, after being cast out of Cairo as the enemy of England, was coming back as England's master and king. So louder and louder became their wild acclamations.

When Ishmael himself appeared the shouts of welcome were deafening. He came at the end of the procession, and if he could have escaped from it altogether he would have done so.

In spite of all this glory, all this grandeur, a deep melancholy filled the soul of Ishmael. He was not carried away by what had happened. Nothing that had occurred since the night before had touched his pride. When the light appeared on the minaret he had not been deceived. He knew that by some unknown turn of the wheel of chance his people were to be allowed to enter Cairo, but all the same his heart was low.

The only interpretation he put upon the change in events was a mystic one. God had refused his atonement! God had taken the leadership of his people out of his hands! As punishment of his weakness in permitting himself to be betrayed, God had made him a mere follower of his own servant! Therefore his glory was his shame! He was entering Cairo under the frown of the face of God.

When the camp had been ready to move he had mounted his white camel and ridden last, beset by melancholy preoccupations. But when he came to the Gizeh bridge and saw the crowds, and met Zogal, who was galloping back to say that the people of Cairo were preparing a triumph for him, Ishmael made his camel kneel and, in the deep abasement of his soul, he got down to walk.

Although of large frame and strong muscle, he was a man of delicate organization, and the strain his soul was going through was tearing his body to pieces. At length, as he approached the place Ismailyah, he stumbled and fell on one knee.

Zogal, who was behind, leapt from the ass he was riding and lifted the Master in his arms, but it was seen that he could not stand. There was a moment's hesitation in which the black man seemed to ask himself what he ought to do, and at the next instant he had thrown his white cloak over the donkey's back and lifted Ishmael into the saddle.

Meantime the people were waiting for the new Prophet. They expected to see him coming into Cairo as a conqueror—the central figure of a great procession such as would remind them of the grandeur of the Mahmal—the holy carpet returning from Mecca.

When at length he came, his appearance gave a shock. His face was pale, his head was down, and he was riding on an ass!

But truly everything favours him who has a great destiny. After the spectators had recovered from their first shock at the sight of Ishmael, his humility touched their imagination. Remembering how he had left Cairo, and seeing how meekly he was returning to it, their acclamations became deafening.

"Praise be to God!"

"May God preserve thee!"

"May God give thee long life!"

And then someone, who thought he saw in the entrance of Ishmael into Cairo a reproduction of the most triumphant if the most tragic incident in the life of the Lord of the Christians, shouted:—

"Seyidna Isa! Seyidna Isa!" ("Our Lord Jesus!")

In a moment the name was taken up on every side and resounded in joyous accents down the streets. The belief of a crowd is created, not by slow processes of reason, but by quick flashes of emotion, and instantly the surging mass of Eastern children had accepted the idea that Ishmael Ameer was a reincarnation of that "divine man of Judea" whom he had taught them to reverence, that "son of Mary" whom the Prophet himself had placed high among the children of men.

Nothing could have exceeded the savage grandeur of Ishmael's return to Cairo; but Ishmael himself, the white figure sitting sideways on an ass, continued to move along with a humbled and chastened soul. He was a sad man, with his own secret sorrow.

When he remembered that in spite of his betrayal his predictions were being fulfilled, he told himself that that was by God's doing only, not by his in any way. When he heard the divine name by which the people greeted him, he felt as if he were being burned to the very marrow. He was crushed by their mistaken worship. He knew himself now for a poor, weak, blind, deceived, and self-

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"ISHMAEL HIMSELF, THE WHITE FIGURE SITTING SIDEWAYS ON AN ASS, CONTINUED TO MOVE ALONG WITH A HUMBLED AND CHASTENED SOUL."

deluded man, whom the Almighty had smitten and brought low. Therefore, he made no response to the frantic acclamations. Every step of the road as he passed along was like a purgatorial procession, and his suffering was written in lines of fire on his downcast face.

Once he made an effort to dismount, but Zogal, thinking the Master's strength was failing, held him in his seat.

It took the whole morning for the procession to pass through the city. Unconsciously, as the blood flows to the heart, it went up through the Mousky to El Azhar. All the gates of the University which had been so long closed were standing open. The people crowded into the courtyard, and in a little while the vast place was full. A platform had been raised at the farther side, and on this Ishmael was placed, with the chief of the Ulema beside him.

By one of those accidents which always attach themselves to great events it chanced that the day of Ishmael's return was also the first of the Mouled-en-Naby — the nine days of rejoicing for the birthday of the Prophet. This fact was quickly seized upon as a means for uniting to the beautiful Moslem custom for "attaining the holy satisfaction" the opportunity of celebrating the victory for Islam which Ishmael was thought to have obtained. Therefore the Sheikh Seyid el Bakri determined to receive his congregations in El Azhar, where Ishmael might share in their homage.

Ishmael tried to avoid this, but could not do so. Mechanically he uttered the usual response, "May God repeat upon you this feast in happiness and benediction," and then fell back upon his own reflections.

Notwithstanding the blaze and blare of the scene about him, his mind was returning to Helena. Where was she? What fate had

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befallen her? At length, unable to bear any longer the burden of his thoughts and the purgatory of his position, he got up and stole away through the corridors at the back of the mosque.

Late at night, when the vast following which Ishmael had brought into the city had to be housed, messengers ran through the streets asking for lodgings for the pilgrims, and people answered from their windows and balconies, "I'll take one"; "I'll take two." Twenty thousand slept in the courtyard and on the roofs of El Azhar, the rest in the houses round about.

In the dead, hollow, echoing hours of early morning a solitary coach passed through the streets in the direction of the outlying stations of the railway to Port Said. Its blinds were down. It was empty. But on the box seat beside the coachman sat a nervous, watchful person with an evil face, wearing the costume of a footman.

It was the Grand Cadi. He had been the supreme orthodox authority of the Moslem faith, sent from Constantinople as a representative and exponent of the spiritual authority vested in the Sultan of Turkey as the Caliph of Islam, but he was stealing out of Cairo like a thief.

CHAPTER XII.

A GENERAL Court-Martial was fixed for the following morning, and Helena was for going to it just as she was—in the mixed Eastern and Western costume which she had worn on the desert—but the Princess would not hear of that. She must wear the finest gown and the smartest Paris hat that could be obtained in Cairo, in order that Gordon might see her at her best.

"He may be a hero," said the Princess, "but he is a man, too, God bless him! and he'll want to see the woman he loves look lovely."

So the milliners and dressmakers were set to work immediately and bound by endless pledges.

"Of course they'll promise you the stars at noonday," said the Princess; "but if they don't come up to the scratch they get no money. Keep your cat hungry and she'll catch the rat, you know."

In due time the costume was ready, and when Helena had put it on—a close-fitting silver-grey robe and a large black hat—the Princess stood off from her and said:—

"Well, my moon, my sweet, my beauty, if he doesn't want to live a little longer after he has seen you in that, he's not fit to be alive."

But at the last moment Helena called for a thick dark veil.

"I've no right to sap away his courage," she said, and the Princess, who had heard everything that Helena had to tell and had swung round to Gordon's side entirely, could say no more.

Hafiz came to take the ladies to the Citadel, and as he was leaving them at the gate to go to Gordon in his quarters Helena gave him the letter she had written at Sakkara.

"Tell him I mean all I say—every word of it," she whispered.

The Court-Martial was held in one of the rooms of the palace of Mohammed Ali—up a wide stone staircase, across a bare court, through a groined archway, beyond a great hall, which in former days had seen vast assemblies, and past a door labelled "Minister of War," into a gorgeously-decorated chamber, overlooking a garden, with its patch of green shut in by high stone walls. It had once been the harem of the great Pasha.

The room was already full when Helena and the Princess arrived, but places were found for them near the door. This position suited Helena perfectly, but to the Princess it was a deep disappointment, and as a consequence nothing pleased her.

"All English, and all soldiers! Not an Egyptian among them," she said. "After what he has done for them, too! Ingrates! Excuse the word. That's what I call them."

At that moment Hafiz entered, and the Princess, touching him on the arm, said:—

"Here, you come and sit on the other side of her and keep up her heart, the sweet one."

Hafiz did as he was told, and as soon as he was seated beside Helena he whispered:—

"I've just left him."

"How is he?"

"Firm as a rock. He sent you a message."

"What is it?"

"'Tell her,' he said, 'that great love conquers death.'"

"Ah!"

At the next moment Helena's hand and Hafiz's found each other in a fervent clasp, and sweetheart and foster-brother sat together so until the end of the inquiry.

Presently the judges of the Court entered and took their places at the table that had been prepared for them—one full colonel and four lieutenant-colonels of mature age from different British regiments.

"They look all right, but white hairs are no proof of wisdom," muttered the Princess.

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Then the accused was called, and amid breathless silence Gordon entered with a firm step, attended by the officer who had him in charge. His manner was calm, and though his face was pale almost to pallor, his expression betrayed neither fear nor bravado. His appearance made a deep impression, and the President told him to sit. At the same moment it was observed that the Sirdar came in by a door at the farther end of the room and took a seat immediately in front of him.

The Court was then sworn and the charge was read. It accused the prisoner of three offences under the Army Act; first, that being a person subject to military law he had disobeyed the lawful command of a superior in such a way as to show a wilful disregard of authority (A.A. 9, 1); second, that he had been guilty of acts and conduct to the prejudice of good order and military discipline (A.A. 40); thirdly, that he had deserted His Majesty's service while on active service (A.A. 12, 1a).

"He heard it all yesterday morning," whispered Hafiz to Helena, whose nervous fingers were tightening about his own.

The charges having been read out to the accused he was called upon to plead.

"Are you guilty or not guilty?" asked the President.

There was another moment of breathless silence, and then, in a measured voice, without a break or a tremor, Gordon said:—

"I do not wish to plead at all."

A subdued murmur passed through the room, and Hafiz whispered again:—

"He wanted to plead guilty, and the Sirdar had all he could do to prevent him."

"Enter a plea of 'Not guilty' on the record," said the President.

Then, addressing Gordon, the President asked if he was represented by counsel. Gordon shook his head. Did he desire to conduct his own defence? Again Gordon shook his head. The President conferred for a moment with other members of the Court and then said:—

"It is within the power of the Court to appoint a properly-qualified person to act as counsel for the accused, and in this case the Court desires to do so. Is there any officer here who wishes to undertake the task of defender?"

In a moment it was plainly evident that the sympathies of Gordon's brother officers were with him. Twenty men in uniform had leapt to their feet and were holding up their hands.

"Lord God, how they love him!" whispered Hafiz, and Helena had to hold down her head lest she should be seen to cry.

The defender selected was a young captain of cavalry who had brought a brilliant reputation from the Staff College, and in a moment he was in the midst of his duties.

"Does the accused desire a short adjournment of the Court in order to instruct his defender?" asked the President.

Once more Gordon, who had stood passively during these proceedings, shook his head, and then, without further preliminaries, the trial began. The prosecutor rose to make his opening address. He was an artillery officer of high reputation.

"He'll make it no worse than he can help," whispered Hafiz.

In simple words the prosecutor stated his case, confining himself to the briefest explanation of the facts he was about to prove, and then he called the first of his witnesses. This was the Military Secretary, Captain Graham, who had been present at the prisoner's interview with the late General Graves.

"Not a bad chap—he'll do no more than he must," whispered Hafiz.

Replying to the prosecutor's questions, the Military Secretary said that Gordon had refused to obey the order of his superior, given personally by that officer in the execution of his office, and that his refusal had been deliberate and distinct, and such as showed an intention to defy and resist authority.

"I object," said the officer who filled the post of Judge Advocate, and after he had shown that the latter part of the witness's answer was not evidence, but inference which the Court alone could draw, the objection was allowed.

The defender then rose to cross-examine the first witness, and in a few minutes the Military Secretary was made to prove, first, that the prisoner had tried to show his superior that the order he was giving him was contrary to humanity and likely to lead to an irreparable result; next, that when executed by another officer it *had* led to an irreparable result, including bloodshed and loss of life; and, finally, that after the order had been disobeyed by the accused the most inexcusable and disgraceful and even illegal and unsoldierly insults had been inflicted upon him by his General.

"That's true! My God, that's true! Illegal and unsoldierly!" whispered Hafiz, forgetting to whom he was talking; and Helena, in the riot of her dual love, for

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her father and for Gordon, could do nothing but hold down her head.

Then the prosecutor called Colonel Macfarlane.

"A brute—he'll do his dam'dest," whispered Hafiz.

Amid scarcely suppressed murmurs Colonel Macfarlane, speaking with manifest bitterness, proved the assault upon himself, and then went on to say that it was unprovoked, it was brutal, and it was conduct unbecoming the character of an officer and a gentleman.

"A lie like that has no legs to walk on," whispered Hafiz.

"No, but it has wings to fly with, though," said the Princess.

"Hush!" said Helena.

Again, like a flash of light, the Judge Advocate had leapt up to protest against an inference which the Court alone was entitled to draw, and again the objection was upheld and the inference was expunged.

Amid obvious excitement among the soldiers in court, the defender then rose to cross-examine the second witness, and in a moment Macfarlane's freckled face had become scarlet as he was compelled to admit that at the instant before he was assaulted he had ordered the shooting of a boy (who fell dead from the walls of El Azhar), and was then swearing at the boy's mother, who was weeping over her son.

"Ah, his rage will be at the end of his nose now," whispered the Princess.

Finally the prosecutor called the officer who was temporarily commanding the Army of Occupation to show that the accused, after disobeying the order of his late General, had disappeared from Cairo and had not been seen since the riot of El Azhar until his capture two days before.

The evidence for the prosecution being now finished, the Court prepared itself for the defence. There was a certain appearance of anxious curiosity on the faces of the judges and a tingling atmosphere of expectancy among the spectators.

Then came a surprise. The young defender, who had been holding a whispered conference with Gordon, turned to the President and said:—

"I regret to say that the accused has decided not to call any witnesses in defence."

"But, perhaps," said the President, turning to Gordon, "you wish to give evidence for yourself. Do you?"

There was another moment of breathless silence, and then Gordon, after looking slowly round the room in the direction of the place in which Helena sat with her head down, said calmly: "No."

At that the murmuring among the spectators could hardly be suppressed. It was now plainly evident that Gordon's brother officers were with him to a man. They had been counting on an explanation that would at least palliate his conduct if it could not excuse his offences. The disappointment was deep, but the sympathy was still deeper. Could it be possible that Gordon *meant* to die?

"Lift up your veil, child," whispered the Princess, but Helena shook her head.

After the prosecutor had summed up his evidence, the defender addressed the Court for the defence. He pleaded extenuating circumstances, first on the ground that the order given to the accused, though not in opposition to the established customs of the Army or the laws of England, was calculated to do irreparable injury, and had done such injury, and next on the ground of outrageous provocation.

When the defender had finished, the President announced that his Excellency the Sirdar had volunteered to give evidence in proof of the prisoner's honourable record, and that the Court had decided to hear him.

The Sirdar was then sworn, and in strong, affecting, soldierly words he said the accused had rendered great services to his country; that he had received many medals and distinctions; that he was as brave a man as ever stood under arms, and one of the young officers who made an old soldier proud to belong to the British Army.

There is no company more easily moved to tears than a company of soldiers, and when the Sirdar sat down there was not a dry eye in that assembly of brave men.

After a pause the President announced that the Court would be closed to consider the finding, but in order to assist the judges in doing so it would be desirable that they should know more of the conditions under which the accused was arrested. Therefore, the following persons would be asked to remain:—

His Excellency the Sirdar,

The Commandant of Police,

Captain Hafiz Ahmed of the Egyptian Army.

Helena, with the other spectators, was passing out of the room when the Sirdar touched her on the shoulder and said, haltingly:—

"Have you perhaps got . . . can you trust me with those letters for a little while?"

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By some impulse, hardly intelligible to herself, Helena had brought Gordon's letters with her, and after a moment's hesitation she took them out of a pocket and gave them to the Sirdar, saying, very faintly but very sweetly :—

"Yes, I can trust them to *you*."

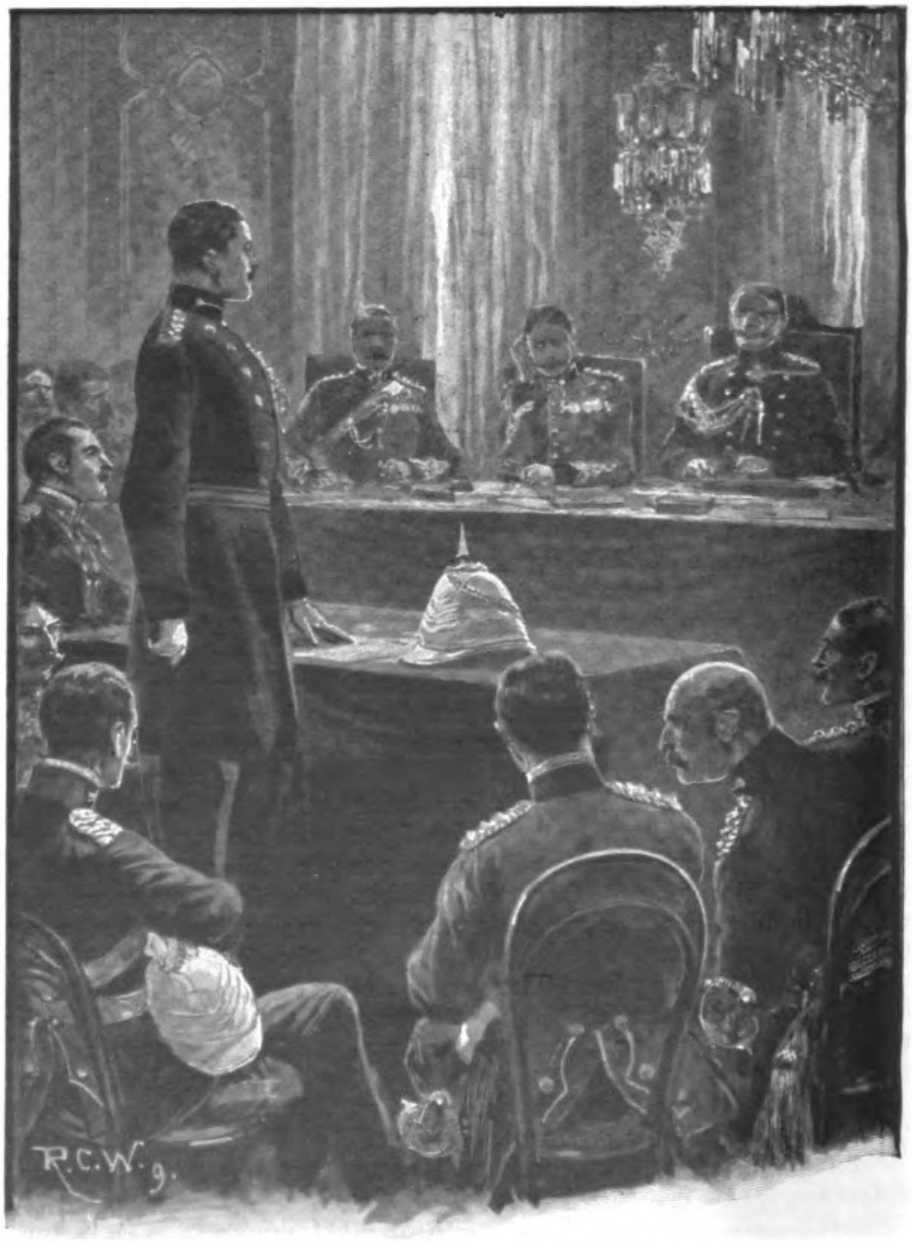
Then with the Princess she went out into the great hall and sat there on a window-seat while the Court was closed. There was a sad and solemn expression in her face, and seeing this, even through her dark veil, the officers, who were pacing to and fro, moved by that delicacy which is the nobler part of an English gentleman's reserve—respect for the intimacies that are sacred to another person—merely bowed to her as they passed.

The strain was great, for she knew what was going on behind the closed doors of the Court-room. The judges were trying to find in the circumstances of Gordon's arrest some excuse for his desertion. She could see the Sirdar and Hafiz struggling to show that, however irregular and reprehensible from a disciplinary standpoint, Gordon's had been the higher patriotism, that, coming back under those strange conditions and in that strange disguise, he had deliberately returned to die. And she could see the Court powerfully moved by that plea, yet helpless to take account of it.

Half an hour passed; an hour; nearly two hours; and then a young officer came up to tell Helena that the Court was about to re-open.

"I think—I hope they intend to recommend him to mercy," he said, blunderingly, and at the next moment he felt as if he would like to cut his tongue out. But Helena was unhurt. She held up her head for the first time that day, and, to the Princess's surprise, when they re-entered the room and the officers made way for her, she pushed through to the front and took a seat, back to the wall, immediately before the Sirdar and almost face to face with Gordon.

There was that tense atmosphere in the court which always precedes a sentence, but



"GORDON WAS TOLD TO RISE, AND THEN THE PRESIDENT, OBVIOUSLY AFFECTED, PROCEEDED TO ADDRESS HIM."

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there was also a sort of humid air, as if the angel of pity had passed through the place and softened it to tears.

Gordon was told to rise, and then the President, obviously affected, proceeded to address him. He might say at once that the judges regretted to find themselves unable to take account of the moral aspects of the case. Nothing but its military aspects came within their cognizance. That being so, the Court, notwithstanding the able and ingenious defence, could find no excuse for insubordination—the first duty of a soldier was to obey. In like manner, they could find no excuse for a savage personal attack by an officer in uniform upon another officer in the exercise of his office—it was conduct to the prejudice of good order and military discipline. Finally, the Court could find no excuse for desertion—it was an act of great offence to the flag which a soldier was sworn to serve.

"Under these circumstances," continued the President, "the Court have no alternative but to find you guilty of the crimes with which you have been charged, and, though it is within the Court's discretion to mitigate the penalty of your offences, they have decided, after anxious deliberation, remembering the grave fact that the force in Egypt is on active service, not to exercise that right, but, out of regard to your high record as a soldier and the great provocation which you certainly suffered, to content themselves with recommending you to mercy, thus leaving the issue to a higher authority. Therefore, whatever the result of that recommendation, it is now my duty, my very painful duty, to pronounce upon you, Charles George Gordon Lord, the full sentence prescribed by military law—death."

There was a solemn silence until the President's last word was spoken, when all eyes turned towards Gordon.

He bore himself with absolute self-possession. There was a slight quivering of the eyelids, and a quick glint of the steel-grey eyes in the direction of the opposite side of the court—nothing more.

Then a thrilling incident occurred. Helena, whose head had been down, was seen to rise in her seat and to raise her thick dark veil. One moment she stood there, back to the wall, with her magnificent pale face all strength and courage, looking steadily across at the prisoner as if nobody else were present in the room. Then as quietly as she had risen she sank back to her place.

Oh, sublime power of love! Oh, pitiful impotence of words! Everybody felt the thousand inexpressible things which that simple act was meant to convey.

Gordon was the first to feel them, and when his guard touched him on the arm he turned and went out with a step that rang on the marble floor—firm as a rock.

As the Court broke up one of the officers was heard to whisper hoarsely:—

"She's worthy of him—what more is there to say?"

At the last moment the Sirdar turned to her and whispered:—

"You must lend me these letters a little longer, my dear. And remember what I said before—there's still the Secretary of State, and there's still the King."

CHAPTER XIII.

THE strength in Helena's face was not belied by the will behind it. Within an hour she was at work to save Gordon's life. Going to the officer who had acted as Judge Advocate, she learned that the sentence would not go to head-quarters for confirmation until after two days. In those two days she achieved wonders.

First, she approached the President of the Court and made sure that the recommendation to mercy would go to London by the same mail that carried the report of the proceedings.

Next she visited the lieutenant-colonel of every regiment of the Army of Occupation and secured his signature and the signatures of his fellow-officers to a petition asking for the commutation of the sentence.

Two days and two nights she spent in this work, and everybody at Abbassiah and at the Citadel knew what the daughter of the late General was doing. A woman is irresistible to a soldier; a beautiful woman in distress is overpowering; all the Army was in love with Helena; every soldier was her slave.

When, on the evening of the second day, she returned to the house of the Princess she found three "Tommies," all dressed in khaki and one in Highland uniform, waiting for her in the hall. They produced a thick packet of foolscap, badly disfigured by finger-prints and smelling strongly of tobacco, containing four thousand signatures to her appeal.

Perhaps her greatest triumph, however, was with Colonel Macfarlane.

"I must have his help, too," she said to the Princess, whereupon Her Highness put a finger to her nose and answered:—

"If you must, my heart, you must, but

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"THEY PRODUCED A THICK PACKET OF FOOLSCAP, BADLY DISFIGURED BY FINGER-PRINTS."

remember—when you want a dog's service address him as 'Sir.'"

She did. With a blush she told the Colonel (it was a dear, divine falsehood) that Gordon had said he had had no personal animosity against him, and was sorry if at a moment of undue excitement he had behaved badly.

The curmudgeon took the apology according to his kind, saying that in his opinion an officer who struck a brother-officer publicly and before his men deserved to be shot or drummed out of the Army; but still, if Colonel Lord was ashamed of what he had done . . .

Helena's eyes flashed with anger, but she compelled herself to smile and to say:—

"He is, I assure you he is." And before the big Highlander knew what he was doing he had written to head-quarters at Helena's dictation to say that, inasmuch as his own quarrel with Colonel Gordon Lord had been composed, that count in the offence might, so far as he was concerned, be wiped out.

The sweet double-face told him how good and noble and even Christ-like this was of him, and then, marching off with the letter, said to herself, "The brute!"

Meantime Hafiz, acting through his uncle, the Chancellor, got the Ulema of El Azhar to send a message to the Foreign Minister saying, with many Eastern flourishes, that what General Graves had ordered Gordon to do, what his subordinate had done, was a deep injury to the religious susceptibilities of the Mohammedan people.

Besides this the Sirdar sent a secretary with Gordon's letters and reams of written explanations of his conduct to the permanent head of the War Office, a friend, a firm disciplinarian, but a man of strong humanity. Why had the prisoner refused to plead? Because he did not wish to accuse his dead General. Why had he made no explanation of his desertion and of his conduct at the time of his arrest? Because he did not wish to impeach his father. Why had he intercepted an order of the Army? Because he had been inspired solely by a desire to prevent the tumultuous effusion of blood, and he *had* prevented it.

Finally, as a technical point of the highest importance, could it be deemed that the troops in Egypt were on active service when there was no such declaration to that effect as Section 189 (2) of the Army Act required?

Within two days everything was done, and then there was nothing left but to await results. Helena wanted to go up to see Gordon, but she was afraid to do so. When sorrow is shared it is lessened, but suspense that is divided is increased.

After five days the Sirdar began to hear from London and to send his news to Helena over the telephone. The matter was to be

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submitted to His Majesty personally—had she any objection to the King seeing Gordon's letters? So very intimate? Well, what of that? The King was a good fellow, and there was nothing in the world that touched him so nearly as a beautiful woman, except a woman in love and in trouble.

Then came two days of grim, unbroken silence, and then—a burst of great news.

In consideration of Colonel Lord's distinguished record as a soldier and his unblemished character as a man; out of regard to the obvious purity of his intentions and the undoubted fact that the order he disobeyed had led to irreparable results; remembering the great provocation he had received, and not forgetting the valuable services rendered by his father to England and to Egypt, the King had been graciously pleased to grant him a free pardon!

This coming first as a private message from the head of the War Office threw the Sirdar into an ecstasy of joy. He called up the Consul-General immediately and repeated the glad words over the telephone, but no answer came back to him except the old man's audible breathing as it quivered over the wires.

Then he thought of Helena, but with a soldier's terror of tears in the eyes of a woman, even tears of joy, he decided to let Hafiz carry the news to her.

"Tell her to go up to the Citadel and break the good tidings to Gordon," he said, speaking to Egyptian head-quarters.

Nothing loath, Hafiz went bounding along to the house of the Princess and blurted out his big message, expecting that it would be received with cries of delight; but, to his bewilderment, Helena heard it with fear and trembling, and, becoming weak and womanish all at once, she seemed to be about to faint.

Hafiz, with proper masculine simplicity, became alarmed at this, but the Princess began to laugh.

"What!" she cried. "You that have been as brave as a lion with her cub while your man's life has been in danger to go mooing now—*now*—like a cow with a sick calf!"

Helena recovered herself after a moment, and then Hafiz delivered the Sirdar's mandate that she was to go up to the Citadel and break the good news to Gordon.

"But I daren't, I daren't," she said, still trembling.

"What!" cried the Princess again. "Not go and get the kisses and hugs that . . . Well, what a dunce I was to have that silver grey of yours made so tight about the waist! For two pins I would put on your black veil and go up myself and take all the young man has to give a woman."

Helena smiled (a watery smile) and declared she would go if Hafiz would go with her. Hafiz was ready, and in less than half an hour they were driving up to the Citadel in the Princess's carriage, with the footmen and sais and eunuch which Her Highness, for all her emancipation, thought necessary to female propriety in public.

Everything went well until they reached the fortress, and then, going up the stone staircase to Gordon's quarters, Helena began to tremble more than ever.

"Oh! Oh! I daren't! I must go home," she whispered.

"Lord, no, not now," said Hafiz. "Remember, up there is someone who thinks he is going to die, while here are we who know he isn't, and that life will be doubly sweet if it's you that takes it back to him. Come, sister, come!"

"Give me your arm, then," said Helena, and, panting with emotion and perilously near to the point of tears, she went up on shaking limbs to a door at which two soldiers, armed to the teeth, were standing on guard.

At that moment Gordon, in the officers' bright room which had been given to him as a cell, was leaning on the sill of the open window and looking steadfastly down at some object in the white city below. During the past six days he had known what was being done on his behalf, and the desire for life, which he had believed to be dead in him, had quickened to suspense and pain.

To ease both feelings he had smoked innumerable cigarettes and made pretence of reading the illustrated papers which his brother-officers had poured in upon him, out of their otherwise dumb and helpless sympathy. But every few minutes of every day he had leaned out of the window to look first, with a certain pang, at the heavy-lidded house which contained his father; next, with a certain sense of tears, at a green spot covered with cypress trees, which contained all that was left of his mother; and finally, with a certain yearning, at the trellised Eastern palace of the Princess Nazimah, which contained Helena.

This is what he was doing at the moment when Helena and Hafiz were ascending the stairs, and just as he was asking himself for the hundredth time why Helena did not come to see him he heard his guard's gruff tones mingled with a woman's mellow voice.

A deep note among the soft ones sent all

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the blood in his body galloping to his heart, and, turning round, he saw the door of his room open and Helena herself on the threshold.

One moment she stood there, with her sweet, careworn face growing red in her passion of joy, and then she rushed at him and fell on his breast, throwing both arms about his neck, and crying :—

"Such news, Gordon! Oh, my Gordon, I bring you such good news! Such news, dear! Such news! Oh, such good, good news!"

Thus, trying to tell her tidings at a breath, she told him nothing, but continued to laugh and sob and kiss, and say what good news she brought him.

Yet words were needless, and before Hafiz, whose fat, wet face was shining like a round window on an April day, could whisper "The King's pardon," Gordon, like the true lover he was, had said, and had meant it:—

"But you bring me nothing so good as yourself, dearest—nothing!"

CHAPTER XIV.

HELENA was with Gordon the following morning when one of the guard came in hurriedly and announced, amid gusts of breath, that the Consul-General was coming upstairs.

Not without a certain nervousness Gordon rose to receive his father, but he met him at the door with both hands outstretched. The old man took one of them quietly, with the air of a person who was struggling hard to hold himself in check. He took Helena's hand also, and when she would have left the room he prevented her.

"No, no," he said; "sit down, my child; resume your seat."

It seemed to Gordon that his father looked whiter and feebler, yet even firmer of will than ever, like a lion that had been shot and was dying hard. His lips were compressed as he took the chair which Gordon offered him, and when he spoke his voice was hard and a little bitter.

"First, let me give you good news," he said.

"Is it the pardon?" asked Gordon.

"No; something else—perhaps, in a sense, something better," said the old man.

He had received an unofficial message from the War Office to say that the King, taking no half measures, intended to promote Gordon to the rank of Major-General and appoint him to the command of the British forces in Egypt.

Helena could hardly contain her joy at this fresh proof of good fortune, but Gordon made no demonstration. He watched the pained expression in the old man's face, and felt sure that something else was coming.

"It's a remarkable, perhaps unparalleled, instance of clemency," continued the Consul-General, "and under the circumstances it may be said to open up as momentous a mission as was ever confided to a military commander."

"And you, father?" asked Gordon, not without an effort.

The old man laughed. A flush overspread his pale face for a moment. Then he said :—

"I? Oh, I . . . I am dismissed."

"Dismissed?"

Gordon had gasped. Helena's lips had parted.

"That's what it comes to—stated in plain words and without diplomatic flourishes. True, I had sent in my resignation, but . . . The long and the short of it is that after a debate on the Address, and the carrying of an amendment, Downing Street has agreed that the time has come to associate the people of Egypt with the government of the country."

"Well, sir?"

"Well, as that is a policy against which I have always set my face, a policy I have considered premature, perhaps suicidal, the Secretary of State has cabled that, being unable to ask me to carry into effect a change that is repugnant to my principles, he is reluctantly compelled to accept my resignation."

Gordon could not speak, but again the old man tried to laugh.

"Of course the pill is gilded," he continued, clasping his blue-veined hands in front of his breast. "The Foreign Secretary told Parliament that my resignation (on the ground of age and ill-health, naturally) was the heaviest blow that had fallen on English public life within living memory. He also said that, while other methods might be necessary for the future, none could have been so good as mine in the past. And then the King . . ."

"Yes, father?"

A hard, half-ironical smile passed over the old man's face.

"The King has been graciously pleased to grant me an Earldom, and even to make me a Knight of the Garter."

There was a moment's painful silence, and then the Consul-General said :—

"So I go home immediately."

"Immediately?"

"By to-night's train, to take the P. and O. to-morrow," said the old man, bowing over his clasped hands.

"To-morrow?"

"Why not? My secretaries can do with-

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out me. Why should I linger on a stage on which I am no longer a leading actor, but only a supernumerary? Better make my exit with what grace I can."

Under the semi-cynical tone Gordon could see his father's emotion. He found it impossible to utter a word.

"But I thought I would come up before going away and bring you the good news myself, though it is almost like a father who is deposed congratulating the son who is to take his place."

"Don't say that, sir," said Gordon.

"Why shouldn't I? And why should I gird at my fortune? It's strange, nevertheless, how history repeats itself. I came to Egypt to wipe out the misrule of Ismail Pasha, and now, like Ismail, I leave my son behind me."

There was a moment of strained silence, and then:—

"I have often wondered what took place at that secret meeting between Ismail and Tewfik, when we made the son Khedive and sent the father back to Constantinople. Now I think I know."

The old man's emotion was cutting deep. Gordon could scarcely bear to look at him.

"I wish you well, Gordon, and only hope these people may be more grateful to you than they have been to me. God grant it!"

Gordon could not speak.

"I confess I have no faith in the proposed change. I think all such concessions are so many sops to sedition. I also think that to have raised the masses of a subject race from abject misery to well-being, and then to allow them to fall back to their former condition, as they surely will, and to become the victims of the worst elements among themselves, is not only foolish but utterly wrong and wicked."

The old man rose and, in the intensity of his feelings, began to pace to and fro.

"They talk about the despotism of the One-Man rule," he said. "What about the despotism of their Parliaments, their Congresses, their Reichstags — the worst despotisms in the world? Fools! Why can't they see that the difference between the democracy of Europe and America and the government proper to the ancient, slavish, and slow-moving civilization of the East is fundamental?"

The old man's lips stiffened and then he said:—

"But perhaps I am only an antiquated person, behind the new age and the new ideas. If so, I'm satisfied. I belong to the number of those who have always thought it the duty of great nations to carry the light of civilization into dark continents, and I am not sorry to be left behind by the cranks who would legislate for all men alike. Pshaw! You might as well tailorize for all men alike, and put clothes of the same pattern on all mankind."

Again the old man laughed.

"It's part and parcel of the preposterous American doctrine that all men are born free and equal—the doctrine that made the United States enfranchise as well as emancipate their blacks. May the results be no worse in this case!"

There was another moment of strained silence, and then the Consul-General said:—

"I suppose they'll say the man Ishmael has beaten me." He gave a contemptuous but almost inaudible laugh, and then added: "Let them; they're welcome; time will tell. Anyhow, I do not lament. When a man is old his useless life must burn itself out. That's only natural. And after all I've seen too much of power to regret the loss of it."

Still Gordon could not speak. He was feeling how great his father was in his downfall, how brave, how proud, how splendid.

The old man walked to the window and looked out with fixed eyes. After a moment he turned back and said:—

"All the same, Gordon, I am glad of what has happened for your sake—sincerely glad. You've not always been with me, but you've won; and I do not grudge you your victory. Indeed," he added, and here his voice trembled perceptibly, "I am a little proud of it. Yes, proud! An old man cannot be indifferent to the fact that his son has won the hearts of twelve millions of people, even though—even though *he* himself may have lost them."

Gordon's throat was hurting him, and Helena's eyes were full of tears. The old man, too, was struggling to control his voice.

"You thought Nunehamism wasn't synonymous with patriotism. Perhaps you are right. You believed yourself to be the better Englishman of the two. I don't say you were not. And it may be that in her present mind England will think that one secret withheld from me has been revealed to you—namely, that an alien race can only be ruled by . . . by love. Yes, I'm glad for your sake, Gordon; and as for me—I leave myself to time and fate."

The old man's pride in his son's success was fighting hard with his own humiliation. After a while Gordon recovered strength enough to ask his father what he meant to do in England.

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"Who can say?" answered the Consul-General, lifting one hand with a gesture of helplessness. "I have spent the best years of my life in Egypt. What is England to me now? Home? No; exile."

He had moved to the window again, and following the direction of his eyes Gordon could see that he was looking towards the cypress trees which shaded the English cemetery of Cairo.

A deep and profound silence ensued, and, feeling as if his mother's spirit were passing through the room, Gordon dropped his head and tears leapt to his eyes.

It was the first time father and son had been together since the tenderest link that had bound them had been broken; but while both were thinking of this, neither of them could trust himself to speak of it.

"Janet, your dream has come true! How happy you would have been!" thought the Consul-General; while Gordon, unable to unravel the intricacies of his emotions, was saying to himself, "Mother! My sweet mother!"

The last moment came, and it was a very moving one. Up from some hidden depths of the old man's oceanic soul there came a certain joy. Gordon and Helena had been brought together, and as he looked at them, standing side by side when they rose to bid farewell to him, the man so brave and fearless, the girl so fine and beautiful, he thought, with a thrill of the heart, that whatever might happen to himself—old, worn-out, fallen perhaps, his life ended—yet would his line go on in the time to come, pure, clean, and strong, and the name of Nuneham be written high in the history of his country.

Holding out a hand to each, he looked steadily into their faces for a moment, while he bade his silent good-bye. Not a word, not the quiver of an eyelid. It was the English gentleman coming out top in the end, firm, stern, heroic.

Before Gordon and Helena seemed to be aware of it, the old man was gone; and they heard the rumble of the wheels of his carriage as it passed out of the courtyard.

CHAPTER XV.

At nightfall the great Proconsul left Cairo. He knew that all day long the telegraphic agencies had been busy with messages from London about his resignation. He also knew that after the first thunderclap of surprise the Egyptian population had concluded that he had been recalled—recalled in disgrace and at the petition of the Khedive to the King.

It did not take him long to prepare for his departure. In the course of an hour Ibrahim was able to pack up the few personal effects—how few!—which during the longest residence gather about the house of a servant of the State.

Perhaps the acutest of his feelings on leaving Egypt came to him as he drove in a closed carriage out of the grounds of the Agency and looked up for the last time at the windows of the room that used to be occupied by his wife.

Poor Janet! He must leave all that remained of her behind him under the tall cypress trees on the edge of the Nile. Yet no, not all, for he was carrying away the better part of her—her pure soul and saintly memory—within him. None the less, that moment of parting brought the old man nearer than he had ever been to the sense of tears in mortal things.

The Sirdar had accompanied him, but though the fact of his intended departure had become known, having been announced in all the evening papers, there was nobody at the station to bid adieu to him—not a member of the Khedive's entourage; not one of the Egyptian Ministers, not even any of the Advisers and Under-Secretaries whom he had himself created.

The engine was getting up steam, and its rhythmic throb was shaking the glass roof overhead, when Gordon and Hafiz, wearing their military great-coats, came up the platform. They had carefully timed it to arrive at the last moment. A gleam of light came into the father's face at the sight of his son. Gordon stepped up, Hafiz fell back. Lord Nuneham entered the carriage.

"Well, good-bye, old friend," said the old man, shaking hands warmly with the Sirdar. "I may see you again—in my exile in England, you know."

Then he turned to Gordon and took his outstretched hand. Father and son stood face to face for the last time. Not a word was spoken. There was a long, firm, quivering hand-clasp, and that was all. At the next moment the train was gone.

The Sirdar stood watching it until it disappeared, and then he turned to Gordon, and, thinking of the England the Consul-General had loved, the England he had held high, he said, speaking of him as if he were already dead:—

"After all, my boy, your father was one of the great Englishmen."

Gordon could not answer him, and after a while they shook hands and separated. The

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two young soldiers walked back to the Citadel through the native streets. The "Nights of the Prophet" were nearly over, and the illuminations were being put out.

Hafiz talked about the Khedive—he had just arrived at Kubbeh—then about Ishmael. The Prophet had shut himself up in the Chancellor's house and was permitting nobody to see him.

"His Highness has asked Ishmael to be Imam to-morrow morning, but it is thought that he is ill—it is even whispered that he is going mad," said Hafiz.

Gordon did not speak until they reached the foot of the hill. Then he said:—

"I must go up and lie down. Good night, old fellow! God bless you!"

CHAPTER XVI.

HALF an hour earlier, Gordon's guard, now transformed into his soldier-servant, had been startled by the appearance of an Egyptian, wearing the flowing white robes of a sheikh and asking in almost faultless English for Colonel Lord.

"The Colonel has gone to the station to see his lordship off to England, but I'm expecting him back presently," said the orderly.

"I'll wait," said the sheikh, and the orderly showed him into Gordon's room.

"Looks like a bloomin' death's head! Wonder if he's the bloomin' Prophet they're jawrin' about!"

Now that his anxiety for his followers was relaxed and their hopes had in some measure been realized, Ishmael's mind swung back to the sorrowful decay and ruin that had fallen upon himself. It was no longer the shame of the prophet, but the bereavement of the man, that tormented him. His lacerated heart left him no power of thinking or feeling anything but the loss of Helena.

Again he saw her beaming eyes, her long black lashes, and her smiling mouth. Again he heard her voice, and again the sweet perfume of her presence seemed to be about him. That all this was lost to him for ever, that henceforth he had to put away from him all the sweetness, all the beauty, all the tenderness of a woman's life linked with his, brought him a paroxysm of pain in which it seemed as if his heart would break and die.

If anything had been necessary to make his position intolerable, it came with the thought that all this was due to the treachery of the man he had loved and trusted, the man he had believed to be his friend and brother, the one being, besides the woman, who had gone to his heart of hearts. The Rani had confessed to him that she loved "Omar," and notwithstanding that all his life he had struggled to liberate himself from the prejudices of his race, yet now, in the melancholy broodings of his Eastern brain, he could not escape from the conclusion that the only love possible between a man and the wife of another was guilty love.

When he thought of that, both body and soul seemed to be afire, and he became conscious of a feeling about "Omar" which he had never experienced before towards any human creature—a feeling of furious and inextinguishable hatred.

He began to be afraid of himself, and just as a dog will shun its kind and hide itself from sight when it feels the poison of madness working in its blood, so Ishmael, under the secret trouble which he dared reveal to none, shut himself up in his sleeping-room in the old Chancellor's house.

On the second day after his retirement the Chancellor came to tell him that his emissary, his missionary, "Omar Benani," had been identified on his arrest, that in his true character as Colonel Lord he was to be tried by his fellow-officers for his supposed offences as a soldier at the time of the assault on El Azhar, and that the only sentence that could possibly be passed upon him would be death. At this news, which the Chancellor delivered with a sad face, Ishmael felt a fierce but secret joy.

"God's arm is long," he told himself. "He allowed the man to escape while his aims were good, but now He is going to punish him for his treachery and deceit."

Three days afterwards the old Chancellor came again to say that Colonel Lord had been tried and condemned to death, as everybody had foreseen and expected, but, nevertheless, the sympathy of all men was with him, because he was seen to have acted from the noblest motives, withstanding his own father for what he believed to be the right, and exposing himself to the charge of being a bad son and a poor patriot in order to prevent bloodshed; that he had indeed prevented bloodshed by preventing a collision of the British and native armies; that it had been by his efforts that the pilgrimage had been able to enter Cairo in peace; and that, in recognition of the great sacrifice made by the Christian soldier for the love of humanity, the Ulema were joining with others in petitioning his King to pardon him.

At this news a chill came over Ishmael. His heart grew cold as stone, and when the Chancellor was gone he found himself praying:—

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"Forbid it, O God, forbid it. Let not Thy justice be taken out of Thine awful hands!"

Four days later the old Chancellor came yet again to say that the King's pardon had been granted; that Colonel Lord was free; that the people were rejoicing; that everybody attributed the happy issue of the Christian's case mainly to the zealous efforts on his behalf of the woman who loved him, the daughter of the dead General whose unwise command had been the cause of all his trouble; and, finally, that it was expected that these two would soon heal their family feud by marriage.

At this news Ishmael's tortured heart was aflame and his brain was reeling. The thought that "Omar" was not to be punished, that he was to be honoured, that he was to be made happy, filled him with passions never felt before. Behind the strongest and most spiritual soul there lurks a wild beast that seems to be ever waiting to destroy it, and in the torment of Ishmael's heart the thought came to him that, as his earthly judges were permitting the guilty one to escape, God called on *him* to punish the man.

Irresistible as the thought was, it brought a feeling of indescribable dread. "I must be going mad," he told himself, remembering how he had spent his life in the cause of peace. All day long he fought against a hatred that was now so fierce that it seemed as if death alone could satisfy it. His soul wrestled with it, baffled for life against it, and at length conquered it, and he rose from his knees saying to himself:—

"No; vengeance belongs to God! When did He ask for my hand to execute it?"

But the compulsion of great passion was driving him on, and after dismissing the thought of his own wrongs he began to think of the Rani's. Where was she now? What had become of her? He dared not ask. Ashamed, humiliated, abased, he had become so sensitive to pain on the subject of the woman whom he had betrothed, the woman who had betrayed him, the woman he still loved in spite of everything, that he was even afraid that someone might speak of her.

But, in the light of what the Chancellor had said about the daughter of the General, he pictured the Rani as a rejected and abandoned woman. This thought was at first so painful that it deprived him of the free use of his faculties. He could not see anything plainly. His mind was a battlefield of confused sights, half hidden in clouds of smoke. That after all the Rani had sacrificed for "Omar"—her husband, her happiness, and her honour—she should be cast aside for another—this was maddening.

He asked himself what he was to do. Find her and take her back? Impossible! Her heart was gone from him. She would continue to love the other man whatever he might do to her. That was the way of all women—Allah pity and bless them!

Then a flash of illumination came to him in the long interval of his darkness. He would liberate the Rani, *and the man she loved should marry her!* No matter if she belonged to another race—he should marry her! No matter if she belonged to another faith—he should marry her! And as for himself—*his sacrifice should be his revenge!*

"Yes, *that* shall be my revenge," he thought.

This, in the wild fire of his heart and brain, was the thought with which Ishmael had come to Gordon's door, and being shown into the soldier's room he sat for some time without looking about him. Then raising his eyes and gazing round the bare apartment, with its simple bed, its table, its shelves of military boots, its stirrups, swords, and rifles, he saw on the desk under the lamp a large photograph in a frame.

It was the photograph of a woman in Western costume, and he told himself in an instant who the woman was—she was the daughter of the General who was dead.

He remembered that he had heard of her before, and that he had even spoken about her to her father when he came to warn the General that the order he was giving to Colonel Lord would lead to the injury of England in Egypt and the ruin of his own happiness. From that day to this he had never once thought of the girl; but now, recalling what the old Chancellor had said of her devotion, her fidelity, her loyalty to the man she loved, he turned his eyes from her picture lest the sight of it should touch him with tenderness and make harder the duty he had come to do.

"No, I will not look at it," he told himself, with the simplicity of a sick child.

Trying to avoid the softening effects of the photograph under the lamp, he saw another on the table by his side, and yet another on the wall. They were all pictures of the same woman, and, hastily as he glanced at them, there was something in the face of each that kindled a light in his memory. Was it only a part of his haunting torment that, in spite of the Western costume that obscured the woman in the photographs, her brilliant beaming eyes were the eyes of the Rani?

A wave of indescribable tenderness broke

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over him for a moment, an odour of perfume, an atmosphere of sweetness and delicacy and charm; and then, telling himself that all this was gone from him for ever, and that every woman's face would henceforth remind him of her whom he had lost, the hatred in his heart against Gordon gave him the pain of an open wound.

"O God, let me forget; let me forget," he prayed.

Then suddenly, while he was in the tempest of these contrary emotions which were whirling like hot sand in a sandstorm about his brain, he heard a footstep on the stairs, followed by a voice outside the door. It was the voice of Colonel Lord's soldier-servant, and he was telling his master who was within —an Arab, a sheikh, in white robes and a turban.

"He's coming! He's here!" thought Ishmael.

With choking throat and throbbing heart he rose to his feet and stood waiting. At the next moment the door was thrown open and the man he had come to meet was in the room.

CHAPTER XVII.

WITH all his heart occupied by thoughts of his father, Gordon had hardly listened to what Hafiz had been saying about Ishmael, but walking up the hill to the Citadel he began to think of him and of Helena, and of the bond of the betrothal which still bound them together.

"Until that is broken there can be nothing between her and me," he told himself, and this was the thought in his mind at the moment when he reached his quarters and his servant told him who was waiting within.

"Ishmael Ameer! Is it you?" he cried as he burst the door open, and stepping eagerly, cheerfully, almost joyfully forward he stretched out his hand.

But Ishmael drew back, and then Gordon saw that his eyes were swollen as if by sleeplessness, that his lips were white, that his cheeks were terribly pale, and that the expression of his face was shocking.

"Why, what is this? Are you ill?" he asked.

"Omar Benani," said Ishmael, "you and I are alone, and only God is our witness. I have something to say to you. Let us sit."

He spoke in a low, tremulous tone, rather with his breath than with his voice, and Gordon, after looking at him for an instant, and seeing the smouldering fire of madness that was in the man's face, threw off his great-coat and sat down.

There was a moment in which neither spoke, and then Ishmael, still speaking in a scarcely audible voice, said:—

"Omar Benani, I am a son of the Beni Azra. Honour is our watchword. When a traveller in the Libyan Desert, tired and weary, seeks the tent of one of my people, the master takes him in. He makes him free of all that he possesses. Sometimes he sends the stranger into the harem itself that the women may wash his feet. He leaves him there to rest and to sleep. He puts his faith, his honour, the most precious thing God has given him, into his hands. But," said Ishmael, with suppressed fire flashing in his eyes, "if the stranger should ever wrong that harem, if he should ever betray the trust reposed in him, no matter who he is or where he flies to, the master will follow him and *kill him!*"

Involuntarily, seeing the error that Ishmael had fallen into, Gordon rose to his feet, whereupon Ishmael, mistaking the gesture, held up his hand.

"No," he said, "not that! I have not come to do that. I put *my* honour in *your* hands, Omar Benani; I made you free of my family. Could I have done more? You were my brother, yet you outraged the sacred rights of brotherhood. You tore open the secret chamber of my heart. You deceived me and robbed me and betrayed me, and you are a traitor. But I am not here to avenge myself. Sit, sit. I will tell you what I have come for."

Breathless and bewildered, Gordon sat again, and, after another moment of silence, Ishmael said:—

"Omar Benani, there is one who has sacrificed everything for you. She has broken her vows for you, sinned for you, suffered for you. That woman is my wife, and by all the rights of a husband I could hold her. But her heart is yours, and therefore . . . therefore *I intend to give her up.*"

Involuntarily Gordon rose to his feet again, and again Ishmael held up his hand.

"But if I liberate her," he said, "if I divorce her, *you* must marry her. *That* is what I have come to say."

Utterly amazed and dumbfounded, Gordon could not at first find words to speak, whereupon Ishmael, mistaking his silence, said:—

"You need not be afraid of scandal. My people know something about the letter that was sent into Cairo, but neither my people nor yours know anything of the motives that inspired it. Therefore, nobody except ourselves will understand the reason for what is done."

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He paused as if waiting for a reply, and then said, in a voice that quavered with emotion:—

"Can it be possible that you hesitate? Do you suppose I am offering to you what I do not wish to keep for myself? I tell you that if that poor girl could say that her feeling for me was the same as before you came between us . . . But no, that is impossible! God, who is on high, looks down on what I am doing, and He knows that it is right."

Gordon, still speechless with astonishment, twisted about to the desk, which was behind him, and stretched out his hand as if with the intention of taking up the photograph, but at that action Ishmael, once more mistaking his meaning, flashed out on him in a blaze of passion.

"Don't tell me you cannot do it. You must and you shall! No matter what pledges you may have made—you shall marry her. No matter if she is of another race and faith—you shall marry her. She may be an outcast now, but you shall find her and save her. Or else," he cried, in a thundering voice, rising to his feet, and lifting both arms above Gordon's head with a terrible dignity, "the justice of God shall overtake you, His hand shall smite you, His wrath shall hurl you down."

Seeing that all the wild blood of the man's race was aflame, Gordon leapt up, and laying hold of Ishmael's upraised arms he brought them, by a swift wrench, down to his sides.

The two men were then face to face, the Arab with his dusky cheeks and flashing black eyes, the Englishman with his glittering grey eyes and lips set firm as steel. There was another moment of silence while they stood together so, and then Gordon, liberating Ishmael's arms, said in a commanding voice:—

"I have listened to you. Now you shall listen to me. Sit down."

More than the strength of Gordon's muscles, the unblanched look in his face



"THE JUSTICE OF GOD SHALL OVERTAKE YOU, HIS HAND SHALL SMITE YOU."

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compelled Ishmael to obey. Then Gordon said:—

"You believe you have been deceived and wronged, and you *have* been deceived and wronged, but not in the way you think. The time has come for you to learn the truth—the whole truth. You shall learn it now. Look at this," he said, snatching up the photograph from the desk and holding it out to Ishmael.

Ishmael tried to push the photograph away.

"Look at it, I say. Do you know who that is?"

At the next moment Ishmael was trembling in every limb, and without voice, almost without breath, he was stammering, as he held the photograph in his hand, "The Rani?"

"Yes, and no," said Gordon. "That is the daughter of our late General."

It seemed to Ishmael that Gordon had said something, but he tried in vain to realize what it was.

"Tell me," he stammered, "tell me."

Then rapidly but forcibly Gordon told him Helena's story, beginning with the day on which Ishmael came to the Citadel; how she had concluded, not without reason, that he had killed her father, he being the last person to be seen with him alive; and how, finding that the law and the Government were powerless to punish him, she had determined to avenge her father's death herself.

Ishmael listened with mouth open, fixing on Gordon a bewildered eye. "Was that why she came to Khartoum?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Why she prompted me to come into Cairo?"

"Yes."

"Why she wrote that letter?"

"Yes."

Overwhelmed with the terrible enlightenment, Ishmael fumbled his beads and muttered, "Allah! Allah!"

Then Gordon told his own story—how he, too, acting under the impulse of an awful error, had fled to the Soudan, leaving an evil name behind him, rather than kill his dear ones by the revelation of what he believed to be the truth; how, finding the pit that had been dug for the innocent man, he had thought it his duty as the guilty one to step into it himself; and how, finally, being appeased on that point, he had determined to come into Cairo in Ishmael's place in order to save both him from the sure consequences of his determined fanaticism and his father from the certain ruin that must follow upon the work of liars and intriguers.

By this time Ishmael was no longer pale but pallid. His lips were trembling, his heart was beating audibly. Again without voice, almost without breath, he stammered:—

"When you offered to take my place you knew that the Rani . . . Helena . . . had sent that letter?"

Gordon bowed without speaking.

"You knew, too, that you might be coming to your death?"

Once more Gordon bowed his head.

"Coming to your death that I . . . that I might live?"

Gordon stood silent and motionless.

"Allah! Allah!" mumbled Ishmael, who was now scarcely able to hear or see.

Last of all, Gordon returned to the story of Helena, showing how she had suffered for the impulse of vengeance that had taken possession of her; how she had wanted to fly from Ishmael's camp, but had remained there in the hope of helping to save his people; and how at length she *had* saved them by going to the Consul-General to prove that the pilgrims were not an armed force, and by ordering the light that had led them into the city.

Ishmael was deeply moved. With an effort he said:—

"Then . . . then she was yours from the first! And while I hated you because I thought you had come between us, it was really I . . . I who . . . Allah! Allah!"

Gordon having finished, a silence ensued, and then Ishmael, looking at the photograph which was still in his trembling hands, said in a pitiful voice:—

"God sees all, and when He tears the scales from our eyes—what are we? The children of one father fighting in the dark!"

Then he rose to his feet, a broken man, and approaching Gordon he tried to kneel to him, but in a moment Gordon had prevented him and was holding out his hand.

Nervously, timidly, reluctantly, he took it and said, in a voice that had almost gone:—

"God will reward thee for this, my brother—for kissing the hand of him who came to smite thy face."

With that he turned and staggered towards the door. Gordon opened it, and at the same moment called to his servant.

"Orderly, show the sheikh to the gate, please."

"Yes, Colonel."

"No, I beg of you, no," said Ishmael, and, while Gordon stood watching him, he went heavily down the stairs.

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CHAPTER XVIII.

THAT night, at the house of the Chancellor of El Azhar, Ishmael was missing. Owing to the state of his health the greatest anxiety was experienced, and half the professors and teachers of the University were sent out to search. They scoured the city until morning without finding the slightest trace of him. Then the servant who had attended upon him remembered that shortly before his disappearance he had asked if the English Colonel who had lately been pardoned by his King still lived in the Citadel.

This led to the discovery of his whereabouts and to some knowledge of his movements. On leaving Gordon's quarters he had crossed the courtyard of the fortress to the mosque of Mohammed Ali. It was then dark, and only the sheikh in charge had seen him when, after making his ablutions, he entered by the holy door.

Certainly Ishmael was kneeling before the kibleh at eleven o'clock in the morning, when the people began to gather for prayers. It was Friday, and the last of the days kept in honour of the birthday of the Prophet, therefore there was a great congregation.

The Khedive was present. He had come early, without his customary bodyguard, and had taken his usual place in the front row close under the pulpit. The carpeted floor of the mosque was densely crowded. Rows on rows of men wearing tarbooshes and turbans, and sitting on their haunches, extended to the great door. The gallery was full of women, most of them veiled, but some of them with uncovered faces.

While the congregation assembled, one of the Readers of the mosque, seated in a reading-desk in the middle, read prayers from the Koran in a slow, sonorous voice, and was answered by rather drowsy cries of "Allah! Allah!" But there was a moment of keen expectancy, and the men on the floor rose to their feet, when the voice of the muezzin ceased and the Reader cried :—

"God is most great! God is most great! There is no god but God! Mohammed is His Prophet. Listen to the preacher."

Then it was seen that the white figure that had been prostrate before the kibleh had risen and was approaching the pulpit. People tried to kiss his hand as he passed, and it was noticed that the Khedive put his lips to the fringe of the Imam's caftan.

Taking the wooden sword from the attendant, Ishmael ascended the pulpit steps. When he had reached the top of them he was in the full stream of the sunlight, and for the first time his face was clearly seen.

His cheeks were hollow and very pale; his lips were bloodless; his black eyes were heavy and sunken, and his whole appearance was that of a man who had passed through a night of sleepless suffering. Even at sight of him, and before he had spoken, the congregation were deeply moved.

"Peace be upon you, O children of the Compassionate," he began, and the people answered according to custom :—

"Peace with thee too, O servant of Allah."

Then the people sat, and, sitting himself, Ishmael began to preach.

It was said afterwards that he had never before spoken with so much emotion or so deeply moved his hearers; that he was like one who was speaking out of the night-long travail of his soul; and that his words, which were often tumultuous and incoherent, were not like sentences spoken to listeners, but like the secrets of a suffering heart uttering themselves aloud.

Beginning in a low, tired voice, that would barely have reached the limits of the mosque but for the breathlessness of the people, he said that God had brought them to a new stage in the progress of humanity. Islam was rising out of the corruption of ages. Egypt was having a new birth of freedom. God had whitened their faces before the world, and in His wisdom He had willed it that the oldest of the nations should not perish from the earth.

"Allah! Allah!" replied a hundred vehement voices.

Then, speaking of Gordon without naming him, Ishmael reminded his people that some of a great nation's own sons had helped them.

"One there is who has been our warmest friend," he cried. "To him, the pure of heart, the high of soul, although he is a soldier and a great one, may Peace herself award the crown of life! Christian he may be, but may God place His benediction upon him to all eternity. May the God of the East bless him! May the God of the West bless him! May his name be inscribed with blessings from the Koran on the walls of every mosque!"

This reference, plainly understood by all, was received with loud and ringing shouts of "Allah! Allah!"

Then Ishmael spoke of the future. The world had been in labour, in the throes of a new birth, but the end was not yet. Had he promised them that the Kingdom of Heaven would come when they entered Cairo? Let

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him bend his knee in humility and ask pardon of the Merciful. Had he said the Redeemer would appear? Let him fall on his face before God. Not yet! Not yet!

"But," he cried, leaning out of the pulpit, with a look of inspiration in his upraised eyes, "I see a time coming when the worship of wealth will cease; when the Governments of the nations will realize that man does not live by bread alone; when the children of men will see that the things of the spirit are the only true realities, worth more than much gold and many diamonds, and not to be bartered away for the shows of life; when the scourge of war will pass away; when divisions of faith will be no more known; when all men, whether black or white, will be brothers; and in the larger destiny of the human race the world will be One.

"That time is near, O brothers," cried Ishmael, "and many who are with us to-day will live to witness it."

"You, Master, you!" cried a voice from below, whereupon Ishmael paused for a perceptible moment, and then said, in a sadder voice:—

"No; with the eyes of the body I shall not see that time."

Loud shouts of affectionate protest came from the people.

"God forbid it!" they cried.

"God *has* forbidden it," said Ishmael. "I pass out of your lives from this day forward. Our paths part. You will see me no more."

Again came loud shouts of protest—not unusual in a mosque—with voices calling on Ishmael to remain and lead the people.

"My work here is done," he answered. "The little that God gave me to do is finished. And now He calls me away."

"No, no," cried the people.

"Yes, yes," replied Ishmael; and then, in simple, touching words, he told them the story of the Prophet Moses—how by reason of his sin he was forbidden to enter the Promised Land.

"Many of us have our promised land which we may never enter," he said. "This is mine, and here I may not stay."

The protests of the people ceased; they listened without breathing.

Then in deep, tremulous tones, which seemed to be the inner voice of the whole of his being, he cried:—

"O Thou who knowest every heart and hearest every cry, look down and hearken to me now! One sole plea I make—my need of Thee! One only hope I have—to stand at Thy mercy-gate and knock. Penitent, I kneel at Thy feet. Suppliant, I stretch forth my hands! Save me, O God, from every ill!"

The words of the prayer were familiar to everybody in the mosque, but so deep was their effect as Ishmael repeated them in his trembling, throbbing voice that it seemed as if nobody present had ever heard them before.

The emotion of the people was now very great. "Allah! Allah! Allah!" they cried, and they prostrated themselves with their faces to the floor.

When the cold, slow, sonorous voice of the Reader began again, and the vast congregation raised their heads, the pulpit was empty and Ishmael was gone.

CHAPTER XIX.

MEANTIME the General's house on the edge of the ramparts was being made ready for its new tenant. Fatimah, Ibrahim, and Mosie, with a small army of Arab servants, had been there since early morning, washing, dusting, and altering the position of furniture.

Towards noon the Princess had arrived in her carriage, which, with her customary retinue of gorgeously-apparelled black attendants, was now standing by the garden gate. Helena had come with her, but for the first time in her life she was utterly weak and helpless. Just as a nervous collapse may follow upon nervous strain, so a collapse of character may come after prolonged exercise of will. Something of this kind was happening to Helena, who stood by the window in the General's office looking down at the city and running her fingers along the hem of her handkerchief, while the Princess, bustling about, laughed at her and rallied her.

"Goodness me, girl! You used to have some blood in your veins, but now—*Mon Dieu!* To think of you who went down *there* and did *that*, and used to drive a motor-car through the traffic as calmly as if it had been a go-cart, trembling and jerking as if you had got the jumps!"

Meantime the Princess herself, full of energy, was ordering the servants about, and by a hundred little changes was giving to the General's office a look that almost obliterated its former appearance.

"We'll have the desk here and the sofa there . . . what do you say to the sofa there, my sweet?"

"Hadn't you better ask Gordon himself, Princess?" asked Helena.

At that moment Fatimah came from the

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kitchen, which had been shut up since the day after Helena's departure for the Soudan, to say that half the cooking-tins had disappeared.

"Just what I expected! Stolen by those rascally Egyptian cooks, no doubt. Rascally Egyptians! That's what I call them. Excuse the word, my dear. I speak my mind. They'd steal the kohl from your eyes—if you had any. And these are the people who are to govern the country! But I say nothing—not I, indeed! The virtue of a woman is in holding her tongue . . . Fatimah, now that you are here, you might make yourself useful. Dust that big picture of the naked babies. What's it called? 'Suffer little children.' Goodness! He looks as if He were giving away clothes. Helena, my moon, my beauty, you really must tell me where to put this one."

"But hadn't you better ask Gordon himself, Princess? It's to be his house, you know," repeated Helena; whereupon the Princess wheeled round on her and said:—

"Gracious me, what's come over you, girl? Here you are to be mistress of the whole place within a month, I suppose, and yet . . ."

"Hush, Princess!"

There were footsteps in the hall, and at the next moment Gordon, in his frock-coat uniform, looking flushed and excited, and accompanied by Hafiz, whose chubby face was wreathed in smiles, had entered the room.

After he had shaken hands with the Princess the servants rushed upon him—Mosie kissing his sword, Ibrahim his hand, and Fatimah struggling with an impulse to throw her arms about his neck.

"So you've come at last, have you?" said the Princess. "Time enough, too, for here's Helena of no use to anybody. Your father has gone back to England, hasn't he? He might have come up to see me, I think. He wrote a little letter to say good-bye, though. It was just like him. I could hear him speaking. 'My goodness,' I said, 'that's Nuneham!' Well, we shall never see his equal. No, never! He might have left Egypt with twenty millions in his pocket, and he has gone with nothing but his wages. I suppose they're slandering him all the same. Ingrates! But no matter! The dogs bark, but the camel goes along. And now that I've time, let me take a look at you. What a colour! But what are you trembling about? Goodness me, has *everybody* got the jumps?"

Helena was the only one in the room who had not come forward to greet Gordon, and, seeing his sidelong look in her direction, the Princess began to lay plans for leaving them together.

"Ibrahim," she cried, "hang up these naked babies in the bath-room—the only place for them, it seems to me. Fatimah, go back and look if the cooking-tins are not in the kitchen cupboard."

"They're not—I've looked already," said Fatimah.

"Then go and look again. Mosie, you want to inspect my horses—I can see you do."

"No, lady, I *have* i'spected them."

"Then i'spect them a second time. Off you go! . . . Where's my lorgnette? Oh, dear me! I fancy I must have left it in the boudoir."

"Let me go for it, Princess," said Helena.

"Certainly not! Why should you? Do you think I'm a cripple that I can't go myself? Hafiz Effendi, where are your manners that you don't open this door for me? That's better. Now the inner one."

At the next moment Gordon and Helena were left together. Helena was still standing by the window looking down at the city, which seemed to lie dazed under the midday sun. Gordon stepped up and stood by her side. It was hard to realize that they were there again. But in spite of their happiness there was a little cloud over both. They knew what caused it.

While they stood together in silence they could hear the low reverberation of the voices of the people who were praying within the mosque.

"They are chanting the first Surah," said Gordon.

"Yes, the first Surah," said Helena.

Their hands found each other as they stood side by side.

"I saw Ishmael last night. He came to my quarters," said Gordon, in a low tone.

"Well?" asked Helena, faintly.

"It was most extraordinary. He came to tell me that . . . to compel me to . . ."

"Hush!"

There was a soft footstep behind them. It was the step of someone walking in Oriental slippers. Without turning round they knew who it was.

It was Ishmael. Notwithstanding his dusky complexion, his face was very pale—almost as white as his turban. His eyes looked weary, their light was almost extinct. Perhaps his sermon had exhausted him. It was almost as if there was no life left in him except the life of the soul. But he smiled—

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it was the smile of a spectre—as he stepped forward and held out his hand.

Gordon's heart shuddered for pity. "Are you well?" he asked.

"Oh, yes."

"But you look tired."

"It's nothing," said Ishmael, and then, with a touching simplicity, he added, "I have been troubled in my heart, but now I am at peace and all is well."

They sat, Ishmael on the sofa, Helena on a chair at his right, Gordon on a chair at his left, the window open before them, the city slumbering below.

Ishmael's face, though full of lines of pain, continued to smile, and his voice, though hoarse and faint, was cheerful. He had come to tell them that he was going away.

"Going away?" said Gordon.

"Yes; my work here is done, and when a man's work is done he stands outside of life. So I am going back."

"Back? You mean back to Khartoum?" asked Helena, timidly.

"Perhaps there, too. But back to the desert. I am a son of the desert. Therefore, what other place can be so good for me?"

"Are you going alone?"

"Yes! Or rather, no! When a man has lived, has laboured, he has always one thing—memory. And he who has memory can never be quite alone."

"Still, you will be very lone——"

Ishmael turned to her with an almost imperceptible smile.

"Perhaps, yes, at first, a little lonely, and all the more so for the sweet glimpse I have had of human company."

"But this is not what you intended to . . . what you hoped to . . ."

"No! It's true I nourished other dreams for a while—dreams of living a human life after my work was done. It would have been very sweet, very beautiful. And now to go away, to give it up, never more to have part and lot in . . . never again to see those who . . . Yes, it's hard, a little hard."

Helena turned her head aside and looked out at the window.

"But that is all over now," said Ishmael. "Love is the crown of life, but it is not for all of us. Your great Master knew that as He knew everything.

"And then, what does our Prophet say?—to him be prayer and peace. 'The man who loves and never attains to the joy of his love, but renounces it to another who has more right to it, is as one who dies a martyr.'"

Still looking out at the window, Helena tried to say she would always remember him, and hoped he would be very happy.

"Thank you! That also will be a sweet memory," he said. "But happy moments are rare in the lives of those who are called to a work for humanity."

Then, coming gently to closer quarters, he told them he was there to say good-bye to them. "I had intended to write to you," he said, turning again to Helena, "but it is better so."

Then, facing towards Gordon, he said:—

"I must confess that I have not always loved you. But I have been in the wrong, and I ask your pardon. It is God Who governs the heart. And what does your Divine Master say about that, too? 'Whom God hath joined together let not man put asunder.' That is the true word about love and marriage—the first, and the last, and the only one."

Then he rose, and both Helena and Gordon rose with him. One moment he stood between them without speaking, and then, stooping over Helena's hand and kissing it, he said, in a scarcely audible whisper: "I divorce thee! I divorce thee! I divorce thee!"

It was the Mohammedan form of divorcement, and all that was necessary to set Helena free. When he raised his head his face was still smiling, a pitiful, heart-breaking smile.

Then, still holding Helena's hand, he reached out for Gordon's also, and said:—

"I give her back to thee, my brother. And do not think I give what I would not keep. Perhaps—who knows?—perhaps *I* loved her, too."

Helena was deeply affected. Gordon found it impossible to look into Ishmael's face. They felt his wearied eyes resting upon them; they felt their hands being brought together; they felt Ishmael's hand resting for a moment on their hands; and then they heard him say:—

"Maa-es-Salamah! Be happy! Keep together as long as you can. And never forget we shall meet again some day."

Then, in a voice so low that they could scarcely hear it, he said:—

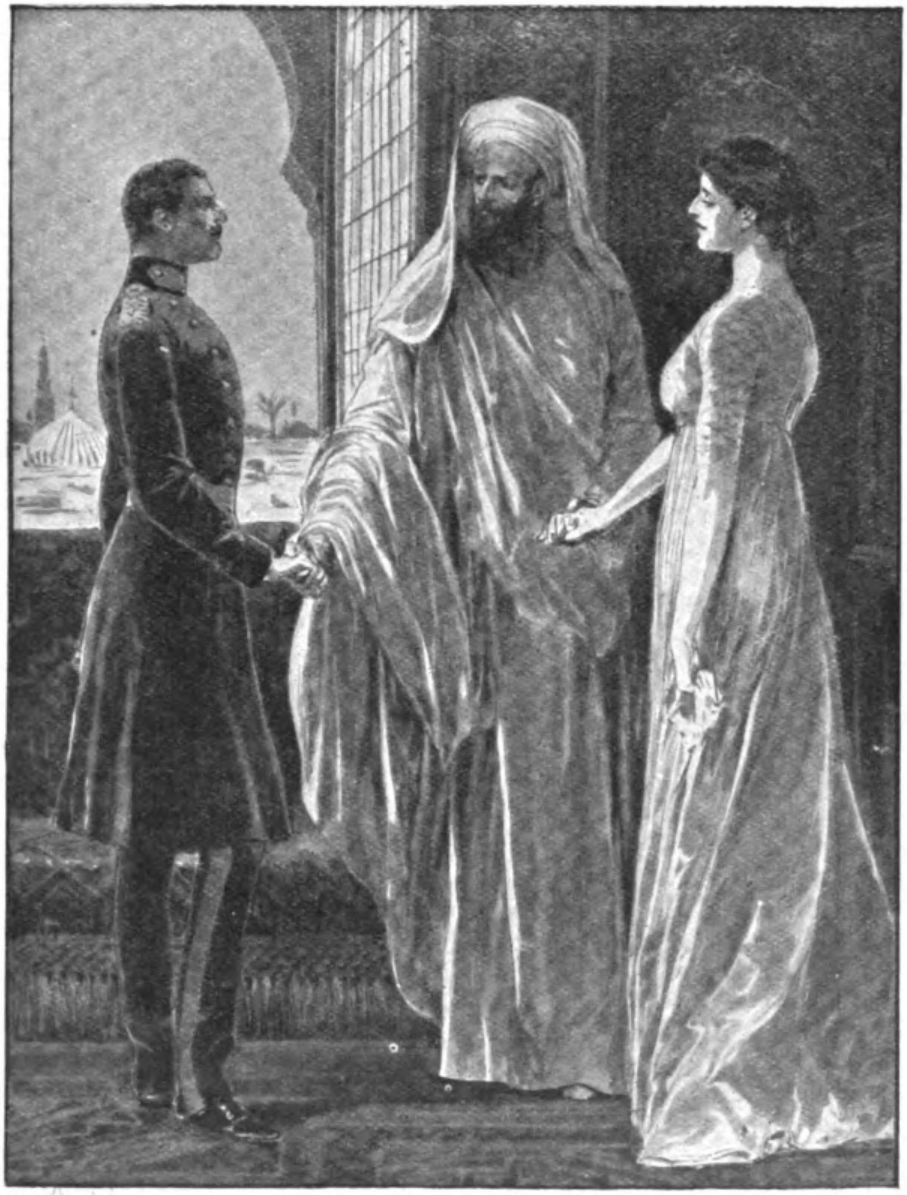
"Peace be with you both! Peace!" and passed out of the room.

They stood where he had left them, in the middle of the room, with faces to the ground and their hands quivering in each other's grasp, until the sound of his footsteps had died away. Then Gordon said:—

"Shall we go into the garden, Helena?"

"Yes," she replied, in a whisper.

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"STILL HOLDING HELENA'S HAND, HE REACHED OUT FOR GORDON'S, AND SAID: 'I GIVE HER BACK TO THEE, MY BROTHER.'"

They went out hand in hand and walked to the arbour on the edge of the ramparts. There, on that loved spot, the past rolled back on them like billows of the soul. The bushes seemed to have grown, the bougainvillea was more purple than before, the air was full of the scent of blossom, and everything was turning to love and to song.

They did not speak, but they put their arms about each other and looked down on the wide panorama below—the city, the Nile, the desert, the Pyramids, and that old, old Sphinx whose scarred face had witnessed so many incidents in the story of humanity and was now witnessing the last incident of one story more.

How long they stood there in their great happiness they never knew, but they were called back to themselves by a shrill, clear voice that came from a minaret behind them:—

"God is most great! God is most great!"
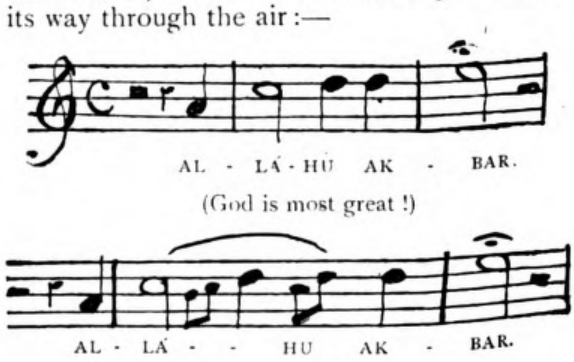
Then, turning in the direction of the voice, they saw a white figure on a white camel ascending the yellow road that leads up to the fort on the top of the Mokattam hills and onward to the desert.

"Look!" said Gordon. "Is it . . . ?"

Without speaking, Helena bent her head in assent.

With hands still clasped and quivering they watched the white figure as it passed away. It stopped at the crest of the hill and looked back for a moment; then turned again and went on. At the next moment it was gone.

And then once more came the voice from the minaret, like the voice of an angel winging its way through the air:—



(God is most great!)

(God is most great!)

THE END.

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MEN AS STAGE "HEROINES."

Lineal Descendants of Shakespeare's Portia and Ophelia.

[In Shakespeare's time female characters in plays were always impersonated by men. It is difficult for us to imagine what the effect must have been like, but an excellent idea can be obtained from the accompanying photographs of Oxford and Cambridge amateur actors as heroines of the stage.]



MRS. DAVIES, THE FIRST ENGLISH ACTRESS.
From a Painting by Sir P. Lely.

NOTHING is more astounding to the modern spectator of Shakespeare's plays, in which the female *rôles* often surpass in interest and importance those assigned to men, than to reflect that neither Shakespeare himself nor the audiences of his day ever saw a woman act Juliet or Lady Macbeth, or Ophelia or Rosalind, or any



ACTORS AS "LADIES" IN "THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR."
From a Contemporary Drawing.

other female part in that wondrous galaxy of female beauty, wit, and virtue created by the world's greatest poet. Indeed, if the leading female *rôles* mentioned in the play-bills at the Globe Theatre were collated, they might read something like this:—

Portia ... ... Master JAMES BRYSTON.
Desdemona ... ,, NATHANIEL FIELD.
Lady Macbeth ,, ROBERT GOUGH.
Rosalind ... Master JOSEPH TAYLOR.
Juliet ... ... ,, RICHARD ROBINSON.
Ophelia ... ... ,, NED ALLEYN.

What could be a stronger illustration of contemporary taste and manners than this: that the idea of a woman acting on the stage, even such a part as Volumnia or Virgilia, was repugnant and offensive to the spectators? Consequently, the wonder has always been how the boys of the Elizabethan stage got through their parts. How did they impress the audiences with the charm, the wit, and the passion of Shakespeare's heroines? Not long since a critic, noticing the advent of a new Ophelia in London, observed that, while the actress acquitted herself very well, she could hardly be considered "Shakespeare's Ophelia." Which (although the critic did



NATHANIEL FIELD AS THE HEROINE IN KYD'S "SPANISH TRAGEDY."
From a Contemporary Woodcut.

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H. D. ASTLEY AS DINAH, IN "VILLIKINS AND HIS DINAH." [Photograph.
From a]



THE REV. H. D. ASTLEY.
Photo. A. H. Fry, Brighton.

not happen just then to recollect the fact) was undoubtedly the case, inasmuch as Shakespeare's Ophelia was a boy—either a chorister or a page in the service of one of the Globe's patrons.

At the age of ten Field (who, as already mentioned, took the part of Desdemona) was apprenticed to a bookseller, but no doubt was very early pressed to enter as a chorister among Queen Elizabeth's chapel boys. Here he gained great celebrity. Ben Jonson, who wrote anthems for the chapel boys for years, took charge of young Field and instructed him in acting, being himself, though a bad actor, an excellent instructor. Field took the principal part in "Cynthia's Revels" and in "The Poetaster," as well as in Shakespearean plays. He continued to develop as an actor long after he became too old for women's parts.



MR. GUY LUSHINGTON.
Photo. Elliott & Fry.

In Ben Jonson's play, "The Devil's an Ass," Meercraft and Engine desire a third party to help them in deceiving the foolish squire, Fitzdottrel :—

ENGINE—
Why, sir, your best will be one of the players.
MEERCRAFT—
No ; there is no trusting them. They'll talk on it
And tell their poets.
ENGINE—
What if they do? The jest
Will brook the stage. But there be some of 'em
Are very honest lads. There is Dick Robinson,
A very pretty fellow, and comes often.
We had the merriest supper there one night.
The gentleman's landlady invited him
To a gossip's feast. Now he, sir, brought Dick Robinson,
Drest like a lawyer's wife, amongst 'em all
(I lent him clothes), but to see him behave it,
And lay the law and carol and drink unto 'em,
It would have burst your buttons!
MEERCRAFT—
They say he's an ingenious youth.
ENGINE—
O sir! and dresses himself the best beyond
Forty o' your very ladies! Did you never see him?



MR. GUY LUSHINGTON AS LADY FRANKLIN, IN "MONEY." [Photograph.
From a]

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LORD MONTAGU OF BEAULIEU AS MABEL BAIRD.
From a Photo. by Gillman & Co., Oxford

No English actress made her appearance before the Restoration. On January 3rd Pepys records: "To the theatre, where was acted the 'Beggar's Bush,' it being very well done; and here the first time that ever I saw women come upon the stage."

But these, it is suspected, were mere "walking ladies." A few days later the diarist went to see a performance of "The Silent Woman": "Among other things here Kynaston, the boy, had the good turn to appear in three shapes—first as a poor woman in ordinary clothes, to please Morose; then in fine clothes, as a gallant; and in them was clearly the prettiest woman in the whole house." He had a year before declared that "Kynaston as Olympia made the loveliest lady that I ever saw in my life."



THE HON. & REV. J. A. ADDERLEY.
Photo. Layland.

The distinction of being the first English actress has been variously ascribed to Mrs. Davenport, Mrs. Knipp, and Mrs. Davies. They all appeared the same year (1661), Mrs. Davies, together with the principal actresses in Sir William Davenant's company, being boarded in the manager's "own house."

Anyone who has read old histories of Oxford and Cambridge is well aware that in the good old days, before Puritanism got the ascendancy, University theatricals were quite common. There is still in existence the text of Latin and English plays which were written and acted by members of the University in the presence of Kings and Queens of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. When Queen Elizabeth visited Oxford in 1566, and again in 1592, it was customary to produce plays on Sunday evenings in Christchurch Hall. In the reign of James I. a play, entitled "Vertimmus," was performed by the scholars of St. John's, three of whom came out to meet him dressed as witches and foretold a long and happy reign to the King.



LORD MONTAGU OF BEAULIEU.
Photo. Elliott & Fry.

Then theatricals at Oxford fell into



THE HON. AND REV. JAMES A. ADDERLEY AS AMANTHIS.
From a Photograph.

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SIR FREDERICK ADAIR AS JULIA.
From a Photo. by Gillman & Massiv.



SIR FREDERICK ADAIR.
From a Photograph.

desuetude for over two centuries. In December, 1879, an undergraduate at Christchurch thought he would try to start such a society as was then in active progress at Cambridge. Invitations were issued to friends to attend a performance to be held in the Hon. James Adderley's —now better known as Father Adderley, of Saltley — rooms at Peckwater. The programme consisted of imitations of popular actors and a performance of "Box and Cox." The college authorities were greatly concerned at the sight of scenery and footlights being carried through the gates. The censors were dismayed, and hardly knew how to stop it. Half the University was in sympathy with the movement, but it was not until a new Senior Proctor came into office (the Rev. H. Scott Holland) that the society received full permission to act in public. The new Proctor was an amateur actor in his younger days and he did not take the amusement in its terrible aspect. Mr. Holland threw himself heart and soul into the society, interviewing Dr. Evans, the Vice-Chancellor, and informing him of their intentions. But still the doctor's kindheartedness struggled with his conviction of the wickedness of acting. Unfortunately, someone sent a note to him calling his attention to the fact that some charming ladies' bonnets had been seen on undergraduate heads. On the morning of the performance the Hon. James Adderley received a letter saying that Dr. Evans considered the performance announced would be a breach of the statutes and a contempt of his authority. But a truce was negotiated, and the plays were produced. It was chiefly owing to the efforts of the Senior Proctor that the doctor was persuaded to look kindly on the matter. At this period Arthur Bourchier, the now famous actor-manager, came to the University and showed enthusiasm, ability, and talent in acting. Dr. Evans had just previously resigned office, and the new Vice-



HON. A. G. YORKE.
Photo. Elliott & Fry.



THE HON. A. G. YORKE AS ARABELLA.
From a Photo. by Hills & Saunders, Oxford.

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Chancellor was persuaded to give his sanction to acting at Oxford. It was soon after this that "real ladies" became available at Oxford and so displaced the imitation ones, one of the first being Mrs. W. L. Courtney, the wife of the eminent critic and litterateur, himself a talented Oxford amateur.

By general consent, the Rev. H. D. Astley (now Canon) was the best delineator of female *rôles* ever seen at Oxford. His versatility was the marvel of everyone who saw him. A more modest performance of Lady Teazle certainly no *man* could give, and as Dinah, in "Villikins and His Dinah," his light, graceful dancing and extraordinary falsetto singing were such that the audience fairly shouted with delight at the ingenuity of the whole performance.



SIR STEPHEN H. GATTY.
Photo. Elliott & Fry.

Mr. Guy Lushington, now a shining light at the Bar, proved himself only second to Astley in the petticoat line by his delineation of Lady Franklin in Lord Lytton's play entitled "Money."



SIR STEPHEN H. GATTY AS MRS. BROWN.
From a Photo. by Hills & Saunders, Oxford.

Lord Montagu of Beaulieu became secretary of the Oxford University Dramatic Society in 1889, and proved himself the most energetic the society ever had, giving much of his time to the club's improvement; and although he was the stroke of the New College eight, he carried out performances with the greatest success. In female parts he was quite irresistible, showing himself a close observer of the flirt, the minx, and the hoyden.



MR. C. G. COTSFORD DICK AS KATE TRELAWNEY.
From a Photo. by Hills & Saunders, Oxford.



MR. C. G. COTSFORD DICK.
Photo Elliott & Fry.

The Hon. James Adderley had done little before he went to Oxford, although he came from a house celebrated in Warwickshire and beyond for the excellence of its annual amateur theatricals. His capacity for burlesque was great—and burlesque of an original form. His part as Amanthis in "Little Toddlekins" was immensely funny. The childlike simplicity of his frock and his extraordinary piping voice made the audience weep with laughter. He was inimitable in the part. Dame Martha in "Alonzo the Brave" was taken by Adderley

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and was one of the funniest burlesque creations, his gestures and actions in the housekeeping scene in this play keeping everyone in roars.

The cleverness of Sir Frederick Adair's performance lay in his easy and natural step-dancing, and he imparted much life into many characters he represented. It was whilst Sir Frederick was touring in Ladak, in the Straits Settlements, that one of a party accosted him thus: "I think, sir, we've met before. I was an undergraduate in my first year, and you shook my hand and told me to face the music. You wore a short pink skirt and long, clustering curls, and were one of the prettiest girls I had ever met!"

Among other well-known undergraduates who took female parts with great ability in amateur threatricals at Oxford were the Hon. A. G. Yorke and Mr. C. G. Cotsford Dick, the latter of whom is the well-known author and composer.

Although the theatrical society at Cambridge did not have quite so much difficulty in getting acting recognized as did Oxford, yet for a long time the undergraduates were forbidden to emulate the talented young players of Shakespeare's day. In 1870 it was decided to have a play with no feminine interest in it at all. This was thought a somewhat dangerous venture, and it was argued that boredom would ensue; but the "Courrier de Lyons" was re-written, leaving out the female parts, and the production was a great success. The play has since been known as "The Lyons Mail." But since the restriction was removed there has been a long list of distinguished female impersonators.



THE EARL OF LYTTON.
Photo. Moyse, Putney.

The present club at Cambridge was founded by Sir Francis Burnand, and it commenced its career with burlesque and farce, the first performance being given in 1855. There were, of course, the usual preliminary difficulties, and the college tutors on more than one occasion lifted their voices against the "A.D.C." A play entitled "The Overland Route," which was out on the stage in 1866, made a mark in the club's history for its admirable mounting and for the spirited playing of Mrs. Sebright, the gay grass-widow, by the late Lord Battersea.

In 1875 Mr. J. W. Lowther—now the Right Honourable Speaker of the House of Commons—made his first appearance before a Cambridge audience. He subsequently played the part of Evelyn in Lord Lytton's "Money." It was in this play that Mr.—now the Rev.—A. W. Pulteney was acting as Lady Franklin. Shortly before the end of the act his wig came off. It was hopeless to try to put it on again, so he kept it in his lap; but his well-known features and short hair suddenly appearing on the top of his smart gown sent the audience into fits of laughter.

Sometimes the actors could never remember the words of their parts, and on one occasion, in order that Mr. W. H. L. Lancaster, now a well-known barrister, should not make a mistake, a large sheet of cardboard with the words printed thereon was



THE EARL OF LYTTON IN "A COMMISSION."
From a Photo. by Stearn, Cambridge.

placed on a long toasting-fork and was pushed on to the stage. In this way the actor was enabled to get through without a hitch.

One of the cleverest and most convincing of the "heroines" of Cambridge drama was the present Lord Lytton, who would certainly have been regarded by Shakespeare as a valuable acquisition to his company in that distant and prejudiced day when actresses were not allowed on the British stage.

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The Coercion of Mr. Curtice Rodent

by Francis Gribble

MR. VICTOR TRUMP was the name engraved upon the card.

"Show him up," said Mr. Curtice Rodent.

He was a publisher; a new man, just starting on his own account, in King Street, Covent Garden. His first autumn list, though small, was carefully selected. He had great hopes of it.

"Take a seat," he said; and his caller sat facing him across a table littered with manuscripts.

"Literary business?" Mr. Curtice Rodent asked.

"Literary business—of a kind," Mr. Victor Trump replied, with a queerly emphatic drawl.

"You're an author?"

"No."

"An author's agent, perhaps?"

"No—a diplomatic representative. I'm here to—persuade you to do something."

It was puzzling; and Mr. Rodent scrutinized his visitor curiously.

He was a difficult man to make out; by no means the sort of man to be read at a glance. It was hard even to judge whether he was English or American. He might have been an American who had very nearly lost the accent, or an Englishman who had very nearly acquired it. His age might have been anything between thirty and forty. He was of average height, compactly built, fair-haired, clean-shaven, and with pale-blue eyes. A gentleman, unquestionably, with very quiet manners, but, above everything else, a strong man—the sort of man who is accustomed to see his will prevail. Mr. Curtice Rodent felt instinctively that he was about to be challenged to a trial of strength.

"You wish to persuade me to——," he began.

"I'll come to it right away," said the stranger, toying with a paper-knife, but at the same time fixing the publisher with his eyes.

"My client," he proceeded, "is Mrs. Van Donnop. The name, I take it, is not unknown to you?"

"Of course not."

"You are aware that Mrs. Van Donnop is the wife of one of the richest men in New York?"

Mr. Curtice Rodent nodded.

"You are also aware that, before her marriage to Mr. Van Donnop, Mrs. Van Donnop was—on the stage; that she was, as Miss Daisy Doubleday, one of the famous —Tirra-lirra girls?"

"It is a matter of common knowledge, I believe," said Mr. Rodent.

"Mrs. Van Donnop has confided to me that she was in those days guilty of—indiscretions."

"Tirra-lirra girls generally are," said Mr. Rodent.

"Just so. The rule is as you say, and the conduct of Mrs. Van Donnop furnished no exception to it. I know nothing of the nature of those indiscretions, but I have Mrs. Van Donnop's word for it that they were—considerable."

"I have no doubt that you are quite safe in taking her word," said Mr. Rodent.

"I have taken it, sir. It is precisely because I have taken it that I am here."

He paused again, evidently expecting Mr. Rodent to speak, but Mr. Rodent remained silent.

"Those indiscretions," Mr. Trump continued, "belong to the past. They are dead

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and buried, and Mrs. Van Donnop has acquired a certain position in society. You are proposing to drag them to the light of day, and I am here to persuade you not to do so."

As Mr. Rodent still remained silent the other particularized :—

"You are about to publish a volume of theatrical reminiscences, containing, among other things, a lively account of the vivacities of Mrs. Van Donnop's youth. I am here to procure the suppression of that book. I propose to buy the manuscript from you, at your own price, together with your sworn affidavit that no copy of it has been kept. Here is my cheque-book. What are your terms?"

It would have been an opportunity for a gentleman to behave as a gentleman—or for a blackmailer to make the *coup* of a lifetime ; but Mr. Rodent fell under neither of these categories. He was obstinate, and he had reasons of his own for proceeding with the publication — reasons of which Mr. Victor Trump appeared to have received a hint ; for when he said curtly that the proposal was not one which he cared to discuss Mr. Trump continued :—

"Even if you knew her in those days, and she — snubbed you, don't you think this is rather a mean revenge to take?"

It was ; but some men are capable of mean revenges, and certain memories of his own youth rankled in Mr. Curtice Rodent's mind. The details do not matter ; but as this Tirra-lirra girl—"from the gutter," as he said now—had once told him that he was not good enough for Tirra-lirra girls to smile upon——

"Confound your insolence!" he said. But Mr. Victor Trump was not abashed.

"Sorry," he said ; "but if you won't name your terms, I must name mine. Money is no object in this case. If ten thousand pounds would meet your views——"

Mr. Curtice Rodent rose.

"That is my answer," he said, opening the door.

"You won't promise to think it over?" urged Mr. Trump.

"No."

"Very well. I have pledged my reputation to see this matter through—and I shall do so. It is my speciality to persuade people, and—I persuade them. I was prepared for an unfavourable answer, and I have—made arrangements. As soon as I leave you I shall—set machinery in motion."

"Confound your machinery!" said Mr. Curtice Rodent.



"'CONFOUND YOUR MACHINERY!' SAID MR. CURTICE RODENT."

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"Just so. But it is machinery which will —persuade you. When you are persuaded, advertise in the Agony column of the *Morning Post* the one word, 'Tirra-lirra.' That is all."

Having said that, Mr. Victor Trump withdrew, and, while Mr. Rodent was wondering whether it would not have been as well to have him followed, walked into a public telephone office and conversed as follows:—

"Are you 999,999 Central?"

"Yes."

"What is your code word?"

"'Tirra-lirra.' What is yours?"

"'Van Donnop.'"

Then, the certainty being established that there was no mischief-making interloper at either end of the wire:—

"Well? Will he do business?"

"Not at present."

"How am I to act, then?"

"Set the machinery in motion."

"At once?"

"As soon as possible."

"All right. I'll press the button. Good-bye."

"Good-bye."

No more than that. An interloper who had overheard by accident would have understood but little, and Victor Trump's movements after quitting the box were not such as to rouse suspicion, for all that he did was to drive to the Ritz and order himself a satisfying lunch.

Mr. Rodent, in the meanwhile, made himself comfortable in his office-chair and reviewed the situation, patting himself morally on the back for his refusal of the proffered bribe.

"No hush-money for me, thank you," he said to himself, with complacent approval; and he went on to picture the sensation which the appearance of the book was likely to create.

As for Mr. Victor Trump and his talk about machinery to be set in motion——

"Idle threats!" he soliloquized. "I'm not the sort of man to be intimidated. If they think they can get an injunction, let them try; and as for libel actions——"

A libel action, Mr. Rodent felt, would be a very useful advertisement; and, laying that unction to his soul, he went to his lunch at the Savoy.

It was an excellent lunch, but it was disturbed. Mr. Rodent was half-way through some delicious cutlets *à la Réforme* when the waiter told him that he was urgently wanted at the telephone. It was nothing unusual, as many people knew that he lunched at the Savoy, so he hastened to obey the summons.

"Well? Who are you?" he called.

"Mr. Victor Trump wishes to know whether you've reconsidered your decision."

"Tell Mr. Victor Trump to hang himself!" shouted Mr. Rodent.

"All right. I'll give him your message," came the answer; and Mr. Rodent returned to his cutlets and his champagne.

He enjoyed them in peace for a few minutes; and then, just as the cutlets had been replaced by a soufflé—the sort of soufflé that is ruined irreparably if it is kept waiting——

"You're wanted on the telephone again, sir," said the waiter; and Mr. Rodent impatiently filled his mouth with soufflé, so that it might not all be wasted, and shut himself once more into the box.

"Well? Who is it this time?" he asked.

"Mr. Victor Trump desired me to ask you——"

"Confound Mr. Victor Trump!"

"Thank you. I'll tell him what you say. Good morning."

So Mr. Rodent resumed his place in the restaurant, sent away the remains of the wasted soufflé, gave orders to tell any further inquirers on the telephone that he had gone, called for coffee and liqueurs, and lighted a cigarette. Just as he was beginning to inhale the smoke comfortably, a telegraph boy was brought up to his table. He tore the brown envelope open, and read:—

"If wish resume negotiations advertise 'Tirra-lirra,' *Morning Post*."

"Any answer, sir?" asked the innocent bearer.

"No, confound you!" he replied, with incomprehensible irritation, adding, to the waiter:—

"Bring the bill."

He paid it and went off in haste, resolved for the next few days to lunch somewhere where the waiters did not know him. This persecution was annoying, but if Mr. Victor Trump expected him to yield to it——

In that mood he returned to the office; and there, just as if his entrance had given the signal, the telephone-bell once more began to jingle.

"Well? I'm listening."

"You're Mr. Curtice Rodent, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"Mr. Victor Trump says he would be glad to know——"

"Tell him to find out," roared Mr. Rodent, cutting the dialogue short by hanging up the receiver.

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The proceedings were getting on his nerves. The best course seemed to be to go home early and give his nerves a rest. He would have time to glance through a manuscript or two before dressing to take the vice-chair at the annual Ladies' Dinner of the Vagabond Playgoers' Club.

He put a manuscript in his pocket, therefore, and reached his quiet square in Bayswater without incident; but no sooner had he seated himself in his easy-chair, with his feet on the study table, than the telephone once more claimed him.

"Well? Who are you?"

"The office!"

That, at all events, was a relief; but then——

"Yes. What is it?"

"The *Morning Post* has just rung you up to say that the advertisement will be a guinea. What advertisement do they mean?"

"Tell them it's a mistake. Say I'll write and explain."



"SORRY, GUV'NOR. DIDN'T DO IT ON PURPOSE."

"Mr. Victor Trump, who was here this morning, has rung us up half-a-dozen times. He says you promised to let him know——"

"The man's either a lunatic or a practical joker. Cut off the connection until you've tired him out."

"All right."

"I'm going to cut off my own connection for the same reason, so don't try to ring me up again."

"All right."

It was the only thing to be done. Mr. Victor Trump, after all, was doing nothing illegal; and even if the operations had been illegal, it would have been impossible to demonstrate Mr. Victor Trump's connection with them. He had given no address, and there was no clue to his whereabouts; though he was, in fact, spending the afternoon indolently in the Ritz lounge, which he only quitted once, for half a minute, to converse with 999,999 Central.

"Your code word?" was called.

"'Tirra-lirra.' Yours?"

"'Van Donop.' Is the machinery in motion?"

"Just beginning. It'll move faster presently. I've arranged for to-night and to-morrow."

"That's all right. Good-bye."

"Good-bye."

Even if he had heard that, Mr. Rodent could have made but little of it. As it was he felt fairly confident of tiring his enemy out; and he recovered his composure while dressing, and set out early, meaning to walk part of the way to the Holborn Restaurant; but then——

"Confound you, you clumsy fool!" he shouted.

For a most unfortunate accident had happened. Mr. Rodent, in the very act of stepping off the doorway, had collided violently with a chimney-sweep. His face was dappled with soot; and so were his coat, his collar, his white tie, and his white shirt-front.

"Sorry, guv'nor. Didn't do it on purpose. Let me dust you down a bit," said the offender. But Mr. Rodent only swore an angry oath and re-entered the house to make his toilet over again.

It was an exasperating *contretemps*, but he would still be in time if he made haste. He did so, with the help of the

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parlourmaid, and set out again, in rather a hurry this time; but then, to his horror and amazement——

"What's that? You're at it again, you thundering idiot!"

"Thundering idiot yourself! Why don't you look where you're going to?"

For Mr. Rodent, in his haste, had actually collided with a second chimney-sweep! At first he had thought it was the same one; but that was his mistake. It was not only a second chimney-sweep, but one who resented being confused with any other chimney-sweep, and expressed himself accordingly.

"At it again!" he said, scornfully. "What d'ye mean by that? 'Tisn't me what's in the 'abit of runnin' into gentlemen. It's you what's in the 'abit of runnin' into chimney-sweeps. Curious sort of 'abit too, when you come to think of it!"

"Go to the devil!" said Mr. Rodent, once more disappearing into his house before any of his neighbours could arrive and pity him.

"So that's the machinery in motion," he soliloquized, as he once more washed his dappled face. "All right! I'll have a private inquiry agency on the track of it to-morrow, and then, Mr. Victor Trump——"

To-morrow, however, was not yet; and Mr. Rodent's immediate task was to get to the Holborn Restaurant without further molestation. There, at all events, in the midst of his friends, the Vagabond Play-goers——

He took the precaution of sending for a taxi this time, and got into it as warily as a spy creeps through the enemy's lines in the dark. He was a little after his time, but not much, and was able to take his place in the vice-chair before the removal of the soup. As he was about to sit down, the head waiter handed him a letter.

"Boy left it, sir," he said, "with the compliments of Mr. Victor Trump."

"Mr. Victor Trump be——"

But Mr. Rodent remembered the presence of ladies, and left the sentence uncompleted. Instead of finishing it, he tore the missive contemptuously in two; and then——

"Tishoo!" "Tishoo!" "Tishoo!"

For the envelope had unexpected contents —perhaps snuff—perhaps cayenne pepper—something, at any rate, which set everybody sneezing. Mr. Rodent was sneezing; the ladies on his right and left were sneezing; the head waiter was sneezing most violently of all; and between the sneezes indignant protests became audible.

"Come, come, Mr. Rodent. A joke's a joke; but on a ladies' night——"

It was a bad beginning; and though Mr. Rodent's explanations and apologies were accepted, he felt very uncomfortable indeed.

"I must have some champagne after that," he said.

It was brought, and he drank freely. It gave him courage until the moment when he had to rise and propose the chairman's health; but then——

"Good Lord! What the——"

Even the presence of ladies did not prevent him from finishing that sentence; and the ladies, even while they laughed, admitted that his plight was his excuse.

Somehow or other — by what fiendish agency he did not know—the old schoolboy's trick had been played on him. His chair, when he rose, rose with him, attached to him by cobbler's wax. The head waiter had to lay hold of it and pull in order to set him free; and when he was at last set free—well, then it was very fortunate indeed that he was wearing a tail-coat and not a dinner-jacket.

His speech, in those circumstances, was, as may be imagined, a very short one. His one object was to get home as quickly as possible and take refuge in his bed. To-morrow, with a private detective to help him——

But to-morrow was not yet; and Mr. Victor Trump, at that very moment, was once more ringing up 999,999 Central, and conversing thus:—

"Your code word?"

"'Tirra-lirra.' Yours?"

"'Van Donnop.' Will the band play through the night?"

"Why, certainly."

"That's right. Good-bye."

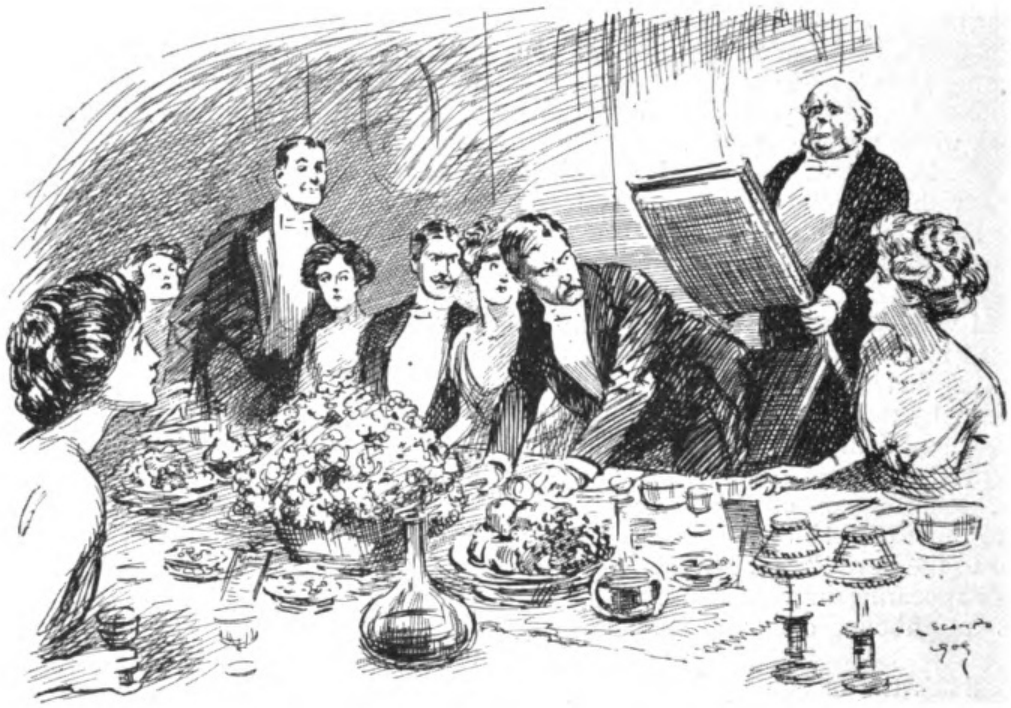
"Good-bye."

And the band did play through a night which Mr. Curtice Rodent will not soon forget.

His telephone being disconnected, he pictured himself as safe. The Post Office, he knew, would not begin to deliver messages much before breakfast-time. He could at least sleep peacefully till then. So he got into bed and began to doze, but presently—it must have been about two o'clock in the morning—rat-a-tat-atatat! And then once again, after a little delay—rat-a-tat-atatat!

He had to get up and put on his dressing-gown and answer the door. It was the District Messenger Service which had been turned on to him now. The boy handed him the note, said "No answer," and vanished into the darkness. He opened it, and read:—

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"THE HEAD WAITER HAD TO LAY HOLD OF IT AND PULL IN ORDER TO SET HIM FREE."

"Mr. Victor Trump presents his compliments to Mr. Curtice Rodent, and begs to inform him that he will only be able to make a reduced offer in connection with the business discussed this morning."

No more than that, and it would not have mattered so much if it had only happened once. The trouble was that it kept on happening. All through the hours that should be silent messenger after messenger came, at brief intervals, to thunder at the knocker. Nor was it only District Messenger lads who sought admission. Doctors—all the doctors in the neighbourhood—had been dragged from their beds with the information that Mr. Rodent was in a fit; and all the all-night chemists within reasonable reach had been instructed to send up digitalis, morphia, bandages, and what not, in hot haste in cabs. Mr. Rodent had to spend the whole night parleying with them from an upper window. The neighbours were aroused, and parleyed from their windows also. The usually quiet square was a pandemonium until the police arrived and, in desperation, drew a cordon round the house.

Then, and not till then, there was quiet, and Mr. Rodent slept in peace; and, as was not unnatural after so troubled a night, he slept rather later than usual. The machinery had evidently stopped for a time; and the pressing question for Mr. Rodent was: By what means would it be possible for a private detective to trace all these turbulent proceedings to a Mr. Victor Trump, whose address he did not know, and who only conducted his machinations through the medium of public telephone-boxes? If he continued them, of course a trap might be set; but if he tried something else——

"If you please, sir," said the parlourmaid, tapping at Mr. Rodent's door, "there's a lot of ladies waiting for you downstairs."

"Ladies? What sort of ladies?" barked Mr. Rodent, whose temper had now become very snappish.

"Most extraordinary-looking ladies, sir. Dozens of them. They say they've come about the advertisement in the *Daily Telegraph*."

"Advertisement! What advertisement?" roared the publisher; and the parlourmaid suppressed a giggle and pointed it out to him.

He read it and tore the paper, and then tore his hair. For there it was—and it was shocking! He had advertised—or, rather, someone had advertised on his behalf—that he wanted to engage "extra ladies with good figures, for a travelling theatrical company." The machinery was, indeed, once more in motion.

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"Tell them to go away. Tell them it's all a mistake," he cried, wildly.

"So I did, sir," was the answer; "but they say they won't, not until they've seen you."

"Won't they? Won't they? Then, by George, I'll——"

He ran down the stairs, not knowing what to do, and found that things were as the parlourmaid had said. All the unemployed chorus-girls in London seemed to have found their way into that quiet square; and all the unemployed youths of the vicinity had gathered round them to admire or gibe.

Mr. Rodent tried to explain, but his voice was drowned in shrill expostulations. The ladies clustered round him, gesticulating with their parasols, accusing him of having played practical jokes on them, demanding justice and their bus fares. They had come all the way, they said, from Holloway, from Willesden Green, from Cricklewood, from Brixton—from all sorts of places. Mr. Rodent must give them their bus fares, or else——

"All right, ladies; you shall have them. I'll go in and write out a cheque," he said, submitting to the blackmail in order to get rid of them; but then——

"Don't you take 'is cheque, ladies. You make 'im pay cash," came a provocative voice from the crowd.

It was the last straw, and it broke Mr. Rodent's temper. He made a dive for the small boy who had thus insulted him, and soundly boxed his ears; and the next thing that he knew was that some truculent elder had taken the small boy's part, and that his own head was in chancery.

Then the police arrived—too late to seize the offender, who had vanished behind the skirts of the ladies, too late to do anything except disperse the crowd and help Mr. Rodent into the house.

He collapsed on to the sofa, and drank brandy with a broken spirit.

For a moment, indeed, he thought of advertising his code word as a trap, and having Mr. Victor Trump arrested when he called; but what would be the use of that? Mr. Victor Trump was much too clever a man to be likely to keep the appointment in person; and if he were represented by some highly respectable firm of solicitors, ignorant of his existence, instructed by Mrs. Van Donnop herself, in that case Mr. Rodent would be able to do nothing.

Nor was his story one that he would like to tell in open court. The sympathy of the world is never with the man who threatens to rake up a woman's past, so there was nothing for it but to surrender at once before worse happened—before the machinery began to move again.

"Get me a cab, Janet," he said.

"Surely you're not going out with a face like that, sir?"

"I must, Janet. It's important."

So he went; and no doubt the clerks in the *Morning Post* office speculated as to the significance of the advertisement, consisting of the one word "Tirra-lirra," which a man with a badly-damaged face presently handed in for the "Agony" column—but that, of course, was no business of theirs.



"HIS VOICE WAS DROWNED IN SHRILL EXPOSTULATIONS."

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Sir WILLIAM GILBERT'S LEMURS

by a Member of his Household



JOB.

[We are sure that all lovers of animals on reading the following article will share the pleasure of the well-known author of the Savoy operas in the delightful little creatures which he has made his pets.]

AMONG the many delightful pets at Sir William Gilbert's country place none are more interesting than the ring-tailed lemurs, their quaint ways and wonderful intelligence making them the chief objects of interest among the household menagerie to all visitors.

They are handsome animals, with thick grey coats, which they clean themselves with their tongues, as cats do. The eyes are brown, the muzzle black, and the tail a succession of black and white rings. They use the tails, which are very heavy, as rudders in jumping, poising them with great care before taking any long leaps.

The first one Sir William had was Job, bought by chance with a number of monkeys, and put at first to live with them in the summer monkey-house. Job did not seem to very highly appreciate the society of the monkeys, so Sir William had him brought into the library and chained by the fireplace, hoping that he would like us better; but he was very nervous and frightened at first, snapping at everyone who tried to touch him. He was very beautiful and we longed to pet him, but he allowed no liberties, and some days went by without our getting on better terms with him. We offered him many different kinds of food, and presently discovered that he had a great preference for hot-house grapes, liking them so much that he would take them from our hands. So one evening, when I was alone with him, I showed him a grape, then put the stem between my teeth, and sat down in an arm-chair near him. He sat in the hearth for some time watching me and the temptation very doubtfully, then climbed slowly to the arm of the chair, and still more slowly into my lap, and after a good deal of hesitation took the grape. That was the beginning of a lifelong friendship, for he lost all fear of me from that moment, and during the six and a half years that he lived we loved each other devotedly.

He never seemed to care very much for anyone else, and, while he liked others to pet him, he would always leave them to come to me; and if he was tied in a room where I was sitting, too far away for him to reach me, he would keep calling to me with a curious cry that was almost a moan, holding his arms out to me until I took him, when he would nestle in my arm with his arm around my neck and be quite quiet.

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When left by himself he preferred to sit in his own arm-chair, a stout little one of oak, about seven inches wide, which Sir William had made for him. At first he would not sit in this chair, and when put into it would not remain there. Happily someone, knowing that he had very luxurious tastes, laughingly suggested that perhaps he wanted cushions in it. I thought it not at all unlikely, so I made some of velvet for the back and seat, then put him into the chair, and he remained sitting in it with an air of comfort and satisfaction. In the winter it stood by the fireplace in the library. He would sit in it for hours gazing into the fire, leaning back against the cushion, a hand on each arm, and his feet stretched out to the fender. Often when he heard some noise in the room he would turn his head to look over his shoulder, laying one arm along the back of the chair, an attitude so human that it always caused great amusement. He evidently regarded the chair as his own property and showed much annoyance if any of the kittens got into it, promptly slapping them and turning them out when he found them there. When we moved to London for the winter the chair was taken too, and Job was content to settle down by any fireside so long as it was there.

He travelled to town in a cage which was covered with a rug, a small place being left open for air, and through this opening he used to put his hand, which I had to hold all the time we were in the train. This seemed to comfort him and keep him happy, but without it he was nervous and worried.

In the matter of food he was most difficult, as he cared for only a few things, and they had to be of the best. Brown bread and fruits, principally bananas, were the only things he ate, but the bananas had to be in perfect condition, and if the least over-ripe he would not touch them ; the bread had to be especially baked for him twice a week, as he would only eat a kind made with baking-powder, all yeast bread being scorned ; and the fruits had to be of the best quality. When the home-grown hot-house grapes were finished in the winter, foreign Malagas were bought for him, and were carefully washed and dried before being given to him, but he would not even taste them. He took one in his hand, sniffed it, and threw it down.

He was also exceedingly fond of peaches and nectarines, and had no sense of honour where they were concerned, stealing them whenever he had a chance, and in this I fear he was rather encouraged, for he was very funny about it. He was especially amusing at tea. As he was much too short to see the tea-table from the floor, he would climb on something high—the desk, orchestrelle, or back of a high chair—where he could command a good view of the table and see just where the fruit was. When he had taken his bearings he jumped down and sauntered about the room with a very uninterested air, and never went near the table while anyone was looking at him. Our part of the game was, after a time, to pretend not to pay any attention to him, when he would quickly slip over to the table, and in a moment the wee grey hand appeared at exactly the right place to seize the peach or nectarine he fancied. Of course, the fruit had to be placed sufficiently near the edge of the table for him to be able to reach it. He could see nothing on the table from the floor, and to reach over to the right place he must have first taken very careful bearings. One of the most remarkable characteristics of lemurs is their perfect precision of movement, and I have never seen one make a mistake in calculating distance or position.

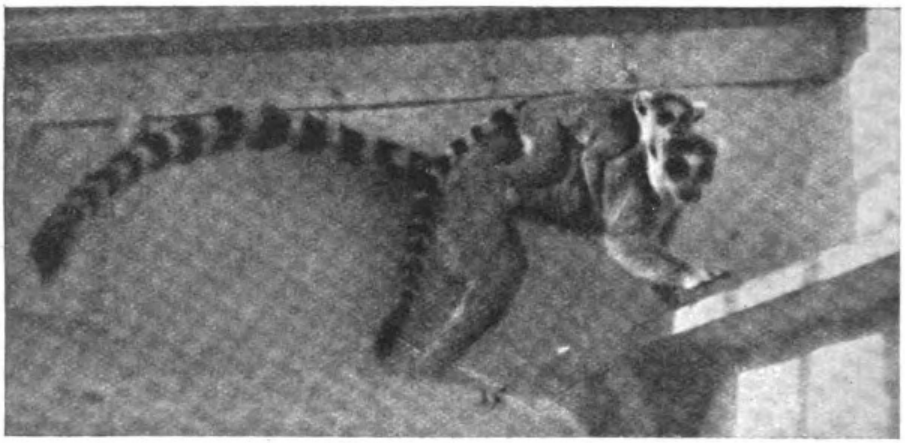
In his old age Job developed a taste for sweets, and one day he came into the dining-room when I was there, and, jumping on the table, buried his muzzle in a sugar-basin. After that no sugar-basins were left on the table, but two tall sugar-casters were allowed to remain, and the next day he was found on the table sitting by one of these casters, which he had turned over on its side, and gently rolling it from one of his little hands to the other, to and fro, licking up the sugar that came out as he moved it.

The last year of his life he was never tied, but ran about as he liked. He always fretted for a while when the family went away, and one autumn when we went abroad he died in ten days, apparently only from fretting, as he was quite well when we left.

We missed him dreadfully, and for a long time the library seemed a desolate place without the quaint little figure by the fireside.

In the spring Sir William bought a pair of handsome young lemurs, just imported from Madagascar, hoping to tame them. He kept them in the monkey-house, which was entirely given over to them, and after a few weeks they were allowed to run about the grounds during the day. The first day that they were allowed to go out they did not appear to know their way home in the evening, and I found them a long way from their house. Having had no dinner, they were very hungry, so I brought a banana

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EVE CARRYING HER SON PAUL.

making what were evidently most personal remarks. They had got into my room by lowering themselves on to my open window from the roof.

In the autumn they presented us with an infant, which caused great excitement, as it was the first ring-tailed lemur ever born and bred *in*

and beguiled them back to their house by showing it to them and occasionally giving them bits of it. The next evening I had to go through the same performance, but afterwards we had no trouble, and they came home to supper regularly and were then shut in for the night. They were named Adam and Eve, in the hope that they would be the progenitors of a long line of descendants. One evening during the first few weeks of their freedom Adam failed to come home, but reappeared for breakfast in the morning, and Eve, instead of showing pleasure at his return, rushed to him and gave him a sound slapping. It must have taught him the lesson she wished, for during the three years we had them he never again left her and they were never seen apart.





THREE PORTRAITS OF PAUL IN CHARACTERISTIC ATTITUDES.



They were most splendid jumpers, and were constantly leaping from the top branches of one tree to another, scampering along the edges of the tiles that crown the gabled roofs of the house, or dropping on to the casement windows from the roofs.

Sometimes, when the weather was fine, they slept out of doors, and one summer morning at dawn I was awakened by their voices and found them both sitting on the top of a high wardrobe staring at me, and

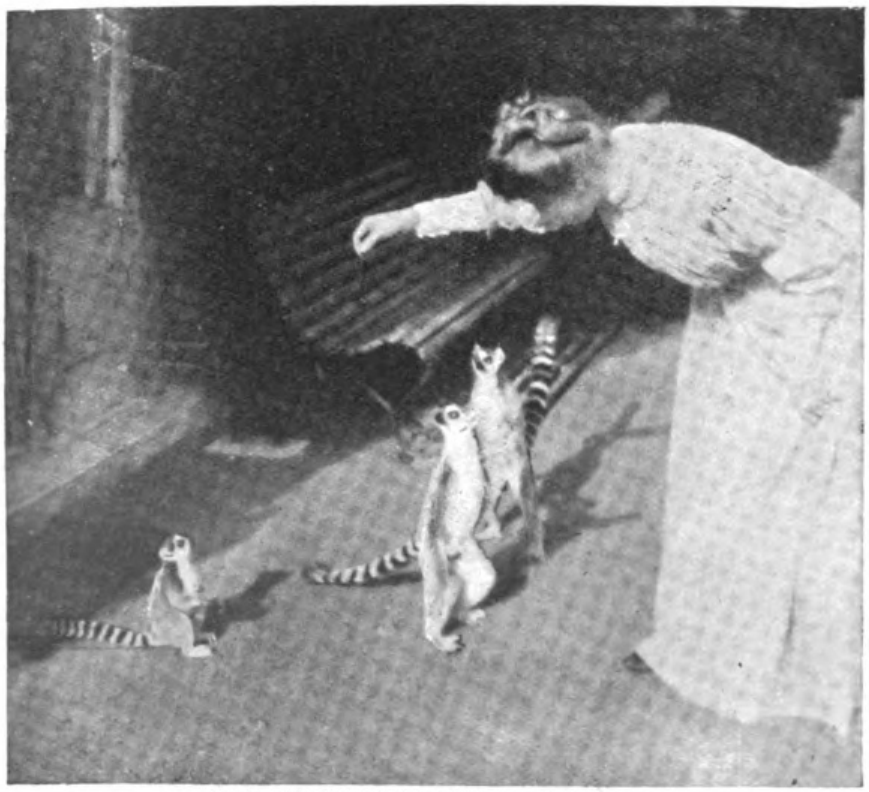
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England. One was born at the Zoological Gardens in 1881, but only a few days after the mother's arrival in England. Sir William named him Paul, hoping that he would grow up to occupy the little chair in which dear Job had so often suggested the picture of Paul Dombey sitting by the fire opposite Mrs. Pipchin.

The three were soon removed to winter quarters, a large glass-house in the gardens where the temperature can be properly regulated, and there the next six months were spent. For the first three months the infant lay flat against his mother's breast, his arms around her body just under her arms, and his legs also fast around her. In this way he clung so tightly that she could run about everywhere on all fours without his falling.

After a while we occasionally found him sitting on her back, and for another three months she carried him there, as shown in the photograph, but at the end of that time her health began to fail and we feared that he had become too heavy for her to carry, so began taking him away from her for a part of each day, at first for only about an hour at a time, then each day for a little longer until, at about the end of a month, we were able to keep him in the house altogether. At first we kept him in a cage until he was accustomed to the room, then tied him so that he could jump about and play with the other animals, and he was soon quite tame.

During his first summer we kept him tied, fearing that he might go away with his parents if he were free. When he saw them playing about he used to call to them, and they often paid him visits. Adam sometimes licked him, but Eve soon gave up coming close to him, for every time she came near enough he jumped on her back, which seemed to annoy her intensely, and she shook herself and rolled to get rid of him.



PAUL LEARNING TO BEG FOR CHERRIES.

The second summer he was no longer tied, and spent the greater part of each day with his parents, but never failed to come home towards evening. He had a regular programme for his days, beginning with waking Sir William, in whose room he slept, at about half-past seven, wishing to play games. He dearly loved boxing, sitting up and striking out most bravely. After superintending Sir William's toilet, during the whole of which he sat on either his head or shoulder, he rode down to the dining-room and breakfasted. After eating his banana he nearly always went to Lady Gilbert to be fed with brown bread, which he liked in the morning. When we left the dining-room he went away to

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his parents' house and usually played about with them the greater part of the day, but at tea-time they all came to the house to beg for fruit, and afterwards the parents went away, but Paul always remained with us. He either played about with the other animals, or slept until time to dress for dinner, when he would jump on Sir William's shoulder and ride upstairs to be with him and ride down again to dinner.

He was always full of characteristic tricks at dressing-time, and he invariably sat on Sir William's shoulders while he dressed for dinner. Sir William was immensely delighted with this feat, and often gave an exhibition of so much of the process as was fit for presentation, taking off coat and waistcoat and putting them on again as quickly as possible, while Paul, by a peculiar trick of shifting his hands and feet, managed to remain standing on Sir William's shoulders as the clothes were assumed or discarded. When Paul had accomplished this feat two or three times, he would look at his audience with a delightfully self-conscious air, and one almost expected him to bow in acknowledgment of their applause. He would remain on Sir William's shoulders during the whole process of dressing and undressing, accommodating himself with the precision of an acrobat to the various necessary movements.



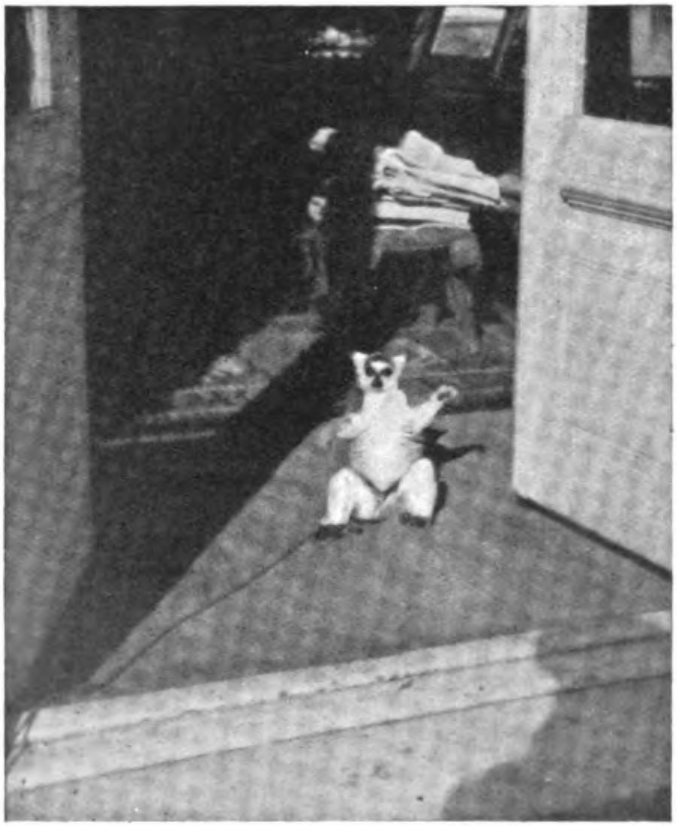
PAUL SITTING FOR HIS PHOTOGRAPH.

His dinner of fruit and lettuce was put on a napkin on the floor, and after he had eaten all that he wanted of it he climbed up the back of someone's chair and, sitting on a shoulder, watched the food with great interest. He had irresistible ways and could always get anything that struck his fancy. When he saw something being served that he wanted he peeped round and softly kissed one's cheek. If this wheedling produced no result, he softly stroked one's face with his tiny hand, an overture that no one was ever known to resist, and, as a matter of course, he got what he wanted. When he was sitting on Sir William's shoulders, he often varied the stroking process by pulling at his moustache, with the view of turning Sir William's head towards him. When in a particularly mischievous mood he used to amuse himself by grabbing at the various table appointments, often with very disastrous results. Sometimes he wanted vegetables, for, unlike Job, he liked many kinds of food, and then he climbed down to the table and, sitting beside one's plate, picked out, most daintily, whatever he fancied. His hands were very small, little more than an inch long, and he was much smaller in every way than the ordinary ring-tailed lemur except as to his tail, which was beautiful—the longest and finest I have ever seen.

When he was young we had ideas of trying to make him obey and do as we wished, but, while he was very good-tempered and cheery, we soon found that he meant to have his own way in everything, and that, small as he was, it was quite useless to interfere with him. The battle of wills was decided, when he was about a year old, on the subject of whether he would, or would not, sleep in a cage. He had always been put into one at night because we could then cover him and keep him from draughts, but one night he refused to go as usual with the footman who came to take him to bed, and had to be chased about the room a long time before he could be caught, for he was very quick. The next night it took two men to catch him, then three, and after a while all the family had to join in the nightly chase, which I think the little chap rather enjoyed. When he found that however quick he was he could still be caught, he gave up coming into the library with us after dinner and sat all night on a window seat in the hall. We thought

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this bad training, so we began to catch him when he had finished dining on our shoulders, and tied him until bed-time, when he was taken as usual to his cage. After about two evenings of this arrangement he gave up coming on to our shoulders at all, but sat on the floor until dinner was over and then slipped away into the hall. Finding that he no longer came to us of his own accord, we had him caught while he was eating his dinner, so he promptly gave up coming into the dining-room at all in the evening, but moped in the hall, gave up all his pretty ways, and would have nothing to do with any of us. Of course, we had no alternative but to give in to him, and so he won. We took our lesson quite humbly and never again tried to interfere with his wishes, and gradually he reverted to his sociable habits.



PAUL: "COME IN!"

He was the best of friends with all the other animals, and was especially devoted to all generations of kittens. For a long time after he gave up his cage he elected to sleep on the top of a wardrobe, but later preferred a basket with a Persian cat with which he was especially friendly.

Like all lemurs he was a fire-worshipper, and constantly sat up gazing at the sun, or into a fire with arms stretched wide, as though he wished to gather in all possible warmth.

He was a splendidly healthy little chap, but one day he ate some rowan berries, which gave him peritonitis, and, although everything possible was done for him, he died on August 23rd, 1908, after a few days' illness, at the age of two years and eleven months, very sincerely mourned by all the household.

So much for poor Paul. Adam, his father, also came to an untimely end. A few weeks after Paul's death Adam and Eve escaped from their winter quarters. Eve was easily recaptured, but Adam was never seen again. It is supposed that he found his way on to Harrow Weald Common, on which the grounds abut, and that he was either shot by poachers or killed by dogs.

Eve's grief and loneliness were very pathetic to see. She wandered all over the grounds, calling for him with a peculiar and most expressive wail of distress, and searched for him throughout the house. At the end of a week Sir William caused her to be shut into her home, fearing that, in her weary hunt, she might wander too far away. He bought another companion for her, but, although she was quite friendly with the new-comer, she spent most of her days looking through the glass door by which Adam might return.

Both Eve and her second husband are still alive, and are free to wander over the place during the warmer months at their pleasure, but the new one spends most of his time in the trees near their summer quarters, while Eve wanders everywhere alone. I believe she is still looking for her lost Adam.

NANCY MCINTOSH.

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The SOVEREIGN in the GUTTER

by E·Phillips Oppenheim

IT was over at last, the five days' *cause célèbre*, the five days' long-drawn-out agony. To the man who sat alone upon the hard bench fixed close to the whitewashed wall of the little cell the whole thing seemed, now that it was over, very much like a dream. He was plunged once more into solitude. The distant sounds came to his ears in a sort of muffled chaos. The crowded court with its insufferable atmosphere; the white, parchment-like face of the judge; the bewigged barristers with their strange callousness, their slight jests, their artificial earnestness; the sea of closely-packed faces extending even to the door; the faces of friends, acquaintances, enemies—all seemed, now that the curtain had fallen, as though they were but images of what might have been, as though they never had — never could have had — any real existence. And then the story — the hateful, impossible story — twisted and turned against him at every point, the lies of another man put into his mouth, the evil deeds of his partner heaped upon his shoulders. His first sense of fierce martyrdom had burned away into ashes through the furnace of those long days of torture and suffering. The result had come at last scarcely even as a blow. The horror of it had been discounted a hundred times over, discounted by all those curious, inimical faces, the scathing words of the prosecuting barrister — a member of his club, once a guest at his house—discounted even by the cold, carefully-balanced words of the judge himself, so studiously impartial, so weightily censorious. It seemed to him that nothing remained — no pain, no loneliness, no humiliation. His senses were steeped in a sort of torpor. He was barely conscious of the opening of his door, of the entrance of the visitor, fresh from the court, who was sitting now by his side in grave silence.

"I am very sorry, indeed, Mr. Harewood," the lawyer was saying, "that the case went so badly. Personally, I am quite convinced that a serious injustice has been done. If Carelton had only been alive, he would have been able to clear you in many ways. Without his evidence the Court, of course, have assumed that you shared equally with him in his peculations and rash schemes."

The convicted man made no reply. He appeared indeed almost to have lost the power of speech. The solicitor, who was really exceedingly sorry for his client, and honestly believed him guilty of little more than the folly of a pleasure-loving man of the world who has left his affairs to an unscrupulous partner, tried to impart a consoling note to his next speech.

"The sentence," he declared, "was far too severe. I have heard it universally condemned. I can assure you that we do not intend to let the matter remain here. There will be a petition to the Home Secretary, and I believe I may say that it will be signed by the principal counsel for the prosecution. In the meantime, if you have any messages, you will be allowed to see your wife for a few minutes. And as to letters——"

There was a considerable space of wooden bench between the two men, and Harewood's fist suddenly smote it a terrible blow.

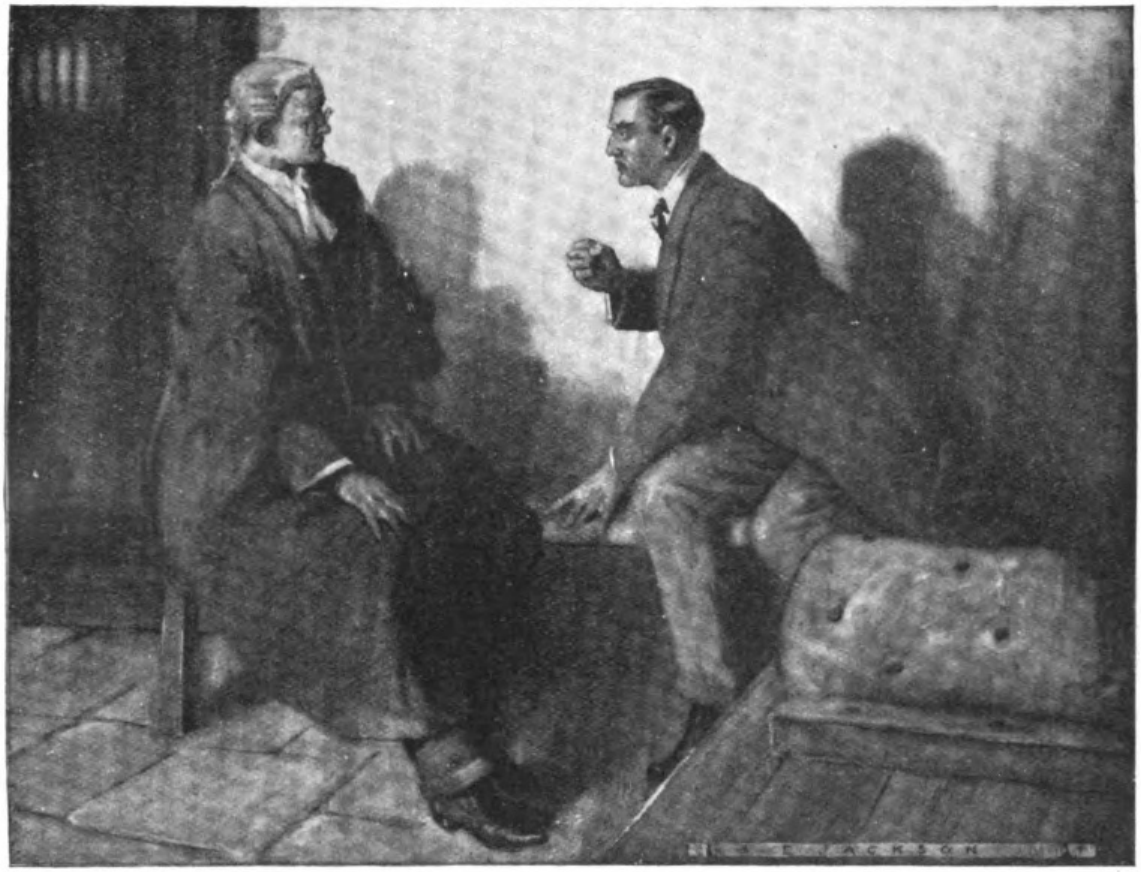
"Enough!" he said. "The thing is finished—my life is finished! I have no wife — no children! I wish to see no one. I will see no one."

"Mr. Harewood!" the lawyer protested.

A sudden fire flashed in the eyes of the convicted man.

"Silence!" he ordered. "You did your best. I am grateful. For the rest, I repeat

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"'ENOUGH!' HE SAID. 'THE THING IS FINISHED—MY LIFE IS FINISHED!'"

that what has happened takes me out of this world as surely as death itself. You can tell my people that from me. They had better make their minds up to it, for it is inevitable. My wife is a widow and my children fatherless. I suppose there is a little money left somewhere. They must shift for themselves, as well as they can. But as for visits or letters, no! Not the thinnest thread shall bind me to the past when once I enter the convict prison. Understand that finally."

"In a few months' time——," the lawyer began, soothingly.

"In a few months' time," Harewood repeated, "things will be with me exactly as they are now. I have been hardly judged, perhaps, yet according to my strict deserts. Mine was the sin of omission. I left Carelton to play ducks and drakes with our clients' money while I enjoyed life in my own way. I trusted Carelton and I had no right to trust him, or any man, with other people's money. It was more than foolish—it was wicked. I admit the justice of my sentence. I am prepared to pay."

"With regard to Mrs. Harewood——," the lawyer recommenced.

"So far as I am concerned," the convicted man interrupted, "there is no such person. Let her understand that, and let my children understand it. God himself could not blot out these last five days, or the memory of them. They have come and gone like an avalanche, and they have swept me from the face of the earth. You understand?" he wound up, rising to his feet at the sound of a key in the door. "Letters I shall not open. Visitors I will not receive. I shall enter the convict prison without a name, and if ever I leave it I shall leave it without a name."

"You will leave it a good deal before fifteen years," the lawyer declared.

"As to that I am indifferent," Harewood answered. "Indifferent, that is to say," he added, slowly, "save for one thing."

"Your children?" the lawyer murmured.

"No," Harewood answered, with a note of repressed passion in his tone; "the children of Stephen Carelton!"

The sovereign lay on the edge of the kerbstone, half hidden by a little sprinkling of dust. Carelton's companion pointed it out to him.

"Your sovereign, Stephen," he remarked. "Lucky fellow, as usual! A few more rolls and it would have gone down the drain."

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Carelton stood on the middle of the pavement looking at the spot where the glittering edge of the coin was clearly visible. He made no motion to pick it up. His friend looked at him in surprise.

"I know you're a veritable Crœsus, Stephen," he remarked, "making money hand over fist, and all the rest of it, but I presume you don't intend to leave that sovereign for the sweepers?"

The young man drew a cigarette-case from his pocket and, selecting one, tapped it against the side and calmly lit it.

"For the sweepers, my dear Cyril," he answered, "I think not. To tell you the truth, I believe that Providence has some other destination in view for that luckless coin. This is the fourth time within the last five minutes that I have dropped it."

His companion adopted a practical attitude.

"Why don't you keep your gold in your waistcoat pocket?" he suggested.

"You are missing the whole point of my statement," Carelton declared. "I am convinced that it was not carelessness alone which caused that coin to drop from my fingers twice in the taxi-cab and twice when I sought for that loose silver to pay the man. Depend upon it, Cyril, Fate has its own use for that sovereign. I am clearly dispossessed."

His friend looked at him doubtfully. Carelton was a man of whims; but surely this was absurd!

"You can't mean," he said, "that you are going to leave it there?"

"Precisely what I do mean, my dear fellow," Carelton answered. "Come into the club and stand in the bay window. We shall be able to see the person whom Fortune has taken under her wing."

"There is not the slightest doubt about it," his friend remarked, decisively, "that you are more or less a fool, Stephen."

"I hope so," Carelton declared, fervently. "This world was not made for wise men. The workhouses and prisons are full of them. Come inside, Cyril, there's a good fellow. I am really interested to see into whose hands my sovereign is fated to pass."

The two men stood in the bay window of the club and watched. Stephen Carelton was tall and dark, with pale face, humorous mouth, and keen, grey eyes deep-set under his level eyebrows. He was still a young man, but ten years of exceptionally hard work, successful though it had been, had left its traces upon his features. Cyril Hanneford, his companion, was a man of slighter physique, more carefully dressed, a person of less marked characteristics, a loiterer amongst the byways of life, in the broad thoroughfares of which Carelton had already found for himself a place. As regards this particular incident, however, the two seemed to have changed identities. Carelton, the practical man of affairs, had yielded to the idlest of superstitions. Hanneford, the person to whom such things might well have seemed likely to appeal, was adopting the pose and tone of a cynic.

"A sovereign," he remarked, looking out upon the pavement, "is relatively a small sum. Yet, after all, my dear Stephen, there are possibilities about it. It is the price of a bottle of wine, a basket of violets for your good-looking typist, a stall at the Opera, a tip to a maître d'hôtel. You might, even," he added, "entertain me modestly to luncheon upon that sum. And behold! there it lies," he wound up, pointing out of the window, "chucked away as a thing of no worth, left there to gratify the vaguest of superstitions. Upon my word, I've a good mind to go out and fetch it myself."

"Don't talk rot, Cyril," Carelton declared, good-humouredly. "Stay here with me instead and watch for the lucky person. See, there is someone coming now."

A boy went by with a parcel under his arm, whistling loudly, with his eyes fixed upon the windows of the great club. He did not even look upon the pavement. Then there came a couple of men, arm in arm, talking intently as though engrossed upon some matter of business. They, too, passed on without a downward glance. A woman leading a dog by a string followed, but she only looked at the ground to admire the elegance of her well-shod feet. A beggar-woman came slowly along, and Carelton found it hard work to prevent his friend from rushing out.

"If someone's going to pick it up," he protested, "why not that poor woman? It looks as though it might do her a bit of good."

Carelton held his arm.

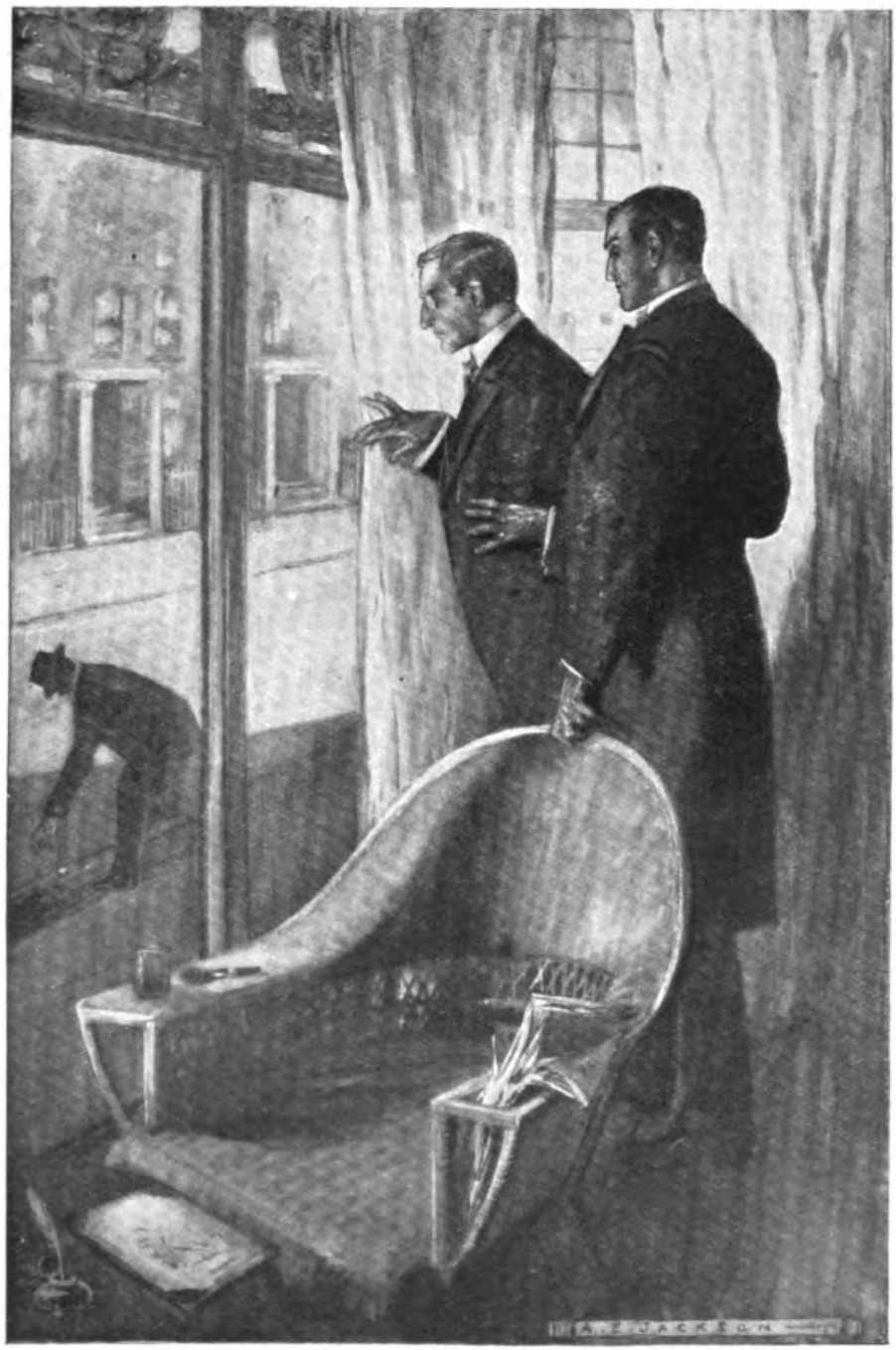
"If it is meant for her, she will see it," he declared.

"You are not such a superstitious ass," Hanneford demanded, "as to believe——"

"I believe nothing," Carelton assured him. "Only I intend that Chance, which four times brought that particular coin from my pocket, shall choose the person into whose hands it shall pass."

"To judge by his walk, then, here he comes," Hanneford declared. "He's got

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"BY JOVE, HE'S STOPPED! HE'S GOT IT, STEPHEN!"

his eyes glued on the pavement all right. Two to one he'll see it! No, he's going by! By Jove, he's stopped! He's got it, Stephen! Did you see him pick it up? You can say good-bye to your sovereign now, old man. He doesn't look the sort of chap to part easily."

Carelton was watching eagerly the face of the man who, after a covert glance around, was preparing to quit the scene. He was certainly not a person of prepossessing appearance; but, on the other hand, his clothes and general air seemed to indicate the fact of his belonging to that class to whom a sovereign is a distinct consideration. He was of powerful build, thin but sinewy, with hard, weather stained face and undistinguished slouch. He wore a ready-made suit of clothes, and he carried no gloves or stick. Yet there was something about him a little different from the ordinary wayfarer, something which excited the curiosity of both men as they watched him hurry off.

"The sort of man, that, who would take a great deal of placing," Carelton remarked, thoughtfully. "He was no ordinary waster, I'm sure."

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"It's good-bye to your sovereign, at any rate," Hannaford laughed. "Hadn't you better order those whiskies and sodas?"

The man with a sovereign gripped in his hand passed down the street and disappeared. There was a curious lack of vitality about him and the way he moved. His walk was a tired plod—a physical action which seemed purely mechanical. If he brushed the sleeve of a passer-by, he started as though alarmed, and shrank away. Notwithstanding his somewhat forbidding appearance, he had an air which was almost timid. An acute physiognomist might easily have placed him. His were the mannerisms and deportment of a man finding himself once more amongst his fellows after a long period of solitude.

He reached the Strand and pursued his way steadily along as far as Chancery Lane. Here he turned into a little square and came to a sudden standstill before a venerable pile of offices. Then, for the first time since he had stooped to pick up that sovereign, the light swept across his face. Exactly opposite to him was a large brass plate, on which was engraved the name of Mr. Stephen Carelton, Junior, with a list of legal distinctions in smaller type. The place had an undoubtedly thriving appearance. Through the wire blinds of the offices he could see rows of clerks. There were visitors coming and going all the time—barristers' clerks with silk hats and small black bags, and others more obviously clients. The man stood there for several minutes, motionless. His lips were slightly parted, his face had gradually become hard and cruel. He spoke to himself for the first time.

"Mr. Stephen Carelton, Junior!" he muttered; "the boy who was at Oxford. It is well that one of them is alive."

He hesitated for a moment as though about to enter the offices. Then he looked at the sovereign in his hand and changed his mind. Slowly he turned round to face another shock before he had taken half-a-dozen steps. A carriage was drawn up close to the kerb in Chancery Lane. A woman with uplifted skirts was in the act of descending from it. She was tall, graceful, and young; fashionably dressed, with pleasant smile and clear brown eyes, which rested for a moment upon the man who was staring at her. She was suddenly perplexed. A frown wrinkled her forehead. She even stood still in the middle of the pavement. The man shuffled on and her eyes followed him. Then she went on her way slowly. She entered the offices of Mr. Stephen Carelton, Junior, with a puzzled frown lingering upon her face.

Harewood strode on towards the Strand, with the fires of hate suddenly loosed within him—the yearning of a moment changed already to that passionate desire to kill which for many years had been all that had remained to him of sensation. He came to a standstill in front of a small shop in the Strand, where various secondhand articles were for sale. He looked in at the window, and after a casual glance entered the shop.

"How much for the small revolver?" he asked.

The shopman took it from the window and examined it.

"Fifteen and sixpence," he answered, laying it upon the counter. "Nice little weapon, too—good as new."

Harewood took it up and examined it.

"What about cartridges?" he asked.

"You'll have to buy those at a gunsmith's," the man told him; "but there are three or four here somewhere which came with it. You can have them, if you like."

He rummaged about for several minutes and produced them at last from a large box filled with oddments.

"They've been lying here for some time," he remarked, "but I expect you'll find them all right."

Harewood inserted them in the chambers of the revolver, thrust it into his pocket, and placed the sovereign upon the table. The shopman handed him four and sixpence.

"I wouldn't carry it like that if I were you," he advised. "A loaded revolver's not too safe a thing to have loose in the pocket."

Harewood nodded, but left the place without making any answer. In the street he was conscious of a sudden giddiness. He stopped short for a moment, and remembered that as yet he had tasted no food that day. His hand was shaking like a drunken man's. Reluctantly he crossed the road and entered a small eating-house. It was a waste of time this, but it was necessary. When he emerged, half an hour later, he walked with a new decision and with more rapid footsteps. In a few moments he had found his way once more to the little square off Chancery Lane, and, presenting himself at the offices of Mr. Stephen Carelton, Junior, made his inquiry at the clerk's desk.

"Mr. Stephen Carelton has just come in from lunch, sir," the boy told him. "Have you an appointment?"

"Yes," Harewood answered.

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The youth took up a book and glanced down it searchingly.

"We don't seem to have any record of an appointment with anyone of your name," he remarked. "When was it made?"

"A long time ago," Harewood answered, grimly; "perhaps before you were in a position to record it. Tell Mr. Carelton that Mr. Harewood wishes to see him at once."

The name, audible this time to the other clerks, elicited a slight stir of interest, but it did not occur to anyone to connect the speaker with the quondam head of the firm. After a brief delay Harewood was shown upstairs. Trembling a little at the knees, he passed along the familiar way. Soon he was ushered into the private office which had once been his. Stephen Carelton looked up and greeted him with a brief nod.

"You wished to see me I understand?" he said. "I am Mr. Stephen Carelton. I did not quite catch your name."

The boy had disappeared and closed the door behind him. Harewood calmly seated himself in the empty chair opposite to the young lawyer.

"My name is Harewood," he announced.

They looked at one another across the table. Stephen Carelton's expression was at first one of puzzled doubt. Suddenly a light seemed to break in upon him.

"My God!" he exclaimed. "You are Julian Harewood?"

"Julian Harewood—yes!"

The younger man held out his hand.

"You have taken us completely by surprise, sir," he said. "Allow me to say, however, that I am very glad to see you. We had no idea that—that you would be here so soon. Your behaviour as to letters has been a little extraordinary, you know."

Harewood looked at the outstretched hand as though at some poisonous thing. Carelton slowly withdrew it.

"You're not going to bear malice against me, I hope, Mr. Harewood?" he said, frankly. "I know that my father used you ill, but it was before my time. I know, too——"

"Be quiet!" Harewood ordered.

He drew the revolver from his pocket and fingered it almost affectionately.

"I was released from prison early this morning," he said, slowly. "I had only one desire when I came out; I have had only one desire all the time I have been a prisoner, and that was that I might kill you, or anyone else who bore your name, before night."

"What have I done to injure you, Mr. Harewood?" the young man asked, calmly.

"You are your father's son," Harewood answered. "Look at me. I am the broken-down wreck of a man, the shell of a man in whom the heart and the soul are dead. I am what your father made me. Fortunately for him, he is dead. Unfortunately for you, you are alive. Stephen Carelton's son, indeed! I, too, had children. What has become of them God only knows! A wife—she is dead, I hope. Say your prayers quickly, young man. A word will have to do. A few hours ago I was terrified lest I should lack the strength of this thing. I feared that I might have to kill you with my hands. Chance sent me the money to buy this," he added, patting the revolver; "a blessed chance. My curses on you, Stephen Carelton!"

He raised the revolver and, pointing it deliberately at the other's heart, pulled the trigger. There was an empty click. He tried once more. Again the fall of the hammer upon some unresponsive substance. Carelton, who had been paralyzed by the unexpectedness of the attack, sprang up and gripped his assailant's wrists so that the revolver fell on to the office table.

"Harewood!" he exclaimed. "My God, are you mad?"

Harewood answered nothing. He seemed suddenly turned into stone. The failure of his weapon was a thing uncontemplated—an unimaginable catastrophe. He suffered himself to be pushed back into his chair. Carelton looked at him wonderingly.

"I know you now!" he exclaimed. "You are the man who picked up my sovereign in Pall Mall! Is this what you bought with it?" he asked, pointing to the revolver.

"Yes!" Harewood answered, mechanically, "that and a meal. I wish I had never seen the sovereign. I should have killed you then, sure enough."

The young man felt his forehead. He was scarcely surprised to discover that it was wet.

"Mr. Harewood," he said, "if you had killed me you would have killed your son-in-law. I was married to Louise two years ago. I know that my father treated you badly, but I have done all that I can to make up for it. And so far as regards the business, why, I have been more successful than I deserved even. There's money for you and a new life, and there isn't one of your people, or even your old friends, who won't be glad to see you. There isn't a soul who hasn't come to the conclusion that your sentence was

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"HER ARMS WERE AROUND HIS NECK; MARVELLOUS, INCREDIBLE WORDS WERE POURING FROM HER LIPS."

ridiculously severe, and for the last twelve months there has been quite a series of agitations for your release. It's your own fault that we haven't been able to let you know. We've tried every means in vain. One moment."

He walked to the door of an inner room and called to somebody. Harewood pressed the barrel of the revolver against his own temple.

"One of them must be good," he muttered.

He pulled the trigger—again the empty click.

"One more—the last one!" he whispered to himself, and stiffened his finger.

Suddenly the weapon was wrenched from his hand. He turned swiftly round. The girl whom he had seen stepping from the carriage was there on her knees by his side; her arms were around his neck; marvellous, incredible words were pouring from her lips; her cheek, even her lips themselves were pressed to his. He rocked in his chair. There was a lump in his throat, burning fire behind his eyes. The years were falling away with the hot tears—nothing could stop them now. It was a nightmare which had passed . . .

Carelton walked to the window which overlooked the square, with the revolver in his hand. He pulled the trigger idly. It went off at once with a loud report. He stood gazing at it in amazement—it was the fourth cartridge which had been good! Through the little cloud of smoke he seemed to see the sovereign lying in the gutter below.

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"DUKES"

THE TWENTY-SEVEN WEARERS OF THE STRAWBERRY LEAVES: WHO THEY ARE — WHAT THEY ARE — AND HOW THEY ACQUIRED THEIR TITLES AND ESTATES.

THERE are twenty-seven men in the kingdom who are set above the forty-seven millions who inhabit it by reason of their ancient lineage (there is only, as we shall see, a single exception to this rule), their rank, their wealth, and their possession of acres.

The story of the dukes is the most dramatic part of the history of England. The title of "duke"—*i.e.*, leader—first came into use when the Emperor Constantine separated the civil and the military commands in the Roman provinces, and the military governor became either a count or a duke. "The dukes," we are told, "wore a gold belt and, besides their pay, received a liberal allowance, sufficient to maintain a hundred and ninety servants and a hundred and fifty-eight horses," which is about what a duke expects Anno Domini 1909. The dukes who followed Clovis became richly endowed with conquered lands, and in a similar manner many of the ancestors of our English dukes became mighty landlords.



THE TOTAL POSSESSIONS OF THE DUKES COMPARED WITH THE MAP OF ENGLAND.

But in England the title was not known until the Black Prince was created Duke of Cornwall in 1335, and so became the first English duke. For a long time the title was restricted to Royalty. In the reign of Henry VI. the title was extended, and at one time there were ten duchesses at the Court of this monarch. Nevertheless, attainder and failure of male issue played such havoc with the dukes that when Queen Elizabeth came to the throne there was only a single duke in the kingdom, Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk. After his

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attainder and execution there was no duke extant, till Ludovic Stuart, a Royal relative, was made Duke of Richmond in 1623. In that year also Villiers was created Duke of Buckingham. But this does not imply that the dukes of to-day are not of ancient blood; the majority were advanced from earldoms and marquessates, their dukedom only is comparatively modern.

The dukes are the lords of acres now as of old; they have their greatest stake in the land. A century ago they were also far and away the wealthiest people in the kingdom, and yet practically the whole of their wealth came from the land. A duke never dreamt of investing his money in anything else. But as land has terribly decreased in value, those dukes who depend upon it exclusively—and most of them, being very conservative, still



THE DUKE OF NORFOLK.
Photo. by Russell & Sons.



ARUNDEL CASTLE.
Photo. by F. Frith & Co.

do—are by no means to be considered as wealthy as their ancestors. Besides which, most of the ducal estates are encumbered by dowries, jointures, and portions to younger children, so that a duke's net spendable income is less than a successful stockbroker's.

Our dukes to-day own over four million acres of land, a very respectable slice of the kingdom, especially if we remember that the whole county of London contains less than 75,000 acres, and the whole of Surrey less than 500,000 acres. The average for each duke therefore is about 150,000 acres.

We will take the dukes in the order of their precedence and see who are the richest, the most romantic, of the most ancient lineage, who have the most notable history, together with the origin of their fortunes.

Most people are aware that the Premier Duke (who is also the Premier Earl) is Henry Fitzalan Howard, fifteenth Duke of Norfolk. He is besides Hereditary Earl Marshal and Chief Butler of England, and carries a great many other titles, such as Earl of Arundel, Earl of Surrey, Baron Fitzalan, Baron Clun, and Baron Oswald. We hear a great deal of the "blood of all the Howards," but there are many families in England more ancient than the Howards. Had Sir John Howard, an eminent Yorkist and a partisan in the French wars of Henry VI., never lived, his Grace would not have been Duke of Norfolk.

In 1468 Howard—*i.e.*, Hogward—was appointed Treasurer of the King's Household and summoned to the English Parliament as Baron Howard. Afterwards he was created Earl Marshal of England and Duke of Norfolk. As Earl Marshal he was authorized to bear either in the King's absence or presence a golden staff, tipped at each end with black, the upper part thereof to be adorned with the Royal arms and the lower with those of his own family. To support this dignity a grant was made to him of twenty pounds a year for ever; but these were not all the first duke's honours. He became subsequently High Steward of England and Lord Admiral for life, but unhappily he was killed at Bosworth Field in 1485, and his son, the second duke, having been taken prisoner at Bosworth, was imprisoned for three years in the Tower. A dozen years after his release he became Lord Treasurer, and in 1513 commanded the English Army at Flodden Field. His son was of equal power and renown, and he also was imprisoned in the Tower seven years. The third duke was beheaded, and his grandson, the fourth duke, also laid his head on the block for communicating with Mary Queen of Scots. The fifth duke, who in right of his mother as owner of Arundel Castle became thirteenth Earl of Arundel, was attainted for high treason and died a prisoner in the Tower in 1595. The ducal honours of the family having been attainted during all the reign of Elizabeth, the sixth duke only bore the courtesy title of Lord Maltravers. The honours were gradually restored, and his son procured his precedence as Premier Duke at the Restoration. The seventh, eighth, and ninth dukes died without issue, so that a number of baronies that had come into the family (quaint old names that now only figure in romances) fell into abeyance. The dukedom went to the fourth son of the fifteenth Earl of Arundel. The twelfth duke, who succeeded in Waterloo year, was the grandson of a Howard, himself the eighth son of the fifteenth Earl of Arundel. It

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must be remembered that all this time the Dukes of Norfolk had been Roman Catholics, and in consequence were debarred from executing the offices of Earl Marshal and Hereditary Marshal of England. But with the Catholic Emancipation Act the high privilege was restored. Otherwise the ducal line since then has had but little history. The fourteenth duke, who died in 1860—the present Duke's father—early assumed by a Royal licence the additional name of Fitzalan. The largest part of the Duke's present wealth came when the fourteenth duke married the daughter and heir of Henry Fitzalan, Earl of Arundel. This brought Arundel Castle, the London estate, and the Sheffield estate into the family. It is these London and Sheffield estates which now constitute the Duke's chief income, because the value of the agricultural land has sadly diminished. A few years ago the present Duke disposed of the market-tolls of Sheffield for the round sum of half a million, and his sale of a Holbein picture is within recent memory. The Duke has three seats—Arundel Castle; Beech Hill, Sheffield; and Derwent Hall, Derbyshire—and 49,866 acres of land, which bring him in about £80,000 a year. He is the patron of five Church livings, but, being a Roman Catholic, cannot present to them.



THE DUKE OF SOMERSET.
Photo. by Bassano.

Our next duke is his Grace of Somerset, who is likewise the fifteenth holder of the title. His nominal and territorial splendour goes back to Sir Edward Seymour, who, having been created Earl of Hertford in 1537, was some years later appointed Lord Great Chamberlain and Lord Treasurer of England. As we have seen, this kingdom was not a pleasant place for dukes in those days. When this Seymour was created Duke of Somerset, for a short time during the reign of Edward VI. he possessed unlimited power, but in 1552 he was beheaded on Tower Hill, and all his honours became forfeited. His eldest son, Edward, however, was created Earl of Hertford in his own right. He married the unfortunate Lady Jane Grey's sister, and both he and his wife were imprisoned in the Tower for many years. His grandson having attempted to marry Lady Arabella Stuart, first cousin to James I., he was compelled to fly the country, while the unfortunate lady herself was committed to the Tower, where she died. The refugee returned to England at the Restoration as Duke of Somerset, his great-grandfather's attainder having been reversed. The third duke died unmarried, and so his Savernake Forest and Tottenham Park estates went to his sister, the Countess of Aylesbury, and the dukedom to his uncle. Now we come to more tragedy. The fifth duke having in 1671 insulted some ladies in the Augustinians' Church at Lerice, he was shot dead at the door of his hotel by Signor Botti, husband of one of the ladies. His brother became known as the "proud duke," and was an important personage at the Courts of Charles II., William III., and Queen Anne. He married the sole heiress of the Percys. Their son thus inherted six English baronies. On his death the Earldom of Northumberland devolved upon his son-in-law, Sir Hugh Smithson, and several ancient baronies to his daughter. But there was a gap in the direct succession (a gap filled by six baronets, all named Sir Edward Seymour, descended from the first duke) when the eighth duke came into the title and estates. This fact—the lapsing of so many baronies and the diffusion of considerable property—has reduced the holding of the present Duke to a beggarly 25,327 acres. His income from the land is £37,577. He has three seats—at Bath, Loughborough, and Totnes.

The two dukes already named can point to several violent deaths in their family history.

The third of our English dukes, who is a far greater landowner, his Grace of Richmond, owes his title and fortune to the beauty of his ancestress, the famous Duchess of



THE DUKE OF RICHMOND.
Photo. by Russell & Sons.



GOODWOOD HOUSE.
Photo. by F. Frith & Co.

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Portsmouth. The son of the Duchess by His Majesty Charles II. was created Duke of Richmond in the peerage of England and Duke of Lennox in that of Scotland. He took the family name of Lennox, although really a Stuart. The second duke was High Constable of England at the coronation of George II.; his son, the third duke, carried the sceptre at the coronation of George III. The fifth duke, whose mother was the daughter of the fourth Duke of Gordon, assumed in 1836 by patent the additional surname of Gordon. He was an A.D.C. to the Duke of Wellington, and ultimately became Duke of Gordon in the peerage of England. The present and seventh duke is also Earl of March, Baron Settrington, Earl of Darnley, Baron Methuen, and Earl of Kinrara. He is also Duke of Aubigny in France. Besides the estates granted by his ancestor Charles II., he has also inherited through the Gordons. He has the usual three ducal seats, of which the most famous is Goodwood; Gordon Castle in Banffshire; and Molecomb in Chichester. It was his ancestor, the third duke, who started racing at Goodwood, and his descendant keeps up the family tradition for the "sport of kings."



THE DUKE OF GRAFTON.
Photo. by Langfier.

Another wearer of the strawberry leaves is the seventh Duke of Grafton. He, too, comes of the Blood Royal, his ancestress being Barbara Villiers, Duchess of Cleveland. Her son was created Earl of Euston and Duke of Grafton, and given large estates to support the title. Although the first duke was Lord High Constable at James II.'s coronation, he was one of the first to desert that monarch for the Prince of Orange, in whose cause he was wounded at the storming of Cork, and died a fortnight later. His son by the Countess of Arlington inherited his mother's peerages. The third duke played an important part in political life, but the Dukes of Grafton since have not been specially notable. The present Duke is a soldier, like his father. He boasts only two seats — Euston Hall and one at Stony Stratford. He owns 25,773 acres, valued at £39,254 a year.



THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT.
Photo. by Elliott & Fry.



THE DUKE OF ST. ALBANS.
Photo. by Samuel Kirk.

Sir Charles Somerset was the natural son of Henry Beaufort, third Duke of Somerset, a grandson of John of Gaunt. He was summoned to Parliament in 1461 as Lord Herbert, and died Earl of Worcester. From this earl, whose grandson was created Viscount Somerset, is descended the *ninth* Duke of Beaufort, the master of 51,085 acres of land, and a rent-roll of £56,226. The fifth Earl of Worcester, a devoted Royalist, garrisoning Raglan Castle at his own expense and holding it for nearly four years against Cromwell, was made a Marquess. His grandson was, in 1682, created Duke of Beaufort. There are no executions or violent ends amongst the Beauforts. The sixth duke was a famous soldier under Wellington.



THE DUKE OF LEEDS.
Photo. by R. Haines.



HORNBY CASTLE.
Photo. by F. Frith & Co.

Still another English duke who looks to the "Merrie Monarch" for his origin is his Grace of St. Albans, whose ancestress was the charming Nell Gwynn. Their son was christened Charles Beauclerk, and given some 20,000 acres to support his ducal title. The present holder has had ten predecessors, but they have all been modest and unassuming, leading simple lives on comparatively small incomes.

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To Sir Edward Osborne, a Royalist leader, the tenth Duke of Leeds, George Godolphin Osborne, traces his origin. His son, the Lord High Chancellor, was imprisoned in the Tower for five long years. On his release the Earl of Danby found himself Marquess of Carmarthen, and, finally, Duke of Leeds. In 1859, on the death of the seventh duke, he was succeeded by a kinsman descended from the third duke. His grandson, the tenth duke, owns 24,000 acres, valued £33,381 per annum.



THE DUKE OF BEDFORD.
Photo. by Thomson.

The Dukes of Bedford have played a very important part in the history of this kingdom, and they are also very wealthy. They take their rise in one John Russell, reputed to be one of the most versatile gentlemen of the reign of Henry VII. He accompanied Henry VIII. in his French wars, and, having held various high appointments, was created Baron Russell. It was a favourable time for making a fortune, and in 1540 this Lord Russell obtained a grant of the site of Tavistock Abbey and various possessions attaching thereto, and in the next reign got Woburn Monastery into his hands, besides being made Earl of Bedford by "Bloody Mary." It was the son of the fifth Earl (afterwards the first Duke) who was executed in 1683 for high treason in being concerned in the Rye House plot. This Lord Russell's son became the second duke.

The dukedom, it should be noted, was a reward for services in the Revolution. The present holder of the title, Herbrand Arthur Russell, eleventh duke, was formerly in the Grenadier Guards, and is just turned fifty. He recently sold the Thorney estate, because it could no longer be run at a profit, and he would be unable to live if he had not, as he said, happened to own a "few lodging-houses in London." These few lodging-houses form, by the by, the vast Bedford estate in Bloomsbury, besides Covent Garden Market, worth an enormous sum per annum. Besides this estate the Duke's holding amounts to 86,300 acres, producing £142,000 a year.

It was James I. who created Sir William Cavendish Baron Cavendish of Hardwicke, and afterwards Earl of Devonshire. The first earl's ancestor, who bore the same name, derived his lands and fortune from having been gentleman usher to Cardinal Wolsey, and so obtained his share of the spoliation of the abbeys and monasteries in Henry VIII.'s reign. At the Revolution, when so many rewards were meted out, the fourth earl was created Marquess of Hartington and Duke of Devonshire. In the meantime, and long before the present Duke's day, the fortunes of the ducal family had vastly increased by marriages and by inheriting other honours and estates, and still more by the discovery of iron and the development of steel upon his Barrow property. Then came the rise of Eastbourne, of the whole of which he is practically the ground landlord. Victor Christian William, the ninth Duke, is also the inheritor of the Earldom of Burlington. He is forty-one, and owns 198,572 acres,



THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.
Photo. by Bassano.



CHATSWORTH HOUSE.
Photo. by F. Frith & Co.

with an acknowledged rent-roll of £180,750 per annum. The Dukes of Devonshire have been famous politicians, and more than one ancestress of his Grace has been a famous duchess, either by reason of her beauty or her wit, or both.

The ninth Duke of Marlborough is descended from Charles Spencer, third Earl of Sunderland, who had married the Lady Anne Churchill, younger daughter of the famous soldier, and whose son succeeded under a special Act of Parliament. His aunt Henrietta had succeeded to the title. Parliament settled on his successor a pension of £5,000 a year, besides



THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.
Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

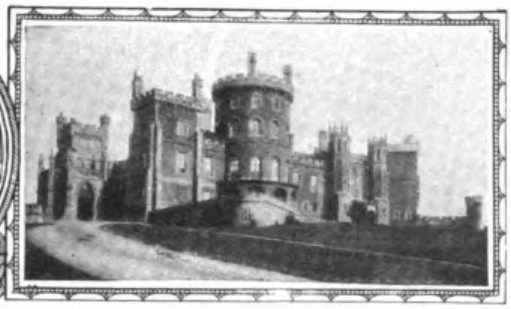
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the splendid estate of Blenheim. Not until 1807 did the family assume the additional surname of Churchill. The Spencers go back to James I.'s accession; and the third baron, made Earl of Sunderland, was killed at Newbury fighting for King Charles I. The present Duke (the ninth), born of an American mother and married to an American wife, owns 25,511 acres, with an agricultural rent-roll of £36,557. But his father, who was extravagant, became very poor, and even his son's marriage has not made him opulent. For it costs so much to keep up these estates and so many have to be paid out of the income that not much is left to play with.

In the great hall of Belvoir Castle is a portrait of Thomas Manners, thirteenth Baron de Ros, who was the first Earl of Rutland in 1525. So, for a time, the Earls of Rutland were also Barons de Ros, and the latter title goes back to 1264. Henry John Brinsley Manners, the eighth and present Duke, was born in 1852 and succeeded his venerable father in 1906. He owns 70,137 acres, with a rent-roll of £97,486. His ancestor, the second earl, was Constable of Nottingham Castle and President of the North, and wholly rebuilt Belvoir at vast expense. It was the ninth earl who was created, in 1703, Marquess of Granby and Duke of Rutland. As to the romance of the family, it chiefly centres about Dorothy Manners and Haddon Hall, the latter no longer habitable. The son and heir of the third duke, the famous Marquess of Granby, whose face may still be seen on hundreds of taverns, never lived to bear the ducal title. The seats of the family besides Belvoir are Longshaw (Sheffield) and Stanton Woodhouse (Rowsley). The present Duke is a keen sportsman and naturalist, and has written a book on trout-fishing. The Duchess was Miss Violet Lindsay, who, as Marchioness of Granby, published many clever portraits of her friends and contemporaries. The Duke has no fewer than twenty-five livings in his gift.



THE DUKE OF RUTLAND.
Photo. by Russell & Sons.



BELVOIR CASTLE.
Photo. by F. Frith & Co.

Of very ancient lineage indeed is Alfred Douglas Douglas-Hamilton, thirteenth Duke of Hamilton, the Premier Peer of Scotland, who sits in the House of Lords as tenth Duke of Brandon. In 1347 William Douglas was created Earl of Douglas, and on his marriage with the daughter of King Robert III. was granted considerable lands. The fifth earl was styled the "Great Earl" and "Bell the Cat," a powerful noble in Henry VI.'s time. His descendant, the twelfth earl, was created by Charles I. first Duke of Hamilton. After Prestonpans this duke surrendered and was beheaded in 1649. The second duke was killed at the battle of Worcester. The fourth duke was killed in a duel, after being created Duke of Brandon in the United Kingdom peerage.

It was the sixth duke who fell desperately in love with the beautiful Elizabeth Gunning, and made her his duchess. So impatient was he that, when late one night the parson refused to perform the ceremony without licence or ring, the Duke, swearing he would send for the Archbishop, tore down a curtain-ring and placed it on the lady's finger at midnight in Mayfair Chapel. The new Duchess's journey to Scotland was one long triumphal procession, people sitting up all night to see her pass. Within a few years the Duke died, and another Duke, his Grace of Bridgwater, wooed her; she refused him and married Colonel John Campbell, who in two years succeeded to the dukedom of Argyll. Thus for the second time a duchess's coronet fell to a young Irish girl whose face alone was her fortune. She left behind four sons, two of whom became Dukes of Hamilton and two Dukes of Argyll.

The eleventh duke married the Princess Mary, a cousin of Napoleon III., their son being made Duke of Chatellerault in 1864. The present peer has twelve titles, besides what have come to him by inheritance, and no fewer than 157,386 acres, with an income



THE DUKE OF HAMILTON.
Photo. by Maull & Fox.

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of £73,636 from the land and £67,006 from mines and quarries. His seat is Hamilton Palace, Lanarkshire, and a "small place" in Linlithgowshire. The Duchess was formerly Miss Nina Poore, of Salisbury, and their heir is a boy of six.



THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH.
Photo. by W. & D. Downey.

Truly a powerful noble is William Henry Montagu-Douglas-Scott, sixth Duke of Buccleuch and eighth of Queensberry, the owner of 460,108 acres and £221,000 annual income from land alone. He is this month celebrating his golden wedding. The earliest Scott we can trace was one Richard le Scot, a wild and daring freebooter in the time of Edward I. of England. About 1469 his descendant, David Scott, was appointed Laird of Buccleuch, and the expulsion of many old families added largely to their lands. A Sir Walter Scott was mixed up with the Bothwell rebellion, but was pardoned and actually granted Bothwell's forfeited estates. When the title of Buccleuch came to a lady she married the ill-fated Duke of Monmouth, who, on his marriage, assumed the surname of Scott. He and his wife were created Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch, so that the title passed to the Duchess's grandson. His descendant inherited the dukedom of Queensberry in 1810, and the present Duke has inherited over a dozen other titles, besides that of Earl of Doncaster, under which name he sits in the House of Lords. He has four seats, the chief ones being Dalkeith House, Dalkeith, and Drumlanrig Castle, and is patron of seventeen livings. The Duchess is, as a Hamilton, daughter of the first Duke of Abercorn, and was for long Mistress of the Robes to Queen Victoria.

"Yon Campbell's a mighty duke," said a Scotsman once at the King's Coronation. The earliest Campbell we have record of was one Gillespie Campbell, who eight centuries ago acquired by marriage with the daughter of the Treasurer of Scotland the lordship of Lochow. The Knights of Lochow became stout champions of Robert the Bruce, who awarded them more lands and honours. They drove out the Macdonalds and other families and took their estates by force. The first Lord Campbell dates from 1445, and his great-grandson, the second Earl of Argyll, was killed at Flodden Field in 1513. The eighth earl was created Marquess of Argyll, and at the Coronation at Scone placed the crown on Charles II.'s head. But he afterwards went over to Cromwell, and at the Restoration was beheaded. The same fate overtook his son for attempting to invade Scotland in James II.'s reign. His son became the first duke and his grandson a famous field-marshal. The eighth duke was a celebrated politician in the Victorian reign, and the ninth and present Duke married Queen Victoria's daughter, Princess Louise. He is lord of 175,000 acres, with a rent-roll of £51,000, and has a seat at Rosneath House, Dumbartonshire, but is really one of the poorest of our dukes, for the money he receives from his tenants barely suffices to pay for the upkeep. It is, therefore, an economy to be granted Kensington Palace as a town residence. His heir is Lord Archibald Campbell, who is senior managing partner in Coutts and Co.



THE DUKE OF ARGYLL.
Photo. by J. Caswall Smith.



ROSNEATH HOUSE.
Photo by F. Frith & Co.

At the time of the last landowners' return the Duke of Atholl was given as the owner of 202,000 acres, with a rent-roll of £42,000. The history of the Stewart-Murrays reads, says one chronicler, like an Arabian romance. The first of the race — one Freskin, a Fleming—appears to have been a prosperous pirate, who in the twelfth century owned extensive lands in Moray and Linlithgow. Freskin was deputed to subdue the unruly men of Moray, and himself acquired much of the land of



THE DUKE OF ATHOLL.
Photo. by Maull & Fox.

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the subdued people. The family fortunes were enriched by successful marriages, and in this way were acquired Gask and Tullibardine. The twelfth feudal Baron of Tullibardine was created Lord Murray in 1604, and two years later Earl of Tullibardine. In the middle of the eighteenth century their holding of lands had grown enormously, including, through his barony of Strange, the sovereignty of the Isle of Man. But the fourth Duke of Atholl disposed of the Isle of Man titles for some half a million sterling. The present Duke in 1864 inherited the barony of Percy from his great-uncle, the fourth Duke of Northumberland. His Grace, who married the daughter of Sir Thomas Moncreiffe, Bart., resides at Blair Castle, in Perthshire, or Dunkeld House, Dunkeld. His son and heir, the Marquess of Tullibardine, commands the Scottish Horse.

The De Graemes, ancestors of Douglas Beresford Graham, fifth Duke of Montrose, were originally picturesque swashbucklers at Court. Being brave warriors, various monarchs rewarded their services by handing over the right to draw rents from huge tracts of land. This accounts for the huge Montrose estate, which is now represented by 103,447 acres, returning £24,872. A Graham married a daughter of King David. The first Earl of Montrose fell at Flodden in 1513. The fifth earl, a partisan of Charles I., was caught by the Covenanters and hanged, drawn, and quartered. His son was the second marquess, and his grandson became a duke. Quite lately the Marquess of Graham, the heir to the dukedom, by his marriage with Lady Mary Hamilton has added 102,210 acres (rental £18,702) in Buteshire to the Montrose estate.



THE DUKE OF MONTROSE.
Photo. by C. H. Parker.

We now come to the seventeenth duke in the roll. The founder of the Ker estates seems to have been a huntsman or forest-rover. At the Reformation the Kers absorbed Kelso Abbey and huge estates, Sir Robert Ker, of Cessford, being very popular at Court. In 1616 his descendant was created Earl of Roxburghe, a title confirmed to his grandson through his daughter Jean, who had married the Earl of Perth on condition that this grandson, a Drummond, should wed his cousin Jean, the first earl's granddaughter. The youth complied, and forthwith assumed the name of Ker. The fifth earl, Secretary of State in 1704, became duke in Queen Anne's reign. A century later, the main stock having failed with the death of the fourth duke, the title devolved upon Sir James Innes, who was descended in the female line from the first earl. The Innes's make a boast that they are happy in three things: 1. That no inheritance ever went to a woman. 2. That none of them ever married an ill wife. 3. That no friend ever suffered for their debt. The eighth and present Duke, Henry John Innes-Ker, who is thirty-three, owns 60,418 acres, valued at £50,917 a year. He has seats at Kelso—Floors Castle—and Dunbar. Nevertheless, he found it prudent to wed an American heiress a few years ago, the daughter of Mr. Ogden Goelet, the banker.



THE DUKE OF ROXBURGHE.
Photo. by D. Knights-Whittome, Sutton.

The house of Portland had its rise about two hundred years ago through a page-boy of William Prince of Orange gaining such influence over the Prince as his confidential adviser that at his death he was recognized as the wealthiest subject in England, dying possessed of £800,000. When page to Prince William he nursed him through an attack of small-pox, thus earning his gratitude, which took the form after his succession as William III. of lands and titles in lavish profusion until the House of Commons interfered, cancelling some of the gifts. In spite of this the former page-boy, Hans William Bentinck, managed to gain possession of a dozen manors, which formed the nucleus of the 183,000 acres owned by the present Duke. Hans William Bentinck was created a baron, then a viscount, then an earl; and his wealth has been enormously increased by successive marriages of the Bentincks with great heiresses.



THE DUKE OF PORTLAND.
Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

The second duke married Lady Margaret Harley, who brought him thousands of acres of land in Derbyshire, Bolsover Castle, and

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the famous Welbeck Abbey. Another member of the family married the heiress of General Scott, of Fifeshire, and added 81,605 acres in Caithness to the already huge estate.

At the death of the eccentric fifth Duke of Portland, whose income at the time was estimated at £300,000 a year, the estate was divided. The London property, the manor of Marylebone, including the ground-rents of Welbeck Street, Great Portland Street, Great Titchfield Street, Portland Place, and Cavendish Square, were left to his sisters, the Dowager Lady Ossington and the Dowager Lady Howard de Walden. The property which the present Lord Howard de Walden inherited from his grandmother makes him the wealthiest bachelor in England, while the income of the present Duke of Portland cannot be far from half a million a year.



THE DUKE OF MANCHESTER.
Photo. by Russell & Sons.

Almost the youngest of the dukes is William Angus Montagu, ninth Duke of Manchester, who, nine years ago, also brought home an American heiress, Miss Zimmerman. He is descended from Sir Henry Montagu, M.P. for London 1604-16, afterwards Lord Privy Seal and Earl of Manchester. His son fought for Cromwell, but voted to restore Charles II., and was deputed by the Lords as their speaker to welcome the "Merrie Monarch" back to his capital. The fourth earl filled high office under Anne and George I., and was rewarded by a dukedom. The seventh duke married the Countess Louise von Alten of Hanover, a lady who on his death became the Duchess of Devonshire. The eighth duke married a Spanish-American, the present Duke's mother. His Grace is one of the poor dukes, owning only 17,312 acres, of a yearly value of £40,360. There is also very little of romance or striking incident amongst the holders of the Manchester title.

The seventh Duke of Newcastle is a Pelham-Clinton, but he is really more Clinton than Pelham. The Clintons are an old Devonshire family. The ninth Baron Clinton was created Earl of Lincoln in 1572. We



THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.
Photo. by Russell & Sons.

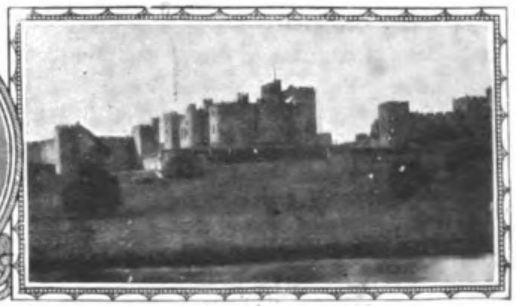
are told that the fourth earl was "a stanch Royalist, and performed the office of carver at the Coronation of Charles II." The ninth earl was lucky enough to inherit the dukedom of Newcastle-under-Lyme, having married the niece of the eccentric old Duke of Newcastle—"Macaulay's Duke." Hence his Grace had two good sources for his 35,547 acres, with a rent-roll of £74,541. He is the patron of nine livings and his seat is at Clumber, Worksop, Notts.

A great landlord is Henry George Percy, seventh Duke of Northumberland, who owns 186,397 acres of land, bringing him an annual income of £176,048. In the male line he is descended from Sir Hugh Smithson, Bart., of Stanwick, and in the female line he represents the ancient house of Percy, and is heir to their vast estates. In 1749, after Hugh Smithson had succeeded as Earl of Northumberland, and been Master of the Horse and Viceroy of Ireland, he was created a duke, and since that time there seems to have been very little depreciation in their magnificence, to which Alnwick and Keilder Castles (in Northumberland), Syon (Brentford), and Albury Park (Surrey) bear testimony to-day.

Ireland can only boast a single duke, and he is head of the ancient family of the Fitzgeralds. One has to go back to 1205 to find Maurice Fitzgerald, the sixth duke's ancestor, when Gerald Fitzgerald was created Baron of Offaly just before his death. The sixth baron, a valiant soldier, assisted Edward II. in his Scottish campaigns, and afterwards opposed Robert Bruce when the latter invaded Ireland. He was made Earl of Kildare. The tradition runs that the earl, while an infant, was asleep in his cradle at Woodstock



THE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND.
Photo. by R. Faulkner & Co.



ALNWICK CASTLE.
Photo. by F. Frith & Co.

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THE DUKE OF LEINSTER.
Photo. by Lafayette, Dublin.



Crom for ever.
DUKE OF LEINSTER'S COAT OF ARMS.

Castle, when an alarm of fire was raised. In the confusion the child was forgotten, and on the servants returning to search for him they found the room in which he had lain to be in ruins. Soon after, hearing a strange noise in one of the towers, they looked up and saw an ape, which was usually kept chained, carefully holding the child in his arms. In gratitude for this preservation the boy adopted a monkey for his crest. Several succeeding earls played a prominent part in Irish history and had some narrow escapes; but it was not until 1543 that the ninth earl died in prison while awaiting the block. His son raised a revolt, and, together with his five uncles, was hanged, drawn, and quartered at Tyburn by Henry VIII. His son removed to Florence, and became a courtier to Duke Cosmo de Medici. The thirteenth earl was drowned at sea. The twentieth earl became Duke of Leinster in George III.'s reign, and the fifth duke married the handsomest woman of her day, mother of the present Duke, who is master of 73,100 acres, with a rent-roll of £55,877. He is the only young unmarried duke.

Next in order of precedence comes the inheritor of a mighty name but by no means great riches, Arthur Charles Wellesley, fourth Duke of Wellington. He owns 19,116 acres, with a recent rent-roll of £22,162, but with the decline in the value of land his Grace's income from this source hardly pays to keep up the estate. He has some income as Prince of Waterloo in Belgium, and as a Duke and Grandee of Spain, but very little fortune has come into the family through marriage, and there is a prevalent rumour of his Grace's desire to dispose of Apsley House, which, like Strathfieldsaye, was the gift of the nation. He also has Ewhurst Park, Basingstoke, and is a patron of five Church livings.

The present Duke of Sutherland is known as the largest landowner in the United Kingdom, his possessions being surpassed in mere acreage by only one man in the whole world—the Czar of Russia.

In addition to property in America and Canada, the Duke owns nearly 1,200,000 acres in Sutherland and 30,000 acres in Staffordshire, which alone yield him an income of £70,000 a year. Altogether he derives an income from his land of about £150,000 a year, and a considerable revenue from fishings, forests, and grouse moors, let to sportsmen.



THE DUKE OF SUTHERLAND.
Photo. by Mayall.



TRENTHAM HALL.
Photo. by F. Frith & Co.

The head of the Hamiltons, James of that ilk, second Duke of Abercorn, is a duke in three kingdoms, marquis of as many places, earl of four, and lord of eight. Besides that he is the Premier Peer of Scotland and the Heritable Keeper of Holyrood House, and Lord-Lieutenant and many other dignities too numerous to detail. His remote ancestor was the same Freskin whom we have seen as the founder of the Atholl and also of the Sutherland families.

The fourth earl was outlawed by "Dutch William," and the dukedom of Chatellerault was in abeyance for two centuries. Then the present Duke's father



THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.
Photo. by D. Knights-Whittome, Sutton.



THE DUKE OF ABERCORN.
Photo. by W. & D. Downey.

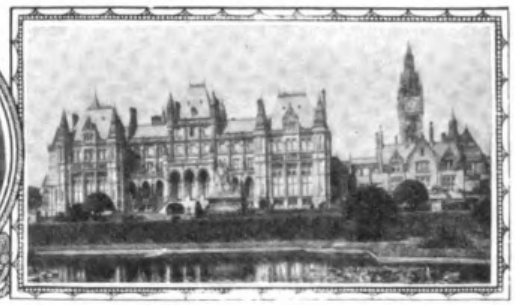
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reassumed it in 1864. But Napoleon III. granted a new creation of the same title to the twelfth Duke of Hamilton. The tenth earl and second marquess became an English duke by way of compensation in 1869. His holdings of land, however, by no means bear comparison with the Douglasses, Dukes of Hamilton, they being only 78,662, with a rent-roll of £53,400; but his mining royalties are large, the enormous development of the mineral wealth of Lanarkshire greatly augmenting his Grace's income, some authorities placing it at £120,000 per annum.

For the origin of the Grosvenor family we must go back to the reign of William the Conqueror and to his head huntsman, who performed such valiant deeds and made himself so useful to the Court that the King rewarded him with rich lands in the North of England, making him at the same time Earl of Chester. This first Earl of Chester, formerly known as Hugh Lupus, died a Benedictine monk, and was the founder of wealth which has steadily increased, until now the family has become one of the richest in the country. The 30,000 acres owned by the present Duke in Cheshire came into the family by the marriage of Raufe de Grosvenor with the heiress of John Eaton, lord of the manor of Eaton, in the reign of Henry III. The magnificent country seat of the Westminsters—Eaton Hall—to-day bears testimony to this alliance.



THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER.
Photo. by W. & D. Downey.



EATON HALL.
Photo. by F. Frith & Co.

The London estate now known as Belgravia was brought into the family by the marriage of Sir Thomas Grosvenor, who sat at one time as M.P. for Chester, with Mary Davis, the daughter of Alexander Davis, who owned the marshy land on which Belgravia now stands. A couple of centuries have changed this worthless district into the most aristocratic part of London, with residences ranging from six thousand to twenty thousand guineas in price. When Alexander Davis first bought this land he had been left money by an uncle—Hugh Audley by name—sufficient to purchase five pasture fields of about 430 acres. On this he established a dairy business. Later the land was drained and let on long leases; gradually society migrated in that direction and Fashion placed her stamp upon it. Of late years many leases in this fashionable part of London have fallen in and have been renewed at enormous premiums, and in about thirty years the whole of the leases on the 400 acres which the present Duke owns will have fallen in and his income, now estimated at close upon £200,000 a year, will be five times that amount.

The husband of the Princess Royal of England, Alexander Duff, sixth Earl, is only the first Duke of Fife. He is also Viscount Macduff, Baron Braco, and Baron Skene. The Duke has the enormous holding of 249,200 acres, worth £73,814 a year; but, strange to say, owns no land in Fife.

Thus we see, in an historical conspectus of dukes, that out of about a hundred English, Scottish, and Irish dukes twenty-seven survive. Of these the Dukedom of Norfolk is the oldest and the Dukedom of Fife the youngest. The Duke of Norfolk has the most tragic family history. The Duke of Westminster is the richest duke (although the Duke of Sutherland owns the most land) and the Duke of St. Albans the poorest. Four of the dukes are of the Blood Royal—Richmond, Grafton, St. Albans, and Buccleuch—and are therefore Stuarts. Two living dukes have Royal wives. Eleven of the twenty-seven have had an ancestor who was beheaded, and one had one who was hanged. Two dukes—of Argyll and Hamilton—are both descended from the most beautiful woman of her day—Elizabeth Gunning. The duke who has the most remarkable coat of arms is the Duke of Leinster. Three of the dukes have married American heiresses, and one—his Grace of Sutherland—is the husband of the most beautiful woman of her day.



THE DUKE OF FIFE.
Photo. by W. & D. Downey.

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HARDINGS' LUCK



A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

By E. NESBIT.

CHAPTER X.

THE TREASURE FOUND.

THE children turned and looked at the opening. It was in the courtyard wall—the courtyard that was now a smooth grass lawn, and not the rough, daisied grass plot dotted with heaps of broken stone and masonry that they were used to seeing. And as they looked two men picked up a great stone and staggered forward with it and laid it on the stone floor of the secret passage just where it ended at the edge of the grass; then another stone and another. The stones fitted into their places like bits of a Chinese puzzle. There was mortar or cement at their edges, and when the last stone was replaced no one could tell those stones from the other stones that formed the wall. Only the grass in front of it was trampled and broken.

"Fetch food and break it about," said the man who seemed to be in command, "that it may look as though the men had eaten here. And trample the grass at other places. I give the Roundhead dogs another hour to break down our last defence. Children, go to your mother. This is no place for you."

They knew the way. They had seen it in the picture. Edred and Elfrida turned to go. But Dickie whispered: "Don't wait for me. I've something to do yet."

And when the soldiers had gone to get food and strew it about as they had been told to do, Dickie crept up to the stones that had been removed, from which he had never taken his eyes, knelt down, and scratched on one of the stones with one of the big nails he had brought in his hand. Its point turned and he took another, hiding in the chapel doorway when the men came back with the food.

"Every man to his post, and God save us all!" cried the captain, when the food was spread. They clattered off—they were in their armour now, and Dickie knelt down again and went on scratching with the nail.

The air was full of shouting, and the sound of guns and the clash of armour, and a shattering sound like a giant mallet striking a giant drum—a sound that came and came again at five-minute intervals—and the

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shrieks of wounded men. Dickie pressed up the grass to cover the marks he had made on the stone, so low as to be almost underground and quite hidden by the grass roots.

Then he brushed the stone-dust from his hands and stood up.

The treasure was found and its hiding-place marked. Now he would find Edred and Elfrida and they would go back. Whether he was Lord of Arden or no, it was he and no other who had restored the fallen fortunes of that noble house.

He turned to go the way his cousins had gone. He could see the men-at-arms crowding in the archway of the great gate tower. From a window to his right a lady leaned, pale with terror, and with her were Edred and Elfrida—he could just see their white faces. He made for the door below that window. But it was too late. That dull thudding sound came again, and this time it was followed by a great crash and a great shouting. The blue sky showed through the archway where the tall gates had been, and under the arch was a mass of men shouting, screaming, struggling, and the gleam of steel and the scarlet of brave blood.

Dickie forgot all about the door below the window, forgot all about his cousins, forgot that he had found the treasure, and that it was now his business to get himself and the others safely back to their own times. He only saw the house he loved broken into by men he hated; he saw the men he loved spending their blood like water to defend that house.

He drew the little sword that hung at his side, and shouting, "An Arden! An Arden!" he rushed towards the swaying, staggering *mêlée*. He reached it just as the leader of the attacking party had hewn his way through the Arden men, and taken his first step on the flagged path of the courtyard. The first step was his last. He stopped—a big, burly fellow in a leathern coat and steel round cap—and looked, bewildered, at the little figure coming at him with all the fire and courage of the Ardens burning in his blue eyes. The big man laughed, and as he laughed Dickie lunged with his sword, the way his tutor had taught him, and the little sword—no tailor's ornament to a Court dress, but a piece of true steel—went straight and true up into the heart of that big rebel. The man fell, wrenching the blade from Dickie's hand.

A shout of fury went up from the enemy, a shout of pride and triumph from the Arden men. Men struggled and fought all about him. Next moment Dickie's hands were tied with a handkerchief, and he stood there breathless and trembling with pride.

"I have killed a man," he said. "I have killed a man for the King and for Arden."

They shut him up in the fuel shed and locked the door. Pride and anger filled him. He could think of nothing but that one good thrust for the good cause. But presently he remembered.

He had brought his cousins here—he must get them back safely. But how? On a quiet evening on the road Beale had taught him how to untie hands tied behind the back. He remembered the lesson now, and set to work; but the work was slow. And all the time he was thinking, thinking. How could he get out? He knew the fuel shed well enough. The door was strong, there was a beech bar outside. But it was not roofed with tile or lead, as the rest of the castle was. And Dickie knew something about thatch. Not for nothing had he watched the men thatching the oast-house by the Medway. When his hands were free he stood up and felt for the pins that fasten the thatch.

Suddenly his hands fell by his side. Even if he got out, how could he find his cousins? He would only be found by the rebels and be locked away more securely. He lay down on the floor—lay quite still there. It was despair. This was the end of all his cleverness. He had brought Edred and Elfrida into danger and he could not get them back again. His anger had led him to defy the Roundheads, and to gratify his hate of them he had sacrificed those two who trusted him. He lay there a long time, and if he cried a little it was very dark in the fuel house, and there was no one to see him.

He was not crying, however, but thinking, thinking, thinking, and trying to find some way out, when he heard a little scratch-scratching in the corner of the shed. He sat up and listened. The scratching went on. He held his breath. Could it be that someone was trying to get in to help him? Nonsense; of course, it was only a rat. Next moment a voice spoke so close to him that he started and all but cried out.

"Bide where you be, lad, bide still; 'tis only me, old Mouldiwarp of Arden. You be a bold lad, by my faith, so you be. Never an Arden better. Never an Arden of 'em all."

"Oh, Mouldiwarp, dear Mouldiwarp, do help me. I led them into this—help me to get them back safe. Do, do, do!"

"So I will, den; dere ain't no reason in

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getting all of a fluster. It ain't fitten for a lad as 'as faced death same's what you 'ave," said the voice. "I've made a liddle tunnel for 'e, so I 'ave—'ere, in dis 'ere corner; you come cater-wise



"'I HAVE KILLED A MAN,' HE SAID. 'I HAVE KILLED A MAN FOR THE KING AND FOR ARDEN.'"

cross the floor and you'll feel it. You crawl down it, and outside you be sure enough."

Dickie went towards the voice, and sure enough, as the voice said, there was a hole in the ground—just big enough, it seemed, for him to crawl down on hands and knees.

"I'll go afore," said the Mouldiwarp; "you come arter. Dere's naught to be afeared on, Lord Arden."

"Am I really Lord Arden?" said Dickie, pausing.

"Sure's I'm alive you be," the mole answered. "Yer uncle'll tell it you with all de lawyer's reasons to-morrow morning, as sure's sure. Come along, den. Dere ain't no time to lose."

So Dickie went down on his hands and knees and crept down the mole tunnel of soft, sweet-smelling earth, and then along, and then up—and there they were in the courtyard. There, too, were Edred and Elfrida.

The three children hugged each other, and then turned to the Mouldiwarp.

"How can we get home?"

"The old way," he said; and from the sky above a swan-carriage suddenly swooped. "In with you," said the Mouldiwarp; "swan-carriages can take you from one time to another, just as well as from one place to another. But we don't often use 'em—cause why? Swans is dat contrary dey won't go invisible, not for no magic dey won't. So everybody can see 'em. Still, we can't pick nor choose when it's danger like dis 'ere. In with you. Be off with you. This is the last you'll see o' me. Be off, afore the soldiers sees you."

They squeezed into the swan-carriage, all three. The white wings spread and the whole equipage rose into the air, unseen by anyone but a Roundhead sentinel, who, with

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great presence of mind, gave the alarm, and was kicked for his pains, because when the guard turned out there was nothing to be seen.

The swans flew far too fast for the children to see where they were going; and when the swans began to flap more slowly, so that the children could have seen if there had been anything to see, there was nothing to be seen, because it was quite dark. And the air was very cold. But presently a light showed ahead, and next moment there they were in the cave, and stepped out of the carriage on the exact spot where Dickie had set out the moonseeds and Tinkler and the white seal.

The swan-carriage went back up the cave with a swish and rustle of wings, and the children went down the hill as quickly as they could, which was not very quickly, because of Dickie's poor lame foot. The boy who had killed a Cromwell's man with his little sword had not been lame.

Arrived in the courtyard, Dickie proudly led the way, and stooped to examine the stones near the ruined arch that had been the chapel door. Alas! there was not a sign of the inscription which Dickie had scratched on the stone when the Roundheads were battering at the gates of Arden Castle.

Then Edred said, "Aha!" in a tone of triumph.

"*I* took notice, too," he explained. "It's the fifth stone from the chapel door under the little window with the Arden arms carved over it. There's no other window with that over it. I'll get the cold chisel."

He got it, and when he came back Dickie was on his knees by the wall, and he had dug with his hands and uncovered the stone where he had scratched with the nails. And there was the mark, "19. R.D. 08." Only the nail had slipped once or twice while he was doing the "9," so that it looked much more like a five—"15. R.D. 08."

"There," he said, "that's what I scratched."

"That?" said Edred. "Why, that's always been there. We found that when we were digging about trying to find the treasure. Quite at the beginning, didn't we, Elf?"

And Elfrida agreed that this was so.

"Well, I scratched it, anyway," said Dickie. "Now, then, let me go ahead with the chisel."

Edred let him. He knew how clever Dickie was with his hands, for had he not made a work-box for Elfrida and a tool-chest for Edred, both with lids that fitted?

Dickie got the point of the chisel between the stones and prised and pressed, here and there and at the other end, till the stone moved forward a little at a time, and they were able to get hold of it and drag it out. Behind was darkness, a hollow — Dickie plunged his arm in.

"I can feel the door," he said; "it's all right."

"Let's fetch father," suggested Elfrida; "he *will* enjoy it so."

So he was fetched. Elfrida burst into the library where her father was busy with many lawyers' letters and papers, and also with the lawyer himself, a stout, jolly-looking gentleman in a tweed suit, not a bit like the long, lean, disagreeable, black-coated lawyers you read about in books.

"Please, daddy," she cried, "we've found the treasure. Come and look."

"What treasure—and how often have I told you not to interrupt me when I am busy?"

"Oh, well," said Elfrida, "I only thought it would amuse you, daddy. We've found a bricked-up place, and there's a door behind, and I'm almost sure it's where they hid the treasure when Cromwell's wicked men took the castle."

"There is a legend to that effect," said Elfrida's father to the lawyer, who was looking interested. "You must forgive us if our family enthusiasms obliterate our manners. You have not said 'Good morning' to Mr. Roscoe, Elfrida."

"Good morning, Mr. Roscoe," said Elfrida, cheerfully. "I thought it was the engineer's day and not the lawyer's. I beg your pardon; you wouldn't mind me bursting in if you knew how very important the treasure is to the fortunes of our house."

The lawyer laughed. "I am deeply interested in buried treasure. It would be a great treat to me if Lord Arden would allow me to assist in the search for it."

"There's no search *now*," said Elfrida, "because it's found. We've been searching for ages. Oh, daddy, do come! You'll be sorry afterwards if you don't."

"If Mr. Roscoe doesn't mind, then," said her father, indulgently. And the two followed Elfrida, believing that they were just going to be kind and to take part in some childish game of make-believe. Their feelings were very different when they peeped through the hole, where Dickie and Edred had removed two more stones, and saw the dusty grey of the wooden door beyond. Very soon all the stones were out and the door was disclosed.

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"THERE IN REAL FACT WAS THE TREASURE JUST AS THE CHILDREN HAD SEEN IT."

The lock-plate bore the arms of Arden, and the door was not to be shaken.

"We must get a locksmith," said Lord Arden.

"The big key with the arms on it," cried Elfrida; "one of those in the iron box. Mightn't that——"

She flew to fetch it.

A good deal of oil and more patience were needed before the key consented to turn in the lock, but it did turn, and the low passage was disclosed. It hardly seemed a passage at all, so thick and low hung the curtain of dusty cobwebs. But with brooms and lanterns, and much sneezing and choking, the whole party got through to the door of the treasure-room — and another key unlocked that; and there in real fact was the treasure just as the children had seen it—the chests and the boxes and the leathern sacks, and the bundles done up in straw and in handkerchiefs.

The solicitor, who had come on a bicycle, went off on it at racing speed to tell the bank at Cliffville to come and fetch the treasure, and to bring police to watch over it till it should be safe in the bank vaults.

"And I'm child enough," he said before he went, "as well as cautious enough, to beg you not to bring any of it out till I come back, and not to leave guarding the entrance till the police are here."

So when the treasure at last saw the light of day it saw it under the eyes of policemen and bank managers, and all the servants and all the family, and the Beales and True, and half the village beside, who had got wind of the strange happenings at the castle and had crowded in through the now undefended gate.

It was a glorious treasure—gold and silver-plate, jewels, and beautiful armour, along with a pile of old parchments, which Mr. Roscoe said were worth more than all the rest put together, for they were the title-deeds of great estates.

"And now," cried Beale, "let's 'ave a cheer for Lord Arden. Long may 'e enjoy 'is find, says I. 'Ip! 'ip! 'ooray!"

The cheers went up, given with a good heart.

"I thank you all," said the father of Edred and Elfrida. "I thank you all from my heart. And you may be sure that you shall share in this good fortune. The old lands are in the market. They will be bought back. And every house on Arden land shall be made sound and weathertight and comfortable. The castle will be restored—almost certainly. And the fortunes of Arden's tenantry will be the fortunes of Arden Castle."

Another cheer went up; but the speaker

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raised his hand, and silence waited his next words.

"I have something else to tell you," he said, "and as well now as later. This gentleman, Mr. Roscoe, my solicitor, has this morning brought me the news that I am not Lord Arden!"

Loud murmurs of dissatisfaction from the crowd.

"I have no claim to the title," he went on, firmly. "My father was a younger son—the real heir was kidnapped, and supposed to be dead; so I inherited. It is the grandson of that kidnapped heir who is Lord Arden. I know his whole history. I know what he has done, to do honour to himself and to help others." ("Hear, hear," from Beale.) "I know all his life, and I am proud that he is the head of our house. He will do for you, when he is of age, all that I would have done. And in the meantime I am his guardian. This is Lord Arden," he said, throwing his arm round the shoulders of Dickie—little lame Dickie, who stood there leaning on his crutch, pale as death. "This is Lord Arden, come to his own. Cheer for him, men, as you never cheered before. Three cheers for Richard Lord Arden!"

CHAPTER XI.

THE END.

WHAT a triumph for little lame Dickie of Deptford!

You think, perhaps, that he was happy as well as proud, for proud he certainly was, with those words and those cheers ringing in his ears. He had just done the best he could, and tried to help Beale and the dogs, and the man who had thought himself to be Lord Arden had said, "I am proud that he should be the head of our house," and all the Arden folk had cheered. It was worth having lived for.

The unselfish kindness and affection of the man he had displaced, the love of his little cousins, the devotion of Beale, the fact that he was Lord of Arden Castle, and would soon be lord of the old acres—the knowledge that now he would learn all he chose to learn and hold in his hand some day the destinies of these village folk, all loyal to the name of Arden—the thought of all that he could be and do—all these things, you think, should have made him happy?

They would have made him happy but for one thing. All this was won at the expense of those whom he loved best—the children who were his dear cousins and playfellows; the man, their father, who had moved heaven and earth to establish Dickie's claim to the title, and had been content quietly to stand aside, and give up title, castle, lands, and treasure to the little cripple from Deptford.

Dickie thought of that, and almost only of that, in the days that followed.

The life he had led in that dream-world, when James I. was King, seemed to him now a very little thing compared with the present glory of being the head of the house of Arden, of being the providence, the loving overlord of all these good peasant folk who loved his name.

Yet the thought of those days when he was plain Richard Arden, son of Sir Richard Arden, living in the beautiful house at Deptford, fretted all his joy in his present state. That and the thought of all he owed to him who had been Lord of Arden until he came, with his lame foot and his heirship, fretted his soul as rust frets steel. These people had received him, loved him, been kind to him when he was only a tramp boy. And he was repaying them by taking away from them priceless possessions. For so he esteemed the Lordship of Arden and the old lands and the old castle.

Suppose he gave them up—the priceless possessions? Suppose he went away to that sure retreat that was still left him—the past? It was sacrifice. To give up the here and now for the far-off, the almost forgotten. All that happy other life that had once held all for which he cared seemed thin and dream-like beside the vivid glories of the life here now. Yet he remembered how once that life in King James's time had seemed the best thing in the world, and how he had chosen to come back from it, to help a helpless, middle-aged ne'er-do-weel of a tramp—Beale. Well, he had helped Beale. He had done what he set out to do. For Beale's sake he had given up the beautiful life for the sordid life. And Beale was a new man, a man that Dickie had made. Surely now he could give up one beautiful life for another—for the sake of these, his flesh and blood, who had so readily, so kindly, so generously set him in the place that had been theirs.

More and more it came home to Dickie that this was what he had to do—to go back to the times when James I. was King, and never to return to these times at all. It would be very bitter; it would be like leaving home, never to return. It was exile. Well, was Richard Lord Arden to be afraid of exile—or of anything else? He must not

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just disappear either, or they would search and search for him, and never know that he was gone for ever. He must slip away, and let the father of Edred and Elfrida be, as he had been, Lord Arden. He must make it appear that he, Richard Lord Arden, was dead. He thought over this very carefully. But if he seemed to be dead, Edred and Elfrida would be very unhappy. Well, they should not be unhappy. He would tell them; and then they would know that he had behaved well and as an Arden should. Don't be hard on him for longing for just this "little human praise." There are very few of us who can do without it—who can bear not to let someone very near and dear know that we have behaved rather decently on those occasions when that is what we have done.



"'I'VE THOUGHT OF NOTHING ELSE FOR A MONTH,' SAID DICKIE."

It took Dickie a long time to think out all this clearly and with no mistakes. But at last his mind was made up.

And then he asked Edred and Elfrida to come up to the cave with him, because he had something to tell them. When they were all there, sitting on the smooth sand by the underground stream, Dickie said:—

"Look here. I'm not going on being Lord Arden."

"You can't help it," said Edred.

"Yes, I can. You know how I went and lived in King James's time. Well, I'm going there again. For good."

"You sha'n't," said Elfrida. "I'll tell father."

"I've thought of all that," Dickie said, "and I'm going to ask the Mouldiwarps to make it so that you *can't* tell. I can't stay here and feel that I'm turning you and your father out. And think what Edred did for me, in this very cave! No, my mind's made up."

It was, and they could not shake it.

"But we sha'n't ever see you again."

"Some day you will," said Dickie.

"And oh, Dickie," said Elfrida, with deep concern, "you won't ever see *us* again, either. Think of that. Whatever will you do without us?"

"That," said Dickie, "won't be so bad as you think. The Elfrida and Edred who live in those times are as like you as two pins. No; they aren't, really! Oh, don't make it any harder. I've got to do it."

There was that in his voice which silenced and convinced them. They felt that he had, indeed, to do it.

"I could never be happy here, never," he went on, "but I shall be happy there. And you'll never forget me—though there are one or two things I want you to forget. And I'm going now."

"Oh, not now—wait and think," Elfrida implored.

"I've thought of nothing else for a month," said Dickie, and began to lay out the moon-seeds on the smooth sand.

"Now," he said, when the pattern was

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complete, "I shall hold Tinkler and the white seal in my hand and take them with me. When I've gone you can put the moonseeds in your pocket and go home. When they ask you where I am, say I am in the cave. They will come and find my clothes, and they'll think I was bathing and got drowned."

"I can't bear it," said Elfrida, bursting into sobs. "I can't and I won't."

"I sha'n't be really dead, silly," Dickie told her. "We're bound to meet again some day. People who love each other can't help meeting again. Old nurse told me so, and she knows everything. Good-bye, Elfrida." He kissed her.

"Good-bye, Edred, old chap. I'd like to kiss you too, if you don't mind. I know boys don't, but in the times I'm going to *men* kiss each other. Raleigh and Drake did, you know."

The boys kissed shyly and awkwardly.

"And now good-bye," said Dickie, and stepped inside the crossed triangles of moonseeds.

"I wish," he said, slowly; "oh, dear Mouldiwarps of Arden, grant me these last wishes. I wish Edred and Elfrida may never be able to tell what I have done And I wish that in a year they may forget what I have done, and let them not be unhappy about me, because I shall be very happy. I know I shall," he added, doubtfully, and paused.

"Oh, Dickie, *don't!*" the other children cried out together. He went on:—

"I wish my uncle may restore the castle and take care of the poor people, so that there *aren't* any poor people and everyone's comfortable, just as I meant to do."

He took off his cap and coat and flung them outside the pattern; his boots too.

"I wish I may go back to James the First's time and live out my life there, and do honour in my life and death to the house of Arden."

The children blinked. Dickie and Tinkler and the white seal were gone, and only the empty pattern lay on the sand.

"Shocking bathing fatality," the newspapers said. "Lord Arden drowned. The body not yet recovered."

It never was recovered, of course. Elfrida and Edred said nothing. No wonder, their elders said. The shock was too great and too sudden.

The father of Edred and Elfrida is Lord Arden now. He has done all that Dickie would have done. He has made Arden the happiest and most prosperous village in England; and the stream beside which Dickie bade farewell to his cousins flows, a broad moat, round the walls of the castle, restored now to all its old splendour.

There is a tablet in the church which tells of the death by drowning of Richard, sixteenth Lord Arden. The children read it every Sunday for a year and knew that it did not tell the truth. But by the time the moonseeds had grown and flowered and shed their seeds in the castle garden they ceased to know this, and talked often, sadly and fondly, of dear Cousin Dickie, who was drowned. And at the same time they ceased to remember that they had ever been out of their own time into the past, so that if they were to read this book they would think it all nonsense and make-up, and not in the least recognize the story as their own.

But whatever else is forgotten, Dickie is remembered. And he who gave up his life here for the sake of those he loved will live as long as life shall beat in the hearts of those who loved him.

And Dickie himself. I see him in his ruff and cloak, with his little sword by his side, living out the life he has chosen in the old England when James I. was King. I see him growing in grace and favour, versed in book-learning, expert in all noble sports and exercises. For Dickie is not lame now.

I see the roots of his being taking fast hold of his chosen life, and the life that he renounced receding—receding till he can hardly see it any more.

I see him, a tall youth, straight and strong, lending the old nurse his arm to walk in the trim, beautiful garden at Deptford, and I hear him say:—

"When I was a little boy, nurse, I had mighty strange dreams—of another life than this."

"Forget them," she says; "dreams go to the making of all proper men. But now thou art a man; forget the dreams of thy childhood, and play the man to the glory of God and of the house of Arden. And let thy dreams be of the Life to come, compared to which all lives on earth are only dreams. And in that Life all those who have loved shall meet and be together for evermore—in that Life when all the dear and noble dreams of the earthly life shall at last and for ever be something more than dreams."

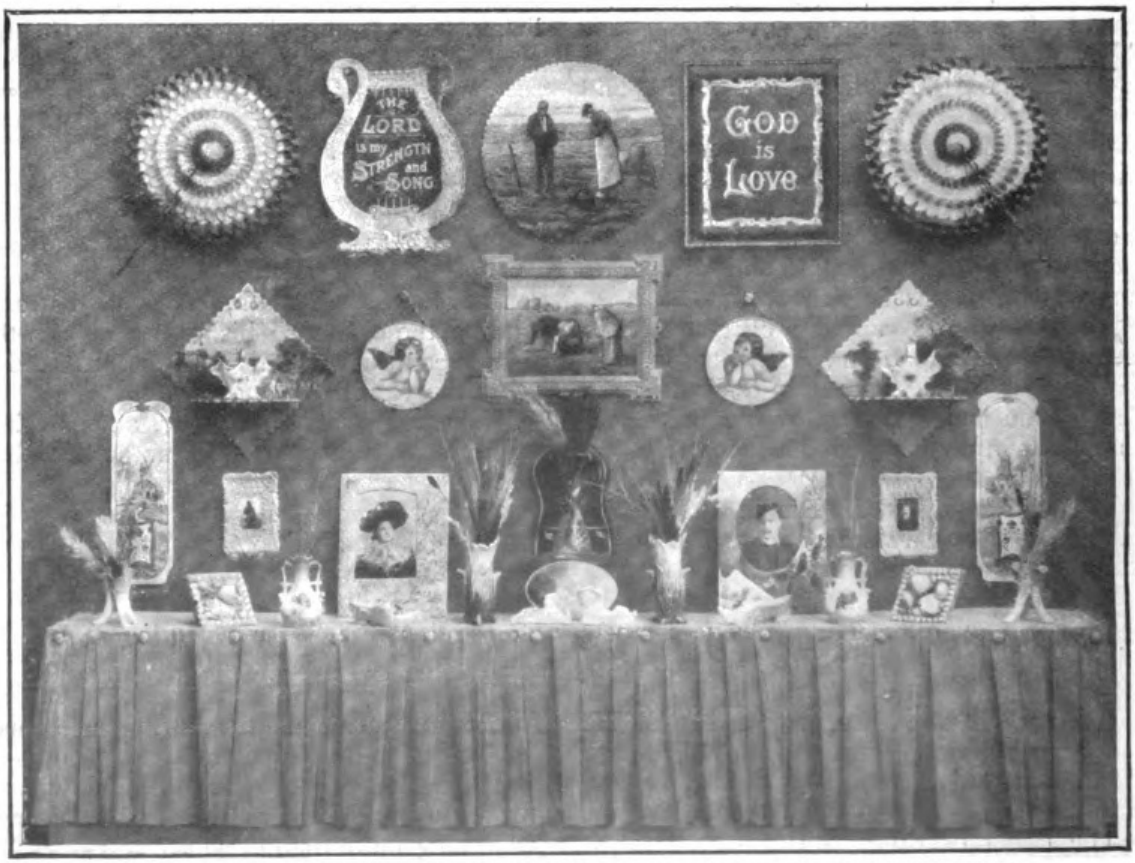
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FURNISHING AT A PENNY THE ARTICLE

by Constance Clyde

SIMPLE living as regards house-furnishing is now a well-established fad, most people solving the problem by leaving the walls in a state of Japanese simplicity. This bareness, however, is not in accordance with genuine English taste; walls well ornamented, shelves and mantelpiece a little crowded, are necessary if the British eye is to be satisfied. When the British pocket is not equally "crowded," how shall the "Englishwoman's home" be made to resemble that of her more prosperous neighbour? Let the economical housewife take heart and imitate the lady whose belongings we show, who has paid no more than a penny each for every article in one room (save, of course, piano, table, and chair), and has yet managed to make of it a pretty and effective little sitting-room.

Of course, for such a small coin one cannot expect ornaments of great value; yet



SITTING-ROOM MANTELPIECE—THIRTY-SIX ARTICLES COSTING THREE SHILLINGS.

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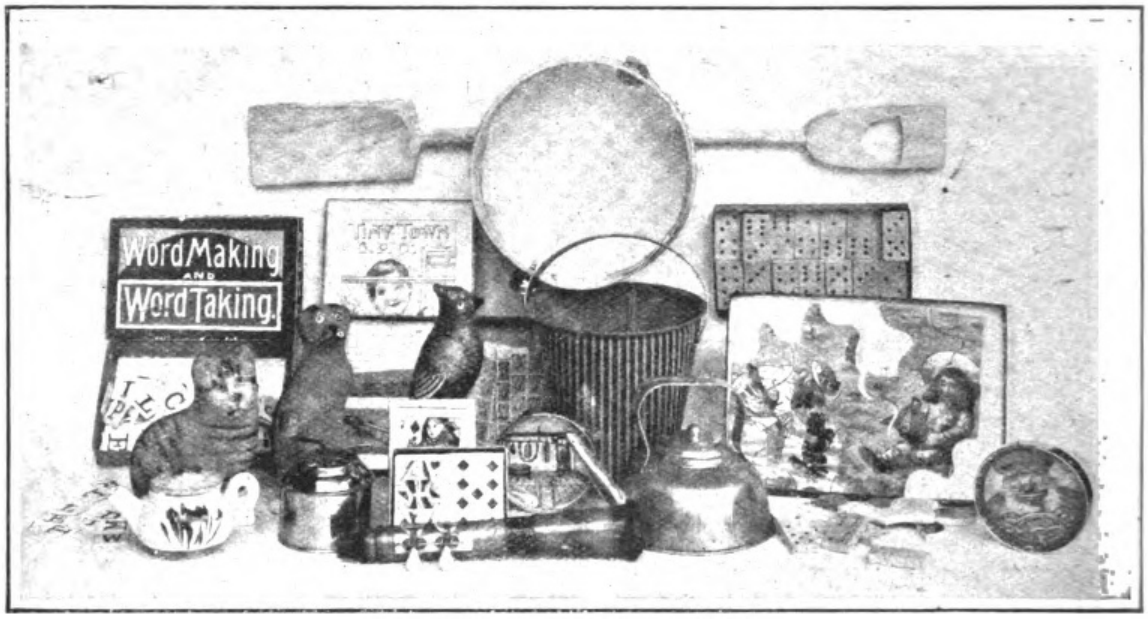
A NURSERY FIREPLACE, WITH TOYS, FRILLING, FEATHER-GRASSES, AND FIRE-SCREEN—COST TWO SHILLINGS.

many a mantelpiece has made a less favourable impression than this lady's, with its painted vases prettily displayed, its dainty porcelain-looking ornament baskets, and its midget photograph frames with stand and rest all complete. If she had chosen she might have bought a larger photograph frame with the familiar red plush, but there are prettier ornaments than these at the penny bazaar, little looking-glasses, for instance, with silver-seeming trellis-work supporting them, not to mention shell-boxes, which in our childhood cost sixpence at least. Looking-glasses of more than midget size can scarcely be expected at a penny bazaar, but here over the mantelpiece is the replica of a famous painting, while the penny plaques on each side are painted with cherub heads which bring a touch of the classic into the poorest homes. The drapery of the mantelpiece is of the crinkly crimson paper which the bazaar sells in generous lengths. And the economical housewife might have bought a magnificent lamp-shade



A BREAKFAST-TABLE LAID OUT COMPLETE FOR TWO SHILLINGS AND THREEPENCE.

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SOME TOYS—COST EIGHTEEN PENCE.

of the same material, only that she prefers those serrated red candles, one halfpenny each, which adorn each side of the piano.

That article of furniture also bears trophies from the penny bazaar; for instance, a penny flute, which lies appropriately on top, and the few song-pieces, words and music complete, costing each the same small sum. It was the familiar "Excelsior" that I saw open on the stand, and in printing and general get-up it cannot be considered inferior to productions costing ten times that amount.

The slum child who complained that so few fancy dishes could be made of bread and water would not be more unreasonable than the housewife who should expect to purchase flower-stands, whatnots, or similar articles of furniture for this small coin. Nevertheless, a sheaf of white pampas grass adorns one corner very effectively, green ornamental grass adding a touch of colour to the other. The great yellow fan fire-screen is, of course, only a penny. Other pictures may be picked out by a connoisseur to adorn the walls of this cheaply-furnished sitting-room; the ubiquitous photo-frame comes to the fore again, small but good for its purpose, formed either to hang or to stand.

Here also I saw several neat little wooden brackets that held miniature flower-vases of like commercial value with themselves. A



A DRESSING-TABLE FOR HALF A CROWN.

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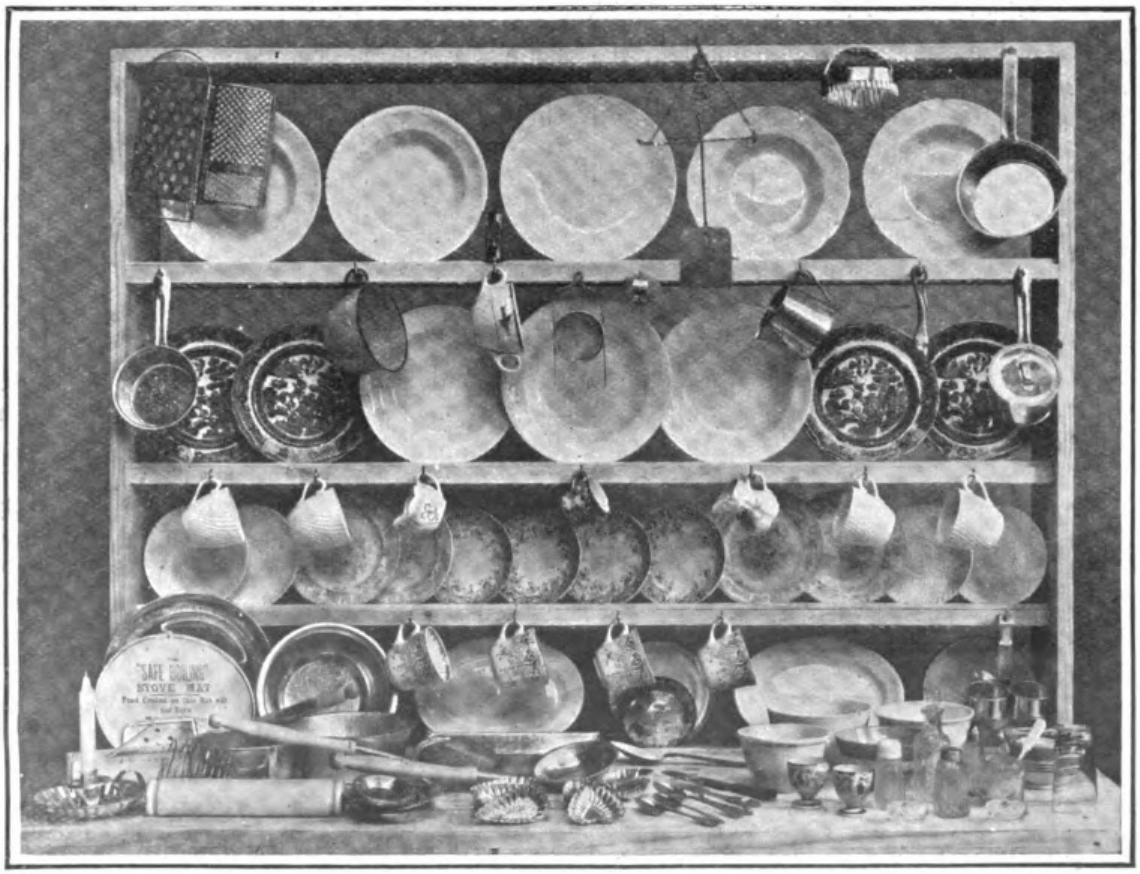
bronze-seeming matchbox-holder with its green ribbon-worker and animal figures is really only painted pasteboard, but it gives a rich tone to the room; and its receptacle is strong enough to hold, besides matches, a penny packet of playing-cards, small but well printed. With more brackets and some silver-lettered Bible texts on the opposite walls the room did not lack interest or variety.

Having duly entertained herself at the piano the lady might retire to a table, where she has just written a letter, all the implements costing a penny, including a very handsome inkstand with the silver-seeming casing for its glass inkwell and rest for the penny pen.

She would now, however, refresh herself with tea. She might have chosen a dainty cup with birds painted on it instead of the pure white one which she has preferred, for the choice in penny cups and saucers is legion. Milk-jug, sugar-basin, sugar-tongs, and small, embroidered tray-cloth, etc., are all quiet and dainty; elsewhere, on a penny stand, reposes the tea-kettle. It is small, certainly, but it can bear the heat of fire and gas-stove—and what more does woman want, except perhaps a plate and a serviette or two, with which, of course, the useful coin will also provide her? Many of these articles would also figure on the breakfast-table, which is shown laid for two.

As she drinks her tea—that also supplied in penny packets at the bazaar—the good lady might reflect that her two children are quite as content with the result of a slight expenditure as they could have been if silver instead of copper had been employed. To enumerate the playthings that can be sold for a penny would be impossible. Every year adds to their number. It would be simpler to mention those that are beyond that price, and even then one would need to keep a sharp eye on shop or bazaar in case to-day should falsify the declaration of yesterday.

These two children have chosen for their own nursery mantelpiece a box of dominoes and another of familiar farmyard toys, with squeaking cats, tinkling music-boxes, and numerous puzzle games all at their service, not to mention a tennis-racket—small, indeed, but no toy—able to serve an effective ball in the game which is still to the fore.



THE KITCHEN DRESSER, FITTED OUT FOR EIGHT SHILLINGS—SOME OF THE ARTICLES WERE SIX A PENNY.

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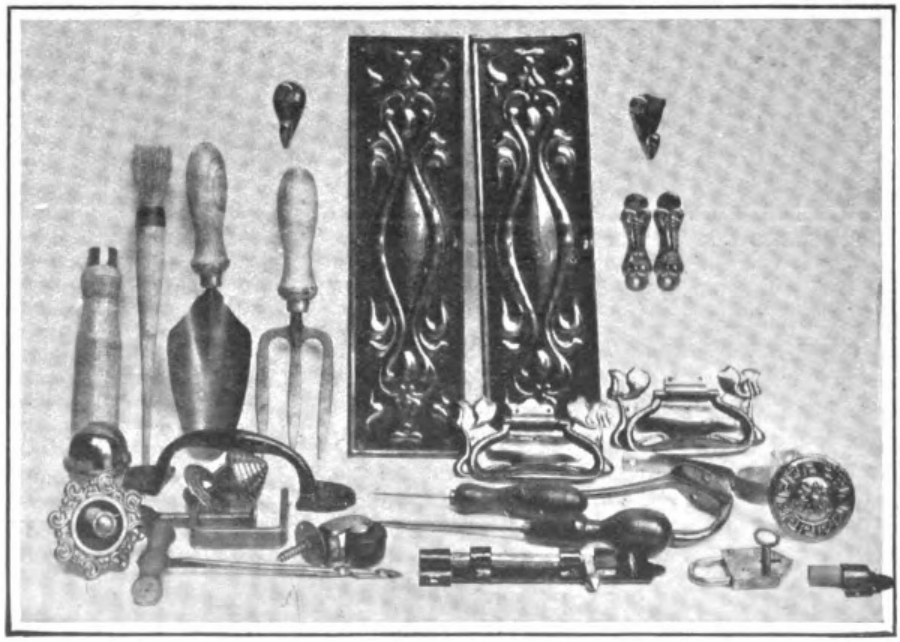
With this cursory glance at the plaything department we pass from the sitting-room, only remarking incidentally that this list by no means exhausts all the furnishings that can be obtained at a penny the article. Another apartment might well be filled as effectively with different pictures, wall ornaments, brackets, etc., all at the same low figure. Upstairs, for instance, will be found a dressing-table, liberally furnished at a cost of half a crown only.

Good housewives will tell us that the furnishing of sitting or drawing room is nothing compared to that of the kitchen; that the stocking of various useful articles which make no show usually runs away with most of the furnishing money. In spite of this truism, the picture on the preceding page will prove that even in this more difficult department the humble penny may do good work.

Here on the shelves, for instance, are whole rows of plates—soup, meat, dessert, etc.—both useful and in their brightness ornamental. From the hooks hang cups, tin and earthenware, while below are bowls, basins, and cake and meat pans, not to mention little patty-pans, which are bought in nests of half-dozen each. Of course, there are saucepans (though none very large), tea-pots, tea-infusers, tea-drainers, a nutmeg-grater, a toast-rack, and every type of egg-beater. All the contrivances of modern cookery seem to be here represented—cake-slices, fish-slices, egg-boilers, and even a mat which prevents meat from boiling over. In fact, a dinner might well be cooked with the use only of utensils provided by the penny bazaar.

Not only might such a meal be cooked; it might also be served in a kitchen so furnished. In a well-filled dresser drawer we catch glimpses not only of spoons and forks, but even of knives. They are dark in blade, and their composition seems somewhat a mystery; still, they are guaranteed to tackle a beefsteak, and that after all is the main thing. Therefore, on the kitchen table we may see preparations for dinner—a cruet-stand with two compartments at one side, a blue pepper-caster and glass salt-cellar at the other, water-jug, tumbler, and bread-plate, all complete. So the economical-minded diner may eat in comfort, knowing that his or her table arrangements cost only about one shilling.

Before quitting this apartment one must point out a few of the other conveniences that may be obtained from the penny bazaar. Of course, the kitchen walls may be decorated as in the adjoining room, and certain little wooden ornaments are useful as match-box holders or receptacles for those odds and ends that a kitchenmaid always has on hand. Cleaning utensils also are to be had in plenty; one must point to the bright brass finger-plates which are tacked to the door in order to keep it from soiling. Household tools and appliances, too, are to be seen in great variety. Beneath the dresser, again, one might perceive scrubbing-brushes, no smaller than those for which the West-end housewife pays sixpence, and guaranteed to give equally good wear. Dusters and dustpans are also included, and even the poor mouse who finds his head in a trap might realize — if he had time — that his execution cost his enemies only one penny, in accordance with the ideal of the room.



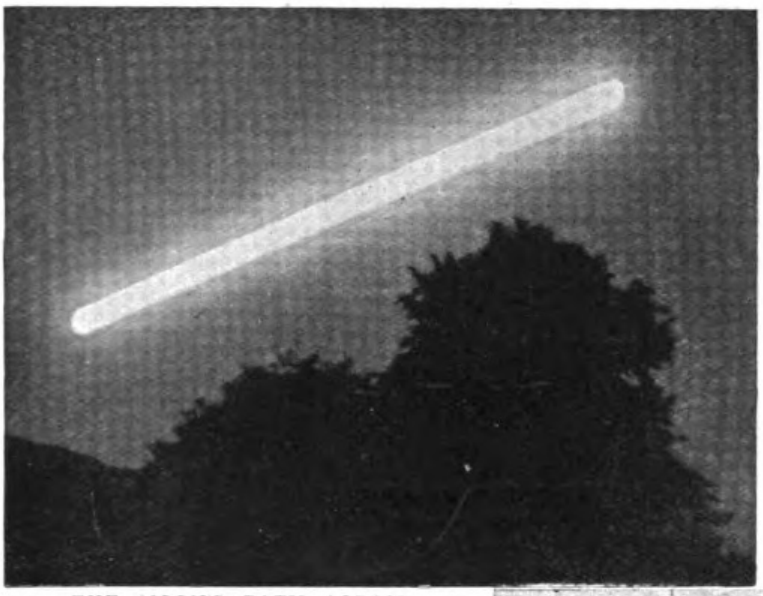
HOUSEHOLD TOOLS AND APPLIANCES—COST TWO SHILLINGS.

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CURIOSITIES.

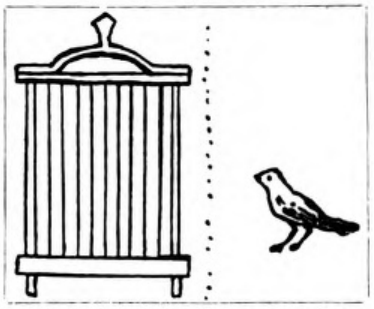
[We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.]

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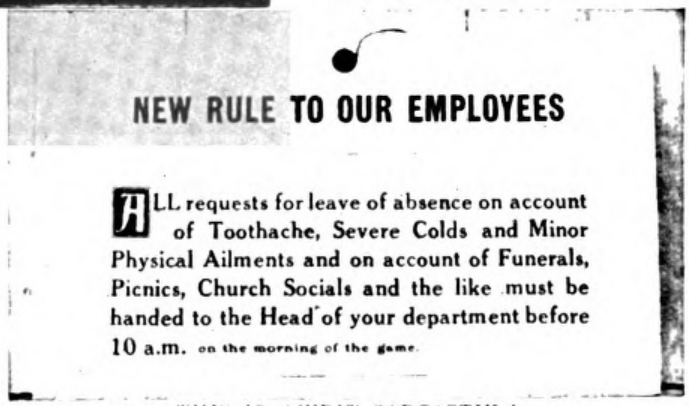
THE MOON'S PATH ACROSS THE SKY.

THIS is an untouched photograph representing exactly the direction, curve, and extent of one hour's section of the nightly orbit of the moon, registered by the moon herself. In other words it is a photograph of the full moon, the exposure given being precisely one hour. The amount of curve will be seen on holding the picture level with the eye. A curious feature of the photograph is that, while the upper edge of the white streak is very sharply defined, the lower edge is comparatively indistinct. It may cause the average reader of THE STRAND some profound theorizing to account for this phenomenon.—Mr. W. Carter Platts, The Manor House, Kettlewell, *via* Skipton.



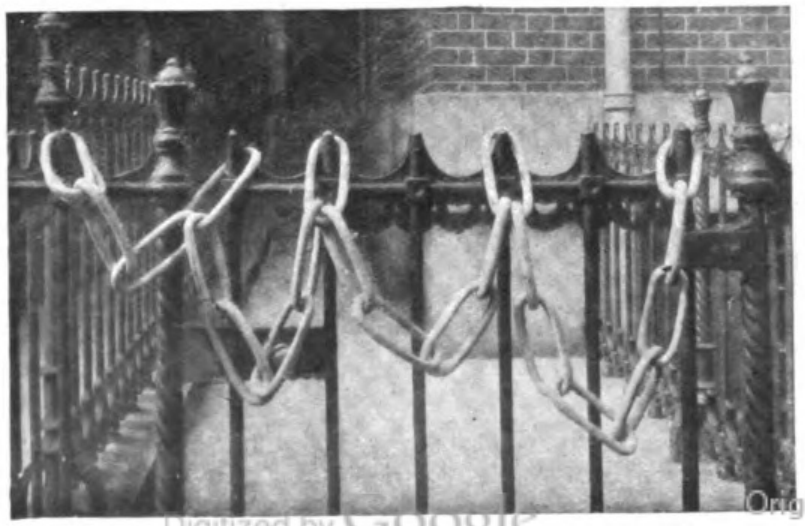
HOW TO MAKE THE BIRD ENTER THE CAGE.

PLACE the edge of a visiting-card or a square piece of paper along the dotted line between the bird and the cage, and bring the eyes down to the upper edge. After a moment's watching the bird will appear to change its position and enter the cage.—Mr. A. White, 17, Durban Road, Cape Town.



THIS IS "WRIT SARCASTIK."

A FRIEND of mine who has been in Montreal saw the original of this notice hanging in a store there, and, thinking it specially good, he secured it and gave it to me on his arrival in England. The concluding words are particularly worth noting.—Mr. W. Banks, 19, Coney Street, York.



CARVED FROM ONE PIECE OF WOOD.

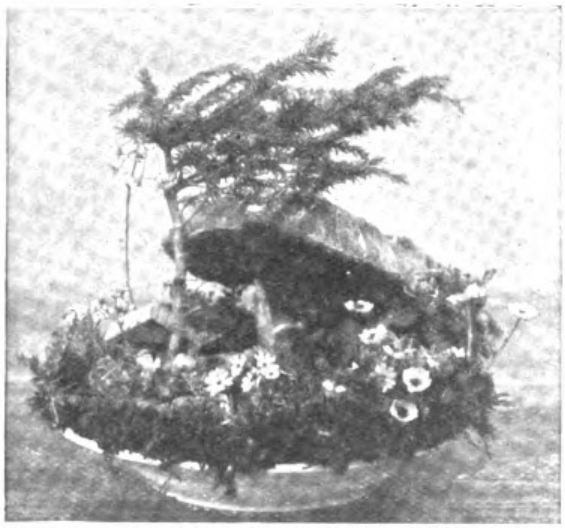
THE accompanying photograph shows a wooden chain carved by one of our Kaffir boys in Johannesburg. It was cut entirely from one piece of wood, and the links have no joints at all. It is twelve feet long, and the only instrument used was an ordinary pocket-knife.—Mr. H. C. Tromp van Diggelen, 14, Gledhow Gardens, South Kensington.

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CENTENARIANS ALL.

THE two headstones shown in the above photograph, which have been erected against the east wall of Ilfracombe Parish Church, form a remarkable testimony to the healthiness of that delightful seaside resort. All the centenarians whose names are given on the stones lived and died in the parish.—Mr. W. H. Moon, 49, Edgecombe Park Road, Peverell, Plymouth.



A GARDEN IN A SOUP-PLATE.

THE above is not a miniature garden made by those past masters of the exquisitely minute, the Japanese, but is the work of an English lady on holiday in the Bernese Oberland last June. She was one of a large private party, and to create an after-dinner recreation a "garden-in-a-soup-plate" competition was arranged. Competitors were required to gather Alpine plants and arrange them in the manner they thought most effective. The foregoing display was unanimously agreed to be the best of the thirty exhibits. Two stones formed the overhanging rock, a small fir-seedling represented the great tree, and a model châlet, about an inch across, was made use of to give an added charm. Various mosses, saxifrages, and minute flowering plants, gathered in the course of the day's walk over the mountain-slopes, helped to complete the delightful picture; and last, but not least, a little pond was added close to the tree to form yet another object of interest. Photograph by Mr. Ball, Dublin. —Mr. P. Leonard, The Avenue, Coulsdon, Surrey.

THE FIRST ENGLISHMAN BORN IN AUSTRALIA.

THIS is the portrait of the first Englishman born in Australia, Mr. William Kent, father of Charles Kent, the poet. He was born at Government House, Sydney, New South Wales, December 23rd, 1799. His father, Captain Kent, was at that time surveying the coast for the Government, and not long before the child was born his wife was sent from the ship to his uncle's, who was then Governor of New South Wales. There were plenty of other Englishmen in Australia at the time, but they were mostly convicts, and this was the first to be born *in* the colony. The portrait was drawn from life by a friend. —Miss A. Evill, 120, Cheriton Rd., Folkestone.



NATURE'S HANDIWORK.

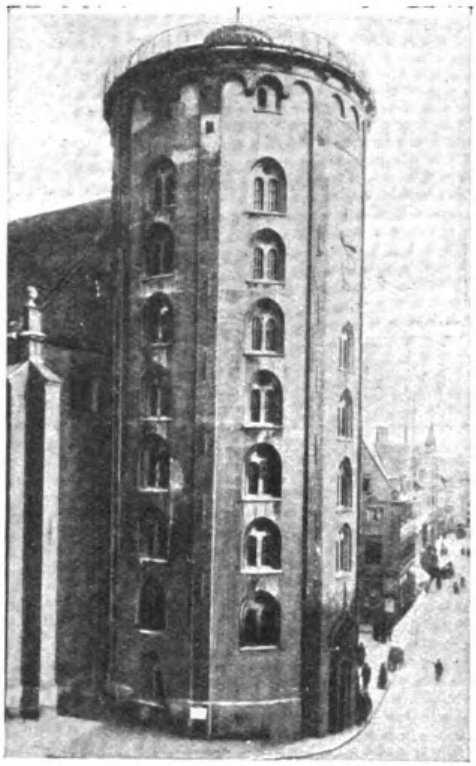
EVERYONE knows that it is a common occurrence to dig up potatoes, turnips, etc., which have grown through or round objects which have become buried in the soil. It is not often, however, that the result is so striking as the example here shown, where a potato has become firmly fixed in the arms of a monkey-on-a-stick. — Miss L. Scorer, 14, North St., Havant.



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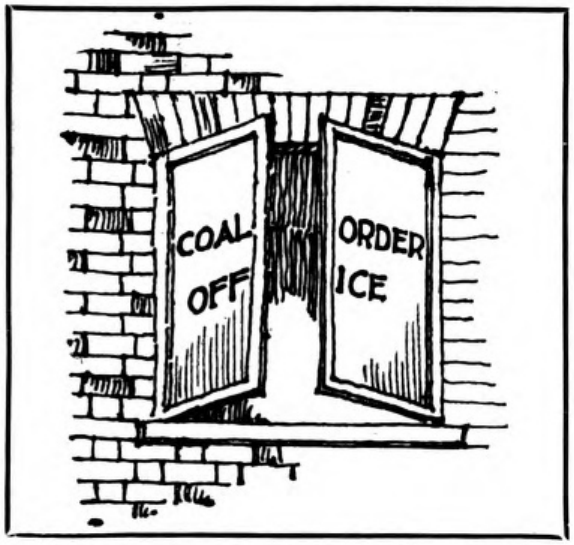
A NOVEL CYCLE RIDE.

ON July 27th some cyclists essayed to ride to the top of the Round Tower of Copenhagen and down again. The quickest time was two minutes sixteen seconds, up and down, with dismounting. The Tower contains a broad spiral roadway with an easy gradient on its outer border. Peter the Great of Russia and the Danish King once drove with horse and carriage to the top. It was built after the death of the great Danish astronomer, Tycho Brahé for astronomical purposes, but is no longer in use. Photo. by Peter Alstrups.—Mr. E. E. Atkin, Statens Serum Institut, Copenhagen.



A COAL-DEALER'S CURIOUS NOTICE.

DURING a spell of hot weather a coal-dealer, near Manchester, unwittingly caused a good deal of amusement. His office window, which is of casement pattern, is lettered "Coal Order Office"; and extra ventilation being required, the windows were opened, with the result shown above: "Coal Off" "Order Ice."—Mr. Jas. E. Stott, Westwood, Todmorden.

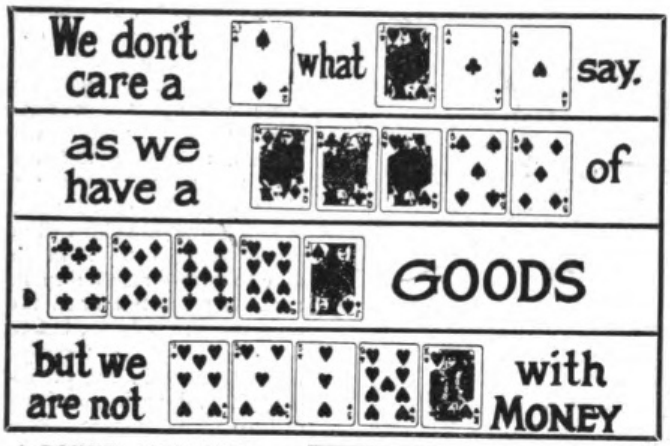


A QUEER FISH STRANGELY CAUGHT.

THE sun-fish, an example of which is shown on the barrow in the photograph, only occasionally visits the British coasts. The example shown was captured near Ilfracombe by the fisherman standing on the left. While out in his yacht he espied the large back-fin of this fish projecting from the surface of the water, where the fish was lazily floating. He at once steered towards it, and endeavoured to slip a noosed rope over the head of the fish, but, on being touched, it immediately dived. However, it quickly came to the surface again a short distance away. Another attempt was then made, but with the same result. On a third attempt the yacht was steered alongside the fish and the noosed rope run clear over its head, when the fish plunged below. The great strength used in its dive to escape resulted in its capture, for it tightened the rope round its body, before its fins (the mark of the rope is clearly seen in the photograph), and so it was dragged to shore. It is but a small specimen, weighing only sixty pounds. A fully-developed example may weigh five hundred pounds, or more. Its body comes abruptly to an end just behind its back and lower fins, its caudal or tail fin forming a wavy frill which serves as a tail. Another peculiarity of the fish is that it is apparently able to close its eyes. When alarmed, it withdraws its eyes into its head by distending the folds of skin around them, so that they become almost completely hidden. It can also make a grunting noise. The fisherman assured me that taking a specimen round the streets on a barrow to exhibit its curious features to visitors, with an occasional passing round of the collecting box, is employment much more remunerative than fishing.—Mr. John J. Ward, Rusinurbe House, Somerset Road, Coventry.



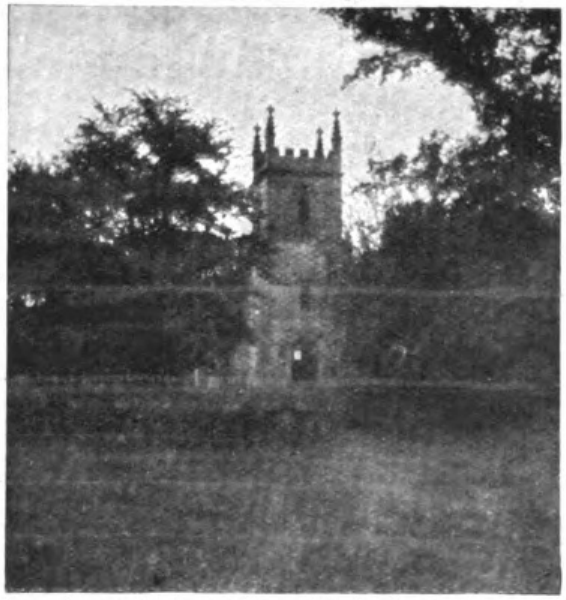
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A POKER ADVERTISEMENT.

OF all the odd advertisements I have ever come across, I think the accompanying is the most curious. It requires a rudimentary knowledge of the great American game of draw poker to enable one to decipher it, the translation being: "We don't care a DEUCE what JACKASSES (JACK-ACES) say, as we have a FULL-HOUSE of STRAIGHT goods, but we are not FLUSH with money."—Mr. Louis N. Levin, 752, West 7th Street, Cincinatti, Ohio, U.S.A.

A CHURCH BUILT BY ONE MAN.



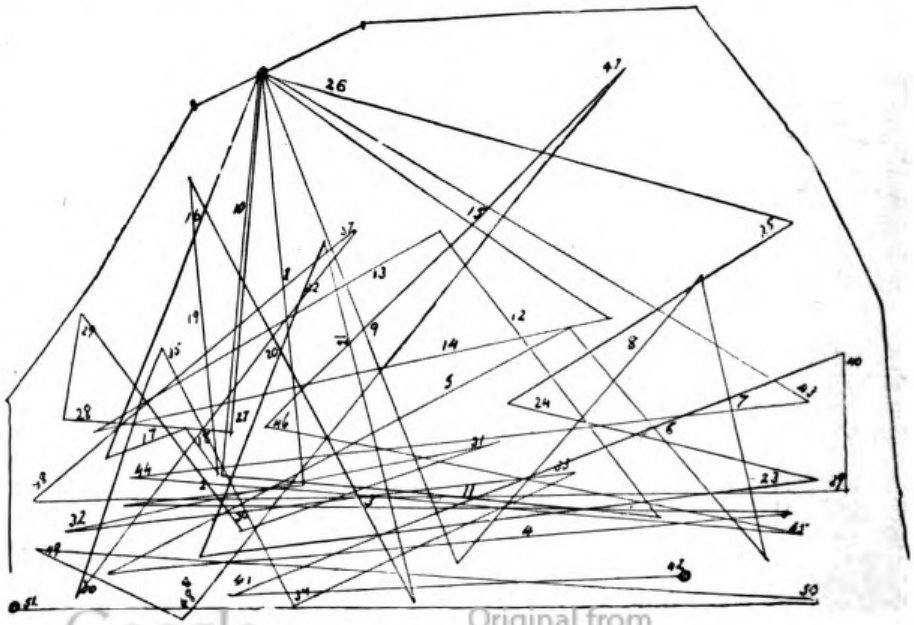
I AM sending you a snapshot of a small church in the village of Stivichal, near Coventry, which was built by one man—a stonemason, named John Green. In 1810 he laid the first stone of the edifice and seven years later completed the building. In all that time he derived assistance from no one, doing all the work with his own hands until the church was ready for its interior fittings. This is, I believe, the only stone structure in England—and probably in the world—of which every stone was laid by one man. The building accommodates quite a large congregation, and the church derives a considerable revenue from the contributions of sightseers who are drawn to the place through curiosity.—Mrs. Bell, 25, Avenue Rd., North Finchley.

APPEARANCES ARE DECEPTIVE.

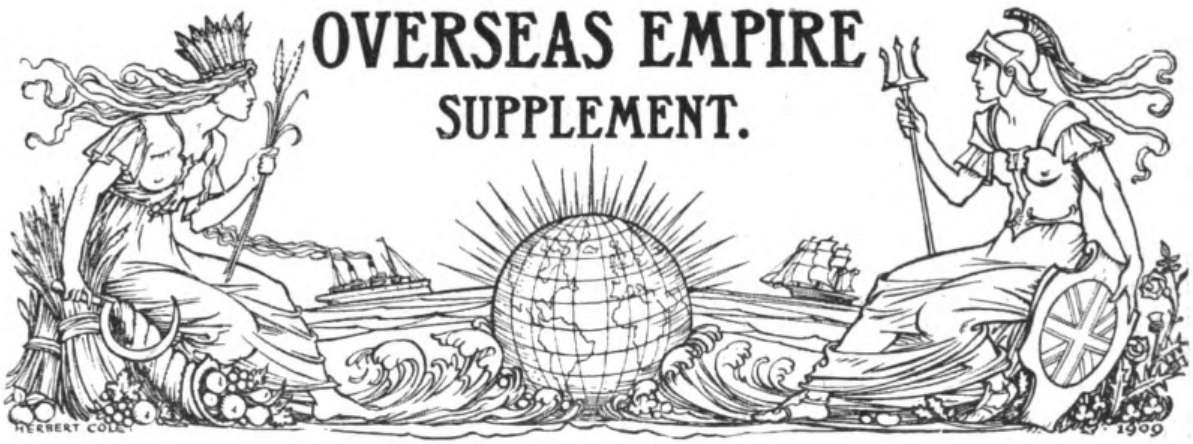
THE straight line here shown is equal to the length of the circumference of a sixpenny-piece. The estimates of the few friends I have asked, however, are much shorter than the correct length. I wonder if the reader's friends are more accurate than mine were.—Mr. I. Jones, 36, The Avenue, Pontypridd.

HOW FAR DOES AN ACTRESS WALK DURING A PERFORMANCE?

NOWADAYS, when there is so much talk of the distance run by a football player in the course of a match it may interest your readers to know the distance walked by an actress on the stage in the course of a piece. I have taken for example the play "East Lynne," and selected the well-known part of Lady Isobel and Mme. Vine, as played by Miss Grace Warner. I have marked on the accompanying chart the actual crosses made in the course of three acts out of the five in which she takes part; in the other two she is practically stationary. The distance covered amounts to two hundred and sixty-two yards, well over an eighth of a mile, and, adding that to the distance backwards and forwards from the dressing-room, one sees that an actress's work is not all talk, as so many people imagine.—Mr. Roy Rhind, 10, East Brighton Crescent, Portobello, N.B.



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NEW ZEALAND REALIZATIONS.

A STORY OF HEALTH, PROGRESS, AND PLENTY.

By J. EVERETT BAYNES.

A VISIT to New Zealand forms a valuable object-lesson in the study of health and progress, inasmuch as that fair cluster of islands which constitutes the Dominion of New Zealand has evidences to offer on these points that are both solid and unique. As regards health it holds the pre-eminence of being the most favoured country on the face of the globe—its death-rate being under 10 per 1,000, while that of England reaches an average of about 18 per 1,000. A sense of "health and quiet breathing" is seldom absent from the sojourner, either in the towns or in the pastoral places of the Dominion, for the towns are not so large as to have lost the country aspect, while in the less-peopled localities there is always a purity and a braciness of atmosphere to be felt that is very exhilarating. With skies of Italian hue, there are no extremes of summer heat as in Italy. There is rainfall sufficient to keep the landscape fresh and green and prevent the visitation of destructive droughts. The climate of New Zealand is, indeed, one that is free from all unhealthy rigours; neither wintry blasts nor summer scorchings disturb the delights of its outdoor life. And from these conditions springs the exceptional health record of the Dominion.



AUCKLAND CITY WHARVES.

On the side of progress, both material and social, New Zealand has also much of which to be proud. With the advantage of a clear start, untrammelled by rusty forms and ancient usage, with no traditions to curb expansion, and with a free hand to shape its own governmental machinery in accordance with its own aspirations (so long as nothing is done to impair British sovereignty), it has proceeded to settle problems and formulate plans of government that the Mother Country could not venture upon without shaking the Constitution to its foundations. It has no State church, nor does it give aid to religion in any form. Since 1899 it has had an old-age pension system in operation; it is not troubled with

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suffragette agitation, having long ago conceded the right to vote to women. It owns all the railways, telegraphs, and telephones, and makes insurance a matter of State control. As for land or landlord monopolies, they do not exist, there being no room for landed interests of the old English pattern to grow up in New Zealand. These things, therefore, all make for progress in a new land, and with a country almost as large as Great Britain, and a population of under a million spread over it, with few very rich people and few very poor, there exists such a fair level of status and condition amongst the people as induces a strong community of interests. It is natural under such circumstances that the Government should partake of the paternal character, and that a sort of "happy family" feeling should manifest itself amongst the inhabitants generally. These matters count to the good, not only for old settlers but for new-comers, and are powerful factors in the sum of New Zealand's prosperity.



A NEW ZEALAND HOMESTEAD, MATAURA.

The conditions upon which emigrants and settlers can enter and establish themselves in New Zealand are undoubtedly such as warrant its being called a land of plenty. Not that New Zealand has not its proportion of the stranded and the unemployed, and is sometimes faced with serious labour difficulties; but the answer to that is the same as in other countries: many people emigrate to the Dominion who are quite unfitted for the only methods of life that mean success, or even comfort, there; while the infrequent labour troubles that arise are seldom beyond being adequately and justly dealt with by the State Labour Department.

Given the right sort of people, however, New Zealand is essentially a country to thrive and be comfortable in. If you have practical knowledge of any of the land industries—of pastoral and agricultural pursuits—of sheep, cattle, or horse breeding—of the cultivation of cereals and grasses—or of the handling of the flesh and fleeces of sheep and lambs—New Zealand is the land in which you will, if industrious and plodding, make good headway.

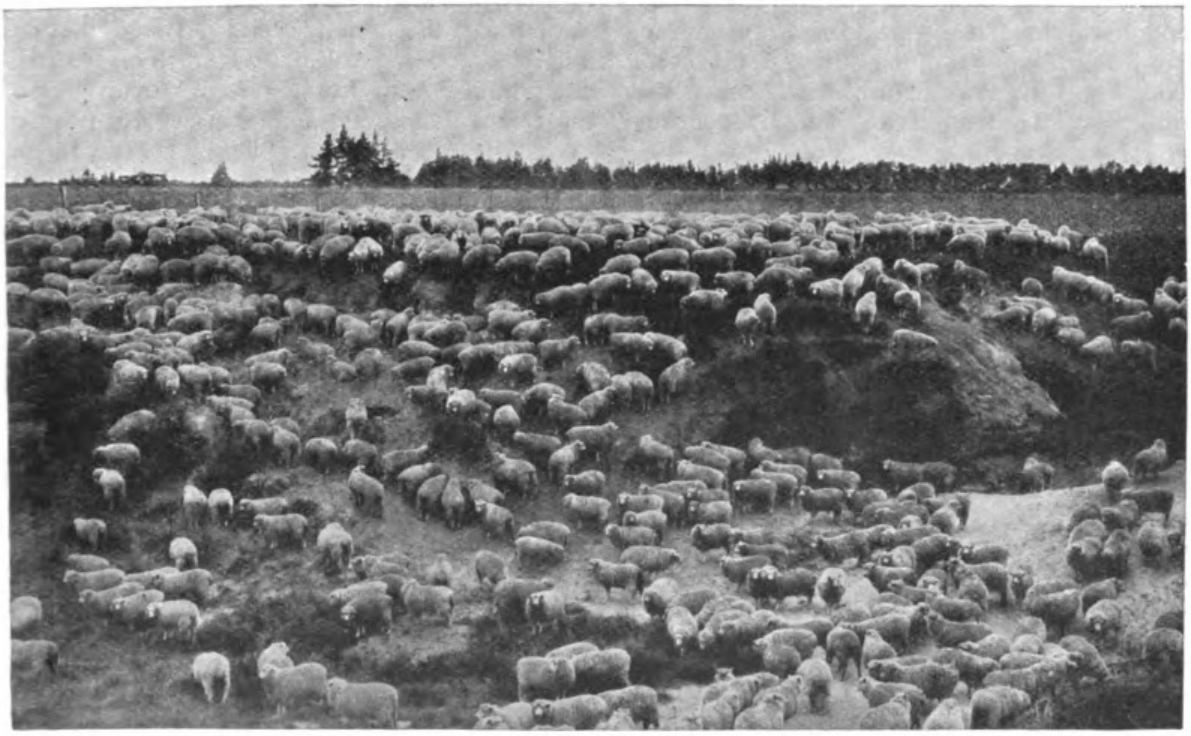
More than half the total area of the Dominion is under occupation. There are still many millions of acres ready for taking up by new settlers, and the conditions under which lands can be acquired are the most favourable that can be conceived. The average annual wheat crop for the past ten years has been over 31 bushels per acre; the average yield of oats last season was over 38 bushels per acre; and the productiveness of land under English grasses is considered to be nine times as great as that of land in

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Australia. It is claimed that in no part of the British Dominions can agriculture, in its widest sense, be carried on with so much certainty of success as in New Zealand. Its range of latitude renders it suitable for all the products of sub-tropical and temperate zones; and stock of every sort thrive and fatten rapidly on its pastures, coming to maturity at an early age without the aid of roots or condiment foods. Moreover, it is a land where all the British, Chinese, and Japanese fruits, with oranges, lemons, limes, olives, and vines (in the northern part), flourish abundantly with only ordinary care.

The sheep-farmer has opportunities in New Zealand that cannot be excelled as to general conditions. The risks of long droughts and scarcity of food are not disturbing elements of the situation, and with two directions of profit to aim at—that of fleece production and that of obtaining suitable carcasses for freezing purposes—success usually follows. There is no difficulty to contend with in either respect. Of the 23,000,000 or so of sheep that the Dominion's flocks now number, all classes, from the fine-combing woolled Merino to the strongest type of Lincoln, are easily reared. For early maturing lambs the cross-breeds of the Shropshire and Hampshire Downs and English Leicesters are the most useful; but where fine wool is the chief object there is, of course, nothing to surpass the pure Merino, which does well on the higher lands.

In all that pertains to the occupation and management of land, the breeding of stock, and the general interests of settlers the New Zealand Government Agricultural Department is of great service, assisting farmers by conducting experimental farms, endeavouring to improve the quality of live stock, and providing expert instructors in every branch of productive effort. More than this, the Government lends money to farmers on the security of their holdings at a low rate of interest, and leases allotments at an almost nominal rent to persons wishful of engaging in farm work. The facilities for obtaining land and money on reasonable terms offer great inducements to persons to settle upon the land. In fact, it is among the official statements that men of slender means can easily make homes for themselves and their families, always provided they know something of the work they undertake, and are, with their families, willing to work hard and live frugally for a few years. In New Zealand, moreover, it is easier to live economically than in most of Britain's overseas possessions, for not only can those who live on the land grow a good portion of their food-stuffs, but the cost of articles of



FAT LAMBS, TAMAKERE, WAIKALO.

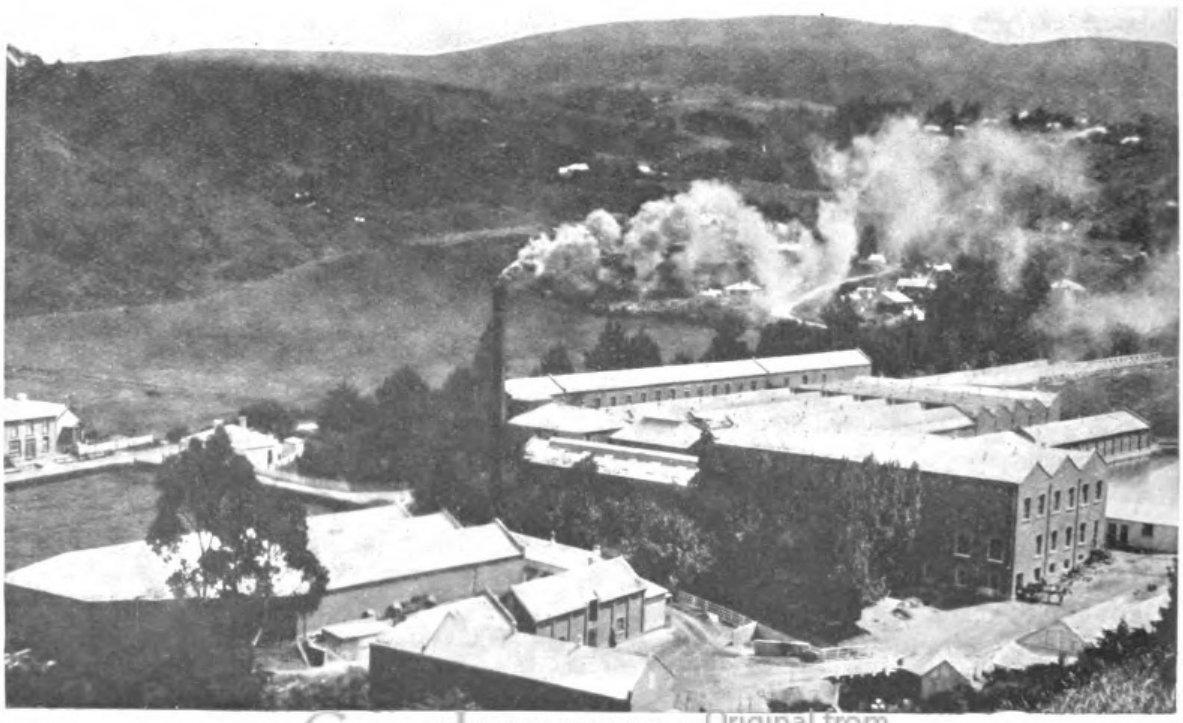
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food that have to be purchased is, on the average, lower than it is in England. For example, bread can be bought at 1¾d. per lb.; beef at 6d.; mutton, 5d.; sugar, 2¾d.; tea, 1s. 9d.; fresh butter, 1s.; cheese, 8d.; and milk at 3½d. a quart. Vegetables of every kind are both cheap and plentiful.

The matter of house-building and furnishing can also be considered as presenting favourable conditions. For one thing New Zealand is a well-wooded country, owning vast forests of trees—many of which yield timber of a serviceable kind, hard and soft, which timber is largely utilized for building houses and the manufacturing of furniture. Nearly all New Zealand houses are frame-built. With cheap timber readily available at most points, therefore, the wood supply is an important factor in the reduction of expenditure. It also plays a considerable part in the general fuel supply, for, although the Dominion has extensive coalfields and a coal consumption of over 1,700,000 tons per annum, wood is largely used for domestic fires, especially in the country districts. Within the last decade the coal consumption has doubled, being now about equal to 1·8 tons per head per annum, by no means a bad showing. For those who live upon and by the land the prospects seem to be uniformly good, and with new population coming in at the rate of some 15,000 a year it is evident that the opportunities are sufficient to attract a constant stream of settlers. But the stream is by no means so large as the prospects warrant, and with the spread of fuller information regarding the Dominion it is possible that there may be a doubling of the population in a very few years. One thing is certain: there is space and prosperous living in New Zealand for many millions yet.

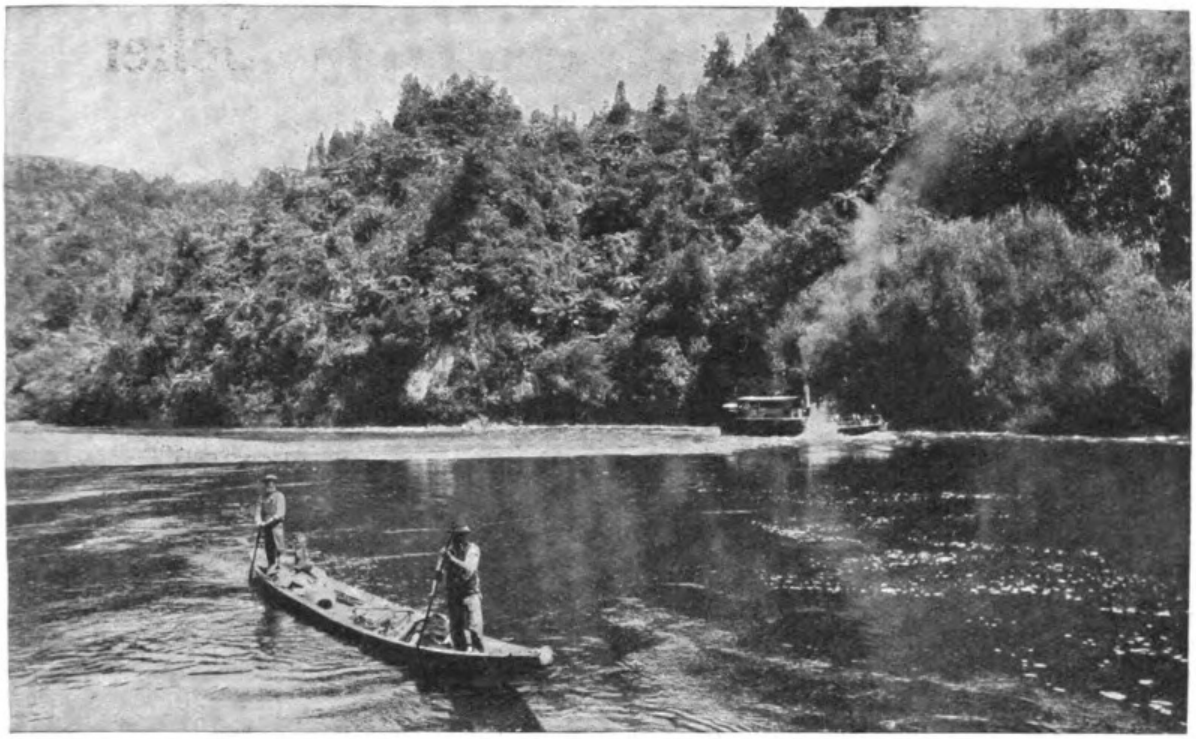
Along with the occupying of the land, numerous industries are carried on, and in this direction a considerable expansion takes place every year. The meat freezing and preserving industry alone, which has done so much for the country, has a wage-roll of nearly £300,000 a year. Over 1,600 people are employed in woollen mills; over 3,000 in boot and shoe factories; while nearly 9,000 people are engaged in the saw-mills and timber-working factories. Then there are flour and meal factories; flax-mills for working up the native flax, *Phormium tenax*, employing between 3,000 and 4,000 hands; brick, tile, and pottery works; butter, cheese, and preserved milk factories; and fell-mongering and wool-scouring works. Over 4,000 people are engaged in the various engineering works up and down the Dominion. All these industries are well-established, and will expand with the requirements of the growing population and the increased demand for export purposes.

New Zealand is also one of the gold countries, showing the respectable output of some



KAIKORAI WOOLLEN MILLS.

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SCENE ON THE WANGANUI RIVER.

9,0000z. in 1907, the last year for which we have statistics, valued at over £2,000,000. Seventy-six per cent. of this yield is quartz mines, in connection with which over 140 quartz-mining and crushing works, 130 hydraulic gold-mining works, and 128 steam dredges are in operation, employing a total of over 9,000 hands. The record in regard to gold has been on the whole steady, and represents a grand total output of the precious mineral, from its first discovery in 1857, of about £70,000,000 in value. The present rate of yield is considerably above the annual average, which is accounted for in a great measure by the improved methods of mining adopted in recent years. A fair amount of silver is likewise produced in the Dominion, the yield of this mineral for 1907 being 1,562,6030z., valued at £169,484.

Year by year New Zealand attracts an increasing number of health and pleasure seekers, sportsmen, and tourists, for whom there are endless opportunities of relaxation and enjoyment. For mountain-climbers what could be more inviting than Mount Cook, which rises to the height of 12,349ft.? What could be more tempting to glacier-lovers than the famous Tasman, Murchison, Godley, Mueller, and other glaciers on the eastern slopes of the Southern Alps, and the Franz Josef and the Fox on the western side, ranging in length from 18 miles to 7½? Such exceptional scenic sensations as these ensure are worth voyaging far to realize. The astonishing thing is that, small as New Zealand is in comparison with most other countries, it contains many outstanding physical features that only a few of the larger countries possess. Its largest lake, Taupo, covers 238 square miles; another lake, the Manapouri, has a depth of 1,458ft., its bottom being 861ft. below the sea-level. In the matter of water-falls, too, it has a marvellous showing, the Sutherland Waterfall having a drop of 1,904ft. There are large navigable rivers also — the Clutha, the Wanganui, and the Walkato; and it has hundreds of miles of good fishing streams, extensive deer forests, and more thermal springs than any country in Europe. Indeed, in point of variety and beauty of scenery few countries can vie with the Dominion; and it is a great satisfaction to tourists to know that their interests are carefully protected at every stage by a State Department of Tourist and Health Resorts.

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America's Greatest Irrigation Scheme.

The C.P.R. Works at Calgary, Alberta.

By AGNES DEANS CAMERON.

CANADA has originated the biggest irrigation scheme on the American continent. The theatre of this gigantic project is where in the virgin Province of Alberta the River Bow dances through the cattle country lying east of the Rocky Mountain foothills.

Formerly the theory was held that the uses of irrigation are confined to the hot, semi-arid countries of the South. But even in the most humid countries seldom a season passes where the introduction of water at the opportune moment during the growth of a crop would not add materially to the value of the result.

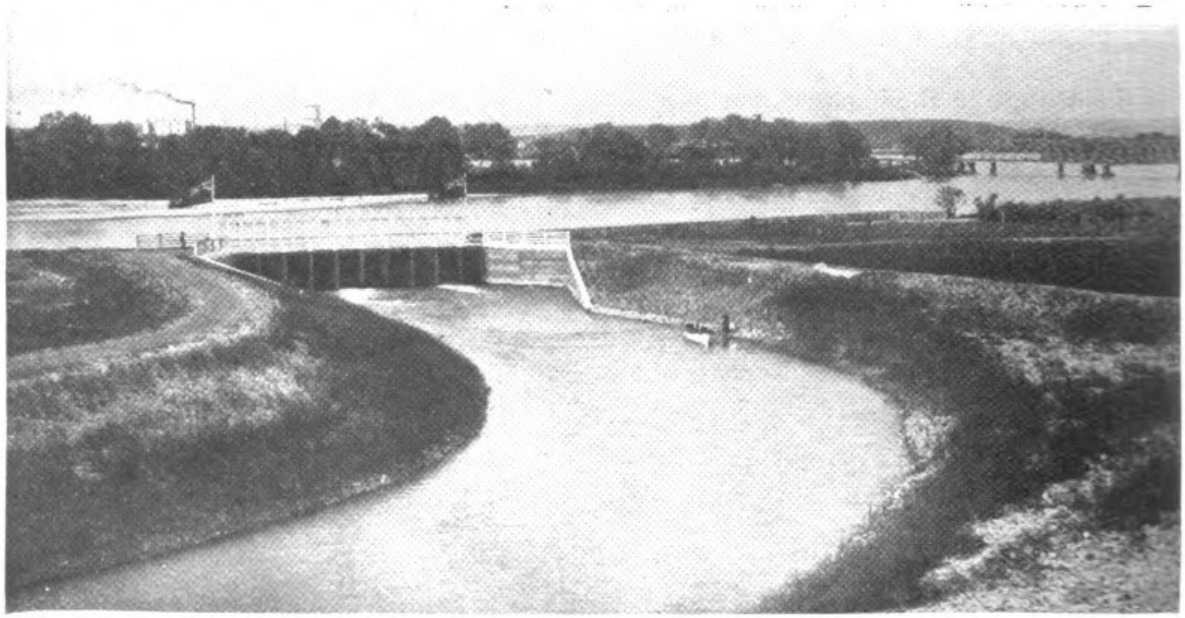
The farmer on irrigated lands lays his head on his pillow at night freed from the nightmare of drought, that arch-enemy of the agriculturist in every unirrigated area of the globe. He controls his own water-supply, and protects his growing crop from the unevenness of a water-feast in one period of its growth and a water-famine in another.

The Canadian Pacific Railway Company was the first great cause of the colonization of Alberta. It pushed its continental-spine through this country about twenty-five years ago, and scattered settlements followed closely in its wake. These pioneer Empire-builders occupied themselves for years exclusively in stock-raising, finding here an admirable grazing country. By degrees restricted areas were brought under cultivation. Then followed a series of dry years, beginning with 1892, with their consequent crop-disappointments. This turned the attention of the farmers to the advantages of irrigation.

The question then took on sufficient importance to warrant its being taken up by the Government, with the result that a comprehensive and well-considered law relating to the use of water for irrigation was passed, and a system of general surveys undertaken to determine the volume of water available.

The Canadian Pacific Railway Company's irrigation project in the valley of the Bow River embraces an area of 3,000,000 acres along the main line of the company's railway east of the City of Calgary.

Comparison is a compelling way of illustrating magnitudes. The area of this irrigation block is one-eighth the size of England and Wales and twice as large as the Province of Prince Edward Island. The section is an open prairie plateau with an elevation near



HEAD-GATES, MAIN CANAL, SHOWING INTAKE FROM BOW RIVER, ALBERTA.

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A FARM GARDEN ON IRRIGATED LAND.

its western boundary of 3,400ft. above the ocean, sloping sheer to the east until a height of 2,300ft. is reached at the eastern extremity. The whole extent furnishes a good growth of natural grasses.

The water is diverted from the Bow River about two miles below Calgary, and carried thence south and east through a main canal which is 17 miles long, 120ft. in width at the water-line, 60ft. wide at the bottom, and carries water to a depth of 10ft. or 11ft.

The main canal brings its water-tribute to a reservoir which, by the construction of a dam, conserves a body of water three miles in length, half a mile wide, and 40ft. in depth. From this reservoir the water is led out through three secondary canals, carrying water to a depth of 8ft., the combined length of the secondary canals being in the neighbourhood of 150 miles.

The water is taken from the secondary canals and led through a splendid system of distribution ditches, 800 miles of them, which deliver the needed water to each quarter-section of land seeking irrigation. This great undertaking when completed will represent a construction expenditure on the part of the enterprising railroad company of 5,000,000 dollars.

The source and volume of the water supply in this area are assured; the title to the water is as solid as the land title, and the buyer of every irrigated farm here gets with his farm the absolute guarantee of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company to supply him with needed water for all time. This is the first time on the American continent that water has been available for irrigation under such absolute title.

The man who contemplates pulling up old stakes and pitching his family tabernacle in a new land must be assured on many points: he wants good climate, fertile soil, water supply, land suited for mixed farming, and he wants available markets. Alberta would seem to be a land specially favoured of the Fates, for it can, within the boundaries of conservative truth, assure the would-be home-maker on all these important heads. In the neighbourhood of Calgary the elevation of the land is from 2,500ft. to 3,500ft. above the level of the sea, and this elevation, with the dry, clear atmosphere, the fresh breezes that sweep across the plains, and the superabundance

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of sunshiny days, tends to make Alberta's climate one of the most enviable in the world. Here is an entire absence of malaria, and the province is fast acquiring a reputation as a sanatorium for those bringing with them an inherited tendency to pulmonary weakness.

What crops will this country grow? Wheat? Yes; wheat and almost everything else. While wheat has been king, the soil is adapted to mixed farming; the farmers are beginning to realize this second fact in earnest, and barley, oats, alfalfa, flax, clover, timothy, and sugar-beets are being produced in yearly increasing abundance.

parable pasture for horses and cattle or grow his winter wheat, while the irrigated portions will supply fodder for winter feeding and grow all kinds of grain and root crops. The astute farmer is the man who develops all the possibilities of a mixed farm and keeps his eyes open for diversified opportunities.

Every Canadian interest is working together to-day, and increasingly will continue to work, for the benefit of the man who tills the soil. Where population is congested the human factor is at a discount; every new-comer is an intruder looked upon with suspicion and given the cold shoulder. Here it is different. Where fat acres pregnant



WORLD-FAMED ALBERTA HORSES, BRED ON IRRIGATED LANDS.

Not in wheat alone, not in stock exclusively, but in the combination farm, does the average new-comer find his greatest success. The fact that the 3,000,000-acre block of the C.P.R. Company contains equal proportions of irrigable lands and non-irrigable gives the purchaser opportunity to work a combination farm under advantageous conditions. He can buy a quarter-section of land and have part of it above the canal-system for the growing of winter wheat and the grazing of horses and cattle, and he can take his remaining acres in irrigable land on which to grow his barley, alfalfa, etc. And always he will have ample water for his live stock and his growing crops.

The non-irrigated acres will furnish incom-

with potential harvests remain a latent asset until someone comes along to make them blossom as the rose, every practical farmer who moves in is received as working-partner into a nation-building concern which is paying big dividends.

The Government of Canada wants the willing farmer not wholly out of sentiment, but because he adds his annual quota to Canada's wealth. The railroad welcomes him because he means the creation of new products for transportation, and the already established farmer greets with satisfaction a new worker in the vineyard, for the Western Canadian farmer has had burned into him the fact that in co-operative endeavour are stability and strength.

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THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

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The HOME-COMING

by Arthur Conan Doyle

IN the spring of the year 528 a small brig used to run as a passenger-boat between Chalcedon, on the Asiatic shore, and Constantinople. On the morning in question, which was that of the Feast of St. George, the vessel was crowded with excursionists who were bound for the great city in order to take part in the religious and festive celebrations which marked the festival of the Megalo-martyr, one of the most choice occasions in the whole vast hagiology of the Eastern Church. The day was fine and the breeze light, so that the passengers in their holiday mood were able to enjoy without a qualm the many objects of interest which marked the approach to the greatest and most beautiful capital in the world.

On the right, as they sped up the narrow strait, there stretched the Asiatic shore, sprinkled with white villages and with numerous villas peeping out from the woods which adorned it. In front of them, the Prince's Islands, rising as green as emeralds out of the deep sapphire blue of the Sea of Marmora, obscured for the moment the view of the capital. As the brig rounded these the great city burst suddenly upon their sight and a murmur of admiration and wonder rose from the crowded deck. Tier above tier it lay, white and glittering, a hundred brazen roofs and gilded statues gleaming in the sun, with high over all the magnificent shining cupola of St. Sophia. Seen against a cloudless sky, it was the city of a dream—too delicate, too airily lovely for earth.

In the prow of the small vessel were two travellers of singular appearance. The one was a very beautiful boy, ten or twelve years of age, swarthy, clear-cut, with dark, curling hair and vivacious black eyes, full of intelligence and of the joy of living. The other was an elderly man, gaunt-faced and grey-bearded, whose stern features were lit up by a smile as he observed the excitement and interest with which his young companion viewed the beautiful distant city and the many vessels which thronged the narrow strait.

"See! see!" cried the lad. "Look at the great red ships which sail out from yonder harbour. Surely, your Holiness, they are the greatest of all ships in the world!"

The old man, who was the Abbot of the Monastery of St. Nicephorus in Antioch, laid his hand upon the boy's shoulder.

"Be wary, Leon, and speak less loudly, for until we have seen your mother we should keep ourselves secret. As to the red galleys, they are indeed as large as any, for they are the Imperial ships of war, which come forth from the harbour of Theodosius. Round yonder green point is the Golden Horn, where the merchant ships are moored. But now, Leon, if you follow the line of buildings past the great church you will see a long row of pillars fronting the sea. It marks the Palace of the Cæsars."

The boy looked at it with fixed attention.

"And my mother is there?" he whispered.

"Yes, Leon; your mother the Empress Theodora and her husband, the great Justinian, dwell in yonder palace."

The boy looked wistfully up into the old man's face.

"Are you sure, Father Luke, that my mother will indeed be glad to see me?"

The Abbot turned away his face to avoid those questioning eyes.

"We cannot tell, Leon. We can only try. If it should prove that there is no place for you, then there is always a welcome among the brethren of St. Nicephorus."

"Why did you not tell my mother that we

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were coming, Father Luke? Why did you not wait until you had her command?"

"At a distance, Leon, it would be easy to refuse you. An Imperial messenger would have stopped us. But when she sees you, Leon—your eyes, so like her own; your face which carries memories of one whom she loved—then, if there be a woman's heart within her bosom, she will take you into it. They say that the Emperor can refuse her nothing. They have no child of their own. There is a great future before you, Leon. When it comes, do not forget the poor brethren of St. Nicephorus, who took you in when you had no friend in the world."

The old Abbot spoke cheerily, but it was easy to see from his anxious countenance that the nearer he came to the capital the more doubtful did his errand appear. What had seemed easy and natural from the quiet cloisters of Antioch became dubious and dark now that the golden domes of Constantinople glittered so close at hand.

Ten years before, a wretched woman, whose very name was an offence throughout the Eastern world where she was as infamous for her dishonour as famous for her beauty, had come to the monastery gate and had persuaded the monks to take charge of her infant son, the child of her shame. There he had been ever since. But she, Theodora the wanton, returning to the capital, had, by the strangest turn of Fortune's wheel, caught the fancy and, finally, the enduring love of Justinian, the heir to the throne. Then on the death of his uncle the young man had become the greatest monarch upon the earth, and had raised Theodora to be not only his wife and Empress, but to be absolute ruler, with powers equal to and independent of his own. And she, the polluted one, had risen to the dignity, had cut herself sternly away from all that related to her past life, and had showed signs already of being a great Queen, stronger and wiser than her husband, but fierce, vindictive, and unbending, a firm support to her friends, but a terror to her foes. This was the woman to whom the Abbot Luke of Antioch was bringing Leon, her forgotten son. If ever her mind strayed back to the days when, abandoned by her lover Ecebolus, the Governor of the African Pentapolis, she had made her way on foot through Asia Minor and left her infant with the monks, it was only to persuade herself that the brethren cloistered far from the world would never identify Theodora the Empress with Theodora the dissolute wanderer, and that the fruits of her sin would be for ever concealed from her Imperial husband.

The little brig had now rounded the point of the Acropolis, and the long blue stretch of the Golden Horn lay before it. The high wall of Theodosius lined the whole harbour, but a narrow verge of land had been left between it and the water's edge to serve as a quay. The vessel ran alongside near the Neorion Gate, and the passengers, after a short scrutiny from the group of helmeted guards who lounged beside it, were allowed to pass through into the great city.

The Abbot, who had made several visits to Constantinople upon the business of his monastery, walked with the assured step of one who knows his ground; while the boy, alarmed and yet pleased by the rush of people, the roar and clatter of passing chariots, and the vista of magnificent buildings, held tightly to the loose gown of his guide, while staring eagerly about him in every direction. Passing through the steep and narrow streets which lead up from the water, they emerged into the open space which surrounds the magnificent pile of St. Sophia, the great shrine begun by Constantine, hallowed by St. Chrysostom, and now the seat of the Patriarch and the very centre of the Eastern Church. Only with many crossings and genuflexions did the pious Abbot succeed in passing the revered shrine of his religion and hurrying on to his difficult task.

Having passed St. Sophia, the two travellers crossed the marble-paved Augusteum, and saw upon their right the gilded gates of the Hippodrome, through which a vast crowd of people was pressing; for though the morning had been devoted to the religious ceremony, the afternoon was given over to secular festivities. So great was the rush of the populace that the two strangers had some difficulty in disengaging themselves from the stream and reaching the huge arch of black marble which formed the outer gate of the Palace. Within they were fiercely ordered to halt by a gold-crested and magnificent sentinel, who laid his shining spear across their breasts until his superior officer should give them permission to pass. The Abbot had been warned, however, that all obstacles would give way if he mentioned the name of Basil the Eunuch, who acted as Chamberlain of the Palace and also as Parakimomen—a high office which meant that he slept at the door of the Imperial bedchamber. The charm worked wonderfully, for at the mention of that potent name the Protospathaire, or head of the Palace Guards, who

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chanced to be upon the spot, immediately detached one of his soldiers with instructions to convoy the two strangers into the presence of the Chamberlain.

Passing in succession a middle guard and an inner guard, the travellers came at last into the Palace proper, and followed their majestic guide from chamber to chamber, each more wonderful than the last. Marbles and gold, velvet and silver, glittering mosaics, wonderful carvings, ivory screens, curtains of Armenian tissue and of Indian silk, damask from Arabia and amber from the Baltic—all these things merged themselves in the minds of the two simple provincials, until their eyes ached and their senses reeled before the blaze and the glory of this the most magnificent of the dwellings of man. Finally, a pair of curtains, crusted with gold, were parted, and their guide handed them over to a negro mute, who stood within. A heavy, fat, brown-skinned man, with a large, flabby, hairless face, was pacing up and down the small apartment, and he turned upon them as they entered with an abominable and threatening smile. His loose lips and pendulous cheeks were those of a gross old woman, but above them there shone a pair of dark, malignant eyes, full of fierce intensity of observation and judgment.

"You have entered the palace by using my name," he said. "It is one of my boasts that any of the populace can approach me in this way. But it is not fortunate for those who take advantage of it without due cause." Again he smiled a smile which made the frightened boy cling tightly to the loose serge skirts of the Abbot.

But the ecclesiastic was a man of courage. Undaunted by the sinister appearance of the great Chamberlain, or by the threat which lay in his words, he laid his hand upon his young companion's shoulder and faced the eunuch with a confident smile.

"I have no doubt, your Excellency," said he, "that the importance of my mission has given me the right to enter the Palace. The only thing which troubles me is whether it



"THEIR GUIDE HANDED THEM OVER TO A NEGRO MUTE, WHO STOOD WITHIN."

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may not be so important as to forbid me from broaching it to you, or, indeed, to anybody save the Empress Theodora, since it is she only whom it concerns."

The eunuch's thick eyebrows bunched together over his vicious eyes.

"You must make good those words," he said. "If my gracious master—the ever-glorious Emperor Justinian—does not disdain to take me into his most intimate confidence in all things, it would be strange if there were any subject within your knowledge which I might not hear. You are, as I gather from your garb and bearing, the Abbot of some Asiatic monastery?"

"You are right, your Excellency. I am the Abbot of the Monastery of St. Nicephorus in Antioch. But I repeat that I am assured that what I have to say is for the ear of the Empress Theodora only."

The eunuch was evidently puzzled and his curiosity aroused by the old man's persistence. He came nearer, his heavy face thrust forward, his flabby brown hands, like two sponges, resting upon the table of yellow jasper before him.

"Old man," said he, "there is no secret which concerns the Empress which may not be told to me. But if you refuse to do so, it is certain that you will never see her. Why should I admit you unless I know your errand? How should I know that you are not a Manichean heretic with a poniard in your bosom, longing for the blood of the mother of the Church?"

The Abbot hesitated no longer.

"If there is a mistake in the matter, then on your head be it," said he. "Know then that this lad Leon is the son of Theodora the Empress, left by her in our monastery within a month of his birth ten years ago. This papyrus which I hand you will show you that what I say is beyond all question or doubt."

The Eunuch Basil took the paper, but his eyes were fixed upon the boy, and his features showed a mixture of amazement at the news that he had received and of cunning speculation as to how he could turn it to profit.

"Indeed, he is the very image of the Empress," he muttered; and then, with sudden suspicion: "Is it not the chance of this likeness which has put the scheme into your head, old man?"

"There is but one way to answer that," said the Abbot. "It is to ask the Empress herself whether what I say is not true, and to give her the glad tidings that her boy is alive and well."

The tone of confidence, together with the testimony of the papyrus and of the boy's beautiful face, removed the last shadow of doubt from the eunuch's mind. Here was a great fact, but what use could he make of it? Above all, what advantage could he draw from it? He stood with his fat chin in his hand, turning it over in his cunning brain.

"Old man," said he at last, "to how many have you told this secret?"

"To no one in the whole world," the other answered. "There is Deacon Bardas at the monastery and myself. No one else knows anything."

"You are sure of this?"

"Absolutely certain."

The eunuch had made up his mind. If he alone of all men in the Palace knew of this event he would have a powerful hold over his masterful mistress. He was certain that Justinian the Emperor knew nothing of it. It would be a shock to him. It might even alienate his affections from his wife. She might care to take precautions to prevent him from knowing. And if he, Basil the Eunuch, was her confederate in these precautions, then how very close it must draw him to her. All this flashed through his mind as he stood, the papyrus in his hand, looking at the old man and the boy.

"Stay here," said he. "I will be with you again." With a swift rustle of his silken robes he swept from the chamber.

A few minutes had elapsed when a curtain at the end of the room was pushed aside, and the eunuch, reappearing, held it back, doubling his unwieldy body into a profound obeisance as he did so. Through the gap came a small, alert woman, clad in golden tissue, with a loose outer mantle and shoes of the Imperial purple. That colour alone showed that she could be none other than the Empress; but the dignity of her carriage, the fierce authority of her magnificent dark eyes, and the perfect beauty of her haughty face, all proclaimed that it could only be that Theodora who, in spite of her lowly origin, was the most majestic as well as the most maturely lovely of all the women in her kingdom. Gone now were the buffoon tricks which the daughter of Acacius the bear-ward had learned in the Amphitheatre; gone, too, was the light charm of the wanton, and what was left was the worthy mate of a great King, the measured dignity of one who was every inch an Empress.

Disregarding the two men, Theodora walked up to the boy, placed her two white hands upon his shoulders, and looked with a long,

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questioning gaze — a gaze which began with hard suspicion and ended with tender recognition — into those large, lustrous eyes which were the very reflection of her own. At first the sensitive lad was chilled by the cold, intent question of the look; but as it softened his own spirit responded, until suddenly, with a cry of "Mother! mother!" he cast himself into her arms, his hands locked round her neck, his face buried in her bosom. Carried away by the sudden natural outburst of emotion, her own arms tightened round the lad's figure, and she strained him for an instant to her heart. Then, the strength of the Empress gaining instant command over the temporary weakness of the mother, she pushed him back from her, and waved that they should leave her to herself. The slaves in attendance hurried the two visitors from the room. Basil the Eunuch lingered, looking down at his mistress, who had thrown herself upon a damask couch, her lips white and her bosom heaving with the tumult of her emotion. She glanced up and met the Chamberlain's crafty gaze, her woman's instinct reading the threat that lurked within it.



"WITH A CRY OF 'MOTHER! MOTHER!' HE CAST HIMSELF INTO HER ARMS."

"I am in your power," she said. "The Emperor must never know of this."

"I am your slave," said the eunuch, with his ambiguous smile. "I am an instrument in your hand. If it is your will that the Emperor should know nothing, then who is to tell him?"

"But the monk, the boy? What are we to do?"

"There is only one way for safety," said the eunuch.

She looked at him with horrified eyes. His spongy hands were pointing down to the floor. There was an underground world to this beautiful Palace, a shadow that was ever close to the light, a region of dimly-lit passages, of shadowed corners, of noiseless, tongueless slaves, of sudden, sharp screams in the darkness. To this the eunuch was pointing.

A terrible struggle rent her breast. The beautiful boy was hers, flesh of her flesh, bone of her bone. She knew it beyond all

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question or doubt. He was her one child, and her whole heart went out to him. But Justinian! She knew the Emperor's strange limitations. Her career in the past was forgotten. He had swept it all aside by special Imperial decree published throughout the Empire, as if she were new born through the power of his will and her association with his person. But they were childless, and this sight of one which was not his own would cut him to the quick. He could dismiss her infamous past from his mind, but if it took the concrete shape of this beautiful child, how then could he wave it aside as if it had never been? All her instincts and her intimate knowledge of the man told her that even her charm and her influence might fail under such circumstances to save her from ruin. Her divorce would be as easy to him as her elevation had been. She was balanced upon a giddy pinnacle, the highest in the world, and yet the higher the deeper the fall. Everything that earth could give was now at her feet. Was she to risk the losing of it all—for what? For a weakness which was unworthy of an Empress, for a foolish new-born spasm of love, for that which had no existence within her in the morning. How could she be so foolish as to risk losing such a substance for such a shadow?

"Leave it to me," said the brown, watchful face above her.

"Must it be—death?"

"There is no real safety outside. But if your heart is too merciful, then by the loss of sight and speech——"

She saw in her mind the white-hot iron approaching those glorious eyes, and she shuddered at the thought.

"No, no, better death than that!"

"Let it be death, then. You are wise, great Empress, for there only is real safety and assurance of silence."

"And the monk?"

"Him also."

"But the Holy Synod! He is a tonsured priest. What would the Patriarch do?"

"Silence his babbling tongue. Then let them do what they will. How are we of the Palace to know that this conspirator, taken with a dagger in his sleeve, is really what he says?"

Again she shuddered and shrank down among the cushions.

"Speak not of it, think not of it," said the eunuch. "Say only that you leave it in my hands. Nay, then, if you cannot say it do but nod your head, and I take it as your signal."

In that moment there flashed before Theodora's mind a vision of all her enemies, of all those who envied her rise, of all whose hatred and contempt would rise into a clamour of delight could they see the daughter of the bear-ward hurled down again into that abyss from which she had been dragged. Her face hardened, her lips tightened, her little hands clenched in the agony of her thought.

"Do it!" she said.

In an instant, with a terrible smile, the messenger of death hurried from the room. She groaned aloud and buried herself yet deeper amid the silken cushions, clutching them frantically with convulsed and twitching hands.

The eunuch wasted no time, for this deed once done he became—save for some insignificant monk in Asia Minor, whose fate would soon be sealed—the only sharer of Theodora's secret, and therefore the only person who could curb and bend that most imperious nature. Hurrying into the chamber where the visitors were waiting, he gave a sinister signal, only too well known in those iron days. In an instant the black mutes in attendance seized the old man and the boy, pushing them swiftly down a passage and into a meaner portion of the Palace, where the heavy smell of luscious cooking proclaimed the neighbourhood of the kitchens. A side corridor led to a heavily-barred iron door, and this in turn opened upon a steep flight of stone steps, feebly illuminated by the glimmer of wall-lamps. At the head and foot stood a mute sentinel like an ebony statue, and below, along the dusky and forbidding passages from which the cells opened, a succession of niches in the wall were each occupied by a similar guardian. The unfortunate visitors were dragged brutally down a number of stone-flagged and dismal corridors until they descended another long stair, which led so deeply into the earth that the damp feeling in the heavy air and the drip of water all round showed that they had come down to the level of the sea. Groans and cries like those of sick animals from the various grated doors which they passed showed how many there were who spent their whole lives in this humid and poisonous atmosphere.

At the end of this lowest passage was a door which opened into a single large vaulted room. It was devoid of furniture, but in the centre was a large and heavy wooden board clamped with iron. This lay upon a rude stone parapet, engraved with inscriptions beyond the wit of the Eastern scholars, for

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this old well dated from a time before the Greeks founded Byzantium, when men of Chaldea and Phœnicia built with huge unmortared blocks far below the level of the town of Constantine. The door was closed, and the eunuch beckoned to the slaves that they should remove the slab which covered the well of death. The frightened boy screamed and clung to the Abbot, who, ashy-pale and trembling, was pleading hard to melt the heart of the ferocious eunuch.

"Surely, surely, you would not slay the innocent boy!" he cried. "What has he done? Was it his fault that he came here? I alone—I and Deacon Bardas are to blame. Punish us if someone must indeed be punished. We are old. It is to-day or to-morrow with us. But he is so young and so beautiful, with all his life before him. Oh, sir—oh, your Excellency—you would not have the heart to hurt him." He threw himself down and clutched at the eunuch's knees, while the boy sobbed piteously and cast horror-stricken eyes at the black slaves who were tearing the wooden slab from the ancient parapet beneath. The only answer



"HE THREW HIMSELF DOWN AND CLUTCHED AT THE EUNUCH'S KNEES."

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which the Chamberlain gave to the frantic pleadings of the Abbot was to take a stone which lay on the coping of the well and toss it in. It could be heard clattering against the old, damp, mildewed walls, until it fell with a hollow boom into some far-distant subterranean pool. Then he again motioned with his hands, and the black slaves threw themselves upon the boy and dragged him away from his guardian. So shrill was his clamour that no one heard the approach of the Empress. With a swift rush she had entered the room, and her arms were round her son.

"It shall not be! It cannot be!" she cried. "No, no, my darling, my darling; they shall do you no hurt! I was mad to think of it, mad and wicked to dream of it. Oh, my sweet boy, to think that your mother might have had your blood upon her head!"

The eunuch's brows were gathered together at this failure of his plans, at this fresh example of feminine caprice.

"Why kill them, great lady, if it pains your gracious heart?" said he. "With a knife and a branding iron they can be disarmed for ever."

She paid no attention to his words.

"Kiss me, Leon," she cried. "Just once let me feel my own child's soft lips rest upon mine. Now again! No, no more, or I shall weaken for what I have still to say and still to do. Old man, you are very near a natural grave, and I cannot think, from your venerable aspect, that words of falsehood would come readily to your lips. You have indeed kept my secret all these years, have you not?"

"I have in very truth, great Empress. I swear to you by St. Luke, patron of our house, that, save old Deacon Bardas, there is none who knows."

"Then let your lips still be sealed. If you have kept faith in the past, I see no reason why you should be a babbler in the future. And you, Leon"—she bent her wonderful eyes with a strange mixture of sternness and of love upon the boy—"can I trust you? Will you keep a secret which could never help you, but would be the ruin and downfall of your mother?"

"Oh, mother, I would not hurt you! I swear that I will be silent."

"Then I trust you both. Such provision will be made for your monastery and for your own personal comforts as will make you bless the day you came to my Palace. Now you may go. I wish never to see you again. If I did you might find me in softer mood, or in harder, and the one would lead to my undoing, the other to yours. But if by whisper or rumour I have reason to think that you have failed me, then you and your monks and your monastery will have such an end as will be a lesson for ever to those who would break faith with their Empress."

"I will never speak," said the old Abbot, "neither will Deacon Bardas. Neither will Leon. For all I can answer. But there are others, these slaves, the Chamberlain—we may be punished for another's fault."

"Not so," said the Empress, and her eyes set like flints. "These slaves are voiceless, nor have they any means to tell those secrets which they know. As to you, Basil——" she raised her white hand with the same deadly gesture which he had himself used so short a time before. The black slaves were on him like hounds on a stag.

"Oh, my gracious mistress, dear lady, what is this? What is this? You cannot mean it!" he screamed, in his high cracked voice. "Oh, what have I done? Why should I die?"

"You have turned me against my own. You have goaded me to slay my own son. You have intended to use my secret against me. I read it in your eyes from the first. Cruel, murderous villain, taste the fate which you have yourself given to so many others. This is your doom. I have spoken."

The old man and the boy hurried in horror from the vault. As they glanced back they saw the erect, inflexible, shimmering, gold-clad figure of the Empress. Beyond they had a glimpse of the green-scummed lining of the well, and of the great red open mouth of the eunuch as he screamed and prayed, while every tug of the straining slaves brought him one step nearer to the brink. With their hands over their ears they rushed away, but even so they heard that last woman-like shriek, and then the heavy plunge far down in the dark abysses of the earth.

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"My Reminiscences."

XIII.

By LEWIS WALLER.

PERHAPS the question most frequently put to me is, "What induced you to go upon the stage?" Unfortunately it is one to which I cannot return an adequate answer, though I am certain there were no hereditary influences at work, for I cannot trace to any one of my forefathers a connection with the stage; in other words, the footlights were not in the family.

Neither are there any early impressions of play or pantomime which, so far as I can recall, fixed themselves on my mind as a child, to draw out a latent longing for a theatrical career. Indeed, I do not think I went to the theatre in my very youthful days, and, strangely enough, I do not ever remember even being taken to a Christmas entertainment of the pantomime variety in my knickerbocker stage. I only know that, as a boy, I was not particularly attached to the theatre; while as a youth I was certainly not a persistent playgoer, though very early in my "teens" I recall that I had most decidedly made up my mind that I would become an actor, for I do not think I was more than fifteen when I first planned out my future.

Youth is said to be the age of illusions. It is also the age of confidence. In my case I was secretly confident that the stage was to be my vocation, and once the idea had entered my head it established itself there in the firmest possible manner, and became a decree as fixed as the Laws of the Medes and Persians. I suppose my first real liking for the dramatic profession must have been imbibed from my reading of the old dramatists—especially Shakespeare, of whom I was an earnest student; and I remember, when I was at school, I often used to lie awake at night building castles in the air of future days when I should play Shakespeare—though, to be sure, in my heart of hearts I was far from certain that these dreams would ever come to be realized; for if I had decided upon the stage as a career, an entirely different future had been mapped out for me.



LEWIS WALLER WHEN 18 MONTHS OLD.
From a Photo. by C. Silvy.



LEWIS WALLER AT 2½ YEARS OF AGE.
From a Photo. by C. Silvy.

My friends, indeed, would not hear of my adopting such a profession as the stage. They told me I was cut out for commerce, and that the City of London was to be the arena of my battles with fortune. So I had to give in for the time being, and adopt, outwardly, at any rate, their view of the situation. Until I was seventeen I remained at school, and I was then forwarded to Germany for a finishing year, at the expiration of which, at the ripe age of eighteen, I was planted in that wonderful city of ours to bow my knee at the shrine of commerce and of mammon.

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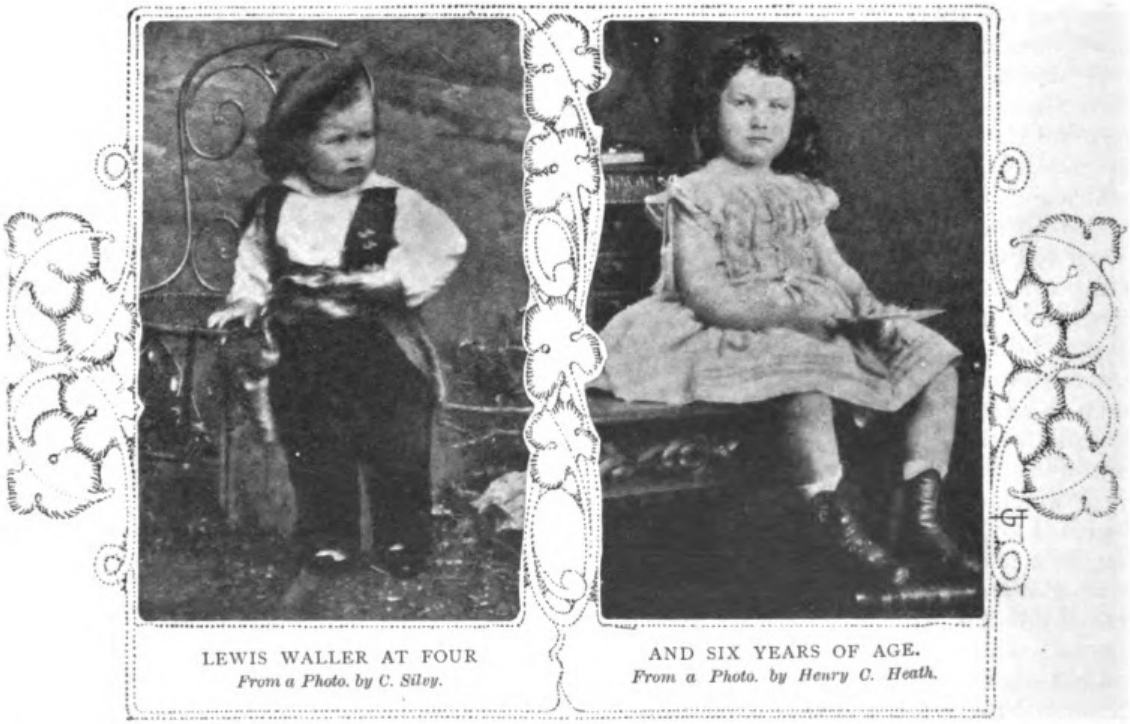
I am sure, however, I was a most unwilling worshipper, for I felt entirely out of harmony with all things of a commercial nature; the desk and the ledger were hateful to me. I hankered after the sock and buskin, and instead of attending to the day-book and the journal I used to follow up my study of the old dramatists by making acquaintance with modern ones in the sixpenny "acting editions." I also joined various amateur dramatic companies with the idea of getting closer to the real thing, and whenever I could steal an hour or two I was attending rehearsals with my fellow amateur players at St. George's Hall, where, by the way, I occasionally appeared with the different amateur companies to which I belonged, for my soul was all the time with the stage, and even five years in the counting-house proved powerless to smother my determined resolution to follow a theatrical career.

In consequence, I must confess at once that I did not give "business" a fair chance, and I also feel bound to say that I did not put in as many hours at the office as I should have done, for my time was too agreeably spent elsewhere in rehearsing. But at last it became as patent to my employers as it was to myself that Nature had not built me to be an ideal City man. I resolved, therefore, to cut myself adrift, and to "cross the Rubicon" dividing me from Stageland as soon as I possibly could.

A favourable opportunity presented itself sooner than I had dared to hope. The separation came about in this way. From a friend I heard that there would be a small part vacant in a few days at Toole's Theatre. Here was my chance. If I could secure that part I made up my mind that I would shake the dust of the City off my feet—and off my soul; though, to be frank, I never flattered myself into believing that the firm would be sorry to part with me.

With all speed I hastened to obtain from my friend an introduction to the manager of the theatre, and, armed with this, away I went to the little building in King William Street. Was the part still vacant, or was I too late? That was an anxious moment for me as I waited at the theatre to hear my fate. But happily I was in time. The vacancy still existed, but I was by no means certain that I was destined to fill it, even though I was given the part to take home with me. My instructions were that I was to "consider" it, and to call again the next morning and read it over to Mr. John Billington, Mr. Toole's stage-manager.

I was on fire, and bent on making the most of the opportunity. I did not, therefore, merely "consider" that part; I was too eager and anxious to seize the chance it offered me. So I learnt the part, studied it, acted it in private, and made myself letter-perfect. Then, confident that I should not



LEWIS WALLER AT FOUR
From a Photo. by C. Silvy.

AND SIX YEARS OF AGE.
From a Photo. by Henry C. Heath.

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fail, at any rate through lack of trying, I went back to the theatre to keep the appointment that was made for me, and rehearsed the part on a blank stage to the very best of my ability.

At the end of the first scene, to my overwhelming delight, Jack Billington came up to me and patted me on the shoulder. "All right, my boy," was his kindly, encouraging remark, "you'll do." The words were few, but to me they expressed everything, for did they not mean that at last I could resign my commercial career to one better suited to a City life, and that at last the moment had arrived when I could burn my boats and devote all my future energies to the stage?



"'ALL RIGHT, MY BOY,' WAS HIS KINDLY, ENCOURAGING REMARK, 'YOU'LL DO.'"

I returned home feeling as if I were treading on air, and a few nights later, in March, 1883, I made my first—professional—appearance at Toole's Theatre. The play was "Uncle Dick's Darling," my part was that of the Hon. Claude Lorimer, and I have always looked upon it as a happy augury that His Majesty the King, then Prince of Wales, was present on that night of my first appearance. For, like most actors, I am a great believer in luck—good luck especially.

With Mr. Toole I remained for a year, playing the leading light-comedy and juvenile parts in the pieces produced at Toole's Theatre, which, many theatre-goers will doubtless remember, was subsequently pulled down in order to enlarge Charing Cross Hospital.

I next went on tour in the provinces, playing a varied round of parts in, for instance, "Called Back," in "As You Like It" (with Mme. Modjeska, to whose Rosalind I played Orlando), in "The Ticket-of-Leave Man," and in "Clancarty," with Mr. Henry Neville.

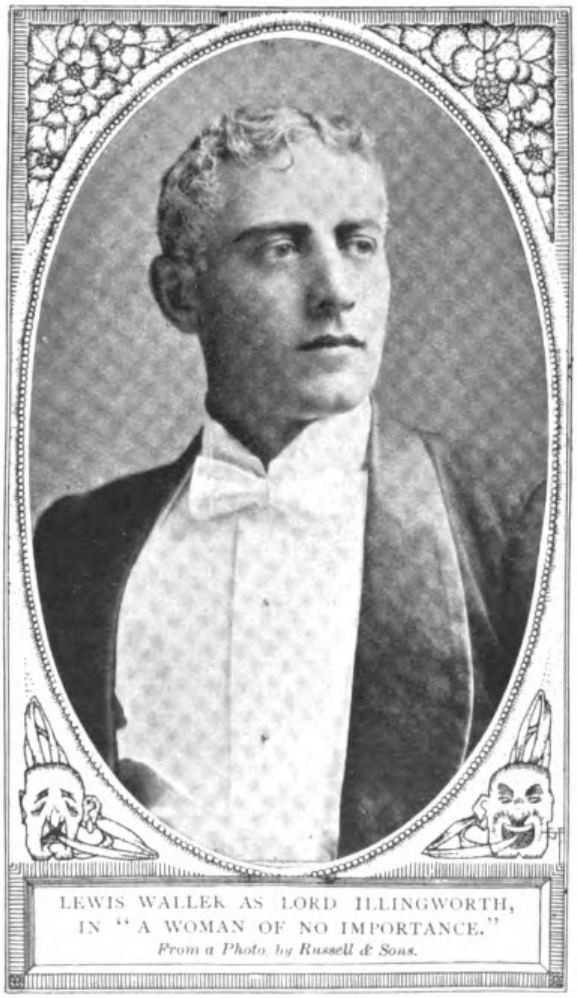
I am strongly of the opinion, by the way, that provincial tours are a great advantage to the young actor. It is not only that he plays, with ordinary luck, more parts than he would in a London engagement, thereby gaining invaluable experience, but there is another point which is well worth noting in this connection. It is that one's audiences in the country differ to a remarkable degree. The audience in one provincial city is never like that in the next city, and, by the same token, not one of them is like London. In consequence, this continual round, this constant change of audiences, acts as a most refreshing spur on one's endeavours, for one has to work harder, or perhaps I should say more conscientiously.

Again, it puts a man upon his mettle when he confronts an entirely new audience, new faces, new tastes, new likes, new dislikes. The actor who goes the round of the provinces will never rust, and if he is conscientious and resolved to do his best he will learn something every day, and his art will be the richer for his experiences. Most actors, I think, are in debt to the provinces, and, for my own part, I always feel grateful for the many opportunities for gaining experience and versatility which fell to my share in my early days as an actor.

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I cannot recall any particular happenings worthy of mention that came my way in my initial touring days, though I remember a rather amusing incident in which a little fox-terrier of mine, who was my invariable companion on tour, played the leading part.

On one occasion we arrived in Southport too late at night to secure rooms, and accordingly my fox-terrier and I hied ourselves to the nearest hotel. At this particular establishment, however, dogs were not admitted, and it was only after the exercise of not a little persuasion that I obtained a rather grudging permission for my four-footed friend to spend the night in a room in the basement which was used, for the most part, for cleaning boots.



LEWIS WALLER AS LORD ILLINGWORTH, IN "A WOMAN OF NO IMPORTANCE."
From a Photo. by Russell & Sons.

Having seen the dog securely tied up by a lead I retired for the night. My room, I remember, was on the third floor, and was situated in a long corridor passage, both sides of which were lined with bedrooms. In the middle of the night, however, I was awakened by the sound of vigorous scratching on the panels of my door, and on jumping out of bed to see who the would-be intruder was, I found my fox-terrier seated on the mat outside, looking up at me as if to say, "Here I am! You ought to know that I'm not the sort of fellow to put up with the discomfort of spending the night alone in a nasty, draughty room in the basement of a strange hotel." I was too tired to go down and see how my faithful companion had managed to "burst his bonds," but, in any case, although it was, perhaps, not a difficult matter for him to free himself, his task in finding my room in a strange hotel containing several hundred bedrooms cannot have been an easy one, though, as a matter of fact, I suppose the little chap must have sniffed at the boots placed outside each door until he succeeded in finding mine.

When I returned to London I appeared at several *matinées*, sometimes playing no fewer than three original parts in a week, for it was just about this time that the old stock-company days were dying out. Naturally enough, I found the repeated study of fresh parts far from a sinecure, but the experience was an invaluable one, though rather trying.

It is, of course, the early days of an actor's career which are the most strenuous, for to obtain recognition on the stage is seldom the easy matter that the uninitiated seem to consider it. Still, I do not know that my endeavours to woo Dame Fortune were either more or less successful than is generally the case to those who take their profession seriously. Indeed, I may say that I probably met with just about the average meed of success in obtaining engagements, and at no time can I remember "resting" for more than four months.

After taking out a provincial tour of "Dark Days," in which I played Dr. Basil North, I returned to London once again, when, perhaps, in all modesty, I may be permitted to say that I made my first Metropolitan success as Roy Carlton in "Jack-in-the-Box." This piece, however, only enjoyed a short run, and on its withdrawal I became associated with Miss Kate Vaughan in her production of "Masks and Faces" at the Opera Comique, in the character of Ernest Vane. I then went to the Gaiety, where I played Jacques Rosney in "Civil War," afterwards joining Messrs. Hare and Kendal at the St. James's. Among other parts I played about this time were the Duc de Bligny in "The Ironmaster," Sir George Barclay

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in "Clancarty," Lord Arden in "The Wife's Secret," and, under the management of Mr. Rutland Barrington at the same house, George Sabine in "The Dean and His Daughter," and Ralph Crampton in "Brantinghame Hall."

But those kind friends who are good enough to read these rambling memories of mine do not, I am sure, wish for a catalogue of parts and plays and dates, so out of sheer thoughtfulness I will make no mention of a number of youthful experiences and come down to solid fact—and Ibsen, in whose "Hedda Gabler," "Rosmersholm," and "The Master Builder" I played principal parts. I am quite sure that a series of Ibsen is very good for the actor. One gets so



LEWIS WALLER AS D'ARTAGNAN, IN "THE THREE MUSKETEERS."
From a Photo. by The London Stereoscopic Co.

thoroughly and completely out of the ordinary groove, and it is impossible not to admire his mastery of stage-craft and wonder at his mental grip on the complexities of human nature. Moreover, I am convinced that the influence of Ibsen has been a very wholesome one on the modern drama, and, for my own part, I trust and think that I profited through playing a series of Ibsen parts.

At the same time I must say at once that, unlike some whole-souled enthusiasts, I do not place, and never have placed, Ibsen first and Shakespeare second, for I hope I



LEWIS WALLER AS HOTSPUR, IN "HENRY IV."
From a Photo. by Ellis & Walery.

can admire without becoming a fanatic. No; to Shakespeare I must pay first and foremost reverence now, as I did in the early days of my stage career, when my blood was young and on fire, and when my mind was first set upon the stage, and when the creations of the immortal poet were the centre of my day-dreams.

From the moment of my first engagement in "Uncle Dick's Darling," it was always my ambition to play Shakespeare, and I was singularly fortunate in realizing some of my hopes in this respect full early in life, for, besides playing Orlando in "As You Like It" with the late Mme. Modjeska, I took the part of Ford in "The Merry Wives of

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Windsor" at the Haymarket when that theatre was under the regular management of Sir H. Beerbohm Tree, while since then—but I am getting ahead too fast.

I will pass over many of my early parts, for, truth to tell, I do not recall that any incidents occurred which are deserving of mention. After playing in "The Merry Wives of Windsor" at the Haymarket I undertook a managerial tour in the provinces, appearing as Lord Illingworth in "A Woman of No Importance." At the end of this tour I returned to the Haymarket for a short season under my own direction, when I played Sir Robert Chiltern in "An Ideal Husband." This play was subsequently transferred to the Criterion, where, in partnership with Sir Charles Wyndham, I produced "The Home Secretary," in which I played Morris Lecaile. "The Home Secretary" was afterwards removed to the Shaftesbury, in the management of which I associated myself with Mr. H. H. Morell. There I played Philip Christian in "The Manxman," Stephen da Costa in "A Woman's Reason," Heinrich in "The Sin of St. Hulda," Archibald Rolles in "A Match-Maker," and Prince Lucio Rimanez in "The Sorrows of Satan."



LEWIS WALLER AS LYSANDER, IN "A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM."
From a Photo. by Lafayette, Ltd.

After giving up management I rejoined Mr. Tree at the Haymarket, to play Hotspur in "Henry IV." (Part I.), and with Mr. Tree I went to Her (now His) Majesty's Theatre to play Captain Moray in "The Seats of the Mighty," Chevalier d'Aubiny in "The Silver Key," Laertes in "Hamlet," Brutus in "Julius Cæsar," Prince Alexis Valerian in "The Red Lamp," Raymond de Noirville in "A Man's Shadow," Jack in "Ragged Robin," Philip Faulconbridge in "King John," Lysander in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and the Duke of Buckingham in "The Musketeers," in another version of which play I had previously acted D'Artagnan in the suburbs, the provinces, and the now-demolished Globe Theatre.

But by this time I feel sure, so far as plays, parts, and dates are concerned, I must have exhausted the patience of even the most long-suffering reader; but to the end of my story I will endeavour to mend my ways—in other words, I will try to be less "catalogical."

One of the most successful of recent productions of mine has been "Monsieur Beaucaire," which, apart from classical drama, is, perhaps, my favourite part, on account of Beaucaire's many delightful characteristics—his chivalry towards women, his humour, his wit, and his general brilliancy all of which give the actor great opportunities for the display of his art.

I first produced "Monsieur Beaucaire" at Liverpool, playing the name-part, and later on the play was acted at the Comedy,

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under my own management. Speaking of "Beaucaire" reminds me that during my first tour with this play I chanced one evening in Dublin to have supper with a well-known trainer, who had been buying a number of yearlings at the Horse Show. Among the number was a certain chestnut colt, a son of Royal Kendal, whose appearance, the trainer told me, was so promising that he declared he had confident hopes of the youngster doing great things on the Turf.

The breeding of the colt appealed to me, and I suggested that, perhaps, Beaucaire would not be a bad name for it, adding that, if it turned out half as successful on the race-course as had the play of that name proved at the theatre, there should be very little cause for complaint, and eventually, after talking the matter over the trainer agreed to re-sell the colt to me on the condition that he should be allowed to train it.



LEWIS WALLER AS COLONEL EGERTON, IN "THE FIRES OF FATE."
From a Photo. by Foulsham & Banfield.

During the winter months most glowing reports reached me of the only race-horse I have ever owned, and in the following spring I received an intimation from the trainer, whose head-quarters were in the neighbourhood of Goodwood, that he had decided to try my "champion." Accordingly, with a large party of friends, I motored down to witness the great event, but, to the disappointment of all present, Beaucaire finished a dignified last in the trial, in which, if I remember rightly, six or seven other horses took part. I do not pretend for a moment to be a particularly enthusiastic race-goer, though I confess to having felt somewhat disappointed at Beaucaire's ignominious display, but my trainer seemed in no way perturbed, remarking that the reason why the two-year-old had performed in such inglorious fashion was that he had refused to face the starting-gate.

There and then it was therefore agreed that the trial should be run again, and after the trainer had given the most careful instructions imaginable to the other jockeys—I think he must have threatened all the riders with instant dismissal if they even dared to finish in front of my worthy steed—Beaucaire managed to finish first after a great struggle. In public, unfortunately, he consistently refused to repeat this ambitious policy, for on each occasion he ran Beaucaire comported himself in a manner reminiscent of the speed of a funeral horse, and eventually I disposed of him at a price which I believe horse-dealers are wont to term "cat's-meat."

Whether Beaucaire is in the land of the living or not to-day I do not pretend to know. The last time I saw this blue-blooded race-horse, however, was between the shafts of a hansom cab as I was going to Waterloo. I at once hailed the driver, but, evidently with memories of his first trial still clear in his mind, Beaucaire thought that it would be an unseemly action on his part to hustle. Anyway, he made me miss my train.

About this time, by the way, there was at the theatre a small call-boy on whom Nature had bestowed an abundant supply of bright flaming red hair. Two or three days before Beaucaire first showed off his paces in public several members of my company put their heads together and decided to work off a most ingenious practical joke. Accordingly,

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the red-haired call-boy was dressed up as a jockey, in colours, top-boots, and so forth. I had just entered my dressing-room when a card was sent in, the bearer saying that "Mr. Waller's jockey was waiting to receive his instructions from the owner."

Now, I am not an expert on matters connected with the Turf, and turning round to my business manager I somewhat nervously remarked that I had no idea what instructions to give. However, it is an owner's duty, I suppose, to give his jockey some instructions or other, so rather than send my visitor



"IN FULL RACING KIT, THE RED-HAIRED CALL-BOY WAS USHERED UP."

"empty away" I told my dresser to ask the jockey to come round to my room. And forthwith, in full racing kit, the red-haired call-boy was ushered up. The orders I gave him, I may say, would not have helped him the least bit in the world to win a race—on a race-course.

Speaking of racing reminds me of another experience I had a few years ago. In company with some friends, Fred Terry among the number, I had gone down to Epsom on a coach. While having lunch someone remarked that he had got a special tip for the next race, which was to be run in a few minutes. Rather unwilling to leave lunch, most of the party decided to put on their money with a certain bookmaker who had a stand among the coaches, and who, at least so Fred Terry said, "was quite good enough to bet with."

I thought, however, that, in view of the wholesale onslaught on this particular bookmaker, it would, perhaps, be wise to play for safety by going over and having a little bet in the ring, just on the off-chance that perhaps the coach-bookmaker, who, if I remember rightly, rejoiced in the name of Mr. Bill Ellis, might find the strain upon his capital rather too pressing if, by any chance, the horse we had all backed should happen to catch the judge's eye.

I remained in the ring to see the horse in question win, and, on returning to our coach to congratulate my friends, to my astonishment I saw a small crowd of disappointed sportsmen, who informed me that the bookmaker could not pay, and that they had, therefore, derived no satisfaction out of the victory other than that which could be acquired from the possession of a gaily-coloured card, bearing the name

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and portrait of Mr. Bill Ellis and the equivocal and quite untrue statement—on this occasion, at any rate—"pay first past the post."

However, even in the face of dire adversity, actors must have their joke, and that night a card was sent in, both to Mr. Terry and myself, bearing the name "Bill Ellis," with a polite request for "two complimentary stalls" for the gentleman of that name.

Of all the characters I have played I regard Brutus as my favourite. My reason for this selection is that Brutus appeals to me as the most perfect man in the whole gallery of great Shakespearean characters, on account of his dignity and gentleness, his absolute sense of right and duty, his tenderness, and the love he bore to Portia.



LEWIS WALLER AS SIR WALTER RALEGH.
From a Photo. by Foulsham & Banfield.

Were I, however, to consider the matter from an actor's point of view of playing the part for a run, I should be inclined to select "Othello" or "Henry V.," for the reason that they are greater acting parts.

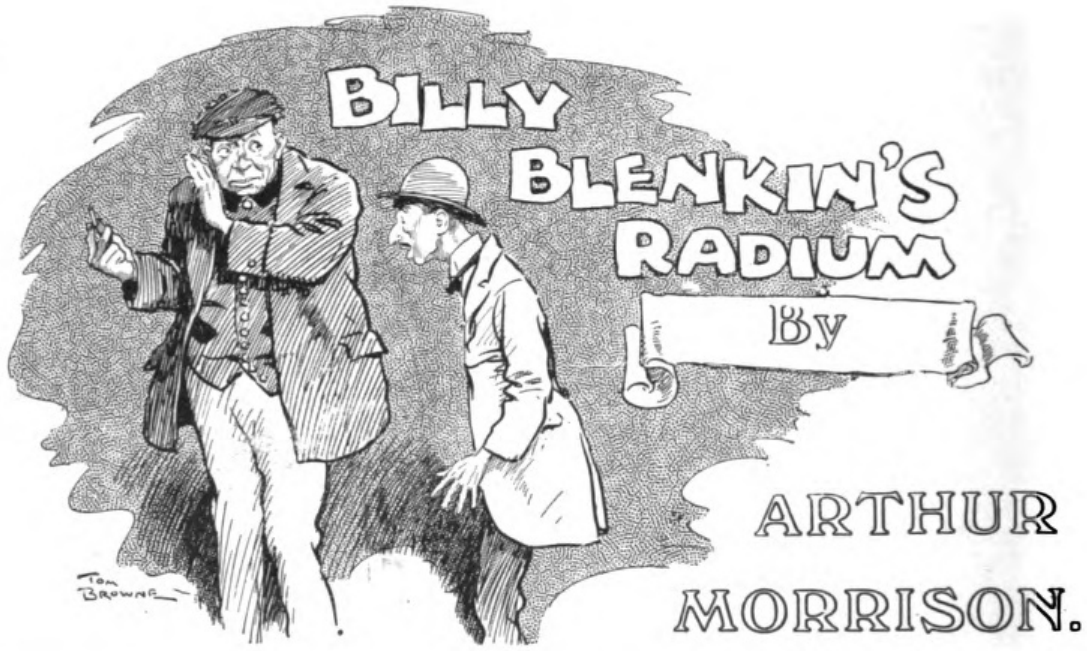
And now I have, I think, little further to add, for, as I have said, out of sheer thoughtfulness for those who are kind enough to read these few reminiscences, I will not inflict any more "catalogues" of parts, plays, and dates. It may, however, perhaps be of interest when I say that I have had the honour of having been commanded five times before their Majesties during the present reign. These performances have been :—

"A Marriage of Convenience" (Sandringham)	Nov. 13th, 1903.
"Monsieur Beaucaire" (Windsor)	Nov. 19th, 1904.
"Robin Hood" (Windsor) ...	Nov. 16th, 1906.
"Still Waters Run Deep" (jointly with Sir Charles Wyndham and Miss Mary Moore) (Windsor)	Nov. 16th, 1907.
"The Duke's Motto" (Windsor)	Nov. 20th, 1908.

A question, by the way, I am often asked is "whether, during the last decade or so, I have noticed any change in the taste of London audiences." In reply I may say that, past a doubt, during the last fifteen years there has been a greater demand for lighter plays, with the result that, obviously, there is less chance for serious plays than formerly. Indeed, there is now not a little risk in producing a serious play, while I am inclined to think that the taste for Shakespeare is confined to a smaller circle than was the case, say, twenty years ago.

As far as my own personal taste is concerned, with the exception of Shakespearean and classical comedy, I should prefer to act in comedies of the style of those which Sir Charles Wyndham used to play after he had given up the farces associated with his management of the Criterion Theatre. There is, however, unfortunately, not a little difficulty in obtaining such plays, for there does not appear to be, at the present time, a superfluity of writers capable of writing good modern plays.

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THE tale of old Billy Blenkin and his attempt to finance a burglary was told, and Snorkey Timms refreshed his throat and filled his pipe once more from my pouch.

"Yes," he said, "it *was* rough on poor old Billy, and all his beautiful respectableness went pop. Anybody else would ha' starved after he came out from his six months; but Billy was all ready. He played one stroke and went—he ain't been seen in these parts ever since. Emigrated, I expect. Nobody'd want to stop after sich a stroke as that, unless he wanted to fight 'arf 'Oxton and Kingsland Road all at once, and old Billy was no sich mug."

"What sort of stroke was this, then?" I asked.

Snorkey Timms sucked at his pipe and grinned softly and long. "What 'ud you think o' liftin' about a million quids' worth o' radium off a doctor in a bus?" he said.

"A million?" I queried.

"Well, I won't swear to the 'zact figures," replied Snorkey, "but it was one o' them precious large lots o' money what little bits o' radium's worth when you read about 'em in the papers. P'r'aps it was a thousand. I 'eard about it through Jimmy Spicer—a little chap as kep' a little wardrobe shop up Bacchus Walk. Jimmy hadn't always got the same shop; sometimes it was another one, and sometimes it was a stall; and once or twice Jimmy's only shop was Coldbath Fields, consekence o' bein' a bit careless what he bought. But Jimmy wasn't easy discouraged, and was always expectin' his next venture to turn out a fortune for him and his missis, what was about three times his size and twice as determined, though not more'n half as hopeful.

"A little while after old Billy Blenkin was out after his troubles with that five quid, and when the Mission Hallers wouldn't have nothing to say to him, Jimmy Spicer met him, very full o' news and mystery. 'Good mornin', Mr. Spicer,' says old Billy, very quiet and confidential. 'I s'pose you've read the news about that there little bit o' radium?'

"'No,' says Jimmy, 'I don't think so. What is it?'

"Old Billy, twice as mysterious as ever, pulls out a day before yesterday's newspaper. 'I wonder you ain't heard of it,' says he; 'it's in all the papers, and quite the shout jist now. Read that.'

"So Jimmy Spicer took the paper, and there he read a report all about how a very swell doctor from a 'orspital had managed to lose one o' them tiny little bits o' radium, and thought it must ha' been in a bus. It was in a little bit of a glass phial, it seemed, not more'n an inch and a half long, and all the doctor knew about it was that soon after he got out o' the bus it wasn't in his waistcoat

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pocket, and he s'posed he must ha' dropped it. And then the paper went on to say what a fearful lot o' money that little bit o' radium was worth—a million quid, or a thousand, or whatever it was.

"Jimmy read it all through and licked his lips over the big figures. 'That's a bit of all right for the chap as finds it,' he said.

"'Yes,' says old Billy, coughin' be'ind 'is 'and. 'Yes. As it 'appens, that there doctor's a old friend o' mine.'

"'Is he?' says Jimmy, surprised. 'Pore chap!'

"'Yes,' says old Billy, not noticin' Jimmy's clumsy compliment. 'Yes, he's a very old friend o' mine. Did you ever 'appen to see any radium?'

"'Why, no!' says Jimmy.

"'Ah,' says old Billy, 'not many 'ave. Here's another thing you might read. I cut it out o' *Home Chips*.' And he lugs out a bit o' paper from his pocket.

"Jimmy reads the new piece, gettin' more excited every line. He was always excited about anything worth money. The piece was a interview with some scientific toff as had some radium of his own. It told all about how there wasn't 'arf a fistful of it in the wide wide, and if there was the Bank of England 'ud bust itself if it tried to buy it. Then it described what the little bit looked like what the scientific toff had got. 'Professor Simpson holds before our eyes,' it said, 'a tiny glass bottle, in the bottom of which lie a few grains of a dull-looking metallic powder. This, then, is the mysterious substance of which we hear so much, and this pinch of uninteresting-looking dust is worth a fortune!'

"'Lor'!' says little Jimmy; 'wonderful, ain't it?'

"'Yes,' says old Billy, lookin' at Jimmy dreamy-like; 'he was a old friend o' mine—that doctor as lost his bit. And I 'appened to be in the bus at the time.'

"'Lummy!' says Jimmy Spicer; 'you don't say so!'

"'Yes,' says Billy, 'I was; and I'll prove it. 'Ere's the stuff itself!' And he pulls out a bit of a glass bottle half as long as your little finger.

"Jimmy Spicer hadn't got enough eyes to stare with, and he 'arf choked hisself with excitement. There sure enough was a little bit o' dusty-looking dirty-yeller powder in the bottle, just enough to cover the bottom.

"'G'lor'!' busts out Jimmy. 'Then you—you got it off of him!'

"Old Billy puts his head aside and smiles very meek. 'He was a *very* old friend o' mine,' he says. 'Sometimes you don't mind takin' a liberty with a old friend; and I sort o' felt I might as well 'ave that radium.'

"'What are you goin' to do with it?' says Jimmy Spicer.

"'Well,' says old Billy, 'I been a-thinkin' about it, and I don't quite know. It's worth a rare lot o' money, you can see that from the papers. Of course, as a erring human creature, I'm tempted to keep it, but times are 'ard, and I don't like keepin' a thing belongin' to a old friend like that doctor; cured me of pneumatic information, he did, more'n once. So in case I might be tempted to sell it, I think I'll give it him back.'

"'What?' screams Jimmy, shocked and 'orrified. 'Give it back? You're off your napper! Give back that radium? It's positive wicked! What for?'

"'Why,' says old Billy, 'p'r'aps it ain't quite right I should have it—lots o' people might think so. I'm quite sure that doctor 'ud think so hisself, and p'r'aps he suspects I've got it. I'm a bit afraid he does, in fact, and that kind o' makes me feel conscientious about it. Takin' it by and large, I think I'd better repent; p'r'aps he'd stand a reward for my honesty.'

"'No,' says Jimmy, very eager, 'don't do that. I'm sure he wouldn't stand anythink; he'd 'ave you jugged as soon as look at you, a feller like that. But it's quite right to repent, you know—you ought to; only not with the stuff on you—it ain't safe. You repent, and I'll give you five bob for the stuff. See?'

"But old Billy didn't see it a bit, at the price. 'Five bob?' he says. 'Why, it's ridic'lous. I'm game enough to repent, but not for five bob. Five quid, now, I might think about.'

"So they argued it out longways, little Jimmy Spicer tellin' old Billy what a awful risk he was runnin' goin' about with the swag on him, and how ungrateful it 'ud be to his old friend the doctor to try to make a lot o' money out of it—especially as he couldn't try to sell sich a thing without being pinched on the spot. And, after all, old Billy took a quid and 'anded over the radium, with tears in his eyes.

"'It's a fortune I'm givin' you,' he said, 'and I 'ope you won't forget it if ever I'm 'ard up. I shall never 'ave a fortune o' my own; I'm too conscientious!'

"Jimmy Spicer rushed 'ome to tell his wife, but half-way he stopped and bought *Home Chips*, in case she mightn't understand.

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She *didn't* understand at first, but when she got the hang of the business and rumbled the fact that the little bit o' dust in the bottle meant one o' them fortunes you write with a one and a lot o' noughts, she grabbed the bottle and stuck to it tight. She said she wasn't goin' to give Jimmy a chance o' squanderin' of it backin' losers or any sich foolishness as that, and she meant to take care of the family capital till there was a tore off her head half-a-dozen times by some of her friends. Them she partic'lar favoured she said wasn't lookin' well, and she'd take 'em for a blow in the noo motah!

"But Jimmy Spicer was busy skirmishin'—not that it did much good. It cost quite a lot in drinks, though, because the only idea he began with was getting talking casual with anybody as would, and leadin' on gradually to radium. It was surprisin' what a lot of



"SHE WENT ROUND PUTTIN' ON MOST RABUNCULOUS AIRS."

proper chance o' turnin' it into the real 'ard stuff. So she just surrounded that bottle o' radium, and all poor Jimmy could do he couldn't find out where she hid it. It was no good askin' questions; she was three times his size, as I think I've told you, and twice as determined; and now the fortune 'ad come at last she wasn't goin' to risk Jimmy doin' anything with it except skirmish out and find 'ow to make money of it. As for her, not wantin' to waste time, she took the best 'at and shawl out o' the shop and went round puttin' on most rabunculous airs in advance. She practised comin' the lawfty to sich a extent that, if she 'adn't been a precious large woman, she'd ha' had the 'at people wasn't too proud to talk in consideration of drinks, and surprisin' what a little they knew about radium when it come to the point. Some of 'em had read bits in the papers, though, and pretty soon Jimmy began buyin' *Home Chips* and *Nobby Bits* reg'lar, and cuttin' out all the things about radium. For a long time he didn't get much out of them 'cept figures and centigrammes and things, but the figures excited him most outrageous, and he got more anxious than ever to find where his missis had hid the little bottle. He tried the whole house, and broke quite a lot of things afore he made up his mind his missis must keep it somewhere about 'er. As soon as he made quite sure o'

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that he got all of a sudden most wonderful affectionate, and went a-chasin' his missis about and huggin' and cuddlin' of her all over the place, pattin' and squeejin' of her most lovin' to find out where the stuff was stowed. It was sich a novelty for Mrs. Spicer she couldn't understand it, and swiped 'im over the head with anything as come fust. She said she'd take the poker to him next time 'e came 'ome dangerous drunk like that.

"So Jimmy never found out exactly where his missis hid the radium, though it turned out it *was* about her somewhere. It come out 'cos of a piece he found in a noo number of *Home Chips*. He came 'ome with it, chucklin' all the way to think what a jolt he was goin' to give her. 'Look here,' he says, as soon as he see her, 'here's somethink most uncommon interestin' about radium. Listen: "*In regard to the recent loss of a quantity of radium in a London omnibus, it may not be generally known that most seriously dangerous results arise from the carrying of the smallest quantity of this remarkable mineral near the human body. Malignant ulcers are formed, leading to many painful and obscure diseases.*"'

"'What?' screams the missis. 'What?' And with one bounce she was in the bedroom, and Jimmy could hear her things rippin' and floppin' as she tore 'em off. In about four seconds she was back at the door, lookin' like half a ton o' stock out o' the wardrobe shop, with the bottle o' radium in the end of a pair o' tongs.

"'Here y'are!' says she. 'Take yer precious radium! Jist like a man, puttin' all the risk on yer pore wife! Want to get me out of the way, don't ye? Jist you wait till I've tied meself up agen, you cowardly little blaggard, that's all! I'll show ye!'

"'But 'old on, Maria!' says Jimmy; 'you didn't wait to hear it all. Here's the rest: "*These unpleasant results, however, may be effectually prevented by wrapping the vessel containing the radium in lead foil.*"'

"'What?' shouts the missis again, goin' nearly black in the face. 'What? And you let me carry it about without any lead foil on it all this time! You murderer! Ow!'



"'WHAT?' ROARS THE PAWNBROKER. 'ANOTHER OF YER?'"

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And with that she chucks one o' them fits when they scream and kick their heels on the ground.

"The best physic Jimmy could think of for fits and fury was whisky, so he skipped out and got a bottle. It acted pretty well, and after a while the missis was a bit consoled, though nervous still, and rather threatenin'. And Jimmy very carefully took the lead-foil cap from the cork and wrapped it all round the bottle o' radium. When she see that, the missis got businesslike again, snatched it, and went back with it to tie herself up. So Jimmy lost sight o' that precious metal once more for a bit.

"But it *was* only for a bit. Jimmy decided he must keep on gettin' educated about radium, and he went in such a buster for papers and magazines he very nigh ruined hisself. He fetched home a big armful about twice a day, and raked 'em all through for information about radium, till he found a little article in one of 'em that said the lead foil wrapped outside a bottle o' radium didn't really prevent it actin' on the human frame, but only made it strike deeper internal. When she read that, Jimmy's missis caught him one whang over the ear with a shovel, and then chucked her clothes off final and went to bed, groanin' pitiful. She said the pains all over the inside of her was more than ord'nary Hoxton language could tell; and she called him to witness that there wasn't one single mark on the outside of her, which proved how horrid deep it had struck internal, and she 'oped he was satisfied now he'd killed her at last.

"Poor Jimmy fished out the little bottle from under the heap o' clothes, rolled it up in a lot o' brown paper, and hung it on a string to a nail, where it couldn't touch nothink. He was beginnin' to get a bit sick of his fortune, and he went out to think things over and get away from Mrs. Spicer's dyin' groans. The first friend he met invited him to have a drink, and then began to ask him if he knew anything about radium. This gave Jimmy a bit of a guilty start, and he got away from that friend as soon as the glass was empty. But that wasn't the only start he got that day, nor the worst. Two other friends offered him drinks, one after the other, and then led the conversation round, very artful, to radium. Both of 'em did it. Jimmy was that frightened he left half the last drink in the glass and bolted. It seemed pretty plain there was a general suspicion got about that he had that radium; so he made up his mind to make what he could on it, quick, or at any rate, put it out of hand for a bit. So he went into a pawnbroker's and asked if they'd buy some radium, or lend a thousand or two on some.

"'What?' roars the pawnbroker; '*another* of yer? You're a funny joker, ain't you? What sort of a game d'ye call it, eh?'

"He was that fierce that Jimmy almost galloped out o' the shop and down the street, quite bewildered. What was the matter with everythink?

"He got home and found the missis sittin' up angrier than ever, if possible. She wanted to know why he'd gone out and left her alone to die, and why he hadn't fetched the doctor. He said it wouldn't do to tell a doctor about the radium, but she wanted to know what was the good o' radium or anythink else, to a woman as was dyin' by inches. Jimmy began to think serious about takin' that radium back to the doctor as had lost it and gettin' a reward, since it seemed he couldn't get nothing else. So he took down the little brown-paper parcel from the nail, holdin' it very careful by the string, and walked off to have a look at the board outside the police-station, where they stick up rewards and found-drowneds and sich.

"Sure enough, when he got there, there *was* a reward bill, offerin' fifty quid for the little bottle o' radium, supposed to ha' been lost in a omnibus. Fifty quid was a long way short o' what he had expected, but then it was a long way better than nothing and another dose of Coldbath Fields; and Jimmy felt very uneasy about them two or three friends as had been pumpin' him about radium that very afternoon. And then, just as he was a-thinkin' of it, a hand drops on his shoulder and there stands one o' the very chaps hisself!

"Poor Jimmy very near dropped in a heap, but the chap winks to him confidential. 'Look 'ere,' says the chap; 'no hank, just between ourselves now. S'pose you'd got that there radium, what 'ud you do? Would you take that there reward, or could you sell it better? You might tell a pal.'

"'I—I'm a honest man,' says Jimmy, as proud as he could manage, but tremblin' horrid. 'I'm a honest man, and I'm a-goin' to take it back to the gentleman. I was jist lookin' to see his address.'

"'Oh, you was, was you?' says the chap, starin'. '*You* was goin' to take it back? How?'

"'In this here parcel,' says Jimmy, holdin' up the bunch o' brown paper on the end of the string. 'I'm a straightforward, honest man, I am, and I don't conceal nothing.'



"POOR JIMMY VERY NEAR DROPPED IN A HEAP."

"The chap stared harder than ever. Then he whispered, 'Come round the corner,' and Jimmy went.

"'Look here,' says the chap, 'did you say *you'd* got that radium?'

"'Yes,' says Jimmy. 'I ain't afraid to say it. I came by it honest, I did, in a bus. At least, my missis sat on it, and she's——'

"'Hold 'ard!' says the chap. '*I've* got that radium!'

"'You?' says Jimmy. '*You?*'

"'Yes,' says the chap, 'and 'ere it is. I've been worried to death what to do with it, 'cos in fact it's worth a fortune—thousands. I've been askin' all kinds o' people about it on the quiet, but I couldn't find out how to sell it. It's in this little bottle.' And the chap pulls out jist sich another little bottle as Jimmy's.

"Jimmy went giddy with a awful suspicion. 'That—that's all your humbug,' he said. 'I—I'm goin' to the gentleman at the 'orspital——'

"'I'll come, too,' says the chap. 'I want that reward!'

"So they started off together. Half-way to the 'orspital Jimmy pulled 'isself a bit together and stopped. 'How much did you give Billy Blenkin for that bottle?' he said.

"'Ten bob,' says the chap.

"'Then I believe I'm twice as big a mug as you,' groans Jimmy. 'But we'll see.'

"When they got to the 'orspital and asked the porter for Dr. Sowter the man grinned all over his face. 'What's this?' says he. 'More radium? Show us yer little bottle!'

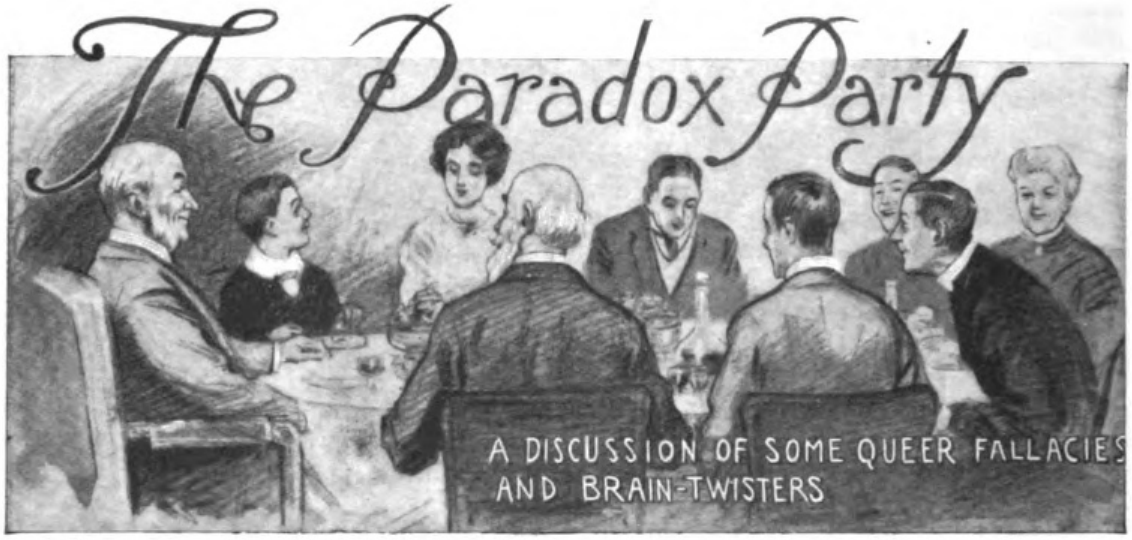
"'We come to see Dr. Sowter on private business,' says Jimmy, doin' the sniffy.

"'Oh, yus,' says the porter, 'and so 'ave about twenty-seven more of you, all with bottles o' brass filin's. Dr. Sowter's about fed up with them bottles o' brass filin's, and he says they're all to be left at this lodge or else took straight away. So you jist take your choice. I only wonder he ain't had some o' you locked up.'

"And that was the end of Jimmy Spicer's fortune," concluded Snorkey. "We've bid a long good-bye to old Billy Blenkin—we sha'n't ever see him again down this way. He must ha' made about forty quid out o' that penn'orth o' brass filin's. And I should be surprised if he paid for the penn'orth, either."

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The Paradox Party



By HENRY E. DUDENEY.

Author of "The Canterbury Puzzles: and Other Curious Problems," etc.

"IT is a wonderful age!" said Mr. Allgood, and everybody at the table turned towards him and assumed an attitude of expectancy.

This was an ordinary Christmas dinner of the Allgood family, with a sprinkling of local friends. Nobody would have supposed that the above remark would lead, as it did, to a succession of curious puzzles and paradoxes, to which every member of the party contributed something of interest. The little symposium was quite unpremeditated, so we must not be too critical respecting a few of the posers that were forthcoming. The varied character of the contributions is just what we would expect on such an occasion, for it was a gathering not of expert mathematicians and logicians, but of quite ordinary folk.

"It is a wonderful age!" repeated Mr. Allgood. "A man has just designed a square house in such a cunning manner that all the windows on the four sides have a south aspect."

"That would appeal to me," said Mrs. Allgood, "for I cannot endure a room with a north aspect."

"I cannot conceive how it is done," Uncle John confessed. "I suppose he puts bay windows on the east and west sides, but how on earth can he contrive to look south from the north side? Does he use mirrors, or something of that kind?"

"No," replied Mr. Allgood, "nothing of the sort. All the windows are flush with the walls, and yet you get a southerly prospect



"EVERYTHING IS DUE SOUTH."

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from every one of them. You see, there is no real difficulty in designing the house if you select the proper spot for its erection. Now, this house is designed for a gentleman who proposes to build it exactly at the North Pole. If you think a moment you will realize that when you stand at the North Pole it is impossible, no matter which way you may turn, to look elsewhere than due south! There are no such directions as north, east, or west when you are exactly at the North Pole. Everything is due south!"

"I am afraid, mother," said her son George, after the laughter had subsided, "that, however much you might like the aspect, the situation would be a little too bracing for you."

"Ah, well!" she replied. "Your Uncle John fell also into the trap. I am no good at catches and puzzles. I suppose I haven't the right sort of brain. Perhaps someone will explain this to me. Only last week I remarked to my hairdresser that it had been said that there are more persons in the world than any one of them has hairs on his head. He replied, 'Then it follows, madam, that two persons, at least, must have exactly the same number of hairs on their heads.' If this is a fact, I confess I cannot see it."



"HE TRIED TO EXPLAIN THIS BY PLACING A VISITING-CARD ON AN ORANGE AND EXPOUNDING THE LAW OF GRAVITATION."

"How do the bald-headed affect the question?" asked Uncle John.

"If there are such persons in existence," replied Mrs. Allgood, "who haven't a solitary hair on their heads discoverable under a magnifying-glass, we will leave them out of the question. Still, I don't see how you are to prove that at least two persons have exactly the same number to a hair."

"I think I can make it clear," said Mr. Filkins, who had dropped in for the evening. "Assume the population of the world to be only one million. Any number will do as well as another. Then your statement was to the effect that no person has more than nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine hairs on his head. Is that so?"

"Let me think," said Mrs. Allgood. "Yes—yes—that is correct."

"Very well, then. As there are only nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine *different* ways of bearing hair, it is clear that the millionth person must repeat one of those ways. Do you see?"

"Yes; I see that—at least, I think I see it."

"Therefore two persons at least must have the same number of hairs on their heads; and, as the number of people on the earth so greatly exceeds the number of hairs on any one person's head, there must, of course, be an immense number of these repetitions."

"But, Mr. Filkins," said little Willie Allgood, "why could not the millionth man have, say, ten thousand hairs and a half?"

"That is mere hair-splitting, Willie, and does not come into the question."

"Here is a curious paradox," said George. "If a thousand soldiers are drawn up in battle array on a plane"—they understood him to mean "plain"—"only one man will stand upright."

Nobody could see why. But George explained that, according to Euclid, a plane can touch a sphere only at one point, and that person only who stands at that point, with respect to the centre of the earth, will stand upright.

"In the same way," he remarked, "if a billiard-table were quite level—that is, a perfect plane—the balls ought to roll to the centre."

Though he tried to explain this by placing a visiting-card on an orange and expounding the law of gravitation, Mrs. Allgood declined to accept the statement. She could not see that the top of a true billiard table must, theoretically, be spherical, just like a portion of the orange-peel that George cut out. Of course, the table is so small in porportion to the surface of the earth that the curvature is not appreciable, but it is nevertheless true in theory. A surface that we call level is not the same as our idea of a true geometrical plane.

"Uncle John," broke in Willie Allgood, "there is a certain island situated between England and France, and yet that island is farther from France than England is. What is the island?"

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"That seems absurd, my boy, because if I place this tumbler, to represent the island, between these two plates, it seems impossible that the tumbler can be farther from either of the plates than they are from each other."

"But isn't Guernsey between England and France?" asked Willie.

"Yes, certainly."

"Well, then, I think you will find, uncle, that Guernsey is about twenty-six miles from France, and England is only twenty-one miles from France, between Calais and Dover."

"My mathematical master," said George,



"'PERHAPS,' SUGGESTED MR. ALLGOOD, 'THE RULE DOES NOT APPLY TO LIQUIDS.'"

"has been trying to induce me to accept the axiom that 'if equals be multiplied by equals the products are equal.'"

"It is self-evident," pointed out Mr. Filkins. "For example—if three feet equal one yard, then twice three feet will equal two yards. Do you see?"

"But, Mr. Filkins," asked George, "is this tumbler half full of water equal to a similar glass half empty?"

"Certainly, George."

"Then it follows from the axiom that a glass full must equal a glass empty. Is that correct?"

"No; clearly not. I never thought of it in that light."

"Perhaps," suggested Mr. Allgood, "the rule does not apply to liquids."

"Just what I was thinking, Allgood. It would seem that we must make an exception in the case of liquids."

"But it would be awkward," said George, with a smile, "if we also had to except the case of solids. For instance, let us take the solid earth. One mile square equals one square mile. Therefore, two miles square must equal two square miles. Is this so?"

"Well, let me see! No; of course not," Mr. Filkins replied, "because two miles square is four square miles."

"Then," said George, "if the axiom is not true in these cases, when is it true?"

Mr. Filkins promised to look into the matter, and perhaps the reader will also like to give it consideration at leisure.

"Look here, George," said his cousin, Reginald Woolley; "by what fractional part does four-fourths exceed three-fourths?"

"By one-fourth!" shouted everybody at once.

"Try another one," George suggested.

"With pleasure, when you have answered that one correctly," was Reginald's reply.

"Do you mean to say that it isn't one-fourth?"

"Certainly I do."

Several members of the company failed to see that the correct answer is "one-third," although Reginald tried to explain that three of anything, if increased by one-third, becomes four.

"Uncle John, how do you pronounce 't-o-o'?" asked Willie.

"'Too,' my boy."

"And how do you pronounce 't-w-o'?"

"That is also 'too.'"

"Then how do you pronounce the second day of the week?"

"Well, that I should pronounce 'Tuesday,' not 'Toosday.'"

"Would you really? I should pronounce it 'Monday.'"

"If you go on like this, Willie," said Uncle John, with mock severity, "you will soon be without a friend in the world."

"Can any of you write down quickly in figures 'twelve thousand twelve hundred and twelve pounds'?" asked Mr. Allgood.

His eldest daughter, Miss Mildred, was the only person who happened to have a pencil at hand.

"It can't be done," she declared, after making an attempt on the white table-cloth,



"'IT CAN'T BE DONE,' SHE DECLARED."

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but Mr. Allgood showed her that it should be written, "£13,212."

"Now it is my turn," said Mildred. "I have been waiting to ask you all a question. In the Massacre of the Innocents under Herod, a number of poor little children were buried in the sand with only their feet sticking out. How might you distinguish the boys from the girls?"

"I suppose," said Mrs. Allgood, "it is a conundrum—something to do with their poor little 'souls.'"

But after everybody had given it up, Mildred reminded the company that only boys were put to death.

"Once upon a time," began George, "Achilles had a race with a tortoise——"

"Stop, George!" interposed Mr. Allgood. "We won't have that one. I knew two men in my youth who were once the best of friends, but they quarrelled over that infernal thing of Zeno's, and they never spoke to one another again for the rest of their lives. I draw the line at that, and the other stupid thing by Zeno about the flying arrow. I don't believe anybody understands them, because I could never do so myself."



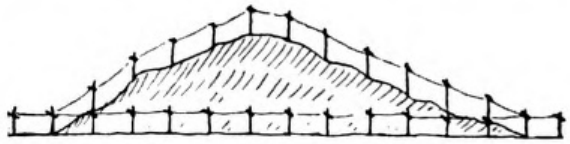
"MR. SMOOTHLY, THE CURATE, SAID THAT HE HAD A LITTLE QUESTION TO ASK."

"Oh, very well, then, father. Here is another. The Post Office people were about to erect a line of telegraph-posts over a high hill from Turmitville to Wurzleton, but, as it was found that a railway company was making a deep level cutting in the same direction, they arranged to put up the posts beside the line. Now, the posts were to be a hundred yards apart, the length of the road over the hill being five miles, and the length of the level cutting only four and a half miles. How many posts did they save by erecting them on the level?"

"That is a very simple matter of calculation," said Mr. Filkins. "Find how many times one hundred yards will go in five miles, and how many times in four and a half miles. Then deduct one from the other and you have the number of posts saved by the shorter route."

"Quite right," confirmed Mr. Allgood. "Nothing could be easier."

"That is just what the Post Office people said," replied George, "but it is quite wrong. If you look at this sketch that I have just made, you will see that there is no difference whatever. If the posts are a hundred yards apart, just the same number will be required on the level as over the surface of the hill."



A DIAGRAM SHOWING HOW THE TELEGRAPH-POSTS WERE ARRANGED.

"Surely you must be wrong, George," said Mrs. Allgood, "for if the posts are a hundred yards apart and it is half a mile farther over the hill, you have to put up posts on that extra half mile."

"Look at the diagram, mother. You will see that the distance from post to post is not the distance from base to base measured along the ground. I am just the same distance from you if I stand on this spot on the carpet or stand immediately above it on the chair."

But Mrs. Allgood was not convinced.

Mr. Smoothly, the curate, at the end of the table, said at this point that he had a little question to ask.

"Suppose the earth were a perfect sphere with a smooth surface, and a girdle of steel were placed round the Equator so that it touched at every point."

"'I'll put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes,'" muttered George, quoting the words of Puck, in "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

"Now, if six yards were added to the length of the girdle, what would then be the distance between the girdle and the earth, supposing that distance to be equal all round?"

"In such a great length," said Mr. Allgood, "I do not suppose the distance would be worth mentioning."

"What do you say, George?" asked Mr. Smoothly.

"Well, without calculating, I should imagine it would be a very minute fraction of an inch."

Reginald and Mr. Filkins were of the same opinion.

"I think it will surprise you all," said the curate, "to learn that those extra six yards

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would make the distance from the earth all round the girdle very nearly a yard!"

"Very nearly a yard!" everybody exclaimed, with astonishment; but Mr. Smoothly was quiet correct. The increase is independent of the original length of the girdle, which may be round the earth or round an orange; in any case the additional six yards will give a distance of nearly a yard all round. This is apt to surprise the non-mathematical mind.

"Did you hear the story of the extraordinary precocity of Mrs. Perkins's baby that died last week?" asked Mrs. Allgood. "It was only three months old, and lying at the point of death, when the grief-stricken mother asked the doctor if nothing could save it. 'Absolutely nothing!' said the doctor. Then the infant looked up pitifully into its mother's face and said — absolutely nothing!"

"Impossible!" insisted Mildred. "And only three months old!"

"There have been extraordinary cases of infantile precocity," said Mr. Filkins, "the truth of which has often been carefully attested. But are you sure this really happened, Mrs. Allgood?"

"Positive," replied the lady. "But do you really think it astonishing that a child of three months should say absolutely nothing? What would you expect it to say?"

"Speaking of death," said Mr. Smoothly, solemnly, "I knew two men, father and son, who died in the same battle during the South African War. They were both named Andrew Johnson and buried side by side, but there was some difficulty in distinguishing them on the head-stones. What would you have done?"

"Quite simple," said Mr. Allgood. "They should have described one as 'Andrew Johnson, Senior,' and the other as 'Andrew Johnson, Junior.'"

"But I forgot to tell you that the father died first."

"What difference can that make?"

"Well, you see, they wanted to be absolutely exact, and that was the difficulty."

"But I don't see any difficulty," said Mr. Allgood, nor could anybody else.

"Well," explained Mr. Smoothly, "it is like this. If the father died first, the son was then no longer 'Junior.' Is that so?"

"To be strictly exact, yes."

"That is just what they wanted—to be strictly exact. Now, if he was no longer 'Junior,' then he did not die 'Junior.' Consequently it must be incorrect so to describe him on the head-stone. Do you see the point?"

"Here is a rather curious thing," said Mr. Filkins, "that I have just remembered. A man wrote to me the other day that he had recently discovered two old coins while digging in his garden. One was dated '51 B.C.' and the other one marked 'George I.' How do I know that he was not writing the truth?"

"Perhaps you know the man to be addicted to lying," said Reginald.

"But that would be no proof that he was not telling the truth in this instance."

"Perhaps," suggested Mildred, "you know that there were no coins made at those dates."

"On the contrary, they were made at both periods."

"Were they silver or copper coins?" asked Willie.

"My friend did not state, and I really cannot see, Willie, that it makes any difference."

"I see it!" shouted Reginald. "The letters 'B.C.' would never be used on a coin made before the birth of Christ. They never anticipated the event in that way. The letters were only adopted later to denote dates previous to those which we call 'A.D.' That is very good; but I cannot see why the other statement could not be correct."

"Reginald is quite right," said Mr. Filkins, "about the first coin. The second one could not exist, because the first George would never be described in his lifetime as 'George I.'"

"Why not?" asked Mrs. Allgood. "He *was* George I."

"Yes; but they would not know it until there was a George II."

"Then there was no George II. until George III. came to the throne!"

"That does not follow. The second George becomes 'George II.' on account of there having been a 'George I.'"

"Then the first George was 'George I.' on account of there having been no King of that name before him."

"Don't you see, mother," said George Allgood, "we did not call Queen Victoria 'Victoria I.,' but if there is ever a 'Victoria II.,' then she will be known that way."

"But there *have* been several Georges, and therefore he was 'George I.' There *haven't* been several Victorias, so the two cases are not similar."

They gave up the attempt to convince Mrs. Allgood, but the reader will, of course, see the point clearly.

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"Here is a question," said Mildred Allgood, "that I should like some of you to settle for me. I am accustomed to buy from our greengrocer large bundles of asparagus, each twelve inches in circumference. I always put a tape measure round them to make sure I am getting the full quantity. The other day the man had no large bundles in stock, but handed me instead two small ones, each six inches in circumference. 'That is the same thing,' I said, 'and, of course, the price will be the same,' but he insisted that the two bundles together contained more than the large one, and charged me a few pence extra. Now, what I want to know is, which of us was correct? Would the two small bundles contain the same quantity as the large one? Or would they contain more?"



"HE HANDED ME INSTEAD TWO SMALL ONES."

"That is the ancient puzzle," said Reginald, laughing, "of the sack of corn that Sempronius borrowed from Caius, which your greengrocer, perhaps, had been reading about somewhere. He caught you beautifully."

"Then they were equal?"

"On the contrary, you were both wrong, and you were badly cheated. You only got half the quantity that would have been contained in a large bundle, and therefore ought to have been charged half the original price, instead of more."

Yes, it was a bad swindle, undoubtedly. A circle with a circumference half that of another must have its area a quarter that of the other. Therefore the two small bundles contained together only half as much asparagus as a large one.

"Mr. Filkins, can you answer this?" asked Willie. "There is a man in the next village who eats two eggs for breakfast every morning."

"Nothing very extraordinary in that," George broke in. "If you told us that the two eggs ate the man it would be interesting."

"Don't interrupt the boy, George," said his mother.

"Well," Willie continued, "this man neither buys, borrows, barters, begs, steals, nor finds the eggs. He doesn't keep hens, and the eggs are not given to him. How does he get the eggs?"

"Does he take them in exchange for something else?" asked Mildred.

"That would be bartering them," Willie replied.

"Perhaps some friend sends them to him," suggested Mrs. Allgood.

"I said that they were not given to him."

"I know," said George, with confidence. "A strange hen comes into his place and lays them."

"But that would be finding them, wouldn't it?"

"Does he hire them?" asked Reginald.

"If so, he could not return them after they were eaten, so that would be stealing them."

"Perhaps it is a pun on the word 'lay,'" Mr. Filkins said. "Does he lay them on the table?"

"He would have to get them first, wouldn't he? The question was, How does he get them?"

"Give it up!" said everybody. Then little Willie crept round to the protection of his mother, for George was apt to be rough on such occasions.

"The man keeps ducks!" he cried, "and his servant collects the eggs every morning."

"But you said he doesn't keep birds!" George protested.

"I didn't, did I, Mr. Filkins? I said he doesn't keep hens."

"But he finds them," said Reginald.

"No; I said his servant finds them."

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"'THE MAN KEEPS DUCKS!' HE CRIED."

"Well, then," Mildred interposed, "his servant gives them to him."

"You cannot give a man his own property, can you?"

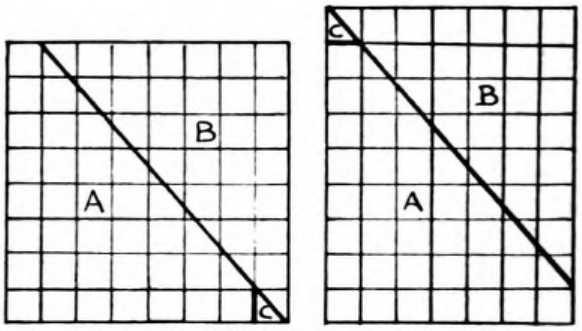
All agreed that Willie's answer was quite satisfactory. Then Uncle John produced a little fallacy that "brought the proceedings to a close," as the newspapers say.

"Here is a diagram of a chess-board," he said. "You see there are sixty-four squares—eight by eight. Now I draw a straight line from the top left-hand corner, where the first and second squares meet, to the bottom right-hand corner. I cut along this line with the scissors, slide up the piece that I have marked B, and then clip off the little corner C, by a cut along the first upright line. This little piece will exactly fit into its place at the top, and we now have an oblong with seven squares on one side and nine squares on the other. There are, therefore, now only sixty-three squares, because seven multiplied by nine makes sixty-three. Where on earth does that lost square go to? I have tried over and over again to catch the little beggar, but he always eludes me. For the life of me I cannot discover where he hides himself."

"It seems to be like the other old chess-board fallacy, and perhaps the explanation is the same," said Reginald, "that the pieces do not exactly fit."

"But they *do* fit," said Uncle John. "Try it, and you will see."

Later in the evening Reginald and George were seen in a corner, with their heads together, trying to catch that elusive little square, and it is only fair to record that before they retired for the night they succeeded in securing their prey, though some others of the company failed to see it when captured. Can the reader solve the little mystery?



THE CHESS-BOARD PROBLEM—"WHERE DOES THE LOST SQUARE GO TO?"

An explanation of the last fallacy will be given in the "Curiosities" pages of this Magazine next month.



"REGINALD AND GEORGE WERE SEEN IN A CORNER, WITH THEIR HEADS TOGETHER, TRYING TO CATCH THAT ELUSIVE LITTLE SQUARE."

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A Christmas Day in the Morning

by Grace S. Richmond

And all the angels in heaven do sing
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day;
And all the bells on earth do ring
On Christmas Day in the morning.
—Old Song.

THAT Christmas Day virtually began a whole year beforehand, with a letter written by Guy Fernald to his younger sister, Nan, who had been married to Samuel Burnett just two and a half years. The letter was read aloud by Mrs. Burnett to her husband at the breakfast-table, the second day after Christmas. From start to finish it was upon one subject, and it read as follows:—

Dear Nan,—It's a shame that not a soul of us all went home for Christmas—except me, and I only for a couple of hours. What have the blessed old folks done to us that we treat them like this? I was invited to the Sewalls' for the day, and went, of course—you know why. We had a ripping time, but toward evening I began to feel worried. I really thought Ralph was at home—he wrote to me that he might go that way for the holidays—but I knew the rest of you were all wrapped up in your own Christmas-trees and weren't going to get there.

Well, I took the 7.30 down and walked in on them. Sitting all alone by the fire, by George, just like the pictures you see of "The Birds All Flown," and that sort of thing. I felt gulpish in my throat, on my honour I did, when I looked at them. Mother just gave one gasp and flew into my arms, and dad got up more slowly—he has that confounded rheumatism worse than ever this winter—and came over, and I thought he'd shake my hand off. They were so glad to see me it made my throat ache.

Ralph had written he couldn't come, and of course you'd all written and sent them things—jolly things, and they appreciated them. But—hang it all—they were *lonely*—and the whole of us within a hundred miles, most within thirty!

Nan—next Christmas it's going to be different. That's all I say. I've got it all planned out. The idea popped into my head when I came away last night. Not that they had a word of blame—not they. They understood all about the children, and the cold weather, and all that. But that didn't make the thing any easier for them. As I say, next year—but you'll all hear from me then. Meanwhile—run down and see them once or twice this winter, will you, Nan? Somehow it struck me they aren't so young as—they used to be.

Splendid winter weather. Margaret Sewall's a peach, but I don't seem to make much headway. My best to Sam.

Your affectionate brother,
Guy.

Gay Nan had felt a slight choking in her own throat as she read this letter. "We really must make an effort to be there at Christmas next year, Sam," she said to her husband; and Sam assented cheerfully. He only wished there were a father and mother somewhere in the world for him to go home to.

Guy wrote the same sort of thing, with more or less detail, to Edson and Oliver, his married elder brothers; to Ralph, his unmarried brother, and to Carolyn—Mrs. Charles Wetmore, his other, and elder, married sister. He received varied and more or less sympathetic responses, to the effect that of course somebody would go next year. But they had all sent the nicest gifts they could find. Didn't Guy think mother liked those beautiful Russian sables Ralph sent her? And wasn't father pleased with his gold-headed cane from Oliver? Surely, with such presents pouring in from all the children, Father and Mother Fernald couldn't feel so awfully neglected.

"Gold headed cane be hanged!" Guy exploded, when he read this last sentence from the letter of Marian, Oliver's wife. "I'll bet she put him up to it. If anybody dares give me a gold-headed cane before I'm ninety-five

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I'll thrash them with it on the spot. He wasn't using it, either—bless him. He had his old hickory stick, and he wouldn't have had that if that abominable rheumatism hadn't gripped him so hard. He isn't old enough to use a cane, and Oliver ought to know it, if Marian doesn't. I'm glad I sent him that typewriter. He liked that, I know he did, and it'll amuse him, too—not make him think he's ready to die!"

Guy was not the fellow to forget anything which had taken hold of him as that pathetic Christmas home-coming had done. When the year had nearly rolled around, the first of December saw him at work getting his plans in trim. He began with his eldest brother, Oliver, because he considered Mrs. Oliver the hardest proposition he had to tackle in the carrying out of his idea.



"HE EXPOUNDED PATIENTLY AS THEY SAT AND STARED AT HIM."

"You see," he expounded, patiently, as they sat and stared at him, "it isn't that they aren't always awfully glad to see the whole family, children and all, but it just struck me it would do them a lot of good to revive old times. I thought if we could make it just as much like one of the old Christmases before anybody got married—hang up the stockings and all, you know—it would give them a jolly surprise. I propose that we shall all creep in in the night and go to bed in our old rooms. And then in the morning—see?"

Mrs. Oliver looked at him. An eager flush lit his still boyish face—Guy was twenty-eight—and his blue eyes were very bright. His lithe, muscular figure bent towards her pleadingly; all his arguments were aimed at her. Oliver sat back in his impassive way and watched them both. It could not be denied that it was Marian's decisions which usually ruled in matters of this sort.

"It seems to me a very strange plan," was Mrs. Oliver's comment, when Guy had laid the whole thing before her in the most tactful manner he could command. She spoke rather coldly. "It is not usual to think that families should be broken up like this on Christmas Day, of all days in the year. Four families with somebody gone—a mother or a father—just to please two elderly people who expect nothing of the sort, and who understand just why we can't all get home at once. Don't you think you are really asking a good deal?"

Guy kept his temper, though it was hard work. "It doesn't seem to me I am," he answered, quite gently. "It's only for once. I really don't think father and mother would care much what sort of presents we brought them, if we only came ourselves. Of course, I know I'm asking a sacrifice of each family, and it may seem almost an insult not to invite the children and all, yet—perhaps

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next year we'll try a gathering of all the clans. But just for this year—honestly—I do awfully wish you'd give me my way. If you'd seen those two last Christmas——"

He broke off, glancing appealingly at Oliver himself. To his surprise, that gentleman shifted his pipe to the corner of his mouth and put a few pertinent questions to his younger brother. Had he thought it all out? What time should they arrive there? How early on the day after Christmas could they get away? Was he positive they could all crowd into the house without rousing and alarming the pair?

"Certainly," Guy assured him quickly. "Marietta—well, you know I've had the soft side of her old heart since I was born, somehow. I talked it all over with her last year, and I'm all right with her. She'll work the game. You see, father's a bit deaf now——"

"Father deaf?"

"Didn't you know it?"

"Forgotten. But mother would hear us."

"No, she wouldn't. Don't you know how she trusts everything about the house to Marietta since she got that fall——"

"Mother get a fall?"

"Why, yes." Guy stared at his brother with some impatience. "Don't you remember she fell down the back stairs a year ago last October, and hurt her knee?"

"Certainly, Oliver," his wife interposed. "I wrote to tell her how sorry we were. But I supposed she had entirely recovered."

"She's a little bit lame, and always will be," said Guy, a touch of reproach in his tone. "Her knee stiffens up in the night, and she doesn't get up and go prowling about at the least noise, the way she used to. Marietta won't let her. So if we make a whisper of noise Marietta will tell her it's the cat or something. Good Lord! yes—it can be worked all right. The only thing that worries me is for fear I can't get you all to take up the scheme. On my word, Oliver"—he turned quite away from his sister-in-law's critical gaze and faced his brother with something like indignation in his frank young eyes—"don't we owe the old home anything but a present tied up in tissue paper once a year?"

Marian began to speak. She thought Guy was exceeding his rights in talking as if they had been at fault. It was not often that elderly people had so many children within call—loyal children, who would do anything within reason. But certainly a man owed something to his own family. And at Christmas! Why not carry out this plan at some other——

Her husband abruptly interrupted her. He took his pipe quite out of his mouth and spoke decidedly:—

"Guy, I believe you're right. I'll be sorry to desert my own kids, of course, but I rather think they can stand it for once. If the others fall into line, you may count on me."

Guy got away feeling that the worst of his troubles was over. In his younger sister, Nan, he hoped to find an ardent ally, and he was not disappointed. Carolyn—Mrs. Charles Wetmore—also fell in heartily with the plan. Ralph wrote that he would get home or break a leg. Edson thought the idea rather a foolish one, but was persuaded by Jessica, his wife—whom Guy privately declared a trump—that he must go by all means. And so they all did fall into line, and there remained for Guy only the working out of the details.

"Mrs. Fernald"—Marietta Cooley strove with all the decision of which she was capable to keep her high-pitched, middle-aged voice in order—"before you get to bed I'm almost forgetting what I was to ask you. I suppose you'll laugh, but Guy—he wrote me particular he wanted you and his father to"—Marietta's rather stern, thin face took on a curious expression—"to hang up your stockings.'

Mrs. Fernald paused in the doorway of the bedroom opening from the sitting-room downstairs. She looked back at Marietta with her gentle smile.

"Guy wrote that?" she asked. "Then—it almost looks as if he might be coming himself, doesn't it, Marietta?"

"Well, I don't know as I'd really expect him," Marietta replied, turning her face away and busying herself about the hearth. "I suppose what he meant was more in the way of a surprise for a Christmas present—something that'll go into a stocking, maybe."

"It's rather odd he should have written to you to ask me," mused Mrs. Fernald, as she looked out the stockings.

Marietta considered rapidly. "Well, I suppose he intended for me to get them on the sly without mentioning it to you, and put in what he sent, but I guessed you might like to fall in with his idea by hanging them up yourself, here by the chimney, where the children all used to do it. Here's the nails, same as they always was."

Mrs. Fernald found the stockings, and touched her husband on the shoulder as he sat unlacing his shoes.

"Father, Guy wrote he wanted us to hang

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up our stockings," she said, raising her voice a little and speaking very distinctly. The old man beside her looked up smiling.

"Well, well," he said, "anything to please the boy. It doesn't seem more than a year since he was a little fellow hanging up his own stocking, does it, mother?"

The stockings were hung in silence. They looked thin and lonely as they dangled beside the dying fire. Marietta hastened to make them less lonely. "Well," she said, in a shamefaced way, "the silly boy said I was to hang mine, too. Goodness knows what he'll find to put into it that'll fit, unless it's a poker."

They smiled kindly at her, wished her good night, and went back into their own room. The little episode had aroused no suspicions. It was very like Guy's affectionate boyishness.

"I suppose he'll come down," said Mrs. Fernald, as she limped quietly about the room, making ready for bed. "Don't you remember how he surprised us last year? I'm sorry the others can't come. Of course, I sent them all the invitation, just as usual—I shall always do that—but it's pretty snowy weather, and I suppose they don't quite like to risk it."

Presently, as she was putting out the light, she heard Marietta at the door.

"Mrs. Fernald, Peter Piper's got back in this part of the house, somehow, and I can't lay hands on him. It beats everything how sharp that cat is. Seems as if he knows when I'm going to put him out in the shed. I don't think he'll do any harm, but I thought I'd tell you, so that if you heard any queer noises in the night you'd know it was Peter."

"Very well, Marietta"—the soft voice came back to the schemer on the other side of the door. "Peter will be all right, wherever he is. I sha'n't be alarmed if I hear him."

"All right, Mrs. Fernald; I just thought I'd let you know," and the guileful one went grinning away.

There was a long silence in the quiet sleeping-room. Then, out of the darkness, came this little colloquy:—

"Emeline, you aren't getting to sleep."

"I—know I'm not, John. I—Christmas Eve keeps one awake somehow. It always did."

"Yes. I don't suppose the children realize at all, do they?"

"Oh, no—oh, *no!* They don't realize—they never will, till—they're here themselves. It's all right. I think—I think at least Guy will be down to-morrow, don't you?"

"I think it's very likely he will." Then, after a short silence, "Mother—you've got me, you know. You know—you've always got me, dear."

"Yes." She would not let him hear the sob in her voice. She crept close, and spoke cheerfully in his best ear. "And you've got me, Johnny!"

"Thank the Lord, I have!"

So, counting their blessings, they fell asleep at last. But even in sleep one set of lashes was strangely wet.

"Christopher! What a drift!"

"Lucky we weren't two hours later."

"*Sh h*—— They might hear us."

"Nan, stop laughing, or I'll drop a snowball down your neck!"

"Here, Carol, give me your hand. I'll plough you through. Large bodies move slowly, of course; but go elbows first and you'll get there."

"I say! Can't you get that door open? I'll bet it's frozen fast."

A light showed inside the kitchen. The door swung open, assisted by force from inside. A cautious voice said low: "That the Fernald family?"

A chorus of whispers came back at Miss Marietta Cooley:—

"Yes, yes—let us in; we're freezing."

"You bet we're the Fernald family—every man Jack of us—not one missing."

"Oh, Marietta, you dear old thing!"

"Hurry up; this is their side of the house."

"*Ssh-hh!*"

"Carol, your *sh-h-ishes* would wake the dead!"

Stumbling over their own feet and bundles in the endeavour to be preternaturally quiet, the party poured into the warm kitchen. Bearded Oliver, oldest of the clan; stout Edson, big Ralph, tall and slender Guy, and the two daughters of the house—Carolyn, growing plump and rosy at thirty; Nan, slim and girlish at twenty-four—they were all there. Marietta heaved a sigh of content as she looked them over.

"Well, I didn't really think you'd get here, all of you. Thank the Lord you have. I suppose you're hungry, being past eleven. If you think you can eat quiet as cats, I'll feed you, but if you're going to make as much rumpus as you did coming round the corner of the shed I'll have to pack you straight off to bed up the back stairs."

They pleaded for mercy and hot food. They got it—everything that could be had

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"YOU BET WE'RE THE FERNALD FAMILY—EVERY MAN JACK OF US."

that would diffuse no odour of cookery through the house. Smoking broth, cold meats, and jellies—they had no reason to complain of their reception. They ate hungrily, with the appetites of winter travel.

"I say, this is splendid," said Ralph, the stalwart, consuming a huge wedge of mince-pie with a fine disregard for any consequences that might overtake him. "This alone is worth it. I haven't eaten such pie for a century. What a jolly place this old kitchen is! I haven't been home at Christmas for—let me see—by Jove, I believe it's six—seven—yes, seven years. Look here: there's been some excuse for me, but what about you people who live near?"

He looked accusingly about. Carolyn got up and came round to him. "Don't talk about it to-night," she whispered. "We haven't any of us realized how long it's been."

"We'll get off to bed now," Guy declared, rising. "I can't get over the feeling that they may catch us down here. If either of them should want some hot water or anything——"

"The dining-room door's bolted," Marietta assured him, "but it might need explaining if I had to bring them hot water by way of the parlour. Now, go awful careful up them stairs. They're pretty near over your ma's head, but I don't dare let you tramp through the sitting-room to the front ones. Now, remember that seventh stair creaks like anything—you've got to step right on the outside edge of it to keep it quiet. You boys had better step right up over that seventh stair without touching foot to it."

"All right—we'll step!"

"Who's going to see to the bundles?" Carolyn paused to ask as she started up the stairs.

"Marietta," Guy answered. "I've labelled every one, so it'll be easy. If they hear paper rattle, they'll think it's the usual presents we've sent on, and if they come out they 'll see Marietta, so it's all right. Quiet, now. Remember the seventh stair!"

They crept up, one by one, each to his or her old room. The house was large, and each room had been left precisely as its owner had left it. It was rather ghostly, this stealing silently about with candles, and in the necessity for the suppression of speech the animation of the party rather suffered eclipse. It was late, and they were beginning to be sleepy, so they were soon in bed. But, somehow, once composed for slumber, more than one grew wakeful again.

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Guy, lying staring at a patch of wintry moonlight on the odd striped paper of his wall—it had stopped snowing since they had come into the house, and the clouds had broken away, leaving a brilliant sky—discovered his door to be softly opening. The glimmer of a candle filtered through the crack, a voice whispered his name.

"Who is it?" he answered under his breath.

"It's Nan. May I come in?"

"Of course. What's up?"

"Nothing. I wanted to talk a minute." She came noiselessly in, wrapped in a woolly scarlet kimono, scarlet slippers on her feet, her brown braids hanging down her back. The frost-bloom lately on her cheeks had melted into a ruddy glow, her eyes were stars. She set her candle on the little stand, and sat down on the edge of Guy's bed. He settled himself comfortably and lay looking appreciatively at her.

"This is like old times," he said. "But won't you be cold?"

"Not a bit. I'm only going to stay a minute. Anyway, this thing is as warm as toast. Yes, isn't it like old times?"

"Got your lessons for to-morrow?"

She laughed. "All but my Cæsar. You'll help me with that in the morning, won't you?"

"I will."

"Guy—how's Lucy Harper?"

"She's all right. How's Bob Fields?"

"Oh! I don't care for him now." She tossed her head.

He kept up the play. "Like David Strong better, eh? He's a booby."

"He isn't. Oh, Guy, I heard you had a new girl."

"New girl! I don't care for girls."

"Yes, you do. At least, I think you do. Her name's—Margaret."

The play ceased abruptly. Guy's face changed. "Perhaps I do," he murmured, while his sister watched him in the candle-light.

"She won't answer yet?" she asked, very gently.

"Not a word."

"You've cared a good while, haven't you, dear?"

"Seems like ages."

"No—only two years, really caring hard. Plenty of time left."

He moved his head impatiently. "Yes, if I didn't mind seeing her smile on Tommy Gower—de'il take him—just as sweetly as she smiles on me. If she ever held out the tip of her finger to me, I'd seize it and hold on to it. But she doesn't. She won't. And she's going away next week for the rest of the winter, and there's a fellow down there where she goes — oh, he — he's hot-headed after her, like the rest of us. And, well—I'm upset about it, Nan, and that's the truth."



"'THIS IS LIKE OLD TIMES,' HE SAID."

"Poor boy. And you gave up going to see her on Christmas Day, and came down here into the country just to——"

"Just to get even with myself for the way I've neglected them these two years while my head's been so full of—her. It isn't fair. After last year I should have come home to-day if it had meant I had

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"THE CHILDREN! THEY—THEY—JOHN—THEY MUST BE HERE."

to lose—well—Margaret knows I'm here. I don't know what she thinks."

"I don't believe, Guy, she thinks the less of you. Yes—I must go. It will all come right in the end, dear—I'm sure of it. No, I don't know how Margaret feels. Good night—good night!"

Christmas morning, breaking upon a wintry world—the Star in the East long set. Outside the house a great silence of drift-wrapped hill and plain—inside, a crackling fire upon a wide hearth, and a pair of elderly people waking to a lonely holiday.

Mrs. Fernald crept to the door of her room—the injured knee always made walking difficult after a night's quiet. She meant to sit down by the fire which she had lately heard Marietta stirring and feeding into activity, and warm herself at its flame. She remembered with a sad little smile that she and John had hung their stockings there, and looked to see what miracle had been wrought in the night.

"*Father!*" Her voice caught in her throat. What was all this? By some mysterious influence her husband learned that she was calling him, though he had not really heard. He came to the door and looked at her, then at the chimneypiece where the stockings hung—a long row of them, as they had not hung since the children grew up—stockings of quality: one of brown silk, Nan's; a fine sock with scarlet clocks, Ralph's—all stuffed to the top, with bundles overflowing upon the chimneypiece and even to the floor below.

"What's this—what's this?" John Fernald's voice was puzzled. "Whose are these?" He limped closer. He put on his spectacles and stared hard at a parcel protruding from the sock with the scarlet clocks. "'*Merry Christmas to Ralph from Nan,*'" he read. "'To Ralph from Nan,'" he repeated, vaguely. His gaze turned to his wife. His eyes were wide like a child's. But she was getting to her feet, from the chair into which she had dropped.

"The children!" she was saying. "They—they—John—they must be *here*."

He followed her through the chilly hall to the front staircase, seldom used now, and up—as rapidly as those slow, stiff joints would allow. Trembling, Mrs. Fernald pushed open the first door at the top.

A rumpled brown head raised itself from among the pillows, a pair of sleepy but affectionate brown eyes smiled back at the two faces peering in, and a voice brimful of mirth cried, softly, "Merry Christmas, mammy and daddy!" They stared at her, their eyes growing misty. It was their little daughter Nan, not yet grown up!

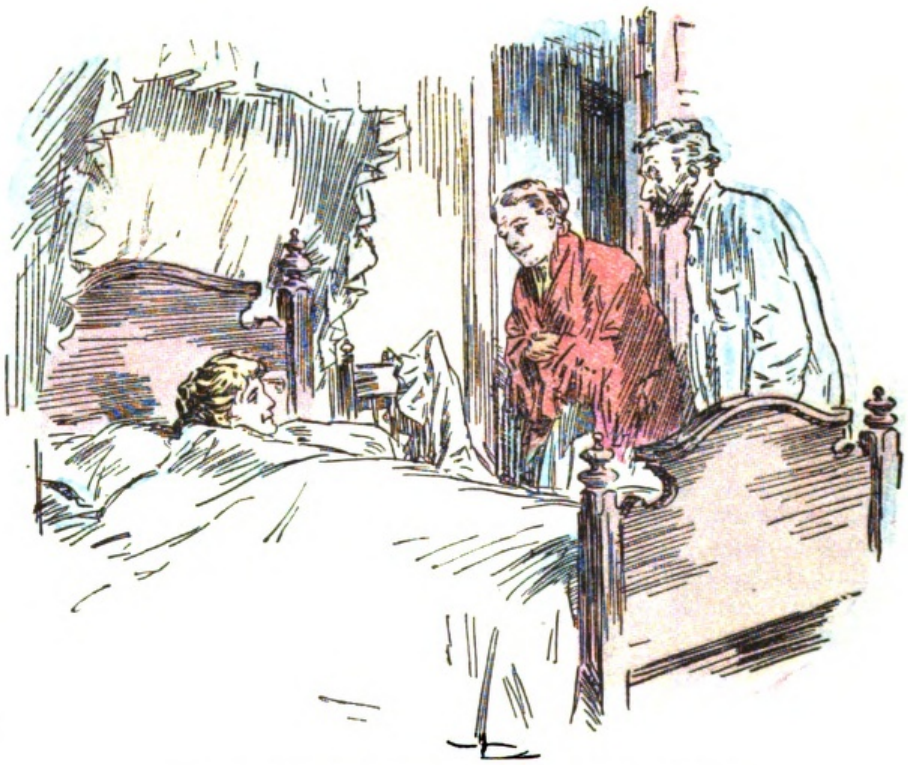
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They could not believe it. Even when they had been to every room—had seen their big son Ralph still sleeping, his yet youthful face, full of healthy colour, pillowed on his brawny arm, and his mother had gently kissed him awake to be half-strangled in his hug—when they had met Edson's hearty laugh as he threw a pillow at them—carefully, so that his father could catch it—when they had seen plump, pretty Carol pulling on her stockings as she sat on the floor smiling up at them; Oliver, advancing to meet them in his bath-robe and slippers; Guy, holding out both arms from above his blankets and shouting, "Merry Christmas!—and how do you like your children?"—even then it was difficult to realize that not one was missing, and that no one else was there. Unconsciously Mrs. Fernald found herself looking about for the sons' wives and daughters' husbands and children. She loved them all; yet to have her own, and no others, just for this one day, it was happiness indeed.

When they were all downstairs, about the fire, there was great rejoicing. They had Marietta in; indeed, she had been hovering continuously in the background, to the apparently frightful jeopardy of the breakfast in preparation, upon which, nevertheless, she had managed to keep a practised eye.

At the breakfast-table, while the eight heads were bent, this thanksgiving arose, as the head of the table, in a voice not quite steady, offered it to One Unseen:—

"*Thou who camest to us on that first Christmas Day, we bless Thee for this good and perfect gift Thou sendest us to-day, that Thou forgettest us not in these later years, but givest us the greatest joy of our lives in these our loyal children.*"



"A MERRY CHRISTMAS, MAMMY AND DADDY!"

Nan's hand clutched Guy's under the table. "Doesn't that make it worth it?" his grasp said to her, and hers replied with a frantic pressure, "Indeed it does, but we don't deserve it."

It was late in the afternoon, a tremendous Christmas dinner well over, and the group scattered, when Guy and his mother sat alone by the fire. The "boys" had gone out to the stables with their father, to talk over with him every detail of the prosperous business which he, with the help of an invaluable assistant, was yet able to manage. Carolyn and Nan had ostensibly gone with them, but in reality the former was calling upon an old friend of her childhood, and the latter had begged a horse and trap and driven merrily away alone upon an errand she would tell no one but her mother.

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Mrs. Fernald sat in her low chair at the side of the hearth, her son upon a cushion at her feet, his head resting against her knee. Her slender fingers were gently threading the thick locks of his hair, as she listened while he talked to her of everything in his life and, at last, of the one thing he cared most about.

"Sometimes I get desperate and think I may as well give her up for good and all," he was saying. "She's so—so—*elusive*—I don't know any other word for it. I never can tell how I stand with her. She's going away next week. I've asked her to answer me before she goes. Somehow I've clung to the hope that I should get my answer to-day. You'll laugh, but I left word with my office-boy to wire me if a note or anything from her came. It's five o'clock, and I haven't heard. She—you see, I can't help thinking it's because she's going to —throw me over—and —hates to do it—on Christmas Day!"

He turned suddenly and buried his face in his mother's lap; his shoulders heaved a little in spite of himself. His mother's hand caressed his head more tenderly than ever, but, if he could have seen, her eyes were very bright.

They were silent for a long time. Then suddenly the sound of a horse's hoofs approached through the falling winter twilight, drew near, and stopped at the door. Guy's mother laid her hands upon his shoulders. "Guy," she said, "there's someone stopping now. Perhaps it's the boy with a message from the station."

He was on his feet in an instant. Her eyes followed him as he rushed away through the hall. Then she rose and quietly closed the sitting-room door behind him.

As Guy flung open the front door a tall, slender figure in grey furs and a wide grey hat was coming up the walk. Eyes whose glance had long been his dearest torture met Guy Fernald's and fell. Lips like which there were no others in the world smiled tremulously in response to his eager exclamation. And over the piquant young face rose an exquisite colour which was not altogether born of the wintry air. The girl who for two years had been only "elusive" had taken the significant step of coming to North Estabrook in response to an eloquent message sent that morning by Nan.

Holding both her hands fast, Guy led her up into the house—and found himself alone with her in the shadowy hall. With one gay shout Nan had driven away toward the stables. The inner doors were all closed. Blessing the wondrous sagacity of his womenkind, Guy took advantage of his moment.

"Nan brought you—I see that. I know you're very fond of her, but—you didn't come wholly to please her, did you, Margaret?"

"Not wholly."

"I've been looking all day for my answer. I—oh—I wonder if——" He was gathering courage from her aspect, which, for the first time in his experience, failed to keep him at a distance—"*dare* I think you—*bring it?*"

She slowly lifted her face. "I thought it was so—so good of you," she murmured, "to come home to your people instead of—staying with me. I thought you deserved—what you say—you want——"

"*Margaret!* You——"

"I haven't given you any Christmas present. Shall—I—do?"

"Will you do? . . . *Oh!*" It was a great explosive sigh of relief and joy, and as he gave vent to it he caught her close. "Will —you—do? . . . Good Lord! . . . I rather *think you will!*"

"Emeline?"

"Yes, John, dear?"

"You're not—crying?

"Oh, no—*no, no,* John!

What a blessing deafness is sometimes! The ear cannot detect the delicate *tremolo* which might tell the story too plainly. And in the darkness of night the eye cannot see.

"It's been a pretty nice day, hasn't it?"

"A beautiful day."

"There's no doubt the children care a good deal for the old folks yet."

"No doubt at all, dear."

"It's good to think they're all asleep under the roof once more, isn't it? And one extra one. We like her, don't we?"

"Oh, very, very much!"

"Yes, Guy's done well. I always thought he'd get her, if he stuck to it. The Fernalds always stick to it, but Guy's got a mite of a temper—I didn't know that he might not let go a little too soon. Well, it's grand to think they all intend to spend every Christmas Day with us, isn't it, Emeline?"

"Yes, dear—it's—grand."

"Well, I must let you go to sleep. It's been a great day, and I dare say you're tired. Emeline, we've not only got each other—we've got the children too. That's a happy thing at our age, isn't it?"

"Yes—yes."

"Good night—*Christmas Night,* Emeline."

"Good night, dear."

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Actors as Artists.

By JOSEPH HEIGHTON.

BETWEEN the palette and the footlights there is a very close relationship. To compose a successful picture on canvas or a scene on the stage calls, in both cases, for that artistic skill and taste which—harmonizing colour, costume, and design—forms an attractive whole. Indeed, it has been asserted by more than one stage celebrity that a course of training in an art school is an essential part of an actor's education.

As Mr. Martin Harvey kindly expressed himself to me, while very courteously placing at the disposal of THE STRAND MAGAZINE a number of the paintings, executed by himself, which adorn the walls of his residence at Regent's Park:—

"There can be no doubt that a knowledge of drawing and painting is of inestimable value to an actor or actress. It enables them not only to be more correct and successful in their make-up, but also to understand the real art of stage-grouping and scenic display, features which, I need hardly say, play an important part in the success of a piece. In my own case I should have found myself seriously handicapped had I not possessed a knowledge of painting. It has helped me immeasurably in 'setting' a piece, and, in addition, I have, when producing a play, been able to design costumes and scenery to my own satisfaction."



SIR HENRY IRVING AS MEPHISTOPHELES.
AN IMPRESSION BY MR. MARTIN HARVEY.

Occasionally, too, Mr. Harvey adds to his gallery of theatrical portraits, an interesting feature of which is his many impressionist studies of the late Sir Henry Irving, one of which, depicting the famous actor in the character of Mephistopheles, is here reproduced. Now and again Mr. Harvey will disappear into the country for a few days, and return to London with a landscape painting of rare charm and merit. But, as he regretfully remarked, "Theatrical work leaves me little time for what is now merely a hobby."

Mr. Harvey's views concerning the value of a knowledge of painting in connection with stage work are backed up by Mr. J. Forbes-Robertson and Mr. Weedon Grossmith, two actors who, like himself, studied painting in their youth with the serious intention of devoting their lives to that art. When I asked Mr. Forbes-Robertson whether his love of painting had been of any assistance to him as an actor, he replied that it had certainly proved of value.

"In the first place," he continued, "I think that if an actor is an artist he can make up better than one who never interested himself in painting. Moreover, it gives him an appreciation of colour and form which proves exceedingly useful at times. Of course, I do not mean to imply that every man or woman who can act should also be able to paint pictures. By merely acquiring

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the rudiments of the sister art, however, they will find themselves much benefited."

But of the two professions Mr. Forbes-Robertson does not consider the stage so precarious as picture-painting. "A man," he says, "can always be fairly sure of earning a pound or two on the stage—a subsistence, in short; but even pot-boilers won't always achieve this in the other calling. The market for pot-boilers has to be found, as well as the market for works of art. I am speaking more particularly of the time when I was a student at Heatherley's. There are now more openings for pot-boiling in the way of black and white illustration, etc."

As a matter of fact, Mr. Forbes-Robertson experienced many disappointments in his early efforts to achieve success as an artist, and when W. G. Wills, the playwright, offered him the *rôle* of Chastelard in his drama, "Mary Stuart," then being played at the Princess's, the young artist jumped at the chance.

That was thirty-five years ago, when Mr. Forbes-Robertson was twenty-one years of age. For some time afterwards, however, he combined the two professions. "Since I have been a manager, however," he confessed, "there is no time for anything but the theatre. In the old days of engagements at other people's theatres I devoted whatever spare time I had to painting—portraits chiefly, of which I have painted a great many."

Mr. Forbes-Robertson painted the portrait of Samuel Phelps as Cardinal Wolsey which hangs on the walls of the Garrick Club—the only portrait that club has ever purchased. His picture of the late Mme. Modjeska, however, is regarded by some as his best effort at portraiture.

There was a time when Mr. Forbes-Robertson and Mr. Weedon Grossmith shared a studio in Gower Street. They were fellow-students at the Royal Academy School, and, when they launched out into the troublous sea of art, shared each other's anxieties and disappointments. Mr. Grossmith, however, did not forsake brush and palette so early as Mr. Forbes-Robertson. It was not until he was thirty-three, after establishing a reputation as a successful portrait-painter, that the former made his *début* on the stage. And then, strangely enough, he grew so disgusted with his non-success as an actor that he returned to his studio and paintings, only to forsake the latter again, however, a year or two later, when the late Sir Henry Irving unexpectedly offered him the part of Jacques Strop in "Robert Macaire." It was then that Mr. Grossmith found that he was mistaken in supposing that he possessed no stage talent; for he made such a "hit" with Jacques Strop, and engagements followed so quickly, that he decided that, after all, acting was the more lucrative profession.

At the same time Mr. Grossmith is quite prepared to return to his first love, should necessity arise. "I think," he said to me a short time ago, "that if anything prevented my appearance on the stage I could manage to earn two or three hundred a year by my brush. What first led me to go on the stage? That is a rather curious story. At one time my reputation as a painter of children's portraits was such that I felt



MME. MODJESKA.
PAINTED BY MR. FORBES-ROBERTSON.

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justified in moving into a more commodious studio in Harley Street.

"From that moment, however, bad luck seemed to set in. Commissions fell through owing to a variety of adverse circumstances, and at last I was obliged to seek the stage for an addition to my income. But although after a time it seemed that stage work was my forte, I always continued my painting; in fact, still do so. When I have been in management, however, I have not had a great deal of time. My best picture? I can only tell you what I think is my best. I will show it to you." And Mr. Grossmith led me into the dining-room of his house in Bedford Square—a house replete with beautiful antique furniture, of which the popular actor is a collector and connoisseur—and pointed to "The New Lord of the Manor," a photograph of which is reproduced on this page.

"It was one of my earliest efforts, and I wished, in after years, I had not sold it. The manner in which I bought it back forms a rather curious story. I was in Liverpool, and heard that it was being put up at a certain sale in London. I asked a friend to bid for me up to seventy pounds, thinking that the picture would be going for thirty or forty pounds. The bidding, however, started at sixty pounds and went up to one hundred and fifty pounds. Some years later, however, the picture was again put up for sale, and this time I succeeded in buying it for seventy pounds."

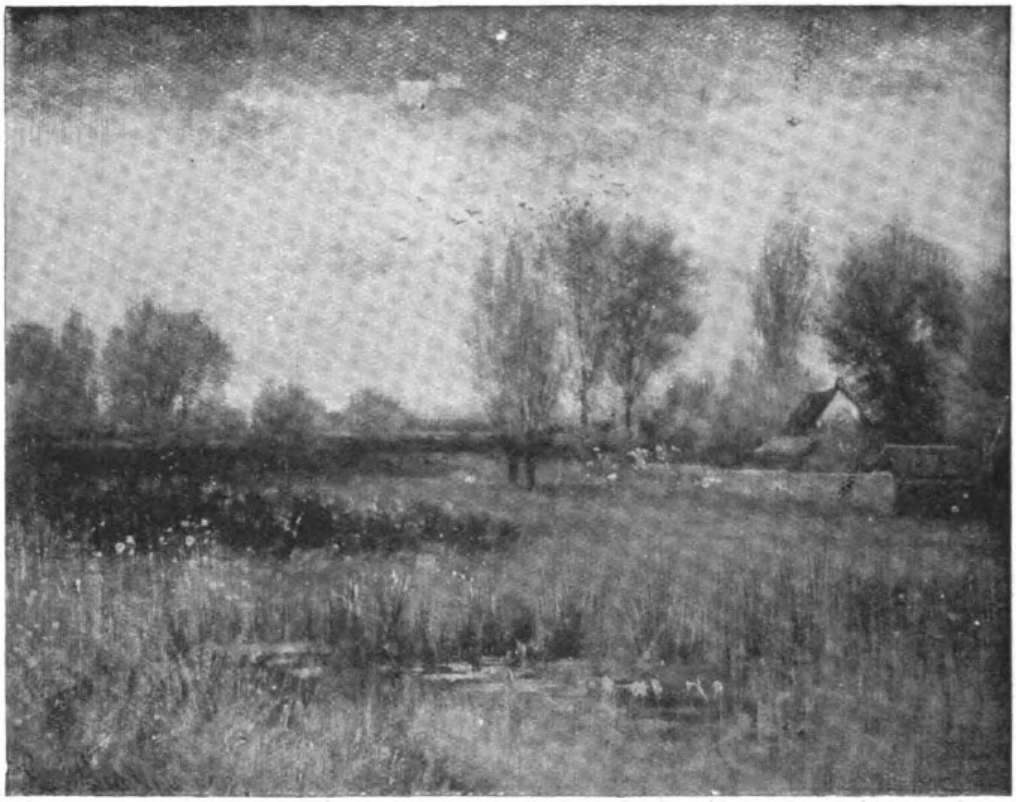
It is a curious fact that Sir Charles Wyndham persuaded both Mr. Frank Wyatt and Mr. George Giddens that the stage offered them opportunities of augmenting whatever they might be earning as artists. Both had attracted the attention of the eminent actor-manager while playing as amateurs, and finding, like Mr. Forbes-Robertson, that picture-painting was none too profitable, they ultimately decided to woo fortune behind the footlights. Mr. Giddens, however, frankly confesses that if he possessed an assured income of one hundred and fifty pounds a year—"just sufficient to keep one going in a country cottage"—he would forsake everything for painting.



"THE NEW LORD OF THE MANOR."
BY MR. WEEDON GROSSMITH.

He was not trained with a view to becoming an artist, however. He began life as an articled clerk in a solicitor's office, and the fact that he is practically a self-taught artist causes one to admire still more the skill exhibited by the river scene shown on the top of the opposite page. It is forty-five years ago since Mr. Giddens "walked on" at the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, and graduated for the stage by playing thinking parts for a year. Since then much success has crowned his stage work; but

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RIVER SCENE.
BY MR. GEORGE GIDDENS.

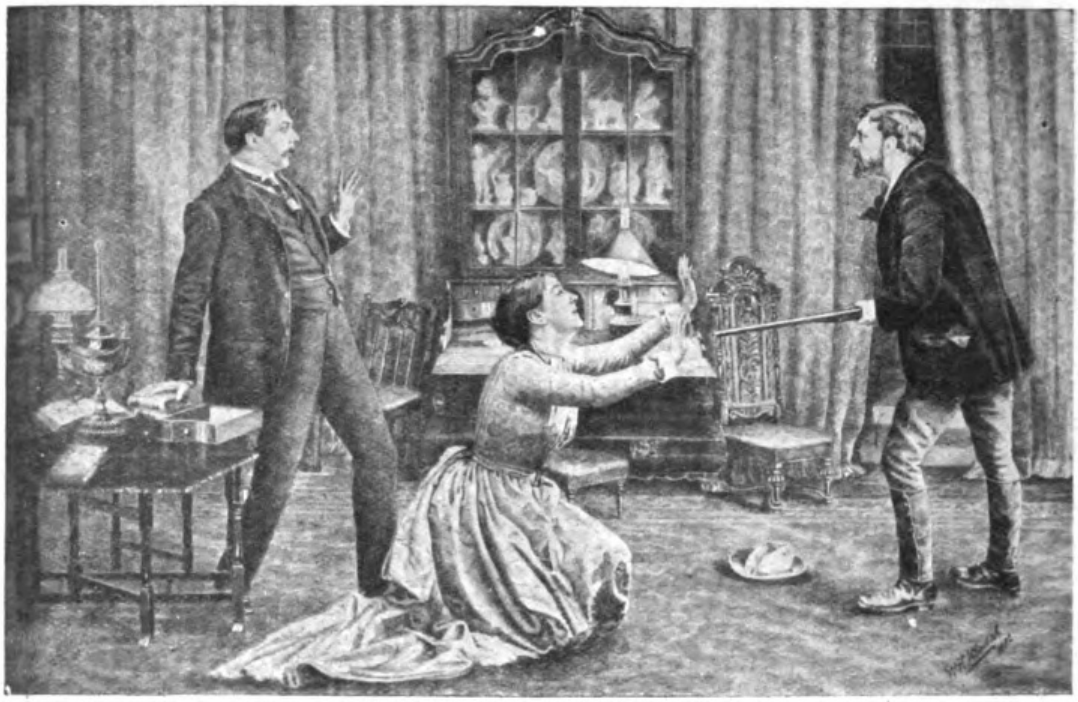
Mr. Giddens thinks he would have been happier had his pictures met with the same measure of success. On the other hand, Mr. Frank Wyatt, the popular actor-manager, was educated with a view to adopting art as a profession, and found much encouragement in his early successes. His crayon studies gained for him quite a big reputation. "Beauty's Daughter" was engraved, and had a phenomenal sale in England and America, and its popularity has by no means died out even to-day. His caricatures, too, attracted much attention, and he became an early illustrator on the staff of the *Sporting and Dramatic News*. In addition to his skill as an artist, however, he possessed an excellent voice and a knowledge of music, and, not feeling satisfied with his progress with the pencil, he followed the advice of Sir Charles Wyndham and went on the boards. True, it only meant another pound a week at that time, but he quickly fitted himself to his new profession, and found the work so congenial and profitable that he finally forsook sketch-book for buskin.



"BEAUTY'S DAUGHTER."
BY MR. FRANK WYATT.
By permission of W. A. Mansell and Co.

Mr. W. H. Kendal was somewhat diffident

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A SCENE FROM "THE SQUIRE."
BY MR. W. H. KENDAL.

about allowing himself to be included in this article. "My drawings," he said, "are of such a modest nature as to be quite unworthy of reproduction in any form." Venturing to point out, however, that quite a number of people who had been privileged to view his sketch portfolios and pictures held a different view, and that consequently this article would be incomplete without reference to himself, he very kindly permitted the reproduction of the above scene from "The Squire."

Mr. Kendal's chief relaxation from the worries of stage life is sketching and painting. It was really through drawing pictures that Mr. Kendal obtained his first introduction to stage life. "When I was about eighteen years old," he says, "I found myself in the stalls of the old Soho Theatre, in Dean Street, Soho, now known as the Royalty Theatre. My paper and pencil were out, and I was busily engaged in making sketches of the various actors and actresses. Suddenly I felt a gentle tap on the shoulder from behind. I turned round.

"'Would you allow me to take those sketches round and show the parties interested?' a gentleman asked.

"'Certainly; with pleasure,' I replied.

"'Perhaps you would like to come behind the scenes as well?'

"It was just what I wanted, so I followed the person who had so kindly interested himself in my scribble. He proved to be Mr. Mowbray, the manager of the theatre. The picture behind the scenes that night was a perfect Elysium to me. I think Mowbray must have noticed the impression it made upon me, for he asked if I would like to go on the stage. I did—as a sort of super."



SIR BEERBOHM TREE AS BARON VON HARDFELD, IN "JIM THE PENMAN."
DRAWN BY HIMSELF.

It is quite possible, should this article meet the eye of Sir Beerbohm Tree, that he will be somewhat surprised at his inclusion in the list of

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actor-artists. Examination of the sketch of himself, however, in the character of that prince of polished scoundrels, Baron von Hardfeld, in "Jim the Penman"—a play in which he achieved one of his first successes—will show that his natural aptitude for drawing—practically speaking, he has had no training as an artist—is of no mean order. It is but a rough sketch, all the same, done on the spur of the moment to show what his make-up was like as the wicked Baron. Sir Beerbohm was passing through the stage-door of the Haymarket Theatre with a friend as they discussed this particular make-up, and in order to illustrate his meaning the actor-knight borrowed pen and paper from the stage-door keeper, and dashed off the sketch.

The latter is now in the possession of Mr. Harry Grattan, an actor well known to Gaiety patrons, the walls of whose house at Twickenham are adorned with many paintings and sketches by artist friends, whose admiration is divided between his own skill with the brush and pencil and his talents as an actor. "I have little time for picture-making, however," Mr. Grattan explained to me, "except in regard to designing costumes and scenery. I am just a wee bit proud, however, of the silhouette portraits which I contributed to the Gaiety souvenir of 'The Orchid,' and I am fond of amusing myself at times by sketching my theatrical friends. The results, I fear, are not very flattering as a rule." The severest critic, however, must admit that this silhouette portrait of Miss Gertie Millar is admirably executed.



SILHOUETTE OF MISS GERTIE MILLAR.
BY MR. HARRY GRATTAN.

Amongst Mr. Grattan's possessions, too, is a landscape study by Mr. Fred Storey, that past-master in the art of scene-painting, whose Rip Van Winkle will be recalled with delight, and whose dancing was such a popular feature of Drury Lane pantomime and Gaiety burlesque. Mr. Storey is a member of a well-known artistic family, and a nephew of G. A. Storey, A.R.A. There are some who hold that to win success as a painter and actor at one and the same time is scarcely possible. One has only to point to Mr. Storey, however, for proof that it is not always necessary to sacrifice one profession for the other.



LANDSCAPE STUDY. BY MR. FRED STOREY.

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A WITCH BURNING

by Mrs Baillie Reynolds

THE dusk was falling upon the hard, frozen ground, covered with light, powdery snow. Gilbert Caton sat by the window of his lowly lodging, looking forth into the wide market-square of the populous New England village of Mizpah.

There before his eyes were the figures of men, warmly wrapped about from the piercing cold, busily engaged in piling faggots for the witch who was to be burned upon the morrow.

As he looked forth the young man was raging in his heart. He could not stop this thing that was to be. Or he could stop it only as in bygone days the monk Telemachus stopped the Public Games at Rome—by being himself a martyr.

He was an Englishman, and for two years had been an exile from his country, ministering to the handful of his own faith who dwelt here among the Nonconformists. He had no position, no influence. He could but sit by and see what horror men could work in the name of righteousness. He and his flock were taboo to the other inhabitants, and, though there was no open persecution now, there was a persistent hostility which gave Churchmen a poor chance in the law courts and no chance at all in the way of public posts.

And now a hideous tendency, dormant of late in the people, had awoke again in new strength. They had taken to witch-burning. Only six months before an old woman, widow of a sailor—who held the secret of a herbal preparation, brought by her husband from far countries—had been dragged to the water, flung in, and cruelly tormented before being done to death. With that the hunting instinct of the mob had been roused. Having once tasted the savage joy of pursuit, capture, and destruction, they thirsted for it again. And ere many months had passed there came tales of two witches most undoubtedly possessed of occult powers, who lived in the depths of Haranec Wood, wherein, as everybody knew, there lurked cougars, so that no woman unprotected by Satanic powers could dwell there in safety.

Day after day there sifted in tales of the skill of these women—of the marvels wrought by the mere muttering of a spell, in which the waving of hands played great and wondrous part. Two men dispatched to take the offenders came back daunted and trembling, afraid to lay a hand on either of them. And thereupon the blood lust swept raging through the town, the people turned out, and the women were hunted down with dogs and dragged to the town jail.

At first there was a division of opinion respecting their equal guilt. One of them, who was evidently the leader, had been burnt a week ago. And now news had come down that the second captive, who had been reported penitent, had been tampering with her jailers—had been bribing them to connive at her escape. So she, too, was to burn upon the morrow.

And Caton sat there, wondering what judgment God would send upon a town which, within a year, had murdered three defenceless women. He had some vague ideas floating through his head, of trying to assemble half-a-dozen men to form a rescue. But he doubted if even that were possible. And as he mused, there was sharp knocking against his door from the street without. He rose, and opened; there stood the burly form and harsh-lined face of Brading, the village constable. He held a lantern in his hand, for dusk was falling and the night would be very dark.

"His worship, in his mercy, has sent for you," he said, in his husky tones. "Let no man say we give not even the most degraded their fair chance. The baggage down yonder, that is to burn to-morrow, says she belongs

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to the English faith. So come you down and say a prayer for her, and try to turn her thoughts from Satan to the Lord, for she will not listen to the godly exhorting of Master Lupton."

Gilbert rose and stared, wide-eyed, at the messenger. What? Go and speak to this poor despairing creature of the mercy of God when she was to have no mercy from man! He quailed in his heart at the task. The constable burst into a hateful, husky titter.

"He's afraid — afraid the witch'll put a spell on him," he chuckled. "Lord love you, man. Master Lupton, he's been in her cell nigh two hours—and that against her will—and she's not been able to hurt him, through his faith in the Lord. But you that put your trust in forms and ceremonies, ye fear, and who can wonder at it?"

A sudden impulse swept over Gilbert, calming him utterly.



"GILBERT ROSE AND STARED, WIDE-EYED, AT THE MESSENGER."

Without having spoken one word he turned to a desk which stood by his table, took his books of devotions, and stowed them in the pocket of his cassock, which, like the clergy of his day, he wore habitually. Then he took from a peg his long cloak with thick capes and his wide-brimmed hat, and intimated that he was ready to follow Brading.

It was almost night as they came out into the street and made their way—past the wide space where the pile of faggots rose a ghastly blot against the surrounding whiteness—up to the narrow throat of the street, where the houses began to cluster close, and so to the low, narrow stone archway which was the entrance to the town jail.

Brading let himself in with his own key and they stood in the small waiting-room, where two or three men were lounging by the glowing heat of a great fire. The men greeted Gilbert with half-surly respect. His powerful physique and great strength procured for him a consideration which his blameless life and sincere simplicity might not have commanded. One of them told Brading that he had been summoned to go to the house of the mayor with regard to the proceedings of to-morrow. Brading was by no means unwilling, knowing that hot supper would be forthcoming at the mayor's house; so he forthwith departed, taking his lantern with him and making a kind of apology that Gilbert must needs walk home in the dark.

Gilbert hardly heard. He was watching the selection of a key by a man who had risen to attend him, and who now led the way down a corkscrew stair which seemed to descend to the bowels of the earth.

The condemned cell!

All was dark and silent within. Caton took the torch from the man who held it, flashed the light round, saw an iron ring in the wall and fixed the light there.

"Knock loud when you want to come out," said the turnkey, and retired, slamming the iron door with a bang.

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Gilbert fixed his eyes upon the heap of rags huddled in a corner.

"Good evening," he said, in his clear, high-bred voice. "God be with you."

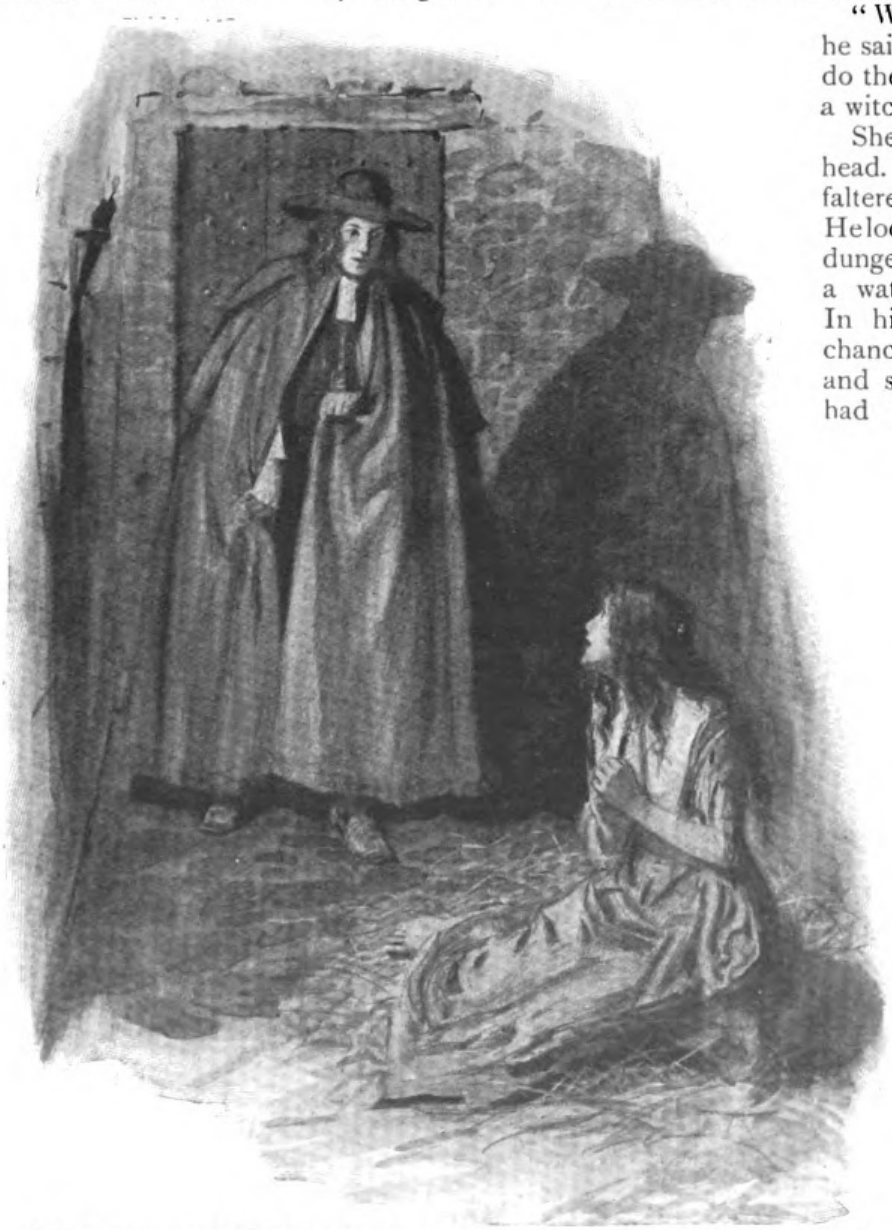
There was a rustle in the straw. The heap of rags moved, turned towards him, and displayed, to his horror, the face of a young girl, hardly more than a child. She seemed all eyes—the stare of them burned his very soul. Her face was chalk-white, her streaming dark hair hung about it on either side, showing it up like a silver moon upon the dark sky. Her young, fresh mouth was piteously curved. She had that terrible dumbness of appeal which one sees in the eyes of ill-treated animals. The sight of her froze the man's blood in his veins. "My daughter!" he said, in a voice which was almost a sob of compassion.

There came a quiver to her mouth—to her whole face. On her two hands she crawled nearer to him, a fearful questioning in her wild look. Was this really a human being speaking kind words to her? Not cursing her?

The young man threw off his cloak and hat and knelt down beside her in the straw. She laid her small hand, freezing cold, upon his outstretched palm.

"You are warm," she said, in a murmuring voice. "And you have brought a light! I have been in the dark—alone—so cold."

In a transport of pity he lifted her up and drew her into his arms, holding her head in the hollow of his elbow.



"'MY DAUGHTER!' HE SAID, IN A VOICE WHICH WAS ALMOST A SOB OF COMPASSION."

"What do they mean?" he said, unsteadily. "What do they mean by calling you a witch?"

She faintly shook her head. "I don't—know," she faltered, in laboured gasps. He looked about the horrible dungeon and saw on a shelf a water-pitcher and mug. In his pocket was, as it chanced, a flask of wine and some biscuit which he had taken with him to bestow upon a poor parishioner earlier in the day, and found him away. He mixed wine and water and gave her to eat and drink; in his anxiety for her bodily needs forgetting all else, as one does in such a case.

The taste of the delicate biscuit drew her to eat; the wine made the blood flow again in her veins. As she ate and drank he held her warmly wrapped in his cloak, and felt the icy rigidity of her limbs relax.

And yet—was it kindness or cruelty, he asked himself. Had it been better to leave her in her stupor of cold and

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hunger? Might she have cheated the flames after all? Had he not brought her back to the full sense of her misery?

"Tell me," he said at last, as she sat silent, her head fallen sideways against his shoulder, "what have you done? What have you said that they have condemned you for a witch?"

She sighed wearily. "Nothing that I know of. They said grannie was a witch; and I lived with her."

"Was it true? Did your grandmother practise magic arts?"

"She could put them to sleep by waving her hands about. She could cure pain by stroking the place. Is that wicked?"

"Alas, I know not. Who taught her these things?"

"She learned them long ago of a nurse she had, who was a gipsy. They were very rich, my grandparents, and they had a large estate. The Indians attacked them and killed my father and mother and—and almost everybody. Only grannie and I were left, and she was always queer after that. She would not live in the town, she was full of strange fancies. But she was good to me. We were very happy till Joseph, our servant, died."

"How long ago was that?"

"I do not know; I forget. We buried him, and then grannie would not stay in that house. She said she would go to my uncle, who had a fine home in England and a park with swans and a lake, and many servants. So we started off to walk to the coast, but she was old and ill. We found a little house in the wood, and rested there; and the people found us out, and they were good to us till they came hunting us. Oh!" Suddenly she sat erect, threw up her hands, and screamed. "They will burn me! They will burn me!" she cried, madly. . . . She flung her arms about his knees. "Are you kind? Are you human?" she cried. "Can't you save me from them? Can't you?"

The sweat stood on the young man's forehead. It had come suddenly—so suddenly. Not a moment's interval between the every-day quiet of his usual existence and this sudden plunge into a life and death struggle.

"Have you ever been baptized?" he asked her, hurriedly.

"Oh, yes; and confirmed, too, by a Bishop," she said, faintly.

She was a sheep of his fold, and he must save her or die with her.

Her name, she told him, was Luna Clare. The clear shining of the moon! He thought her well named.

Rapidly his mind reviewed the position. The wild idea of passing her out in his habiliments crossed his mind. But the thing was impossible. She was much less than half his bulk. And even could he hope that, the jailers being drunk, such a plot could be carried out—once beyond the prison alone what would become of her? She must die of exposure, be eaten by wild beasts, or re-taken.

She sat, watching with craving eyes the thoughts, the doubts, the trouble in his face. Her soft hand touched his. "Kill me," she breathed. "Kill me here, with your own hand. I do not fear death—I have nothing to live for—I fear only torture—only to die shrieking, with devilish men gloating on my agony. Kill me now—it is the only way."

For a moment he thought it was. Her head fell limply against his rough cassock. He held her in his arms, his clear, grey eyes gazing out over her head, contemplating the situation.

And then, suddenly, as he reflected upon the emaciation of the slight thing he held, an idea broke upon his mind that sent the blood with a rush to his face—that made his head reel a moment, then flooded him with a calmness and strength which surprised himself.

"Luna," he said, in a new voice, "will you swear to do whatever I bid you?"

She moved, so that her small, white face, with its piteous, pointed chin, was upturned to his. She just breathed "Yes," and hung upon his words.

"Luna, you must trust me to the uttermost. In the eyes of God I am your brother—you are safe with me."

He rose to his feet. "Let me try how heavy you are," he muttered; and lifted her slip of a body with an ease that astonished him.

"It can be done," he said, through his teeth. "God helping, it shall be done."

From upstairs he caught a loud, vacant laugh, a snatch of drunken song. In Brading's absence the jailers were making merry. There was a slender chance for the success of his plan. His hesitation was over; he turned upon her, short and sharp. "I am going to put you on my back," he said, "and to carry you out of the prison under my cassock." In spite of his resolution, his face flamed as he said it.

Luna looked neither afraid nor shocked. Her eye lit up. "Oh, I will be very still," she said, with quick breathlessness.

He was already divesting himself of his long garment, and stood before her, well-knit and sturdy, in his grey flannel shirt and knee-breeches.

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"Take off your frock," he bade her. "We must arrange it, with a stuffing of straw, in the corner to look like you."

She caught his idea, stripped it off her, and there she was, bare-armed and fragile, in her poor petticoat—a creature of cloud and air.

The hearts of the two young creatures throbbed with violence. They felt themselves alone against the world. Gilbert stooped and lifted the girl upon his back, so that her arms were locked about his shoulders. Her feet hung clear of the ground. With the broad sash of his cassock he bound her firmly to him to decrease the weight upon her arms. With his knife he had previously slit his cassock all up the back, from below the waist to the neck-band. Now he buttoned it round them both and flung over all his big cloak, which concealed the rent behind. The weight was greater than he had anticipated, but not greater than he could bear.

All was ready. The frock, stuffed with straw, looked like a girl crouching in the corner. The imprisoned Luna hung perfectly quiet, her arms hardly perceptible under the thick cloak, whose hood concealed her head behind. He felt the warmth of her cheek against his shoulder.

Then, standing on the threshold of his venture, he spoke a brief but strenuous prayer, and heard a soft voice sigh "Amen," as he knocked and shouted for the turnkey to release him. The men above were so heavy with drink and the heat of their great fire that he had to knock and shout for some time before the man came.

"Can you bear it?" he asked, hastily, at the last moment. She merely answered, "Yes."



"WITH THE BROAD SASH OF HIS CASSOCK HE BOUND HER FIRMLY TO HIM."

But the strength of ten men seemed to uphold him, as the door slowly opened.

"God be good to us! God be good to us!" he muttered, lifting his hands in horror at the failure of his mission.

"What, no success? Well, 'twasn't likely you should succeed where brother Lupton failed," sniggered the turnkey.

"Perhaps solitude—and darkness — may prevail," said Gilbert, harshly, taking the torch and stamping it out with his feet. "Leave her to think over my words."

It was more difficult than he had foreseen to ascend the narrow corkscrew stair. As he went slowly up, bumping his burden against the wall, he felt an insane desire to laugh, mingling with his fear. The sweat stood on his forehead, and his heart thumped like a machine as they emerged into the outer room, where the blaze of the fire lit up the place and threw the distorted outline of Master Caton's figure upon the wall.

The dungeon below was

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locked for the night — between them and their slender hope of escape stood now but one door.

Fortunately, Gilbert had a small silver coin in his pocket. At the door he bestowed it on the turnkey, whose fellow was stretched upon the bench in a drunken slumber.

"A cold night, friend," he said. "Here is somewhat to keep you warm."

The turnkey muttered something inaudible. He was very tipsy indeed. He stooped to put the key in the door, and fell, a heavy mass, right across the threshold.

Gilbert turned the key at once. But he hesitated to step over the prostrate man, who was not unconscious and was struggling to arise. He knew that Luna's feet, dangling within a few inches of the ground, must brush the jailer's nether limbs, and might be perceptible, even to senses fuddled with drink. Accordingly, he held out his hand, with a friendly smile, and encouraged the man to rise. Twice in vain he essayed to gain his feet, and twice fell back, while Gilbert gasped and staggered with the strain. At the third attempt up he came, and fell upon the young man with such force as to cause him to stagger back with violence against the wall. It was quite unavoidable; he could do nothing to break the force of the impact. If the girl let forth a sound they were undone.

She remained perfectly silent, though he felt a shudder run through her limbs. He hardly knew what he said to the tipsy fool, who now, melted by the gift of the coin, flung himself upon him to embrace him.

That must be the end—discovery was now inevitable. In anguish Gilbert held up his arms—"Man, stop, stop! My rheumatism! Have a little pity. Here, sit down on this stool—another mouthful of this will strengthen you."

He held the glass of steaming spirits which stood on the table to the sot's lips; and in the succeeding moment had opened the door and staggered out.

Mizpah folks were early abed, and he found an empty street. He hastened along, reeling and staggering, the burden on his back seeming, like Christopher's, to grow heavier each moment. Suppose she should relax the clasp of her hands and slip to the ground? The strain must be awful. He stopped a moment to give a hoist, but the immediate slipping back which followed warned him that she was near the end of her resource. He pushed on, wild with apprehension, believing that, should he meet anyone upon the road, he must be detected. The sight of his shadow, cast by the firelight on the wall, had told him how mad a risk he ran.

His own door, with the glimmering lantern above, seemed like a ray from heaven. He lived alone, a woman coming in each day to do his "chores," as it was called. His supper would be laid, he knew. They must eat and then flee. What was he to do for clothes for the girl?

He almost hurled himself within, drew the great bar behind him, and, stooping under the dead weight of an apparently inert burden, found his tinder-box, made a light, and, with frantic fingers, flung away his wrappings.

The girl fell, limp and senseless, into his big chair, and lay there, in the light of his lamp, so reduced by cruelty and privation that he was inclined to think his rescue of her was too late.

The drops stood upon his forehead as he began to realize what he had done. He had broken the law, made himself responsible for a girl from nobody knew where. Flight was imperative; and how was flight possible?

His nerves were jarred with the strain of what he had undergone; but he set his teeth to the completing of his adventure, took the boiling kettle from the hot coals, made drink, and held it to her lips. By degrees she came back to consciousness. His clock told him that it was barely eight o'clock. The whole night lay before the fugitives.

When Luna was sitting up, drinking her milk and gazing timidly about, he also set to work to eat, while he tried to collect his wits and decide what he must take with him and whither shape his course. So far he had succeeded, so far they were free. But——

He started, and his face froze. There were steps and voices in the silent street without — hurried steps, coming from the direction of the prison. And as he sat, counting the hammer strokes of his heart, there was a loud and peremptory knocking upon his door.

He raised his head and looked at the fragile waif-girl who sat as if paralyzed. He rose, and stood, a picture of perplexity. Then he was himself again. He crossed the room and looked at her a moment with a gaze half of command, half of appeal. She answered it as if he had spoken, rising to her feet and taking his hand. He led her across to the door of his bedroom, opened it, and said under his breath, "In—in——"

She obeyed without words, without hesitation, and he shut and locked the door behind

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her, putting the key in his pocket as the knocking without was repeated, and more loudly.

He threw his cloak over his damaged cassock and went to meet Fate.

Without, in the snowy night, stood three men. They seemed to be a gentleman and his two servants. The gentleman wore a costly and much-be-furred travelling suit, and his voice and courtly bow at once proclaimed him English.

"Pardon this intrusion. Do I speak to Master Gilbert Caton, the parson here?"

Gilbert admitted it.

"Dare I beg for a few minutes of your valuable time, sir? I come merely to ask a question. I am here to trace my mother and my young niece. My name is Clare—Leonard Clare, of Clare Hall, in the County of Devon. My father had a large estate west of this, which was attacked by Indians, and many of my family murdered. But I am told that my mother, with one child of my brother, escaped, and I have traced them, with tolerable certainty, to this district. The town authorities, however, tell me nothing is known of them here. As they are of the Episcopal faith, I deemed that you might know something; and before leaving the place I venture to importune you."

A sudden trembling of the limbs assailed Gilbert as he stood. With a motion to his guests to enter he turned away, and sank down into a chair, covering his face with his hands.

Then, looking up with a dawn of hope and illumination, "Have you horses?" he eagerly demanded.

"We have horses—yes."

"Then it will be best to fly," said Gilbert, huskily.

Mr. Clare stood, majestic and astonished, in the small room, looking doubtfully at the young parson, whose sanity seemed questionable. "To fly?" he echoed.

"The people of Mizpah," said Gilbert, hoarsely, "burnt your mother as a witch. I saw her burn, without there, in the market. They have fixed the burning of your niece for to-morrow—to-morrow. There is a holiday, that the folks may see the sight."

Mr. Clare let forth a kind of bellow. "To burn my niece! And you urge me to fly?"

Gilbert nodded. He rose and went to his bedroom door. He threw it wide and called to the girl within. She came and stood in the doorway in her ragged petticoat—hunted, wild, shrinking, her great eyes dilated to their utmost. For one moment she stood poised there, then darted to Gilbert and clung to him with all her might.

"Don't! Don't!" she shrieked. "Don't let them take me! Kill me—kill me yourself! Don't let me burn!"

She was so overwrought that it was long before Gilbert could make her understand that she was saved. Now that the way to act was plain to him all his energy and resource returned. He explained the situation as clearly as he could to Mr. Clare.

He felt sure that it would be unwise to wait till morning and tackle the authorities. The people, baulked of their prey, would very likely break out and riot. Moreover, the inhabitants of all other villages in the district had the same blind fear and hatred of a witch, and so were potential enemies. The safest plan was to dress the girl in boy's clothes and to ride away there and then. The night lay before them clear and fine, though cold. They must travel straight through till they gained the coast, and there take ship for England. He could find something for Luna to wear, and they could lend a spare cloak.

Leonard Clare listened, with wrath in his heart, yet knowing that the advice was good. It was arranged that he should send his servants back to the inn to pay his reckoning and bring his horses and his baggage. There was a spare horse for the carriage of such things as were necessary for travel, and until they were clear of the district and could buy another horse Luna could ride that.

There was need of urgent haste, and in the stress of the proposed flight Leonard Clare had hardly time to realize the desperate part played by the young parson.

But when Luna had been shut once more into the bedroom to wash and dress herself the two men faced each other, and, noting the blue marks under the younger man's eyes, Clare's heart smote him for an ingrate. He spoke then in a fine, dignified way of his indebtedness. He dared not insult the young man by offer of reward, but if there were anything he could do——

Gilbert thanked him quietly. He said simply that he could not leave the girl to be murdered. He had done what he could, and God had done the rest.

He cut protestations short by sketching a map of the route he advised and giving minute directions.

In the midst of it the bedroom door softly opened, and there slipped out a slim figure in knee-breeches and shirt, with hair all gathered away under a riding-hat.

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"'DON'T! DON'T!' SHE SHRIEKED. 'DON'T LET THEM TAKE ME!'"

Luna's timidity was gone. Her eyes were full of a new terrible idea. Going straight up to Gilbert, she said, in her low, wondrous voice: —

"And what will you do?"

He leaned across the table and looked her in the eyes.

"Stay here and do my work," he said, quietly.

"And when they find I am gone they will seize you."

He shrugged his shoulders. "They may not. They may think the devil ran off with you in the night."

"If they do *not* think so, the mob will tear you in pieces."

"I can't help that. I have done my duty."

The girl turned slowly from him, as if she could not tear her eyes from the dominion of his. She looked at her uncle.

"I cannot leave here unless Master Caton comes too."

"I must humbly beg to be forgiven. I had not realized the danger that you have run by your heroic rescue of my niece," stammered Mr. Clare. "The events of this night — I think my wits are to seek, sir. But let me repair this. Come with us to-night, and your future career shall be my care."

Gilbert hesitated, his face aflame. Luna went close to him and took his hand. "If he stays, I stay with him," she said clearly.

The sound of the horses at the door was heard. Voices mingled with the tramplings. The mayor had come to express regret that Mr. Clare was leaving the village with his inquiries unanswered.

They came out and spoke with him. Gilbert explained that he was going a stage with Mr. Clare, who was not certain of the first ten miles before striking the main road. He mounted the spare horse, and they put the page-boy up before him.

"Mind you get back in time for the burning," said the mayor, anxiously. "We shall want you to say the final prayers."

"There will be plenty of time for that," said Gilbert, tranquilly.

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IF INSECTS WERE BIGGER.

By J. H. KERNER-GREENWOOD.

In the following article the insects and the scenes represented are from actual photographs.

WE are (save a few contented ones) so apt to be perpetually complaining of the disadvantages and drawbacks of life that we hardly even stop to realize how much more severe and discouraging mundane conditions might be. Suppose the temperature of a really hot day were two hundred degrees Fahrenheit in the shade, instead of a paltry eighty-five or ninety! Or one hundred below zero on a wintry one! Then we might really complain if hailstones were of the size and shape of cannon-balls, and it hailed twice a week.

Or take our insect pests. What a terrible calamity, what a stupefying circumstance, if mosquitoes were the size of camels, and a herd of wild slugs the size of elephants invaded our gardens and had to be shot with rifles, unless Maxim guns were to be employed for the purpose! Truly, in these respects we are a lucky race, living under almost ideal conditions.

It is true we are still molested by hordes of wild animals of bloodthirsty propensities. These wild animals only lack the single quality—namely, that of size—to render them all-powerful and all-desolating, and this quality they have not been able to attain owing to the lack of favouring conditions.

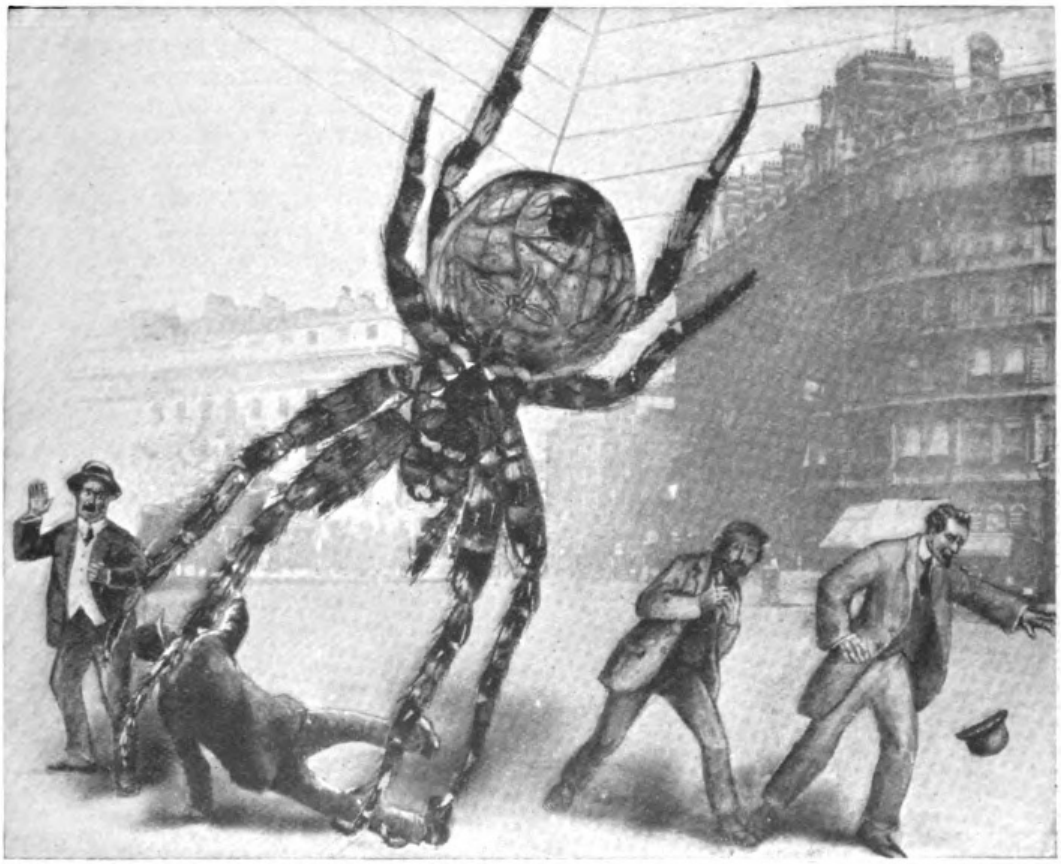
How easily it might be otherwise. Suppose, for example, that a few yards from the office of this Magazine, in Covent Garden Market, a terrible Puss-moth larva were to have escaped from his cage or his keeper—if, indeed, he were not to have developed into gigantic proportions in a single night—what a panic would be caused!

How the irate grower of tomatoes and grapes, when offered a price that would not pay the carriage of his precious freight from Worthing to Covent Garden, thinks with envy



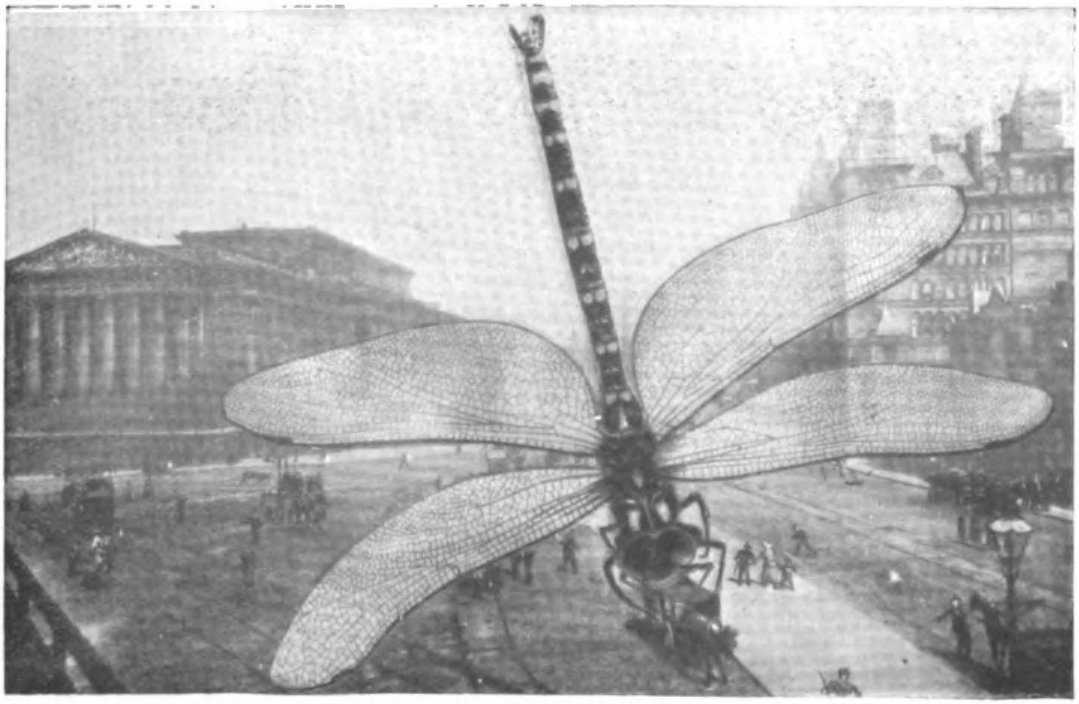
TERRIBLE ATTACK BY A LARVA OF THE PUSS-MOTH IN COVENT GARDEN.

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THE ARANEUS DIADEMA SPIDER DESCENDS UPON TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

of the Puss-moth, who, when alarmed or angered, ejects a fluid of an acrid character on its tormentors, and, taking a tip from the insect, seizes a syringe and, plunging it into the tank of an adiacent motor, proceeds to likewise wreak his vengeance. In the first illustration of this article we see the larva of the Puss-moth in a belligerent mood. No



A DRAGON-FLY CAPTURES AN UNSUSPECTING FOUR-WHEELER IN LIVERPOOL.

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wonder the spectators cower back in terror before such a repellent monster.

One day we will imagine London to have been startled by the sudden visitation of a monster *Araneus diadema*, somewhat larger than a mammoth, which, descending upon Trafalgar Square, seized a number of pedestrians in its jaws, and, having hastily dispatched them, proceeded to knock over a couple of the Landseer lions, under the impression that they were animated by hostile feelings, overturned a motor-bus, and, after doing as much damage above-ground as possible, insinuated itself into the Trafalgar Square station of the Underground Railway, where it became wedged in the tube, and was finally dispatched by concussion of the brain through colliding with an electrically-driven engine. Yet the *Araneus diadema* has frequently been seen in the neighbourhood of Trafalgar Square. It is easy to imagine them hiding themselves in their silken cells spun amongst the leaves of the plane trees that adorn the Square; or hidden in the stones of the classic front of St. Martin's Church. Only instead of being twenty or thirty feet in diameter, the spider with the foregoing name is but half an inch or so from head to tail, which, as I said before, ought to be regarded as a great mercy to mankind.

Can one not conjure up these headlines in the newspapers: "Gigantic Dragon-Fly at Liverpool. Seizes a Four-Wheeled Cab, with Cabman and Horse, and Vanishes. Consternation of Inhabitants." And there is nothing to prevent the dragon-fly from acquitting itself of this predatory exploit save the lack of physical proportions.

Nobody dreams of informing his neighbour that a *Musca domestica* was seen at the Bank of England, because there are millions of house-flies in the vicinity; but if he happened to mention that this particular *Musca* was somewhat larger than the late lamented Jumbo, one can well believe the horror and alarm such a statement would occasion. But when an animal so vicious on so small a scale as that in which it is familiar to us is enlarged to the size of an elephant it can readily be conceived how tremendous the destruction it would occasion.

There is one deadly foe to mankind the tidings of whose arrival would strike terror into the hearts of the most callous.



EXPLOITS OF A HOUSE-FLY AT THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

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PANIC CAUSED BY A MOSQUITO IN PICCADILLY CIRCUS.

Imagine a gigantic mosquito, hovering like an aeroplane over Piccadilly, dropping its eggs into the lake in St. James's Park or into the cisterns from which we drink, multiplying itself a hundredfold. Such a phenomenon strikes terror to the most intrepid imagination. The mosquito is bad enough in its uniform minute state. In India men, women, and children die from the terrible disease which we call malaria at the rate of five millions a year. Deaths at that rate in London would leave not a soul alive in our great capital in little more than twelve months. So that the female gnat, or moth, is sufficiently alarming without being constructed on a scale rivalling that of the legend of the Arabian roc.



A LEVIATHAN GRASSHOPPER'S ARRIVAL IN PRINCES STREET, EDINBURGH.

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Some of us have envied that exception to the rule, the contented farmer, who runs the model farm at Grantham, and whose barley has been so much prized by its late purchasers. Who knows how much of his success he owes to his friend the grasshopper for eating up those foes to his crops and many other harmful insects? Unlike the locust, whose ears are under its stomach, the ears of the grasshopper are placed at the sides of its two front legs, and it makes its loud chirp by rubbing its rough spiny wings one against another. The male insect alone emits this sound, in this way calling its mate. The female gives the best reply by answering it in person. It is hard to bel.eve the slim, graceful grasshopper belongs to the same family as that big, fat, nasty insect, the black beetle. The sudden apparition of a mammoth grasshopper in Princes Street, Edinburgh, would be a sight calculated to stir the apathy of the most stolid Scot.

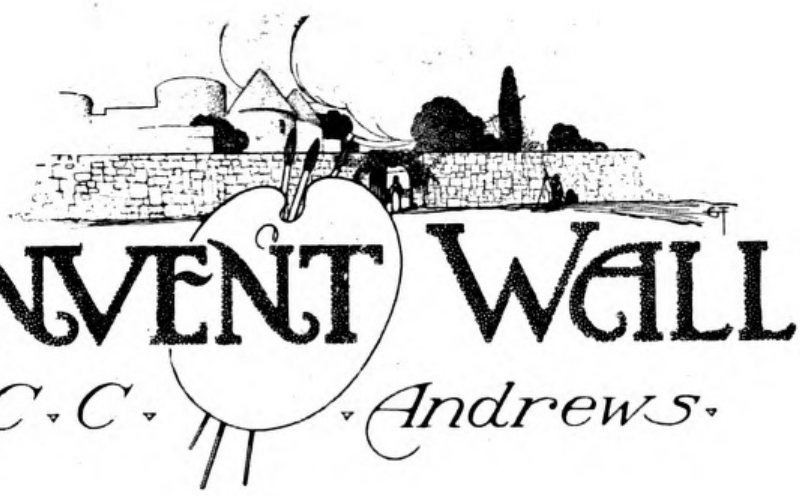
The lacewing fly, as my readers are aware, is a small, delicate insect with long and richly-veined wings of a tender green colour, like that of the body. Its antennæ are long and tapering, and its prominent eyes shine like hemispheres of gold. The larvæ of the lacewings are not unlike the ant-lion, although somewhat longer and narrower in proportion to the size of their bodies, and less hairy. Their mandibles, moreover, have no teeth on the inner side. In their carnivorous habits they resemble ant-lions, but instead of making pits and remaining stationary they rove about in search of their prey, which consists of the different kinds of green fly and plant lice.



A LACEWING FLY SPREADS CONSTERNATION IN WELLINGTON STREET.

From this description we may surmise that were a lacewing fly to spring suddenly into magnified existence somewhere—say in the neighbourhood of the Lyceum Theatre; not magnified as we see it under a microscope, but a millionfold, the size of a monster alligator—the consequences, besides creating the utmost panic and alarm common to every cab accident, might be of a very serious nature, if they were seized with an appetite for walking gentlemen, chorus "ladies," or even the harmless, necessary supernumerary.

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The Convent Wall

By C. C. Andrews

ALTHOUGH the low grey clouds might seem, to weather-wise eyes, to threaten snow, the day was so windless that it was not cold. Indeed, the Englishman, in his tramp up the winding road from the inn in the valley, had walked himself into a glow, and paused when he reached the usual spot in the shadow of the convent wall, to take off his tweed cap and push the crisp dark hair from his forehead, before he unstrapped his easel and got his painting gear ready.

The convent wall was very high and topped with ugly spikes. Sunken in it, at an angle almost opposite the easel, was a great iron-studded door, with a grille, that was rather low down. The Englishman, glancing that way, and especially at the grille, smiled and felt in his pocket for a certain packet. The convent was also a school, and various of the younger pupils, peering through the bars on the occasion of his first appearance, had been vastly interested in the strange man who sat on a stool and made what was unanimously decided to be meant for a picture of the château. Ever since it had been his admirable custom to produce marvellous Paris confections from an apparently bottomless pocket, resulting in much munching and happiness, until Lay-Sister Ermyntrude, swooping down something in the manner of a fussy and scandalized hen, sent the whole troop scuttling like a flock of chickens. It must be added that the chickens scuttled cheerfully, and that Sister Ermyntrude, surrounded by the entire brood, was afterwards most generously regaled upon unconfiscated fondants and chocolates.

The Château de Fontevrault stood on an eminence, and as its moss-and-lichen-encrusted old wall was low, its great grey, tower-flanked façade, its wide stone terraces, and ponderous flights of stone steps were well within his view. In the low wall was a little wicket-gate standing just ajar. The Englishman looked at that — rather with the air of waiting to look at something else—before he looked at his picture. He was certainly a very bad painter.

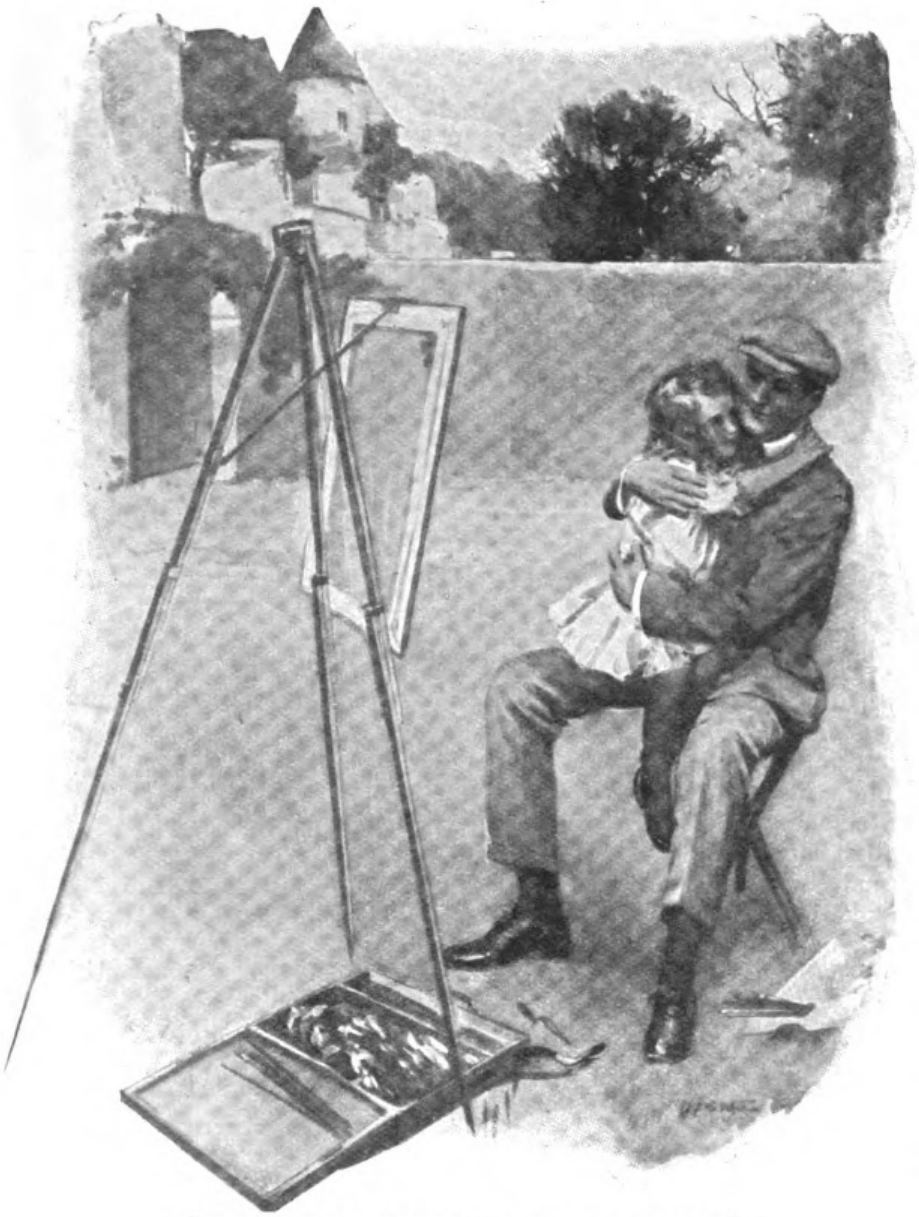
"I don't think," he said aloud, critically, "that I shall do better than that."

Which seemed a strange reason for proceeding ruthlessly to scrape out a quite passable tower. But this had happened several times before to various other portions of the picture; as a whole, its progress was slow. He was still busy when the wicket-gate jerked in response to a series of short and tentative tugs. At a stronger tug it yielded, and Mlle. Anne-Marie appeared in the opening. The young Englishman put down his palette knife and held out his arms.

"Come, darling," he called, coaxingly.

Mlle. Anne-Marie smiled coyly and inserted a thumb in her mouth. But the smile, though coy, was friendly; probably with the discrimination of her sex, she approved of his immaculate tweeds, his broad-shouldered, frank-faced, dark-eyed good looks. Also, she had experience of the contents of his pockets. Finally, after some coquettish hesitation, she charged forward at a run, and projected herself, with a dive and a squeal, head-foremost into his waistcoat. Lifted to his knee, she returned his kiss with the shameless ardour and abandon of three and a quarter, and, furthermore, hugged him with

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"SHE HUGGED HIM WITH STRANGLING VIGOUR."

strangling vigour. A raid upon the usual pocket was proceeding when, with a start, he slid her to her feet and rose to his own. The wicket had opened farther for the egress of Madame the Marquise, and the Englishman plainly saw all that he desired to see.

"Ah, you are here, Anne-Marie! Naughty child to run! Monsieur spoils you!" she exclaimed.

"She has been here hardly a moment. And we both entreat pardon, madame," said the Englishman, with a bow.

He produced a packet from the pocket, upon which Anne-Marie pounced with a second squeal and a painful lack of manners, proceeding to tear off the cover. The Marquise advanced from the wicket.

"There is no need to ask pardon, monsieur; you are only too kind," she said, graciously. "Your picture—may I?" She approached the easel. "I—I—fear—it seems you progress but slowly," she suggested, with doubt.

"Very slowly, madame." The Englishman sighed.

"Indeed, I thought you more advanced yesterday."

"I was so, madame. But with such a subject I am difficult to satisfy."

"Subject? Ah, yes." The Marquise glanced at the château, perhaps with the faintest shrug of slight shoulders. "Indeed, I hope you may be repaid for so much care, monsieur, and sell the picture well."

"You are all goodness. But I fear that to sell at all is as much as a poor painter may dare expect, madame."

"Poor? You also? I did not know. I am sorry, monsieur," said the Marquise, gently. She faltered over the words, turning shyly pink. The Englishman thought of his great gabled manor-house set in its wide ancestral acres in the midst of the green Shakespeare country, where, in the charge of the sweetest of grey-haired aunts, two short-frocked, dark-eyed, long-legged young sisters were blooming into girlhood, and hid a smile. Then he glanced at the painting and probably salved his conscience.

"Indeed, I fear there is hardly a poorer painter to be found, madame!" he said, very truthfully.

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"Oh, but it is pretty!" declared the Marquise. She stood looking at the picture. Straight and slender in her velvet frock, with curls of her fair hair escaping from under her fur cap and straying about her small, soft, delicate, brown-eyed face, she looked hardly more than a child—she had been married quite pathetically young. This, with the information that she was the penniless cousin of her middle-aged, invalid, half-ruined husband, the late Marquis, who had secured a nurse rather than taken a wife, the Englishman had learned from the innkeeper in the valley. That her name was Marguerite had been coaxed with plentiful kisses and comfits from Anne-Marie. The great gate in the convent wall opened squeaking for the emission of Lay-Sister Ermyntrude, who was pretty and plump and rosy. Had the fates gone their wonted way, she should surely have worn a wedding-ring and never a wimple and veil. Now, although her bright eyes rather looked past the Englishman's bow, they smiled at the child and were kind upon the Marquise.

"I was coming to the château, madame. If I could for a moment speak with you——" she began.

"Surely," said the Marquise, quickly. There was a change in her pale face; her hand made a movement as if she would have caught at her heart. "Come, Anne-Marie, we hinder. Thank monsieur, and say good-bye."

She gave a little bow, hurrying across to the wicket; Anne-Marie, obediently bestowing a sticky embrace and a chocolate-flavoured kiss, trotted after—it shut on the three. The Englishman stood frowning; he heard nothing of the faint cry of terror, helpless protest, impotent revolt, that sounded behind the château wall.

Not having heard it, he shouldered his belongings, tramped down to the inn in the valley, and lunched. To the Silver Stag, by the way, he was a person of considerable mystery, since upon his unanticipated arrival he had neither been expected to linger nor suspected of artistic proclivities. But the Silver Stag knew nothing of how, in the course of the solitary walking tour whose projected end was Paris, he had passed the Château de Fontevrault, or that, as he paused in the shadow of the convent wall to survey its frowning bulk, the wicket-gate had opened and Mlle. Anne-Marie, running out and catching an incautious shoe in a way-laying stone, had floundered in the mud, and been rescued, soiled and wailing, before Madame the Marquise, all fluttered and rosy with haste, appeared in the wake of her daughter.

Afterwards, since the hours between his visits to the corner beside the convent wall had become mere arid wastes of time to be got through in the best way that offered, he started upon one of the long tramps he favoured. He was some eight miles upon the flat, bare, poplar-fringed road to Paris, and the December dusk was gathering, when the first flakes of snow fluttered down. Large and thick, they were quickly larger and thicker; more than once he was obliged to turn his back to the stinging whirl that almost blinded him. A good half of the distance to the Silver Stag was still to cover when he paused in the lee of a crazy shed beside the road to rest.

"Lively, this!" he said aloud. "If I'd had any sense I should have put up at that inn I passed. It can't be above a mile or so. I've a good mind to turn—— Hal-loa!"

He started round; his heart jumped. Between one scream of the wind and the next the white silence was broken by a quite different sort of cry. A little breathless, soft cry that was incredulous, frightened, joyful—that was—— It had come from the interior of the shed. In a flash the Englishman was also in the interior of the shed. His heart had jumped so truly that it was almost without astonishment that he met the brown eyes shining in the little pale face of the Marquise, and became confusedly aware of Anne-Marie, a slumbering bundle of white shawl on a heap of straw in the corner. The Marquise, with another little cry, put out two shaking hands, and he caught them.

"Madame! you!" he stammered, staring. And then, "You child! it's enough to give you your death!" he cried.

He was so agitated that he said it in English. But he was a practical person, and was already pulling off his fur-lined coat. The Marquise was shivering pitifully in the velvet costume of the morning. In a trice he slipped her arms into its sleeves and had it buttoned round her; not until he had made her drink from a flask in his pocket, and seated her upon the straw out of the way of the snow that drifted in at the doorless entrance, did he return to French, and something like composure. She had, of course, been caught in the snow; it was imprudent to venture alone so far. He would go to the château, and—— He was stopped, checked in the wonderful delight of feeling that he was at once scolding,

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"THE MARQUISE, WITH ANOTHER LITTLE CRY, PUT OUT TWO SHAKING HANDS."

advising, protecting this brown-eyed, slim goddess—the Marquise sprang up from the straw.

"Ah, but no!" she cried; "you do not understand, monsieur. I do not return to the chateâu; I have run away!"

"Run away?" the Englishman gasped.

"Yes—yes!" She dropped on her knees, her arms went round the bundle that had Anne-Marie's flaxen head and peach cheeks for its apex. "They would take her away—they shall not! I stole out when no one saw, and ran—I dared not wait. We will go to Paris—I will hide her there and work. If I stay they will steal her."

"Steal her?" echoed the Englishman. "Who?"

"Her grandmother—her father's mother, Madame the Duchesse de St. Maure. She will put her in the convent—away from me!"

"The convent?" Recalling the morning he was enlightened, seeing her face now, remembering her face then. "She came to tell you so—the Sister?"

"Sister Ermyntrude—yes." She caught his wrist beseechingly. "You will not betray me, monsieur? No; I will not ask it—I know! Yes; she came to tell me of the letter that the Reverend Mother had received from Madame de St. Maure in Paris. She is kind—she wished that I should have a little time to get used to the parting before it came. My Anne-Marie is to be put into the convent school to be educated. They will keep her there, it may be always, since, like me, she has no fortune. And I shall not see her for perhaps a year—two years! The Duchesse takes me to Russia." She stopped, breathless. "I am not a Catholic, you understand, monsieur."

"And the child is to be brought up as one?" the Englishman exclaimed.

"Yes; it is so in the marriage contract. If I dared rebel I may not, and there is none—not even my husband—ever dared rebel against the Duchesse. I hoped, I prayed that it might not be yet—she is so little—she will cry for me—cry for me! And she is all I have. I have a little money, and my jewels—a very few. I must go to Paris, monsieur!"

The Englishman, in English, said, "You child!" again, as once more the little hand caught his wrist, and then he laughed.

"Most certainly you must go to Paris, madame, but for the night no farther than

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the nearest inn. You had meant to get a carriage there? Ah, yes, but that was before the snow. It is a mile or more, and you cannot walk. Therefore you must ride."

"Ride?" cried the Marquise.

"Why not, since here is your carriage, madame?"

At the farther end of the shed stood a little hooded cart, of the kind in which French peasants probably jogged to market in the days before the Revolution was born or thought of. Ramshackle and crazy, encrusted with ancient mud in true French fashion, it was yet usable. The Marquise, watching the Englishman wheel it barrow-wise to the doorway, stared wide-eyed.

"Ah!" she cried. "Would you make yourself my horse, monsieur?"

"Your anything, madame, so that I do you service. You will be warm in my coat, and the little one is warm already. Happily, too, we shall have the wind behind us."

He was exceedingly brisk about it. Anne-Marie, with merely a sleepy whimper, was stowed snugly under the hood; the Marquise, with hardly a murmur of protest, found herself lifted and seated there too. With a laugh the Englishman dragged the cart out into the whirl and whistle of wind and snow.

It was not an easy journey; inwardly he knew that his sturdy, college-trained muscles had never had so much taken out of them; many times he was obliged to pause, spent and gasping, to recover breath. But whenever he looked back there was the shine of brown eyes under the curve of the old hood, and Anne-Marie slept like an angel, bundled in the shawl. So, little by little, way was made up the long slope of the snow-swathed road, and the inn was reached. Lights were bright in its windows as he ran the cart under the shelter of a lean-to roof.

He vanished into the inn. The tale he told was probably bald and certainly unveracious, but its energy sent landlord and underlings flying. The Marquise, set down beside the fire in a bright, dry room, looked up at him as Anne-Marie in her arms opened round, blue, wondering eyes—he had carried them both in together—the snow was very deep.

"She will be hungry," she said.

"I hope so. And you also," he answered.

He did not say "madame"—as who would to his sister? The tale had been very unveracious, and the red-cheeked, hurrying Louison and Jeannette, who were setting the table, had keen eyes and ears for the lady from whom monsieur took his fur coat. Anne-Marie presently, disdaining an untempting chair, sat upon the Englishman's knee and munched and prattled happily, until the blue eyes, shutting and shutting, opened no more.

The Marquise stopped in her wonder as to who, in Paris, would buy those jewels that were so very few, and he rose, answering her questioning look.

"There is another room," he whispered. "It should be warm—I told them to make a fire. I'll carry her in."

He led the way down a passage to a room opening from it and laid the sleepy bundle on the bed. But he carried a grave face back to the fire. The Marquise, returning, found it graver.

"You know, you must not go to Paris," he said, gently.

"Not?" She started, frightened, paling. "Monsieur?"

"The Duchesse might find you."

"I would hide."

"And it may be that when your money and the price of your jewels is gone——"

"I can work."

"Without doubt. But perhaps more easily in England."

"I know no one in England, monsieur."

"At present, no." He plunged mendaciously. "But—but my sisters greatly need a teacher, and—and my aunt a companion." Inwardly he thanked Heaven for relatives and women! "If you would suffer me to escort you to England and honour my house by making it your home——"

"But—but," stammered the Marquise, wondering, "you are poor, monsieur. I should burden——"

"A poor painter—yes. I fear of the poorest; but not a poor man," explained the Englishman, gravely.

"Oh!" said the Marquise, and pondered it. "I am glad," she said, sweetly, and put out a little hand. "It is so hard, the poverty. We will come with you to England, monsieur. I will work very hard, and—and try——"

"And try?" the Englishman prompted.

"To please you, monsieur," said the Marquise, softly.

It seemed a satisfactory conclusion. Rosy Louison, appearing to clear the table, found the pair very snug by the fire, and observed that monsieur was drying the little wet shoes of madame with a solicitous care not at all characteristic of Louison's brothers. In the kitchen she reported that they would leave for Paris in the morning to go on to Dieppe, and cross to England with the

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little mademoiselle. Monsieur doubted, as it froze hard and the snow was already so deep, whether a sleigh might not be necessary. The Englishman, in fact, had made this remark; going presently to the window, he made another.

"The wind has dropped and the snow seems over," he said. "It's a wonderful sight—white, all white, and the moon coming. Isn't this a door? Yes, and there's a porch. Will you come and look? You won't be cold in my coat."

The Marquise, duly wrapped in the coat, was very willing to come and look. With the door shut behind them they stood in the dark porch gazing out upon a glittering white world. That way was the descending road to the château; the other, leading towards Paris. The Marquise gave an exclamation.

"There are people coming, monsieur!"

Plainly so. Presently it appeared that there was a carriage—that there were two carriages labouring through the snow, their horses floundering, struggling, exhausted. They drew nearer, close, evidently they were coming to the inn. They stopped; the landlord ran bustling out; a snow-covered footman, descending, opened the foremost carriage door. There alighted a lady, large, cloaked, rustling, imperious of voice and gesture. In the porch, not twenty yards away, the Marquise gave a faint, terrified cry and clutched at her companion's hand.

"It is the Duchesse!" she gasped.

"The Duchesse?" the Englishman ejaculated.

"Yes—yes! She will take me back! My Anne-Marie must be shut in the convent! She sees me, monsieur!"

"Hush! Quiet!" As the Duchesse turned—obviously not a Duchesse against whom it was easy to rebel—she would have made a despairing step forward but that his arm was round her waist, as her helpless cry of dismay and betrayal would have been out but that his hand was quicker to her lips. "If you stir—if you speak a word—I—I'll kiss you!" threatened the Englishman, desperately.

"Oh!" gasped the Marquise.

Was it because he did kiss her, or did he kiss her because of it? Who can tell what happened in the dark porch, what passionate whispers and tremulous replies, as the Duchesse and her chaplain, her maid and her footman, her cook and her coachman—all the indispensable body of a great lady's inconveniences—filed by unconscious into the inn? Probably the Englishman in his heart exulted that the story which he had dreamed of telling at some vaguely distant time among his manor roses should be spoken now. Back in the lighted room—he pale, she rosy—it seemed that there was little left to say. But, as he unbuttoned the coat—"Monsieur," began the Marquise.

"Marguerite, one day when I told Anne-Marie my name, you listened," said the Englishman, reproachfully.

"Ah, yes—and I remember," confessed the Marquise, and essayed it with a queer little French twist that he found adorable—it was a very English name. Then, leaving her warm by the fire, he went out to ask questions, returning presently with all the news that the landlord could supply. Madame the Duchesse would remain at the inn for the night and was already in her chamber. The road to the château lying in a hollow where the snow must have drifted would be impassable for wheels, and the only large sledge of which the place boasted was being prepared for her people, who would go on after their supper. Her own sleigh was to be sent from the château early in the morning. It was at this point that the Marquise interposed.

"We must go earlier," she said, eagerly, "much earlier. She—she might see, and then—— Or to-night—could we go to-night? Could we?"

She was pale, scared, trembling. Soothing her, he considered, and thought that it might be done. The inn, it seemed, had two small sledges, of which he had heard the Duchesse's chaplain order one. He could take the other, go to the Lion d'Or, three miles farther on, engage rooms, and no doubt obtain a sledge large enough to take them all back. Would that do? Would she be frightened if he left her? The terrible Duchesse being shut safely into her room for the night, the Marquise was sure she would not be frightened; also as an additional precaution she would bolt herself up with Anne-Marie until he came back. Therefore it would do. In a little while she was waving her hand at the window as she watched the Englishman and the sledge gliding away over the snow—he was small, smaller, a speck, was gone. About to drop the curtain, the sound of the inn door opening made her glance that way; both sledges, the large and the small, stood waiting; the chaplain came out, his long black coat-skirts gathered up away from the snow, and got into the latter. Why did not M. the Curé wait for his supper? wondered the Marquise. In a moment there followed the Duchesse's maid with a great clumsy bundle,

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which she placed on his knees; another, and the sledge was moving rapidly down the road towards the château. The Marquise turned away. Now she would go to Anne-Marie; they would wait together until—— The smile on her lips froze; the cry she tried to utter died in a dry gasp; she fell back voiceless, for at the opened door the Duchesse stood.

She came in, shutting it behind her; to the terrified girl there was something worse than anger in her stony face; she pointed with a wrinkled, jewel-laden old hand.

"I am going to the château," she said. "Get your coat—whatever wraps you have—and come."

"No—no!" the Marquise panted. Trembling, she caught at a chair. "Madame, you are angry—do not be angry! My Anne-Marie—she is so little—I could not let the convent take her. I ran away to keep her, my baby. I cannot go back to the château—I—I am going——"

"Say nothing—I will not hear it!" said the Duchesse. "Get your cloak, girl, and come! As for your child, who is also my son's—if you wish to see her again——"

"Ah!" the Marquise shrieked.

She tore open the door, the Duchesse following, rushed down the passage into the room to the bed. She saw it rifled, empty, and screamed—the wild scream of the mother robbed. "Where—where?" she gasped. As she said it she knew and clung with imploring arms to the other's rigid bosom. "Give her back to me—give her back! She is to come to England with me—with him!" she cried, and then cowered, shuddering, away from the look and words that answered. For a while the Duchesse's tongue lashed—it may be that she believed she had reason for the torture. She stood grim, with merciless eyes upon the piteous child who swayed, stupefied, stabbed, helpless, beside the ravished nest.

So it happened that when the Englishman returned an hour later he found only a heart-broken scrawl tendered by a round-eyed Louison—Louison, had he but known it,



"'GIVE HER BACK TO ME—GIVE HER BACK! SHE IS TO COME TO ENGLAND WITH ME—WITH HIM!' SHE CRIED."

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whose disastrously indiscreet invitation to the Duchesse's maid to come and see the lovely little mademoiselle who slept like an angel had brought about this catastrophe. "They have taken my Anne-Marie to put her in the convent—they will perhaps let me stay with her a little until she does not cry. Afterwards it is Russia. I shall never see your England." Tears stained it. He crushed the little blotted thing and swore, staring round the empty room.

He had no thought for the château wicket when at daylight he stood at the gate in the convent wall; his eyes, haggard with sleeplessness, stared through the bars above the grille at the great, grim building within. She was there, little tender thing with the brown eyes, who, at mere sight of freedom and love and happiness, had bloomed like a rose last night—there, caged, torn, helpless, the child with the child. And he, barred out, was no less helpless, since neither by force nor pleading could he win a way to her. He turned with an oath and a groan, tramping fiercely over the frozen snow, swung round to tramp back, and stopped, for Lay-Sister Ermyntrude had slipped through the gate.

"Madame," said the Englishman, eagerly, for it seemed that he saw the bright eyes kind in her rosy face — "Madame the Marquise?" He was young and in misery —he caught the hand that hung demure at her side. "You understand that she would have been my wife? But for that cursed chance last night—— She is there?"

"Madame the Marquise is there," said Sister Ermyntrude. "If I may advise monsieur, it would be well to make all preparations for your return to England; since to-morrow Madame the Duchesse starts for Russia it is useless to wait. Also outside the wall you do but little good, monsieur!"

"But inside? If I could see her!" cried the Englishman.

"Impossible, monsieur!" Sister Ermyntrude stood prim. "As impossible as that madame should come to you. For the gate, like the great door, is always locked at night, and the Reverend Mother keeps the keys. And even alone, without the little one, she could not climb the wall, monsieur."

"No!" cried the Englishman, and stared at her. Sister Ermyntrude stared at the sky.

"No, monsieur. You understand there are no ladders; also there are the spikes. Even if madame knew that at the north corner of the wall, where the ivy grows so thickly upon both sides that it is hidden, there is a hole large enough for a man to pass, she could not, with her little strength, tear it away. It is possible that with a strong knife—but madame has no knife."

"It is so unlikely, madame."

"So unlikely—yes." Sister Ermyntrude abandoned the sky. "You look at the convent, at the little door in the alcove, monsieur? Certainly it is fastened only by bolts —but what of that? Madame could doubtless draw the bolts—yes, but—— It is true that one night in summer Sister Agnes left it unfastened—the Reverend Mother was very angry at so great a carelessness. Therefore, to secure it is now my business. But I am most careful, monsieur."

"I am sure of it, madame." The Englishman's eyes were very bright.

"One must do one's duty, monsieur." Sister Ermyntrude once more was prim. "I fear it is useless to watch the window above the little door, although, as you have guessed, it is certainly that of madame's room, for I hope she rests. All in the convent, even the Reverend Mother, are asleep by ten—it is the rule; but it was long past midnight before I could persuade her to lie down, she cried so over the little one—and it may be other things. It was pitiful. You will understand that I was very sleepy. I stay with her to-night also—she wishes it." Sister Ermyntrude sighed. "I fear I shall again be very sleepy, monsieur!"

"Oh, you are an angel!" cried the Englishman, and caught both her hands. "If I could thank you——"

"Monsieur, I do not understand! And I am shocked!" rebuked Sister Ermyntrude, severely. More than ever rosy, she vanished through the gate.

All the convent but one window was dark when the Englishman alighted from a sleigh piled with rugs and wraps, at the north corner of the great spiked wall. The moon was bright and high; he had good light as he slashed and hacked and tore, but the ivy was old and tough—his hands were raw and bleeding before the hole it hid was free and he stepped within. In a minute or two he was beneath the lighted window, and laid a cautious hand upon the alcove door. It yielded smoothly; there were steps before him—happily of stone, that did not creak; he mounted them, and at the end of a passage saw a faint yellow gleam upon the floor. Groping, he found a handle, turned it, and in a moment was noiselessly within a room where, in a great chair, Lay-Sister Ermyntrude was, to both sight and hearing, very fast

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"DEAR, IT'S ALL RIGHT—I'M HERE. THERE'S A SLEIGH WAITING."

asleep. On the bed lay Anne-Marie, equally wide awake, and on her knees beside her, slender, white, forlorn—— He caught the little Marquise in his arms as she sprang up; his kiss stopped her cry.

"Dear, it's all right—I'm here. There's a sleigh waiting. You're safe—there's nothing to keep us." He held her close as, in sheer bewilderment, she for a moment battled against him. "Hush! Quiet! You will wake the Sister." The repose of Lay-Sister Ermyntrude grew ostentatiously audible. "The child? She shall say her prayers at your knees, sweetheart—where else?" He laughed again as he kissed her. "Trust me, I will fight as hard to keep as the Duchesse to take her; but, once you are my wife, I think she will hardly try."

He muffled her in a great cloak brought on his arm, as quickly wrapped the round-eyed and extremely willing Anne-Marie in a rug; soundlessly, she trembling and clinging to him, they crept down to the door. "See how easily a man may carry his responsibilities!" the Englishman said, as he put the child into her arms, lifted her in his own, and went striding over the frozen snow. In a few minutes they were safely beside the sleigh. The Marquise laughed softly as the furs were tucked round her, and Anne-Marie, in her lap, fought resolutely to remain uncovered and see all that this wonderful night could show.

"I have her and I have you!" she said, radiantly, and put up her lips; her face was like a child's in the moonlight.

"I think I have two babies," the Englishman answered, and for a moment had moist eyes as he embraced both fair heads.

The sleigh glided rapidly away towards the road leading to Dieppe, and so to England and freedom. But presently, as they reached the top of a rise—"Look!" said the Marquise.

The Englishman stopped the sleigh. Both looked back to where, white against the black of torn ivy, audacious, victorious, waved in a hand unquestionably very wide awake, the handkerchief of Lay-Sister Ermyntrude fluttered from the hole in the convent wall.

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PLAIN MEN



From a Woman's Point of View.

By THE HON. MRS. FITZROY STEWART.

THAT famous criticism, "God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man," might be applied with much aptness to certain scraps of humanity that one sees about in the world of to-day. For the fact must be faced that men are getting distinctly plainer. Women grow taller, straighter, and handsomer, but men seem to shrink in height, and to become more feeble in form and frail in constitution. With the upper classes this may be the result of undue luxury and of frequent intermarriage, which two causes are, no doubt, responsible for our somewhat effete aristocracy. And the strenuous way we live may have something to say on the subject; for in all walks of life the modern man soon takes on a careworn look that lines his face, pinches his lips, and stoops his shoulders. And these signs are no doubt the result of hustle, of our get-rich-quick methods, and of the storm and stress of present-day competition. Also, no doubt, of wrong food, too much smoking, and the rapid rate of up-to-date locomotion. And this may be seen among all sorts and conditions of men—the clerk "scorching" on a bike to earn his thirty shillings a week; the racing man in the Tube, reading the *Pink 'Un;* the stockbroker in a taxi-cab, with his head full of stocks and shares; up to the smart balloonist in his new sky-scraper, or the millionaire motorist on his eighty-horse-power car.

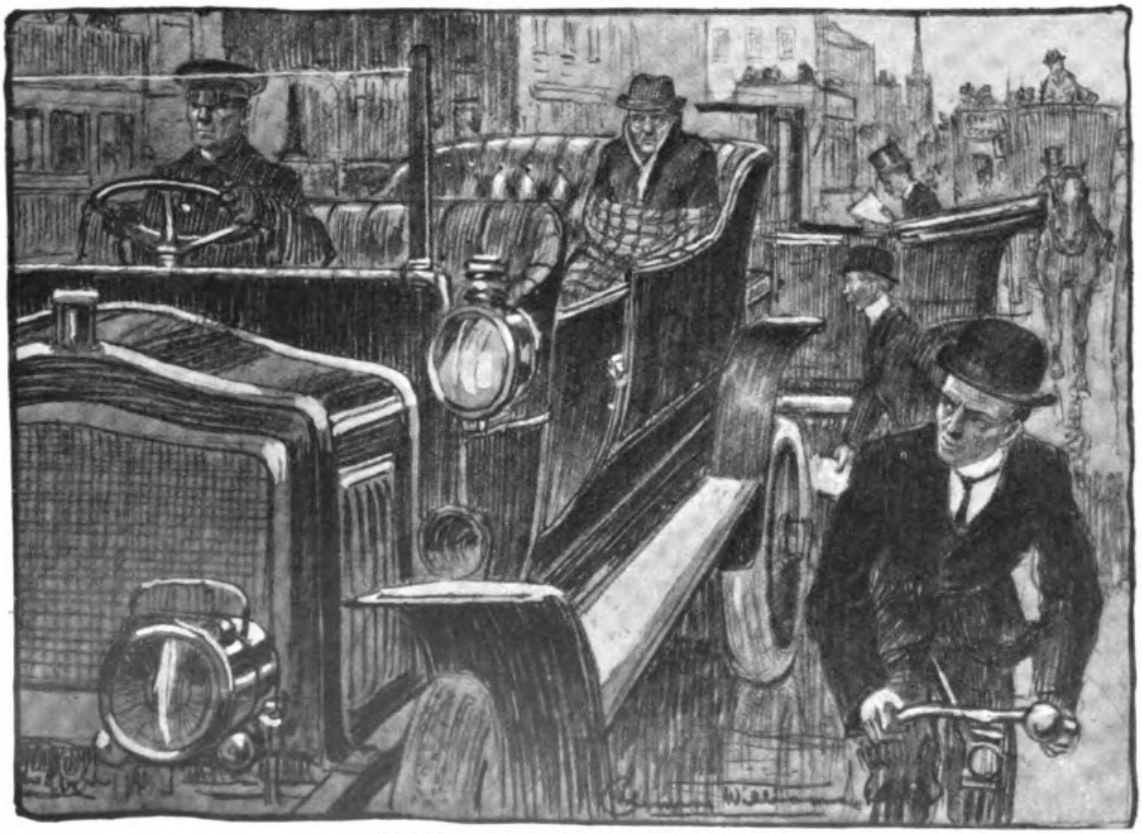
Handsome men are, of course, still to be

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found, but no one can deny that they are in a decided minority. The men one sees about are far too often short and stunted, pale and puny; and this applies in equal measure to the golden youth one meets at balls and parties, to shopmen behind counters, and, sad to say, to the wearers of naval and military uniforms. One and all are on the down grade as regards appearance; and this is *triste*, as our forbears left us a rich legacy in the way of health, strength, and bodily perfection. The Celts gave dark eyes and hair and a bright complexion; also a soft voice, quick but graceful movements, and the added charm of a vivid intellect. The Anglo-Saxon supplied blue eyes, fair hair and skin, straight features, and vast powers of endurance. And we owe a debt to our Danish invaders, for they left us their great height, fine forms, and splendid physique. Anyone who saw the Danish athletes at the Olympic games of 1908 can bear witness to the truth of this statement. Then, if old portraits can be trusted, Englishmen were taller and handsomer a century or two ago than they are in this year of grace 1909. Perhaps—like other nations before us—we have now, as regards make and muscle, to pay the price of an ultra civilization.

Plain men exist and multiply, but in our modern world a man's want of looks seems to be no handicap either to his success in life or to his personal popularity. In this, as it happens, the two sexes show a marked discrepancy. For a woman's charm is often her best asset, and, to parody a famous phrase, "Beauty is of man's life a thing apart, 'tis woman's whole existence."

Then a man's plainness may be atoned for by his mind, manner, and general appearance. Clever men win hands down, and a good manner often counts for more than looks, brains, or even character. And most men, even if plain, own some feature that will interest, attract, and save the situation. Even downright ugliness can sometimes be redeemed by a clever face and an air of distinction. We will picture to ourselves a few of these possibilities. A short, puny man may have small, straight features, good hair, and a clear complexion. Weak lips may smile, or show soft curves of kindliness; a stern chin or heavy jaw can prove strength of will and firmness of character; in small, dull eyes may lurk hidden fires that tell of genius, or, at least, of enthusiasm; and a wrinkled brow often gives evidence of deep thought, a high intellect, and marked powers



"CERTAIN SCRAPS OF HUMANITY."

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of concentration. By the way, the much-abused wrinkles are by no means always a proof of either care and anxiety or of ill-temper. And fine lines on a woman's face are often positively pretty, and—with all due respect to the face-specialists — may have their own charms and potentialities. Then a plain man is apt to win who has a broad, well-formed forehead. For an open brow attracts, and also gives sign of mental capacity. And good eyes can do much to redeem rugged or irregular features. Black eyes look beady in either man or woman, and pale-blue eyes are said to be untrustworthy. But a pair of dark brown or dark grey orbs have a magnetic charm, especially when shaded and shadowed by thick eye-lashes and well-marked eyebrows. And good hair, kept in perfect order, will do much to redeem a plain face or a *mesquin* figure. This last word reminds me that for a man to be tall and well-set-up will cover a multitude of sins in the way of appearance. At any rate, from a woman's point of view, six feet of height, broad shoulders, and a fine presence are safe to redeem such minor defects as a snub nose, a wide mouth, small eyes, or a bad complexion. And a short man can have a good figure if he happens to own a flat back and wide shoulders, and to hold himself with a smart uprightness. Outline counts for much, and has done, from the days of the Roman gladiators downwards.

But a fact that no one can deny is that for some women a really plain man seems to have a definite power of attraction. Can it be that, if beautiful themselves, they find a charm in their opposite; or is it that they brook no rival near the throne, and see in a handsome man more or less of a competitor? A good-looking husband or brother attracts notice, and Her Royal Highness Woman may refuse to be in the background. At any rate, there can be no doubt that an ugly man seems often to wield an influence that is quite uncanny.



"FOR A MAN TO BE TALL AND WELL-SET-UP WILL COVER A MULTITUDE OF SINS IN THE WAY OF APPEARANCE."

The trend of the times may have something to say on the subject. A modern woman, with her brains and her freedom and her strenuous ideals, has no use for what is weak, insipid, and decadent. She has no place in her heart for the scented exquisite, who waves his hair, twists his moustache, manicures his hands, and admires his face in the looking-glass. In fact, pink and white prettiness is now at a discount, and most of us would sooner see our men brown and battered and serenely conscious of their own lack of attractions. Rough-hewn features, we say, show strength, and a plain form may be the shell of a great soul, a keen brain, and soaring ambitions. Certain it is that the Adonis type has gone out of fashion. The woman of to-day scorns the "beauty man," avoids him as a friend, and disregards him as a husband.

And of late the plain man has been much to the fore in fiction. Nowadays we get little

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"AN UGLY MAN SEEMS OFTEN TO WIELD AN INFLUENCE THAT IS QUITE UNCANNY."

or nothing of the handsome heroes who charmed our childish minds in the 'seventies and 'eighties. Gone are the Guy Livingstones of a past age, with their blue eyes, red lips, and gold-backed hair-brushes, and also gone are "Ouida's" splendid Guardsmen, with their angel faces, golden hair, and hopeless wickedness. Even her later types, such as Prince Ioris, in "Friendship," and the singer Corrèze, in "Moths," do not appeal to up-to-date womanhood. Men like these, dreamy, dark-haired, and romantic, seem to us soft, silly, and more or less effeminate. And Rhoda Broughton's so-called "Vikings," fair-skinned, flaxen-haired, brainless giants, are strangely out of touch with modern ethics and the mental demands of the twentieth century.

Our outlook has changed: the *jeune premier* has given place to the brainy worker, and the plain man in fiction is a *fait accompli.*

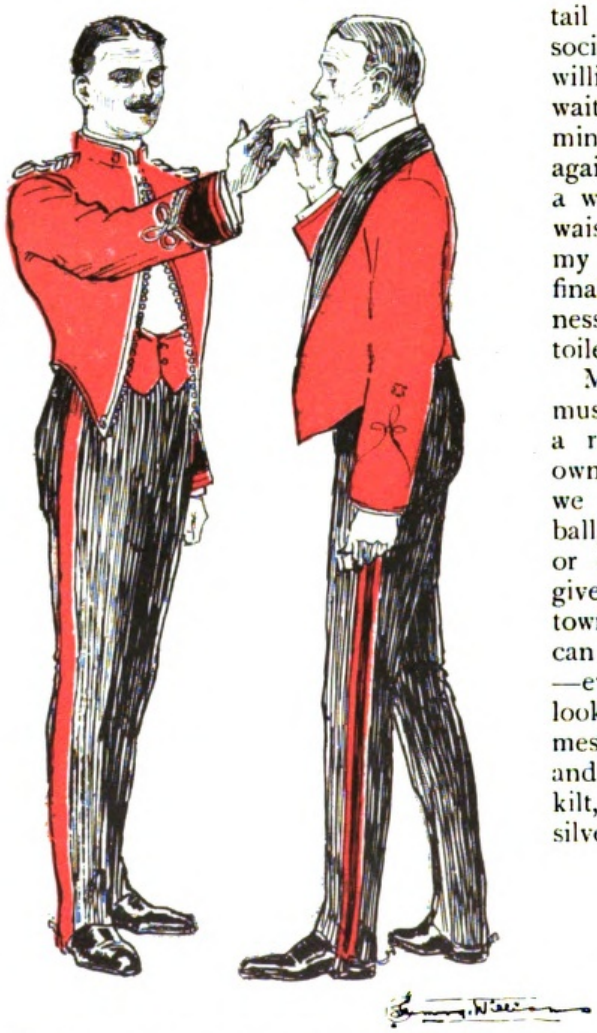
Now this change of front is of interest, as it goes far to disprove the old notion that plainness is allied to godliness—a fancy which our drama has done much to foster and perpetuate. The handsome villain is a standard stage property; and, in the case of heroes, scant justice is done to the typical "good sort," who too often appears with a plain face, flat feet, badly-cut clothes, and a sallow complexion. But the old order changes, and no doubt we shall soon see our dramatic scoundrels with their inward blemishes reflected on their grim exteriors; and the faithful lovers and forgiving husbands may get a look in as tall, smart, attractive personages. Indeed, plain men are already to the fore in our problem plays. For instance, who would expect a handsome hero in an Ibsen drama? Helmer, in "The Doll's House," is pictured as slow, stolid, and tiresome; and the Master Builder one sees as a rough, uncouth, much-married Norwegian. Then Cyrano de Bergerac is now an object of interest, and, most likely, owes to his enormous nose the fact that he has become the hero of a five-act play by M. Edmond Rostand. In a word, the spirit of the age is towards the plain man; and if of old we were taught that "Beauty draws us with a single hair," so now ugliness—even deformity—seems to have gained a weird force of fascination.

But, all the same, our poor plain men are

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by no means content with their condition, and some of them go in strong for various means of betterment. Many men pin their faith to Sandow exercises or to Ju-Jitsu movements; while others believe in older and simpler methods, such as walking, riding, running, rowing, and so on. A few take up fencing; wrestling has become a vogue with some men in smart society; while others prefer Swedish exercises to give them the necessary training. Indeed, the story goes that one of our well-known men pays a Swedish gymnast two hundred pounds a year to come to his house each morning and put himself and his children through a course of lessons before breakfast. Each of these systems no doubt makes for health and strength, and, as a sequence, for height, breadth, and a fine appearance. Then others go in for the "simple life," take Turkish baths, do deep breathing, and practise diet cures with great exactitude. In fact, many men train with as much strictness as a long-distance runner or a jockey.

Dress means much to all of us, and a plain man may score in this direction. He can show his wit in the way he chooses his tailor, and should spend money freely on clothes that are well cut and well made, and—highest art of all — that look at once opulent and business-like. Now an orthodox writer is safe to have much to say on the horrors of men's dress at the present period. She would dilate on the evils of the top-hat and frock-coat, and on their utter lack of grace, comfort, and convenience. And she would also say that they are doomed, and that we shall soon see tweed suits at a smart wedding, and straw hats in the Royal Enclosure at Ascot. But I am a free lance, and declare that the average man never looks better than when he is dressed in "London clothes" and wears the high hat, frock-coat, and suède gloves of civilization. His evening dress may be a trifle dull, but no one ventures to rebel against the white tie, hard shirt-front, and swallow-tail coat, which our society men seem willing to share with waiters and nigger minstrels. But here again I must put in a word for the white waistcoat, which, to my mind, gives the final touch of smartness to a masculine toilet.



"A MAN—EVEN A PLAIN ONE—LOOKS HIS BEST IN A MESS KIT OF SCARLET."

Most women, it must be admitted, like a red coat, and we own to a thrill when we arrive at a Court ball, a Highland ball, or even at a dance given in a garrison town. For no one can deny that a man—even a plain one—looks his best in a mess kit of scarlet and gold, or in the kilt, plaid, sporran, silver, and jewels of a Highland chieftain; or arrayed in all his glory in one of the splendid uniforms that one sees in the ball-room at Buckingham Palace.

Dress works wonders; but, anyhow, the plain man should take heart of grace, as he is on the up-grade and can hold his own by means of mind, manners, and a sturdy physique. For, of all the beauty which can adorn either man or woman, there is no beauty like that of perfect health, a fine bearing, and a keen intellect.

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Colour-Blindness and Its Dangers.

By Dr. F. W. EDRIDGE-GREEN.

Late Member of the International Code of Signals Committee. Author of "Colour-Blindness and Colour-Perception."

[The expert statement placed before the reader in the following article is one of which the vast importance will be understood as soon as it is realized. This statement is that, owing to the scandalous inefficiency of the official tests used in this country—tests which have been superseded by almost every other civilized country in the world—there are a great number of railway servants, sailors, pilots, and others, whose efficiency depends upon their eye for colour being perfect, who are now carrying on their avocations to the direct danger of themselves and of others.]

BEFORE proceeding to discuss the dangers of colour-blindness, it will be well to say a few words about the nature of the defect itself.

Most women have the impression that they have a better eye for colour, as they call it, than their male relatives. There is a foundation in fact for this, as the percentage of colour-blind women is very much smaller than of men. Men seem to vary much more than women. Whilst red-green blindness, which is common amongst men, is comparatively rare in women, the slighter varieties are quite common.

It is obvious that if a woman cannot see the difference in colours which is so striking to other persons she will be unable to arrange colours so that they can be effectively contrasted. Many of the curious combinations which we see may be due, not to bad taste, but to colour-blindness. A well-known countess could not distinguish between the colour of the leaves in October, when they were orange, russet, and brown, and those of early spring, when they were yellow-green and bright green.

I will give an account of some of the mistakes made by the colour-blind. It should be noted by the reader that there are different degrees and varieties of colour-blindness. Dalton, the great chemist, said that diluted black ink on white paper gave a very similar appearance to him to the colour of a florid complexion. Blood appeared to him very like the colour called bottle-green. Grass and a scarlet coat seemed to be of the same colour. He considered the face of a laurel leaf a good match for a stick of red sealing-wax.

Babbage gives an amusing account of Dalton's presentation at Court :—

"Firstly, he was a Quaker, and would not wear the sword which is an indispensable appendage of Court dress. Secondly, the robe of a Doctor of Civil Laws was known to be objectionable on account of its colour—scarlet, one forbidden to Quakers. Luckily, it was recollected that Dalton was afflicted with the peculiar colour-blindness which bears his name, and that, as the cherries and the leaves of a cherry tree were to him of the same colour, the scarlet gown would present to him no extraordinary appearance. So perfect indeed was the colour-blindness that this most modest and simple of men, after having received the doctor's gown at Oxford, actually wore it for several days in happy unconsciousness of the effect he produced on the street."

A colour-blind man bought trousers of red cloth on one occasion and green on another, under the impression that they were brown. He had to have them dyed before he could use them.

A well-known scientist who often plays golf with me finds difficulty in recognizing the red golf flags until he is near them. They appear as black to him, when they are the brightest objects in the whole landscape to me. He can pass the official test as easily as a normal-sighted person, but fails when examined with my lantern ; but this is a point to which I shall return later. It will be noticed that this is a different variety of colour-blindness from Dalton's. This defective perception of red corresponds to those who are unable to hear very low notes on the organ. It is quite distinct from the colour-blindness in which colours are confused because no difference is seen between them. The reader can ascertain for himself whether he is afflicted with this particular kind of colour-blindness by noticing whether he can see red signal lights, golf flags, cherries on a tree, or other red objects at as great a distance as other persons.

A tailor sent home a scarlet waistcoat with green buttons instead of red. A man wrote to me half in red ink and half in black ink under the impression that the whole letter was written in black ink.

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DALTON, THE CELEBRATED CHEMIST, WEARING A SCARLET GOWN UNDER THE IMPRESSION THAT IT WAS BROWN.

Many children find out that there is something wrong with their sight by not being able to find cherries or strawberries as quickly as their companions, or because they are not able to see holly berries on a tree.

Many colour-blind persons are very expert in matching colours. In fact, I am informed that one large drapery establishment has on its staff a colour-blind man whose special employment is to match colours. I have examined many similar persons, who could match colours with very great accuracy.

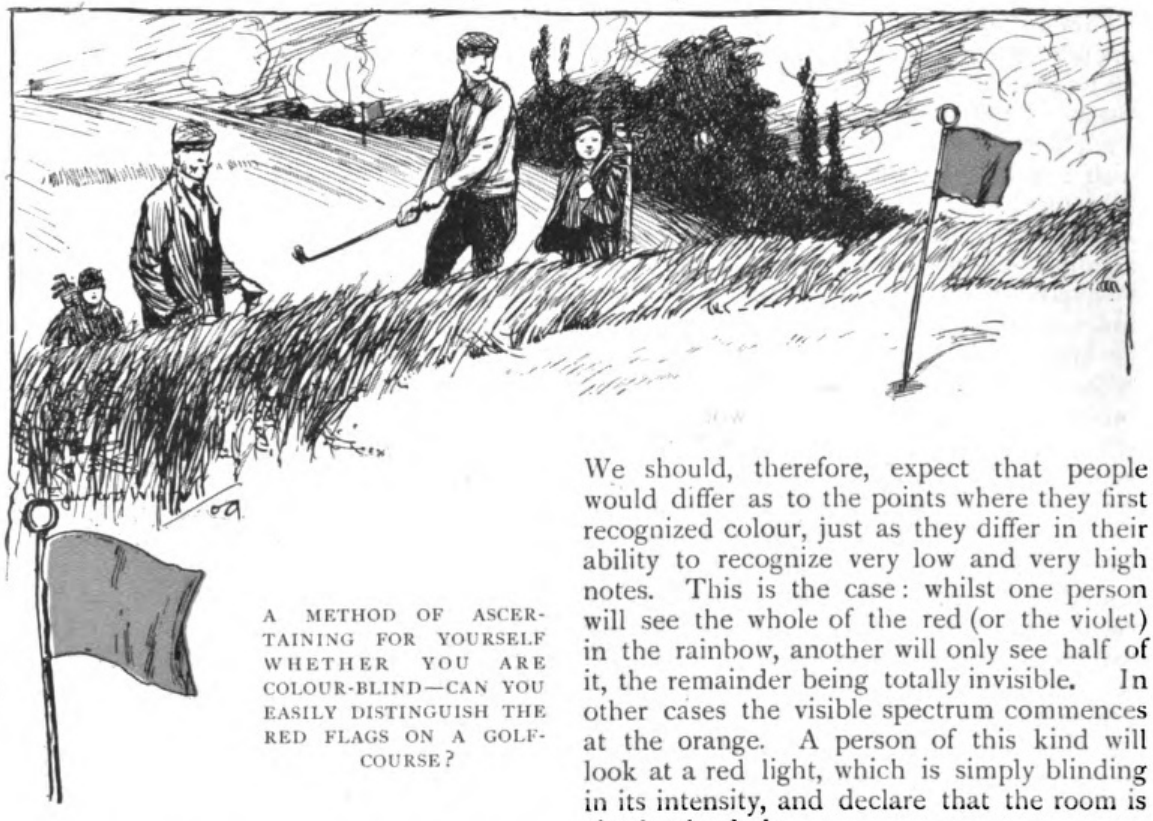
This may appear very puzzling to the reader. It will seem extraordinary to him that a man who can match colours accurately will call a green light red. Persons of this kind have a very acute perception of *shade*, and sufficient colour perception to prevent them from making mistakes in matching. They are, of course, very intelligent persons who are able to notice the very slight differences which they see between colours.

With one exception, I have not found any particular class of individuals in whom colour-blindness is more frequent than in other classes. I have found more colour-blind persons amongst musicians than in any other class or profession.

Colour-blindness is usually congenital, but a particular variety may be caused by excessive smoking. The person afflicted with this variety may be able to pass the official tests with ease, because the central portion of the eye is the first to be affected. The reader can test for himself whether he be suffering from this particular form of colour-blindness by purchasing a small packet of the sweets called hundreds and thousands. These are small sweets about the size of small shot of different colours. He will find that he is unable to pick out all the reds and all the greens when he looks directly at them, but will see the colours readily enough when he looks at them sideways.

I have a series of pictures painted by colour-blind persons, with the picture which

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A METHOD OF ASCERTAINING FOR YOURSELF WHETHER YOU ARE COLOUR-BLIND—CAN YOU EASILY DISTINGUISH THE RED FLAGS ON A GOLF-COURSE?

was copied. In one a donkey is painted green. In others there are blue roses, red grass and trees, and green faces. Some of these pictures I have had reproduced in the coloured plates in my book on "Colour-Blindness" in the International Scientific Series.

Light is caused by very small waves, which are similar to those of the sea. There are light waves of different magnitudes; they differ from each other as a big wave on the sea differs from a small wave on a pond. The largest waves give rise to the sensation of red, the smallest to violet.

If we look at a rainbow, or the solar spectrum produced by a prism, we see the waves arranged in a regular series—red, orange, yellow, green, blue, and violet. We also know that there are larger waves below the red and smaller waves above the violet, but these are invisible to the eye.

Persons possessing very acute colour perception can recognize seven colours in the spectrum, but I have never met with a person who could see more than that number. Therefore, though there are really millions of waves, each differing, we can only see six, or at most seven, definite points of difference.

I have alluded to the fact that below the red and above the violet there are other waves of a similar character, but invisible. We should, therefore, expect that people would differ as to the points where they first recognized colour, just as they differ in their ability to recognize very low and very high notes. This is the case: whilst one person will see the whole of the red (or the violet) in the rainbow, another will only see half of it, the remainder being totally invisible. In other cases the visible spectrum commences at the orange. A person of this kind will look at a red light, which is simply blinding in its intensity, and declare that the room is absolutely dark.

It is obvious that a man who cannot see a red light at all is not fit to guide a vessel, when it is by the recognition of the red lights of other boats that collisions are avoided.

The second class of the colour-blind are those who see five or less colours in the spectrum instead of six. In the first degree of colour-blindness, five instead of six distinct colours are seen, orange having disappeared as a definite colour. In the next degree only four colours are seen, blue being no longer recognized as a distinct colour. Persons included in the above two degrees may, for all practical purposes, be regarded as normal-sighted.

In the next degree three colours only are seen. Yellow is not recognized as a definite colour; it is called "greenish red." A person belonging to this class of the colour-blind told me that a red clover field in full blossom had to him an exactly similar appearance to the yellow of the spectrum.

The green disappears in the next degree, only two colours being seen in the spectrum or rainbow. Less and less difference is seen between any part of the spectrum, in increasing degrees of colour-blindness, until only the ends of the spectrum are recognized as being different.

Finally, the spectrum appears one uniform colour, the individual being totally colour-blind.

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The mistakes made by the colour-blind depend upon the degree of the defect. It will be seen that colour-blind persons make mistakes, not because they see red as green, or *vice versâ*, but because they cannot distinguish any difference in colour between them —the two look almost exactly alike. Colour-blind persons often make excellent engravers. If colour-blindness were caused by the loss of hypothetical perceptive fibres for any particular colour, this would not be possible. For instance, if colour-blindness were caused by the absence of some hypothetical green-perceiving fibres, the engraver would represent all the greens in a picture as black, or, at any rate, as very dark colours. We know that colour-blind persons who are able to see the whole of the spectrum do not do this, but match shades as accurately as normal-sighted persons. Theories of this kind cannot, therefore, be true. It is obvious that to those who cannot see one end of the spectrum the colours occupying this portion are non-existent.

I have classified the colour-blind according to the number of colours they see in the spectrum as pentachromic, tetrachromic, trichromic, or dichromic.

(i.) Those who see five colours make mistakes with regard to orange. They regard it as a reddish yellow.

(ii.) Those who see four colours regard blue as a greenish violet, and call it violet or green, according to its proximity to one of these colours.

(iii.) Those who see three colours never confuse their fundamental colours, red, green, and violet. Yellows are mistaken for reds or greens; blues for greens or violets. Purples in which red predominates are classified with reds; those in which violet is in excess, with violets. Persons belonging to this class are dangerously colour-blind; notwithstanding this they nearly always pass the tests in general use.

(iv.) Those who see only two colours in the spectrum form the class of the ordinary red-green blind. Nearly all the recorded cases belong to this class. Bright red and green are mistaken; a soldier will lose his scarlet coat on the green grass; the colour of a carrot or the glow of a fire is not distinguished from green. Only a slight difference is seen between reds, oranges, yellows, and greens.

Colour-blindness is occupying considerable attention at the present time, especially amongst seamen, because of the very unsatisfactory tests in official use. These tests are very defective, and, in addition to allowing a considerable number of colour-blind persons to pass, reject very many normal-sighted.

And this brings me to the dangers of colour-blindness. It seems hardly necessary to state that a man who cannot distinguish red from green is not fit to act as an officer at sea or as an engine-driver. In these occupations it is necessary to distinguish between red, green, and white (yellow) lights.

When we consider that four per cent. of the male population are dangerously colour-blind, it becomes absolutely necessary to exclude them from occupations for which they are physically unfitted. In order that this may be accomplished the man should be properly tested, and the greatest care should be taken that normal-sighted persons are not rejected.

It is not an easy matter to test for colour-blindness. At the present time some railway companies and pilotage boards adopt tests, whilst others do not; and in many cases the tests are worse than useless, as they give a false sense of security, and the examiners—in many cases foremen—are quite unqualified for their position.

The railway companies are not compelled by law to examine their men at all, and the Board of Trade do not employ, for this obviously medical duty, a single medical man, either for the ordinary examination or on appeal.

The following is an extract from a letter by "Thirty Years Railway Man" in *Invention:* "I have been on the railway for thirty years, and I can tell you the card tests and the wools are not a bit of good. Why, sir, I had a mate that passed them all, but we had a pitch into another train over it. He couldn't tell a red from a green light at night in a bit of a fog."

A signalman came under my notice the other day who could not see a red light at all when a neutral glass was placed in front of it. A man on seeing a red-hot coal on the hearth remarked, "What funny green thing is this?" and picked it up. He then found out the nature of the object.

I could give several similar cases which have occurred in my own experience.

The card test, which is still largely used by our railway companies, dates from 1868. It consists of naming four squares of colour, red, green, blue, and yellow, on a card. It is the most extraordinarily inefficient test I have come across. I have often examined colour-blind men with this test and never been able to reject one with it. The super-

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"WHAT FUNNY GREEN THING IS THIS?"

intendent of one railway company informed me that they had carefully examined all their men for years with this test and had not yet found a case of colour-blindness. He added, "Colour-blindness must be very rare."

The wool test (the official test of the Board of Trade) consists in asking the examinee to match certain test colours, green, rose, and red. He is asked without naming to pick out all the wools of a similar colour. The omission of colour names in this test causes many normal-sighted persons to be rejected; Germany has discarded it for this reason. The primary colour names, red, yellow, green, and blue, ought to be used. Many colour-blind men will pass the wool test and then, when asked to name a red wool, call it green.

It will be noticed in the report of the Board of Trade that sixty-four men who had been rejected by the wool test appealed; of this number twenty-seven were found to be normal-sighted and to have been rejected wrongly.

The necessity for a lantern test has been recognized by nearly every civilized country, with the exception of our own, and I am not aware of a single oculist in this country who would say that the official tests are efficient.

The following case is recorded in the report of the Board of Trade.

A sailor was examined by the old tests, and failed. He made the following errors as to coloured lights. He designated pink as green; green as neutral, or blue; bottle-green as salmon. He was examined again, and he again failed. He called pink, green; and green, neutral. *He has since been specially re-examined, and passed!*

It is very improbable that a normal-sighted person, after four and a half years' experience at sea, would mistake pink for green, green for neutral, and bottle-green for salmon!

It will be noticed that the mistakes made are those of the colour-blind. The advocates for colour-matching say that a man might mistake the colours through colour ignorance. A sailor is only required to know the names of three colours—red, green, and white (yellow). A normal-sighted person is more likely to call a sheep a horse than a red light green. I have never met with such a case, though I have examined many colour-blind men who could pass the official wool test with ease.

No test for colour-blindness can be complete without an examination with coloured lights, the conditions which a sailor meets with at sea being as nearly as possible represented.

In the report for last year over fifty-three per cent. of those who were rejected and appealed were found to be normal-sighted.

Is it too much to affirm that this state of affairs is, to say the least, altogether unsatisfactory, and that it calls for an immediate and proper inquiry?

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THE ONLY MAN IN THE HOUSE



By Beatrice Molyneux

"JUST for a year. Ah, much may be achieved in twelvemonths." Miss Jane Thurston leant back in her chair, drank a long draught of tea, and eyed a letter in her hand with considerable favour. It bore signs of frequent fingering. Indeed, since its arrival, seven weeks ago, Miss Thurston had perused it at least twice a day, each time with an extra touch of satisfaction. Presently, sitting bolt upright, she took a piece of buttered toast off the rack, spread it plentifully with marmalade, and, masticating slowly, read aloud portions of the epistle in a deep, expressive voice :—



". . . Awfully kind of you to have our little chap . . . find him no trouble . . . never had a day's illness . . . friend going to England . . . leave the boy at your place on his way to London." Here the writing stopped, and a girlish hand continued :—

"Urgent business prevents my husband finishing this. . . . Dear aunt, I know you will love our boy. He is just six, and such a dear little fellow . . . we dare not take him with us to Mysore, it's so unhealthy for children, and Jack's regiment will be quartered there for a good while. . . . Captain Morris will let you know directly he reaches England when our boy will arrive . . . you cannot help loving him. . . . There's no time to write more. . . . Oh, my dear child, my dear child!"

The ink had made an ugly blotch and the last word resembled an inebriated spider.

"P.S.—He always begins breakfast with a basin of bread and milk——"

"And ends it with thick bread and butter!" snapped Miss Jane, popping the remaining portion of toast into her mouth.

Miss Thurston was a strong-minded lady

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of determined ideas, which she flung wholesale at the heads of those individuals who she considered came within her particular jurisdiction. To set people right was the aim of her existence. She would rush helter-skelter over a fellow-creature's most sensitive point, whether it happened to be the scantiness of the curate's surplice or the aspiring proportions of her maid's seventh-day hat. She felt herself especially gifted for the moulding, twisting, and shaping of character. Hitherto her talent had been cast, as pearls before swine, to the bettering of the village morals. But now, for one year, the entire control of a small boy's footsteps was to be hers.

"All things come to those who wait," she commented, touching a hand-bell and reading again another letter that had arrived by the morning post.

A rosy-cheeked maid entered. She stood in a stiff attitude by the lady's chair, her round eyes on the resolute face.

"For goodness gracious sake, Amelia, don't sniff!"

"It's the ef-fort of my life to breathe soft," said the girl, cheerfully. "For the last fortnight I've sat far back in church, 'cause Mr. Barker says my sniffs gets into 'is sermons."

"Silence, if you please, and don't retort. The boy will be here to-day at five. You must superintend his tea. Thick bread and butter, two cups of milk and water——"

"There's all that gooseberry jam," interrupted Amelia, in a tone of mild suggestion, accompanied by strangled sniffs.

"After his tea," went on Miss Thurston, not deigning to notice the girl's remark, "*bring him to me!*"

Rising, she gathered up her correspondence and strode, with long, regular steps, to the door. A tall, angular female, big-boned, and grim of countenance.

"Ha! ha!" The door had scarcely closed when the burst of laughter shot from the girl's wide mouth. "I felt it comin'," she gasped; "I wish I didn't see so comic!"

Carrying the breakfast-tray to the kitchen, she plumped it on the table, and, falling upon a chair, threw her apron over her head.

A comfortable-looking woman raised her eyes from the apple-tart she was making. "Really, Amelia!" she smiled.

"It's all through seeing comic," said Amelia, disclosing a red, grinning face; "and Miss Thurston does munch so queer. There, I've done," springing to her feet and plunging the cups into a bowl of water. "The boy is to be here at five," she said at length. "I wouldn't like to be in *'is* shoes for nothing."

"Poor child!" sighed the cook, cutting a piece of dough in the form of a flower.

Although Miss Jane Thurston soared far above the frivolities of her sex, certain characteristics inherent in Eve's daughters occasionally protruded themselves. Curiosity, for instance. Consequently, that afternoon, when her ears detected the crunching of wheels, she peered through the venetian blind just as a very big man and a very little boy stepped out of a carriage. The two remained standing hand in hand in front of the door; the child's curly head uncovered, evidently in homage to Amelia, who, grinning a welcome, thought she had never seen such wonderful hair. "Blazing gold," she mentally termed it.

"Cut off all that foolery," grunted Miss Jane, her fingers itching to wield the scissors. "Tomkins take him, why can't the man go?" Inquiring minds were wont to speculate on "Tomkins." As a matter of fact, he was an imagination being only—a sort of safety valve, doing duty when Miss Jane's language required greater force.

"I am sorry Miss Thurston is engaged," said the gentleman, noting the tiny hand tightening round his middle finger. "I wish particularly to see her. Please ask again if she will kindly allow me to give her a few messages——"

"Because, you see," broke in a clear voice, that floated into the drawing-room window, "Captain Morris is on sick leave. He has brought me all the way from India, and is *fearfully* tired, and would like a B. and S."

"Ha! ha!" exploded Amelia, retreating hastily into the house.

Miss Thurston's muscles stiffened in horror. Here, in truth, flourished a wild plant in sad need of the pruning-knife. "Gracious goodness!" she muttered, "if he's not got one of those heathenish groggy-bogs, or whatever they call 'em!"

The boy's somewhat awkward concern on his behalf, followed by the girl's outburst, nearly upset the young man's gravity.

"I'm splendidly fit, Jack," he said, stroking the bright curls.

"It's no use, sir," said the maid, returning. "My mistress says she has received all instructions regarding Master Thurston."

A flash of indignant surprise rose in Captain Morris's eyes, and for a moment he felt inclined to storm the citadel.

"Well, then, Jack"—cheerily—"it's good-bye, eh, old man?"

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The boy drew himself up. "Good-bye, Captain Morris," he said, still holding the other's hand. "And thank you."

"I will write to your father and mother," whispered the tall gentleman, his face close to the golden head, "and I shall say it was not a little boy I brought to England, but a brave, strong man!"

"You see, Amelia," he said, politely, "my friend Bert is accustomed to have an egg for his tea and *plenty* of cake."

"It's plain 'e's been fed delicate," thought the girl; "and all that gooseberry jam, what might help the stuff down, eating its own self! Dip it in your milk, Master John," she said, encouragingly.



"'YOU SEE, AMELIA,' HE SAID, POLITELY, 'MY FRIEND BERT IS ACCUSTOMED TO HAVE AN EGG FOR HIS TEA AND PLENTY OF CAKE.'"

The boy suddenly clasped him round the neck, the golliwog slipping unheeded to the ground. "Who didn't cry before womens," he said, the hot tears besprinkling the young man's waistcoat.

"*He's* done his best to spoil the child, anyhow," observed Miss Jane, moving away in disgust.

A golliwog reclined upon a chair, staring with severe displeasure at a crumb reposing on a table in front of him, and a little boy sat by his side, struggling manfully with a thick slice of bread and butter.

"Oh, no, Amelia; its only poor old womens who've no teeth who soak their bread." Then, bending towards the golliwog, he carried on a conversation in a low voice, nodding his head gravely at intervals.

"My friend Bert asks me to say," he said, sitting up, "that he is sorry to refuse food, but he really *cannot* eat it, and he says if Amelia will close her eyes he will say grace."

Amelia fired off her usual "Ha! ha!" and, throwing her apron over her head, gave forth gurgling groans; while a deep and solemn voice, intended for the golliwog's, returned

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thanks for a long list of good things which he had *not* received.

Miss Thurston, comfortably seated upon the sofa in her drawing-room, lowered the book she was reading and cast a keen, penetrating gaze over the top at a little boy standing a few paces off. A rather scared small person, in a white sailor suit. The stillness was a trifle awe-inspiring, and the round cheeks grew very red under those cold, grey eyes; but the erect figure stood firm, meeting the scrutiny with the hardihood of a soldier's son.

Miss Jane closed the book, and, clearing her throat, presented her hand. Instead of taking it, the boy moved quickly forward and, to that excellent lady's discomfiture, printed a hearty kiss on the bridge of her nose.

"Oh, Aunt Jane Thurston," he cried, overcome with confusion, "I *assure* you I aimed at your mouth!"

During the awful silence that ensued he drew a grimy handkerchief from his pocket and made frightened dabs at the forbidding countenance, for Miss Thurston's eyes were watering with the vehemence of his salutation, and he thought she wept in pain.

"Oh, Aunt Jane Thurston," he implored, unable to bear the tenseness of the situation, "do *say* something!"

Miss Thurston rubbed the offended feature with a bony finger, thankful Amelia was not present to witness so undignified a position. However, anger had no part in her sphinx-like aspect; on the contrary, she regarded the child's fair, anxious face with much mildness, viewing the boy in the same light as a gardener views a plant that is liable to sprout in odd places. A shoot pinched off here, a cutting grafted there, and a whole year to bring it to perfection.

"John," she said, opening and shutting a pair of scissors. "Probably your mother has related to you the Scriptural narrative of a man called Samson, who, possessing exceedingly great strength, achieved marvellous feats. Now, his strange power emanated from his hair, and——"

"And when they'd cut it all off and he was *perfectly* bald," struck in the boy, delighted at the amicable turn of affairs, "they poked out his eyes!"

Miss Jane, slightly nonplussed, lifted a golden tendril with her first finger.

"John, had you not so rudely interrupted me, I was about to express a hope that, in relieving you of these absurd curls"—snip—"the abruptness of your undisciplined nature may"—snip—"eventually learn self-control"—snip.

A shower of shining locks lay on the crimson carpet, and on Miss Thurston's lap reposed a single glittering ringlet. Snip—snip—snip.

Excepting for the clenching of one small hand, and the heaving of the sailor suit's breast, John Thurston gave no sign that his spirit had leaped thousands and thousands of miles and was sobbing, sobbing, sobbing in the arms of a beautiful young mother, who, fondling those despised curls, repeated, over and over again, "My dear boy; my dear, dear boy!"

"It's a downright cruel shame," cried the cook, wrapping a bunch of golden splendour in tissue paper. "Put it in the fire, indeed! I'm just going to keep it for his ma!"

"And the hidea," snuffled Amelia, "burning 'is golliwog!"

Miss Thurston, in her childish days, had been a grown-up small person, having a lofty contempt for toys. At the age of seven she condescended to accept a staid work-box, stocked with all manner of sharp instruments, with which she had prodded and stabbed and button-holed, to the astonishment of her family. Therefore, when that very unpleasant little girl had caterpillared and chrysalized into a crabby old woman, naturally she pronounced a boy and a golliwog doll "utterly incongruous"! To do Miss Jane justice, those black creatures were her pet aversion. To have it thrust under her nose every day for a year was more than she could endure. It was in genuine antipathy she whipped friend Bert off the stool where he sat reading her soul in such a frightful fashion, and, bidding the bewildered John wait, conveyed it to the kitchen and flung it amidst the glowing coals.

At supper that evening she consumed the breast of a cold roast fowl, and meditated on the lopping, pruning, and snipping of little John Thurston, who, she had no doubt, was slumbering in the arms of Somnus.

But a very wideawake little John, with crimson cheeks, not caused by Morpheus's scarlet poppies, was sitting up in bed, breathing hoarse, catching sobs, that Amelia, snuffling and frightened, tried in vain to soothe.

It never entered her mind to seek the aid of Miss Thurston. Disturb Miss Jane at a meal, and you'd remember it!

"If he don't cry, 'e will break a blood-vessel, I do believe," she said to herself, falling heavily on her knees by the bed.

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"SNIP—SNIP—SNIP."

"Don't take on so, Master John, don'ty now," she continued aloud, stroking the stiff hair with a hand none the less gentle because work had ruffled its surface. Perhaps her touch upon his head made him think of someone a long way off.

At any rate, a flood of relieving tears destroyed the starch in Amelia's apron, and the laborious sobs changed to:—

"My friend Bert. Oh, my friend Bert!"

Amelia possessed a fertile imagination; it came to her aid now.

"Master John, do you know what I really and truly *am* convinced of? You remember 'ow 'e couldn't abide 'is tea?"

"Refused food?" sniffled a smothered voice.

"Well, I truly and really think 'e's *em*'grated!"

It was a stupendous idea—a wet face rose out of Amelia's apron.

"'E's took train," went on the girl, warming with the subject, "an', on the first onset, 'e said to the ingine-driver, 'On no consideration whatever stop till you get to Hindia, for that's my nation!'"

The wet face disappeared again in the starch. "But I want my friend Bert. I can't live without him. We were *born* together!"

"'E says," snuffled Amelia, a world of eloquence in her sniffs, "friend Bert says, 'I shall write frequent, 'aving, when at school, scribed and summed *grand!*'"

"I can't read writing," wailed the boy, intensely interested all the same.

"'E says, 'Miss Parker'—that's me—'will read it.'" Here Amelia burst into song:—

"In the shade of the old apple tree.

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That grows by the pond. There's a 'ole in the trunk. At 4 p.m. *every* Thursday, a letter will be there. And now, Master John, don't you feel you *could* eat one of cook's plum buns an' a glass of hot milk?"

John Thurston's presence in the place opened new ground for Miss Jane's energy, and the village respired with greater ease when the lady removed her critical eye from a too minute focusing of its affairs, while Amelia's bee-hive expanded unchecked.

The lopping, pruning, and snipping proceeded steadily. At the end of the second month a rather subdued little boy, hiding a heart sore for the loss of its friend *Bert*, might be seen following Miss Thurston about the garden, or accompanying her in her constitutional prowls through the village. She inspired him with an awful fascination, for he had lately discovered the delightful fact that he was the only Man in the house! Consequently, the sole protector of three defenceless females. And if any human creature ran a danger of being *drawn*, *cut*, and *quartered*, he thought it must be Aunt Jane Thurston. The safety of her unlovable person rested with him. His toy soldiers were ordered to the front, and that lady nightly reposed blissfully unconscious of the presence of four dragoons, who pointed blue bayonets at her from an obscure corner of her apartment.

Amelia, in her cheery, bustling way, petted and consoled him, so the tender shoots nipped by Miss Jane's frosty treatment still remained green. The golliwog fulfilled his promise. Each week a letter lay in the old apple tree, the result of snuffling labour to the writer, whose conception of India was both weird and original. The black gentleman hinted darkly of "taking train" and appearing at any moment, and the little boy would listen in the night, almost certain he heard friend Bert's footsteps near his bed.

One warm afternoon, as he and Amelia sat in the garden, he solemnly imparted to her his anxiety concerning the perilous position of three solitary spinsters who had no man to protect them except himself.

"You see, Amelia," he said, "if your nose kept sniffing, and cook gave the tramp a *large* bun, I quite think he'd say, 'Rise, womens, and go free'; but I'm sure he *couldn't* help killing Aunt Jane Thurston!"

Just then the lady herself strode round the side of the house, cutting and snipping the plants with a merciless weapon.

John's blue eyes watched the angular figure sadly, and the weight of its unloveliness oppressed his soul.

"She must be very old," he said at last, sighing deeply; "quite twenty!"

Amelia's red face vanished, and the white folds of her apron groaned aloud.

"It's a pity," shaking his golden head, "she didn't marry some mens!"

"Ha! ha! ha!" exploded Amelia.

Miss Thurston frowned. "Come here, John. Amelia, you may go!"

The boy ran obediently up to her and, standing with feet wide apart, fixed his eyes inquiringly on the hard visage. Unless she happened to be reproving or instructing him, conversation always flagged between them, Miss Thurston having no child's language in her vocabulary.

He was quietly speculating on the crude outlines of her person when he heard the banging of the garden gate and, to his alarm, saw a bedraggled object advancing across the grass.

"Oh, Aunt Jane Thurston," he cried; clutching her skirt, "let us take hold of hands and rush to the house!"

"Eh, what?" ejaculated Miss Jane, suddenly remembering his existence. "My *good* child, abruptness is a fault that—— Go away, if you please!" catching sight of the miserable-looking tramp a few yards off.

"Spare a poor man a copper, lady!"

"Go away, if you please!"

"Nothing's passed my lips to-day but a bit of bread," whined the tramp.

Miss Thurston waved the shears at him and continued snipping. Her manner was so aggressively fearless that John's heart beat in terror.

"Do, kind lady!"

"Go away, if you please!" Snip—snip—snip.

The man muttered certain murderous-sounding words and retraced his shuffling steps over the lawn, while Miss Thurston snipped her way among the rose trees, calm and unmoved. The boy marvelled she was not stretched a corpse upon the ground; that she still walked the earth was because his own sturdy self had been close at hand. But in the dead of night might not the tramp creep into the house and stab Aunt Jane Thurston when she was fast asleep and run off with her gold watch? Didn't his father say, "Take care of Aunt Jane"? He clenched his fist. No tramp should enter the hall-door so long as there was breath in the body of a soldier's son.

At tea he sipped his milk and ate the thick

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bread and butter in profound silence, the wondering Amelia firing off sniffs in quick succession, afraid that the flushed cheeks and total absence of social small talk foreboded, at least, measles or whooping-cough.

"Amelia," he said, as she tucked him up in his bed with a kiss, "if I'm dead——"

"Don't be so ridic'lous, Master John!"

"If I'm dead, you're to have my major-general, and please tell my friend Bert I saved Aunt Jane Thurston and died in glory!"

As soon as Amelia's departing footsteps had ceased to re-echo along the corridor, a little boy in a scarlet dressing-gown tip-toed down the stairs, a box of soldiers in his arms, and, stealing softly through the open door, crept under a laurel bush. He hid there until he heard the cook bolting and chaining up; then the scarlet dressing-gown re-emerged, and with much fumbling and hard breathing erected on the stone step a mighty army. And behind a semicircle of bold men crouched a weary and very frightened commander-in-chief, whose heart beat a rapid tattoo in the darkness of the ghostly night. A commander who wept silently, but oh, *so* bitterly, for *father* and *mother* and "My friend Bert"!

"Well, I *do* declare!"

It was Amelia who, opening the front door the next morning, saw the little scarlet dressing-gown lying motionless on the step. It was Amelia who, throwing out sniffs, gathered the commander-in-chief to her bosom, and, running with him to his room, covered him warmly beneath a heap of blankets. And it was Amelia who awoke a snappy old lady out of her comfortable sleep, finishing a torrent of incoherent words with, "An' it blowed an' rained like anything in the night, 'cause I 'eard it!"



"IT WAS AMELIA WHO, OPENING THE FRONT DOOR THE NEXT MORNING, SAW THE LITTLE SCARLET DRESSING-GOWN LYING MOTIONLESS ON THE STEP."

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Long and lonely is the journey back, whether it be travelled by king, beggar, or little child, when the feet have touched the margin of the great river. And John dallied to such a degree that a grave-faced doctor feared the boy would drift right across those wonderful waters to the land of the other side. Even when at last the tired lids lifted he just took a snap-shot at Amelia and caught a glimpse of Aunt Jane, who seemed to have eyes like saucers, and slipped away again into the world of rushing shadows, where he called, called, called for "My friend Bert; oh, my friend Bert!"

"Who's Bert?" asked Dr. Hudson, as John, with that name upon his lips, floated out once more to the darkness. "Is he a boy? Can't he come?"

"It's 'is golliwog," snuffled Amelia, indignation in her voice. "'E's done nothing but ask for it all day."

"Fetch it!" said the doctor, sharply.

"My *good* soul, I burnt him!" exclaimed Miss Jane.

Dr. Hudson laid the tiny hand gently on the white coverlet. He knew of Miss Thurston's peculiar attributes, her relentless turning of the grindstone and the levelling of what she concluded were *unnecessary knobs*. And the kind eyes looked very sternly at the tall woman standing at the foot of the bed.

"My dear lady," he said, dryly, "doubtless you thought this child's toy a silly plaything for a boy. I had an old rag doll when I was about your nephew's age—an absurd object; still, I worshipped it. Believe me, that golliwog you destroyed would do more now in saving this little fellow's life than the best medical skill in the world."

"Tomkins take me, I'm a wicked old woman!" The self-accusation jumped out of Miss Jane's mouth with the velocity of a Jack-in-the-box.

Amelia half rose from her knees. She had knelt many times during six long nights and days by John's bed, snuffling big, sorrowful sniffs.

"Cook saw the very *identical* this morning in Smith's toy-shop, but," regretfully, "it's marked five shillings."

"And cheap at five guineas," almost shouted Miss Jane. "Yes, doctor, *I'll* get it, for, God forgive me, it's Amelia he'll want when he's conscious. And if any benevolent creature would horsewhip me all the way to Smith's and back I'd say, '*Thank* you!'"

Miss Thurston had no clear perception of things visible in her excursion to the village. A dim impression of small knickerbockers fleeing before her filled her with remorse. She also had a hazy knowledge of cannoning against her clergyman and leaving him petrified by the roadside. That she hit a harmless labourer violently in the bread-basket, for impeding her progress, she knew, for she heard his language, and it did her good. The dust blew in clouds, but it was not only dust that forced her eyes to water, till the drops trickled down her cheeks. And a vast deal that water had washed out of Miss Jane by the time she reached her own door, bearing triumphantly a magnificent golliwog.

"Master John," said Amelia, as distinctly as her burdensome nose would allow, "it's *friend Bert* come from Hindia, an' *'e's never going away any more!*"

Two blue eyes opened languidly. The little arm resting on the coverlet moved, then closed tightly round the great black doll. And when the darkness drew John Thurston into the rushing shadows, "My friend Bert" went too, so it was all right!

Did a Noah's Ark ever let loose into the world so cheeky a little Noah as that little yellow Noah? Nothing frightened him. Not even a duck who'd lost its head and quacked all the same. Not even Mr. Noah, with a wild and solitary orb low down on his chin. As for Mrs. Noah and a pink aunt, particularly the pink aunt—why, he defied them! No, he couldn't, wouldn't, shouldn't be suppressed, not for all the short-sighted, narrow minded, crabby, pink old aunts made in wood! And the oftener a certain small boy, oozing with laughter and happiness, stood up for the pink aunt, the more bumptious, cheeky, and plain-spoken became the little yellow Noah, whose mouthpiece was Miss Jane Thurston.

But the jolliest spree, in John's opinion, was when a big hoop and a little hoop raced side by side along the road, urged on by a tall, elderly lady and a small, curly-headed boy. And the friendly way the little hoop ran through the big hoop was beautiful to behold.

"Tomkins take it!" panted Miss Jane, careering downhill after her hoop. "It's never too late to mend. And thank God for leaving an old woman a few years, that she may learn to be a little child!"

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COURT LADIES

BY ONE WHO KNOWS

[The positions and duties of the Ladies of the Queen's Household are little known outside Court circles, and we believe the following article to contain the fullest and most accurate information on the subject that has yet appeared.]

"THE divinity that doth hedge a King" is a force that still exists, and a magic halo surrounds the entourage of a Court, even in the twentieth century. The British Court has long been famous for its courtiers, and the high standard is well maintained, as King Edward and Queen Alexandra choose their households from the best known and most distinguished of their subjects. The attributes of women are more varied and picturesque than those of men; hence the subject of Court ladies shall alone be dealt with in this article.

The ladies of Queen Alexandra's household are divided into four classes. First comes the Mistress of the Robes, then Ladies of the Bedchamber—usually styled Ladies-in-Waiting—Women of the Bedchamber, and Maids of Honour. The Mistress of the Robes stands alone in her unique position.

Queen Alexandra has six Ladies of the Bedchamber, and there are now two Women of the Bedchamber and three Maids of Honour. In the time of Queen Victoria there were eight Ladies of the Bedchamber, eight Women of the Bedchamber, and eight Maids of Honour.

The Mistress of the Robes is always a duchess. More than once it has been desired that a lady of less rank should be appointed to the post, but the powers that be have intervened, and this courtly rule has never been cancelled. In the year 1841, before the second Marquess of Abercorn had been raised to a dukedom, Queen Victoria expressed a wish that the Lady Abercorn of that period — born Lady Louisa Russell — should become her Mistress of the Robes; but as the lady in question was a marchioness and not a duchess, Sir Robert Peel promptly vetoed the suggestion. And in more recent days there was a talk of making the late Maria Marchioness of Ailesbury—known as Lady "A."—Mistress of the Robes, in the late Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Government of 1886. But the idea fell through, and as he could not secure a duchess he put the office into commission, and various ladies assumed its duties on various occasions.

The exact status of this high office depends upon circumstances. The position of Mistress of the Robes to a Queen regnant is far more important than that of Mistress of the Robes to a Queen Consort. In the latter case the place is in the gift of the Sovereign lady herself, and can be held for an indefinite period; in the former, the office is a political one and changes with the Government. These words recall to mind the famous Bedchamber Plot of 1839, in which Queen Victoria held her own against the expressed wishes of Sir Robert Peel, and reserved to herself the right of appointment as regards the ladies of her household.

To return to the subject of a Mistress of the Robes. In the case of a Queen regnant,

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the lady who holds this office must be a reigning duchess, while in the case of a Queen Consort she may, if wished, be a dowager duchess.

The duties of a Mistress of the Robes at Court are limited to State occasions. When Queen Alexandra goes in state to any ceremony she is always accompanied by her Mistress of the Robes. This high official always much magnificence, and these soft tints, no doubt, harmonize best with the crimson and gold of her brilliant background. When their Majesties are in London a Mistress of the Robes resides at her own house, and is conveyed to and from the scene of her duties in one of the Royal carriages. But when the Court is at Windsor she remains under the roof of Windsor Castle.



THE DUCHESS OF BUCCLEUCH.
From a Photo. by W. & D. Downey.
MISTRESS OF THE ROBES.

stands behind the Queen at Courts, Court balls, and at the opening of Parliament. She also walks behind her Royal lady in any State procession, and, when a procession drives through the streets, the carriage in which she is seated follows next after the State carriage of King Edward and Queen Alexandra. It may be mentioned that when on duty the Mistress of the Robes, by custom if not by rule, appears gowned in black, grey, black and white, or some neutral shade of colouring. But her gown and jewels have

At the time of a Coronation many important duties devolve upon the Queen's Mistress of the Robes. She is in close attendance upon her Royal lady at the time of the ceremony, and all that is required for the Queen's dress is (nominally) ordered by this courtly personage. In olden days a Mistress of the Robes assisted at the Queen's toilet, but such duties are now, of course, performed by the dressers of the Sovereign. However, it is curious to note that even in our time a relic exists of these old-world observances.

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For instance, when the Court is at Windsor, and great state is maintained on the occasion of the visit of a foreign crowned head, the Mistress of the Robes conducts Queen Alexandra every night to the door of the Royal bedchamber.

Old records give some amusing details of past holders of this office, and of matters connected with their appointment. We are told that at the Coronation of Queen Charlotte minute instructions were given to the Duchess of Dorset concerning the anointing of the Queen, pinning on her crown, and other such performances. Then, in still more remote days, a lady who held this post was given a golden key as her badge of office. The last time that we find mention of this key was when Sarah Duchess of Marlborough, having been superseded in the office, entirely refused to give up her key to her successor, the Duchess of Somerset. And undignified scenes and unseemly quarrels ensued before its final surrender was accomplished. It is officially recorded that the Duchesses of Marlborough and Somerset wore this key "watch wise, on the right hand of the bodice of their costume." In olden days the Mistress of the Robes was also known as "Mother of the Maids," as the Queen's Maids of Honour were under her special supervision. The salary of this high office has varied at different periods, but it is now fixed at seven hundred pounds per annum. The Duchess of Buccleuch is present Mistress of the Robes, but a few years ago the Duchess of Portland acted for a short time in that capacity.

There are six Ladies of the Bedchamber; and, at the time of writing, these include the Marchioness of Lansdowne, the Marchioness of Salisbury, the Countess of Derby, the Countess of Antrim, the Countess of Gosford, and Lady Suffield. Each of these ladies receives a salary of five hundred pounds a year, and no one under the rank of a peeress is eligible for this office. Some writers have declared that it is unusual that a woman of such high rank as a marchioness should hold the post of Lady-in-Waiting. But this is a mistake. If we look back to the days of Queen Victoria, it will be seen that not only a marchioness but two duchesses held office as Ladies of the Bedchamber. These were the Dowager Duchess of Roxburghe, the late Duchess of Atholl, and the late Marchioness of Ely. The "waits" of Ladies of the Bedchamber are from three weeks to a month, but vary according to Royal arrangements. During the "wait" they share the duty of personal attendance on Queen Alexandra. When the Court is in London these ladies remain in their own homes and do not stay at Buckingham Palace; but when the Court is at Windsor they reside under the roof of Windsor Castle. But in each case they hold themselves in readiness and are entirely at the disposal of their Royal mistress.

Queen Alexandra often dispenses with the services of a Lady-in-Waiting when at home or out driving. But Her Majesty is always attended by one of her ladies at dinners, balls, weddings, and at any sort of formal function. In old days these "waits" extended in turn throughout the year; but Queen Alexandra seldom retains the services of a Lady-in-Waiting either when in Scotland or when travelling on the Continent. On these occasions her faithful friend and servant, the Hon. Charlotte Knollys, is chosen as her sole companion.

It is an accepted fact that no cab is allowed to pass the gateway of Buckingham Palace. But the rigid rule of Court etiquette sometimes puts even members of the household to serious inconvenience. A story is told of a trying adventure that once befell a Lady-in-Waiting. She was commanded to dine at Buckingham Palace as a guest of the late Sovereign. While dressing a message arrived to say that her coachman had been taken ill and was unable to drive. The season was at its height, and the servant dispatched in haste to the nearest livery stables failed to obtain a carriage. At last a four-wheeled cab was secured, and in this humble vehicle the Court lady proceeded to the Palace. Upon arrival at the gates a portly policeman barred the way, and would on no account allow her cab to enter the sacred portals. She gave her name and said that she was one of the Queen's Ladies-in-Waiting. But the stern guardian replied that he had strict orders that no street cabs should enter the Palace precincts; and he requested her to get out and walk up to the door. The night was dark and dismally wet, and the lady felt in the depths of despair. Then a happy thought struck her, and she showed the trusty constable her bracelet, which contained a portrait of Queen Victoria. This at last convinced him that she was in truth a member of the household, and he allowed her cab to pass onwards. Later on this incident made a merry joke at the Royal dinner-table.

Extra Ladies of the Bedchamber are appointed according to the Queen's pleasure,

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MARCHIONESS OF LANSDOWNE.
From a Photo. by Lafayette.



MARCHIONESS OF SALISBURY.
From a Photo. by Langfier.



COUNTESS OF DERBY
From a Photo. by Lafayette.



LADY SUFFIELD.
From a Photo. by Langfier.



COUNTESS OF GOSFORD.
From a Photo. by Lafayette.



COUNTESS OF ANTRIM
From a Photo. by Miss Alice Hughes.

LADIES OF THE BEDCHAMBER.

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but they have no salary and are not required to be in attendance. There is now only one Extra Lady of the Bedchamber, and she is an aged woman, the Dowager Lady Macclesfield, who has been in the service of Queen Alexandra since the year 1863. There are at present only two Women of the Bedchamber—the Hon. Lady Hardinge and the Hon. Charlotte Knollys. Ladies who hold this post must be women of rank, although they need not be peeresses. Their "waits" at Court are arranged in the same order as those of the Ladies-in-Waiting, and they each receive a salary of four hundred pounds per annum. The fact that at the time of writing there are but two Women of the Bedchamber recalls to mind that changes are rare in the Queen's household. When a lady for any reason retires from her office, the vacant place is often not filled for quite an indefinite period.



DOWAGER LADY MACCLESFIELD.
From a Photo. by J. Russell & Sons.
EXTRA LADY OF THE BEDCHAMBER.

Maids of Honour at Court are now represented by the Hon. Violet Vivian, the Hon. Sylvia Edwardes, and the Hon. Blanche Lascelles. In Queen Victoria's reign there were eight Maids of Honour, and each maid received three hundred pounds a year; while if she married, and her marriage met with Royal approval, she was given a *dot* of one thousand pounds. But things are now done with a difference. The number of Maids of Honour was first reduced from eight to four, and now there are only three of these youthful Court ladies. Their salary has been raised from three hundred to four hundred pounds a year, but the dowry of one thousand pounds has been discontinued. Queen Alexandra, however, gives a handsome gift, and often attends the ceremony, and the marriage of two of her Maids of Honour took place in the private chapel of Buckingham Palace. Moreover, the value of a place at Court is not to be reckoned by money.

Queen Alexandra's Maids of Honour do duty in couples, and receive much kindness from their Royal mistress. Also life at Court in the present reign is, of course, more gay and varied than it was during the long widowhood of the late Sovereign. Her Majesty lays few commands on her Maids of Honour, but makes certain rules which must be respected. She objects to "picture"

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hats and to playing bridge for money, and while in waiting it is not the custom for a Maid of Honour to go out of doors alone.

A Maid of Honour must be a clever and accomplished personage. She is expected to be a good linguist, to speak, read, and write



From a Photo. by] [*W. & D. Downey.*

HON. CHARLOTTE KNOLLYS.

She must be accompanied by a friend or some sort of duenna. Then the Queen seems to have a fancy that her maids should dress more or less alike, and wear soft shades of colour, such as white, grey, mauve, etc. And this wish was emphasized when there were twin Maids of Honour at Court — the Hon. Violet Vivian and the Hon. Dorothy Vivian, now the Hon. Lady Haig —as Her Majesty used to desire that this pair of sisters should dress alike, down to the smallest detail.



HON. LADY HARDINGE.
From a Photo. by Lafayette.
WOMEN OF THE BEDCHAMBER.

French and German with fluency, and, in these days, a certain knowledge of Spanish is, no doubt, desirable. She must also be musical and artistic, a practised reader aloud, clever at games, quick, willing, and punctual. Also in former years it was demanded of her that she should be a plucky and experienced horsewoman. It is also assumed that her lips will be sealed concerning the private life of the Royal household. By the way, a good story has been told in this

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connection. A young lady who had just been appointed a Maid of Honour was telling her friends, with whom she had been dining, that one of the conditions of the office was that she should not keep a diary of what went on at Court. A cynical man of the world who was present said: "What a tiresome rule! I think I should keep a diary all the same!" "Then," replied the young lady, "I am afraid you would not be a Maid of *Honour*."

Maids of Honour must be of good birth, either the daughter, granddaughter, or niece of a peer; but the daughters of dukes, marquesses, and earls are of too high rank for the position. If the future Maid of Honour chances to be the daughter of a viscount or baron, she, of course, bears the courtesy title of "Honourable," but, if not, she is invested with the title before she goes into waiting, and shortly after she has received the honour of her appointment. A formal letter would arrive from the Lord Chamberlain intimating that the Sovereign deemed it advisable that this style and title should be afforded her, and that she will henceforth be known under this designation; and she retains the title for life, whether married or single. Then the newly-chosen maid awaits from the Lord Chamberlain the order for her first "wait"; and when in due course she arrives at the Palace a Lady-in-Waiting receives the new-comer, gives her hints as to her duties, and presents her with her badge of office. This is a gift from Queen Alexandra, and takes the form of a miniature of herself set in diamonds. At ordinary times this can be used as a brooch or pendant; but when the owner is in waiting it must be attached, with a bow of red and white ribbon, to the left side of the bodice, and worn as a decoration. A Maid of Honour does not give up this badge when she marries, but retains it for life, and is expected to wear it on all occasions when she finds herself in the presence of their Majesties.

In the late reign several Maids of Honour were always at Court, but now these ladies are seldom in waiting except at Windsor Castle or Buckingham Palace. The time of waiting is four weeks, and each maid is in attendance for that period about three times in twelve months. When the Court is in London the Maids of Honour in waiting are expected to reside in their own homes and not at Buckingham Palace. A Royal carriage is, however, sent to convey each lady to and from the scene of action. A Maid of Honour does not drive with Her Majesty or attend her at dinners, but she is often on duty when the Queen goes to the opera, and on all State or semi-State occasions she forms part of the suite or takes her place in the procession.

When the Court is at Windsor the Maids of Honour in waiting reside at the Castle and are in rather close attendance. A certain Maid of Honour once described her duties when at Windsor as exactly like those of the daughter of the house in general society. She is expected to make herself agreeable to guests who are staying at the Castle, take them out for drives, rides, and walks, sing and play in the evening, and talk foreign languages to foreigners. One graceful duty that appertains to her office is to hand a bouquet to Queen Alexandra when the State procession passes on its way to the dining-room. Then, after dinner, the Maids of Honour keep near their Royal mistress, and sometimes one of these ladies is invited to join in a game at the Queen's own bridge-table. But the play is by no means serious, as Her Majesty, unlike King Edward, does not play cards for money. His Majesty the King, of course, selects the best players for his game, and he plays in a room apart. Several bridge-tables are made up, but it is an invariable rule to stop playing as soon as Queen Alexandra retires to her own apartments. Late hours are inevitable, as Her Majesty seldom goes to bed before midnight. While on the topic of cards it may be mentioned that Court etiquette requires that all coin passed to the King and Queen should be new and unused. So, in order to comply with this custom, Ladies-in-Waiting and Maids of Honour take care to provide themselves with money fresh from the Mint.

There has been an upward trend in the amenities of life as lived by Maids of Honour at the Court of St. James's. In the last reign their gaieties were few and their duties many, and the "waits" least liked were those at Balmoral, which in early spring and late autumn must have been a trifle cold and comfortless. The late Queen, with all her gracious goodness, had strict views as regards the dress and manners of her Court entourage. For instance, her Maids of Honour were never permitted to enter "the presence" without gloves on their hands; and the story goes that on one occasion a newly-appointed Maid of Honour appeared wearing no necklace on the first evening that she was on duty. This over-simple toilet would not have been approved, and the Lady-in-Waiting took her to task and told

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her that if she had nothing better she must wear a locket on a ribbon rather than nothing at all. In a word, Queen Victoria demanded much of her Maids of Honour, and one or two of them amply fulfilled Her Majesty's requirements.

An old story has been told of an Irish Maid of Honour who was a good linguist, a musician, clever at games, and a first-rate dancer. The tale relates that she once danced the sword-dance with such agility that her late Majesty warmly applauded, and in a laughing mood declared that she should have as a reward whatever she most wished (naming a then unpopular Minister) on a charger. The Queen was greatly amused, and shortly afterwards presented a charger—but in the shape of a handsome riding-horse. Another story relates that one day the late Queen asked this same lady to fasten her glove. The lively Maid of Honour pulled a hair-pin out of her hair, and crying: "That's how they button gloves in Ireland, ma'am!" promptly did the business.

These events are still rather recent, but ancient records tell us many tales of Maids of Honour in the past centuries. This office at Court seems to date back to the dark ages,



HON. VIOLET VIVIAN.
From a Photo. by Lafayette.



HON.
SYLVIA EDWARDES.
From a Photo. Elliott & Fry.



HON.
BLANCHE LASCELLES.
From a Drawing C. Wilmshurst.

MAIDS OF HONOUR.

to possess. The lady was equal to the occasion, and, carrying on the joke, said that what she desired was the head of Mr. ——

for Maids of Honour receive mention in the Book of Household Accounts that was kept in the reign of Edward I. In those

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bygone times much care seems to have been taken to provide for their comfort and convenience. For instance, a record of the reign of Henry VIII. gives a long list of what should be supplied for their comfort and welfare. Then the practice of giving one thousand pounds as a marriage portion dates back to the time of James I.; but in 1768 Queen Charlotte refused to give the dowry to a Maid of Honour, "one Mrs. Campbell," who had not obtained the Royal consent to her marriage. In later years it chanced that several Maids of Honour married within a few months of each other, and, moreover, after a time of service so short as to be quite incommensurate with such a handsome donation. Hence it became necessary to fix the length of service required before a maid became entitled to this privilege.

In 1724 the life of a Maid of Honour was quaintly described as follows: "To eat Westphalia ham in a morning; to ride over hedges and ditches on borrowed hacks; to come home in the heat of the day in a fever, and (what is worse a hundred times) with a red mark on the forehead from an uneasy hat; then simper and catch cold in the Princesses' apartments; from thence to dinner, and after that, till midnight, walk, work, or think as they please!" This sentence proves that if one compares the past with the present one gets a glimpse of the law of evolution even in the matter of Courts and their attendants.

Different Sovereigns demand different qualities in the ladies of their household. Certain of these prefer personal friends, some desire youth, others expect wit and cleverness, and a few make beauty an indispensable condition. Her Majesty Queen Alexandra seems to like the same faces about her, and is singularly faithful to her old-time friends and trusted companions. In olden days the post of a confidential friend at Court was fraught with danger and difficulty. But now the position is one which simply requires tact, grace, and the golden gift of silence. Since the time when our gracious Queen came to England in 1863 the Hon. Charlotte Knollys has been her constant and devoted friend and companion. Miss Knollys's parents, the late Sir William and Lady Knollys, were both in the late Queen's household, and their daughter was at once appointed an Extra Woman of the Bedchamber to the then newly-married Princess of Wales. This lady, who happens to be the same age as Her Majesty, has been for many years in waiting from 9 a.m. until midnight; and it is said that, with the exception of a fortnight's compulsory rest at Brighton, she has for over forty-six years slept every night under the same roof as her Royal mistress Her salary is a Government grant of seven hundred pounds a year, with three hundred pounds a year from the Privy Purse of Queen Alexandra. It will be remembered that in 1903 Miss Knollys practically saved the Queen's life when a fire took place at Sandringham.

"Courts do not make men happy," said La Bruyère, and whether they do as much for women is a mere speculation. But who shall say that the *métier* of a Court lady has not its uses? Nowhere can the dignity of service be better exemplified; and she whose business it is to "stand and wait" will have learnt to rule herself, and to acquire the graces of tact, patience, and cheerfulness.

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MR HARDROW'S SECRETARY

by E. Phillips Oppenheim

THE man looked up from his writing-table impatiently. Once more the door had opened and closed. He forgot even to be polite.

"What the dickens do you want?" he asked.

"I am your new secretary, Mr. Hardrow," the girl announced.

He laid down his pen and looked at her. She was very neatly though shabbily dressed, and very pretty.

"My new what?" he repeated.

"Secretary," she answered, calmly.

"There's some mistake," he protested. "I haven't got a secretary; don't want one. I'm not looking for one."

"Pardon me, you do want one," she objected, firmly. "I arrived here an hour ago on quite different business, and found you were keeping no end of people waiting while you answered a few rubbishy letters yourself. Of course you want a secretary. A man who has just come back to England with a great fortune, and is getting invitations every minute, and visits from politicians, and



"'THERE'S SOME MISTAKE,' HE PROTESTED. 'I HAVEN'T GOT A SECRETARY.'"

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all that sort of thing, must want a secretary. The only trouble seems to be that you did not know it. Shall I fetch my typewriter?"

He looked at her steadfastly for several moments. Notwithstanding the trim sobriety of her toilet, she was a most attractive-looking young person. She met his gaze quite fearlessly, and seemed to be absolutely unconscious that there was anything at all unusual about her attitude.

"What salary do you require?" he asked.

She considered the subject briefly.

"I get twenty-eight shillings a week at present," she said, "as I am a very rapid typist. You would doubtless be able to give more than that, but I am not sure how much. Suppose you give me thirty shillings a week for a month, and at the end of that time, if you keep me on, I expect that I shall be worth a great deal more to you."

He nodded.

"I should think it very probable," he agreed, pushing a pile of letters away from him with an obvious air of relief. "By the by, what is your name?"

She hesitated for a moment, and there was something a little unconvincing about her statement.

"Miss Robinson," she said.

"Very well, then, Miss Robinson," he continued, "you may as well get your typewriter, and I will leave these letters until you return. The people who are waiting outside had better be shown in—one at a time, of course. Will you leave word as you go out?"

"Certainly," she answered. "I shall be back in less than an hour. By the by," she added, with a slight rush of colour to her cheeks, "would you mind advancing me two shillings?"

"Two shillings!" he gasped. "Why, with pleasure! What for?"

"To pay my cab," she told him, composedly. "It's Friday morning, you know, and I have spent my last week's salary. Thank you. I shall come back as quickly as I can."

She went out, and Hardrow looked after her with amazement.

"If she had asked for two pounds," he said to himself, "I should be pretty sure that she never meant turning up again. But two shillings! She is the most extraordinary young person——"

In rather less than an hour Hardrow returned to his rooms after a temporary absence to find his new secretary already installed, carefully wiping the keys of her instrument. She had taken off her hat, and looked very neat and workmanlike.

"Halloa! So you've come back?" he remarked, a little tritely.

"Naturally," she answered. "If you are ready to give me down those letters, I shall be glad to have something to do. You can give them down in shorthand, if you like, but I am afraid I am not very quick."

He frowned. A confession of incompetency from her seemed somehow out of place.

"A secretary should be quick at everything," he grumbled.

"Very likely I shall be able to take them down as fast as you are able to dictate them," she declared, with composure. "At any rate, we shall get through them in half the time you have been taking. Some of those, I should think," she added, glancing at the pile in his hand, "you can tell me what to say and leave the wording to me."

He nodded.

"There are at least forty letters amongst this pile," he said, "asking for donations to some institution or another. You had better go through those and mark them according to your idea of their deserts. Begging letters you can destroy at once."

"There is one here," she remarked, "from a man who says that he used to know you before you went abroad."

He glanced it through.

"Can't remember him," he declared. "Tear it up."

"He seems in a very bad way," she said, doubtfully.

"Send him ten pounds, then!" Hardrow exclaimed, with a note of impatience in his voice. "By the by, there is an envelope there with the Stoke Pagnall post-mark."

She knew very well where it was, and she slipped it underneath the rest.

"I'll let you know when I come across it," she promised.

"Don't forget," he said. "It's a begging letter, I suppose," he went on, carelessly, "but it comes from the place where I used to live before I went abroad. It's astonishing how people remember you when you've done well in the world, especially those who've made a mess of things themselves."

She bent a little lower over the machine. There was a dull streak of colour in her cheeks of which, however, he remained unconscious. If he had only known it, he had effectually destroyed all chance of ever seeing the contents of the letter in question.

"The invitations?" he said, dubiously. "Well, I scarcely know what to do about them. They're a hideous nuisance."

"I will get a plain calendar," she suggested,

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"and write them all in on the proper dates. Then you can just put your pencil through those you wish to refuse and a tick against those I am to accept."

"Good idea," he answered. "Excellent! I am going out now. I shall be back at four o'clock. You had better ring the bell and order lunch up here when you want some."

"Before you go," she said, looking fixedly at the sheet of paper which she had thrust into her machine, "I think that I ought to tell you something."

He stopped short in his journey toward the door.

"Well, what is it?" he asked.

She went on without looking at him.

"I told you that I had been getting twenty-eight shillings a week. It wasn't exactly true. It was what I wanted; but I have never had a permanent situation."

"I don't see that that matters," he answered. "You're engaged to me, anyhow, for a month at thirty shillings a week."

"And then as regards references?" she continued.

"Oh, don't bother me about trifles," he answered, turning abruptly away. "I'll take you on spec."

Miss Robinson went home that night with a smile playing around her lips and an entire absence of that strained look about the eyes with which she had commenced the day. She rode on the top of a bus to Camberwell, and afterwards walked briskly for a quarter of an hour. Soon she arrived at a tiny cottage at the end of a row—little creations of brick and mortar, all brand-new, which seemed as though they had come out of a German toy-box, and the road to which was as yet barely made. The front door, which she could easily reach from the street, opened into a sitting-room, where she was welcomed with a shriek of delight by a very much smaller edition of herself.

"Mary, is it all right?" the child exclaimed. "Did you find him, and is he nice? Do tell me! And I'm so hungry!"

Miss Robinson smiled, and the sigh of relief which followed came from the bottom of her heart.

"It's absolutely all right, dear," she answered, kissing the child.

"Tell me what he was like, and everything about him!" the latter exclaimed. "Did he recognize you? What did he say? And when shall I see him? Is he coming here?"

Miss Robinson looked for a moment grave.

"Nora, dear," she said, "to tell you the honest truth, he hasn't any idea who I am. He didn't recognize me and he hadn't even opened my letter. When I found myself in the room and saw that he didn't know who I was, I simply couldn't tell him. I engaged myself to him as his secretary instead."



"MARY, IS IT ALL RIGHT?" THE CHILD EXCLAIMED."

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The child clapped her hands.

"How clever!" she exclaimed. "Did he mind?"

Miss Robinson laughed outright. It could not have been from vanity, because there was no one there to see, but her laugh certainly made her appear an extraordinarily attractive young woman.

"I rather took him by storm, I'm afraid," she confessed, throwing off her hat, "but I can see that I am going to be exceedingly useful to him. He was trying to deal with his correspondence himself, without a typist or anything. I was only just in time. It absolutely must have occurred either to him or to someone else, before the day was over, that he needed a secretary."

"But what fun his not recognizing you, Mary!" the child exclaimed. "And all the time you knew who he was and all about him."

Miss Robinson turned away and hid her head in a cupboard. The humour of this non-recognition seemed scarcely to appeal to her; in fact, her lip had quivered for a moment.

"Now, I'm just going to make one cup of tea," she said, "and then I'll go out and get something to eat."

"But have you any money, Mary?" the child asked.

Miss Robinson looked searchingly around the sitting-room. Her eyes rested upon a little water-colour—their last—and she sighed.

"We soon shall have," she declared, cheerfully. "To-morrow I am going to ask him to pay me a week's money in advance. I've had to borrow two shillings already to get my machine taken up on a barrow. I told him a cab, because it sounded better."

The child looked perplexed.

"But why don't you tell him, Mary, who you are and all about us? I believe he'd give you a great deal more money. You always said that he was such a nice boy."

Miss Robinson let her hand rest for a moment on her sister's head.

"Dear," she said, "you are wonderfully wise for your years, but there are some things which you cannot understand, and this is one of them. Unless Mr. Hardrow finds out for himself, I would rather not tell him."

The child sighed and remained puzzled. She was only nine years old, but life had already shown her something of its complex side. The change from a comfortable country house, with large gardens and plenty of young friends, to a cottage on the outskirts of London at four shillings a week, with no servant, a few scraps of furniture, sometimes barely enough to eat, sometimes a grim suspicion that Mary had less even than she, was a change such as could scarcely fail to leave its mark. Somehow or other she had looked forward to Hardrow's return as likely to alter all this. He was to have been the fairy prince who provided all manner of desirable things. On the whole, she was a little disappointed with her sister's visit.

"Well," she said, wistfully, "I hope he finds out."

Miss Robinson laughed.

"If he doesn't," she declared, bravely, "we are going to have quite a good time now. Thirty shillings a week! One can do a great deal with thirty shillings a week. You must go to school—even if it is only a very tiny school—in the mornings. And perhaps, later on, we may be able to take a cottage out in the country."

"Supposing," the child asked, shrewdly, "Mr. Hardrow goes back to Africa and doesn't want you any more?"

Miss Robinson was a little disturbed at the thought, but she only laughed.

"He'll want me, right enough," she declared. "I'm going to make myself so useful that he won't be able to do without me."

In a sense, her words undoubtedly came true. Hardrow scarcely realized even himself how much easier the days went because of her rigorous supervision of his affairs. He was always seeking her advice, too, and continually adopting it. One day he leaned back from a mass of correspondence with a perplexed frown upon his forehead.

"Stop that for a moment, Miss Robinson," he said. "I want to ask you something."

She ceased her work and turned round on her stool.

"You know that I have been refusing all invitations of a certain sort," he began. "I find that I shall have to change my front. It is necessary for me to go into society more or less. Some of my schemes—one in particular—must be pushed by people who have influence there."

She nodded and touched the keys of her instrument carelessly.

"There is not much difficulty about that," she remarked.

"Perhaps not," he admitted; "but I have got out of the way of it. I've lived in the open air too long, in wooden shanties or in a tent, fed out of tin things, cooked for myself, and played the boor generally. I want civilizing. How should you start about it?"

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She looked at him critically.

"I should take off that ugly beard of yours," she declared.

He stroked it for a moment, and looked at himself in the glass.

"I suppose you're right," he admitted. "Anyhow, there's no need to keep the thing over here. Telephone down for the barber, please. Anything else?"

"You don't dress very well," she told him.

"Hang it all!" he objected. "I went to the best tailor in London."

She nodded.

"Yes, and I can see you there," she said, with a faint smile at the corners of her lips. "You probably marched into the place, caught hold of half-a-dozen bales of cloth, told them to make you a suit of each, and came out again in about three minutes."

"Just what I did," he agreed. "What do you suggest?"

"Let the tailor choose for you, if he's a good one," she answered, "and ask him about the ties and shirts to go with the clothes he sends you."

"You're a jewel," he declared; "I'll do it. And you'd better accept those last five or six invitations I gave you."

Thenceforward Miss Robinson saw a deal less of her employer. Vastly improved in his bearing, he became quite a popular figure at a great many social gatherings. The appearance, toward the end of a rather dull London season, of a good-looking bachelor, who was reputed to be a millionaire, and who had acquired his wealth in an exceedingly romantic fashion, was almost a godsend. Invitations came faster and faster, so that even Hardrow, whose energy was boundless and whose zest for this new amusement extraordinary, found it impossible to keep pace with them. Nevertheless, he managed fairly well, and kept in touch, too, with his affairs in the City. One day he suddenly realized how invaluable Miss Robinson was to him. He turned abruptly in the act of leaving the room.

"Miss Robinson," he said, "I don't know what I should do without you."

"I don't know what you would," she agreed.

"Our month has been up for some time," he continued. "Please double your salary."

"I am very much obliged," she answered, with beating heart. "Do you mean really double it?"

"Certainly," he declared. "You're very cheap at that."

He stood looking down at her. It seemed to him that he had forgotten for weeks how pretty she was. Her slim figure, too, looked at its best in the absolutely plain, tight-fitting black dress that she wore at her work. Her hand was resting upon the table. He took it up and held it in his. She snatched it away.

"Mr. Hardrow!" she exclaimed, breathlessly.

He laughed, and looked at her for a moment as though half deriding her agitation. Just then there was a knock at the door. He turned away. In a few minutes he left the room with his visitor, and when he reappeared the incident seemed to have escaped his memory.

Hardrow was by no means a bad fellow, but he was more or less what is usually described as being a man of the world. If Miss Robinson had been a trifle less good-looking, or the fascination of her quiet, demure speech a little less apparent, he would probably, in a few weeks more, have forgotten that she was a woman at all, and looked upon her as a very excellent part of his well-ordered life, whose use to him was purely a mechanical one. Unfortunately, she forgot one morning the strict control which she usually kept over her features, and laughed at some remark of his in perfectly dazzling fashion. Perhaps he considered the few words which she flung out, the quick upward glance which came naturally enough at that moment, as an invitation. At any rate, he stooped and kissed her. For a moment she seemed almost passive. Then she rose slowly to her feet.

"Mr. Hardrow——" she began, with trembling voice.

He took her face between his hands and kissed her again.

"Don't be a goose!" he exclaimed, and went out.

When he came back she was gone. Not only had she departed, but she had taken her typewriter with her. Upon his desk was a neat little statement of her account and a little pile of money, from which he noticed that, although it was Friday morning, she had omitted to draw any salary for the week. For several minutes he stood and swore profusely. He remembered with dismay that he did not know her address. His servant, whom he summoned at once, was equally ignorant of it. He dashed off two advertisements to the evening papers, commanding—begging for her return. He even sought out for himself the hall-porter of the residential hotel in which his quarters were situated, and endeavoured to discover whether

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in her comings and goings she had ever left any trace of her abode. But the suburb in which Miss Robinson lived was a very long way from Mayfair, and she certainly had no money now to spend in evening papers. The days passed by and he heard nothing. He advertised for a temporary secretary and selected a young man, who robbed him; replaced him with another, who was honest but stupid; and finally, leaving him behind to mismanage his affairs, went off to Scotland in disgust.

And in the meantime things went very ill indeed with Miss Robinson. Naturally of a sanguine disposition, and over-anxious to provide once more the necessary comforts for the child whom she loved so dearly, she found that she had saved very little. Early the next morning she recommenced the search for work in which she had been engaged when she read of the return of Mr. Hardrow to his native land and paid him that eventful visit. Alas! the search was no more successful than it had been before. Never, it seemed, were there so many typists wanting situations; never so few people who wanted typing done. The child Nora, too, was fretful and pale. The summer had been a long one and hotter than usual. In a week's time Miss Robinson had made up her mind to ask her employer for a fortnight's holiday, and to have taken the child into the country. All that, of course, was out of the question now. There was no holiday because there was no work to take a holiday from. And no work came. September passed away, and the tiny house was barer than ever. Nora was becoming alarmingly thin and often peevish. She was never tired of asking what had become of Mr. Hardrow, why Mary had left, why she did not go back and ask him to help her find another place.

At last the time came when the rent was not forthcoming. With a little sob Miss Robinson put her pride in her pocket and walked to Mayfair. Mr. Hardrow was still away, she was told, travelling on the Continent. His secretary was upstairs in his rooms, and she could go up if she chose. She presented herself at the familiar door and, knocking timidly, turned the handle. She was a very different-looking person to the trim young woman who had taken Mr. Hardrow by storm a few months ago. Her clothes were worse than shabby now. She was much paler, her cheeks were hollow, and her eyes had lost all their brightness. The immaculate young man who occupied her former position scrutinized her closely through his eyeglass, and formed by no means a favourable opinion of her or of her errand.

"Mr. Hardrow is away," he announced, in reply to her inquiry. "It is quite impossible to say when he will be back in London."

"Will you give me his address, please?" Miss Robinson asked.

The young man dropped his eyeglass and stroked his chin.

"Impossible!" he declared. "Mr. Hardrow is away for a holiday. He gets too much —er—correspondence and that sort of thing when he is in England."

"Will you send on a note to him?" she persisted.

The young man was bored, and showed it.

"Mr. Hardrow does not wish letters forwarded," he said. "Do you mind closing the door as you go out?"

As Miss Robinson stepped out of the lift and passed from the hotel a new fear came to her. The street and buildings seemed, somehow, strange. There was a pain in her head. Her knees shook so that people stared at her, and for a moment she had even to clutch at a lamp-post. She told herself that this was madness. If she were to give in now, what would happen? Then she remembered that she had had very little food that day, and less still the day before. She entered a shop, and, though her heart ached to part with it, she laid down sixpence and ordered some milk and a bun. Afterwards she walked back to Camberwell—a long walk and not a very cheerful one. Nora met her with red eyes. The man had called again for the rent and had been very rude. The child was trembling and obviously terrified.

"Mary, dear," she cried, "we must get some money! We must! Is there no one we can write to?"

"We've tried everyone," Mary reminded her, sinking into a chair. "I don't know, just for the moment, what there is that we can do."

"I know I am very hungry!" the child exclaimed, bursting into tears.

It was the last blow. The room went suddenly round, and the rumbling in her ears became like thunder. Mary was unconscious for nearly an hour. When she recovered, the child was still by her side, almost in an agony of terror.

"Oh, Mary, Mary!" she cried. "What are we to do? You're going to be ill, I'm sure! I'm so frightened!"

"I'm going to be nothing of the sort," Miss Robinson declared. "I was just a

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little tired. You'll find threepence in my pocket. Do stop that milkman and buy threepennyworth of milk for your supper. Afterwards, we'll go to bed."

The child sighed.

"I should like something to eat," she murmured. "I'm so tired of milk, and so hungry."

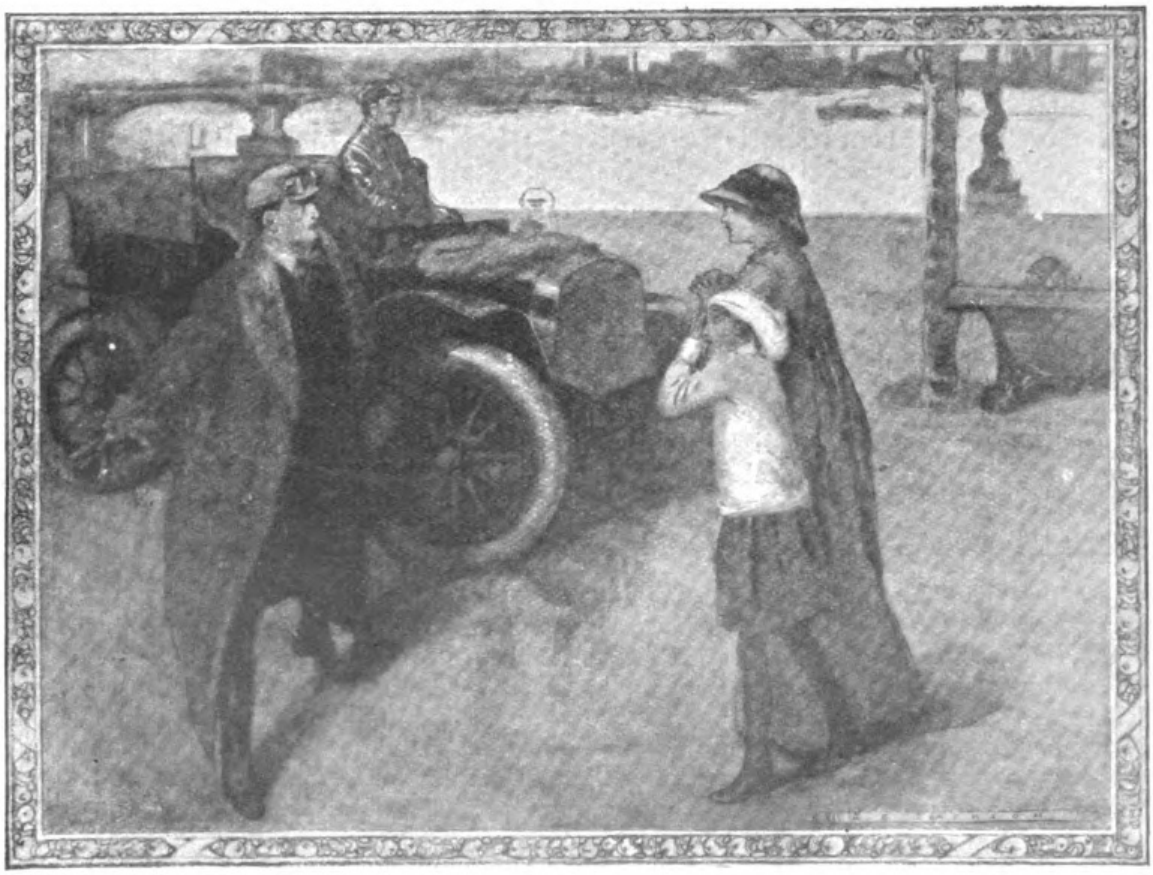
They went to bed, and Nora, at any rate, slept. Mary lay awake most of the night, with hot eyes and a pain at her heart.

She got up in the morning, trembling a little and terrified. Before midday they were in the street and the key turned against them. Their few remaining scraps of furniture would never pay the rent that was owing. The typewriter had long ago gone. Mary made a supreme effort.

"This must be the worst that can happen to us, dear," she said to Nora. "We'll go somewhere and sit down, and I'm sure we shall be able to think of something."

The child was half terrified, half starved. They walked wearily from the first—footsore and tired to death before they had arrived at their destination. Somehow or other, they reached the Embankment and sank down upon one of the seats, and a few minutes later, though he was supposed to be on the Continent, Hardrow came along, taking his first lesson at driving his new motor-car. By chance she turned and saw him, and, staggering to her feet, came out into the road, waving her hand. He barely escaped running over her, and the chauffeur shouted angrily. Just at that moment, however, Hardrow recognized her and sprang from the car.

"Miss Robinson!" he exclaimed, and suddenly took it all in. "Good heavens!"



"'MISS ROBINSON!' HE EXCLAIMED, AND SUDDENLY TOOK IT ALL IN."

She had meant to greet him with, at any rate, some attempt at dignity, to explain that a series of misfortunes of a temporary character had placed her in a very uncomfortable position—any rubbish so that she might have looked him in the face and held her own in words at least. But it was all of no use and all quite unnecessary. The faces of the two girls told their own story with pitiless truth. In a minute or two she found herself in the back of the car, with Nora by her side holding her fingers tightly. Hardrow relinquished his place at the wheel and ordered the chauffeur to drive to some restaurant.

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"Somewhere quiet," he directed, in a whisper; "somewhere where we can get something to eat without being overlooked."

Then he turned round, introduced himself to Nora, and tried to make conversation. Of course, it was quite absurd. He was attempting to ignore the fact that he had picked up two obviously starving young women, whose clothes were almost falling to pieces, and who were scarcely in the frame of mind to hold their own in light conversation, desperately though Mary tried to maintain a courageous front. In the end they gave it up, especially when they entered the restaurant and a certain look in the child's face at the sight of food became unmistakable. Hardrow took Mary's hand once more then, but there was no carelessness about his touch.

"I am sorry," he said, humbly. "This has been all my fault. And if you only knew what blockheads of secretaries I've had to put up with!"

He affected not to notice the tears which his words let loose, ordered wine and talked nonsense, declared that he was hungry himself—and indeed seemed so, though he had lunched barely an hour before. Towards the end of the meal, when Miss Robinson was feeling no longer hysterical, she spoke seriously.

"Mr. Hardrow," she said, "I want to make a confession. It has all been very absurd, but when I first came to see you I did not come for a situation at all. I came because we read of your return in the papers, and because my real name is Mary Bannerman."

He stared at her in blank amazement. For the moment he had forgotten where he was.

"Mary—Mary Bannerman!" he repeated, "My God, so you are! And I've wondered so many times. Great heavens!" he broke off. "Why, I've sent a lawyer to Canada after you."

She was very penitent.

"It was silly of me, I know, but when we left Stoke Pagnall we didn't want people to know how poor we were, and we said that we were going to an aunt's in Toronto. We didn't think it would quite come to this."

He looked at them—first at the child and then back at her. He was absolutely bereft of words; the thing was so unimaginably pitiful.

"Of course you know," Mary went on, "that my father failed soon after you left England. He had a very bad time, and everyone seemed to blame him. Afterwards our friends did what they could and I learned typing, but gradually they seemed to fall away and things got worse. We came to London, and I was trying to get a situation when I read of your triumphant return. Then I remembered that just before he died my father had said that if ever you came back I was to try and find you. He was sure that you would be our friend."

"Is that all that he told you?" Hardrow exclaimed.

"That was everything," she answered.

He took their hands—he was sitting in the middle—and he held them very tightly.

"You poor, dear children!" he said. "Now, listen to this. When I left England I was in disgrace, as you know, and I had scarcely enough money to take me to Africa. The last day your father came to see me, and he put one hundred pounds in bank-notes in my hands. 'Don't tell a soul, Dick,' he said. 'This is just to give you a chance when you get to the other side. Pay me back if ever you can afford to. If you can't, it doesn't matter.'"

A half-stifled cry broke from Mary's lips.

"One hundred pounds! You mean, then, that you owe us one hundred pounds?" she exclaimed.

Hardrow burst out laughing.

"One hundred pounds!" he repeated, in derision. "Why, I bought my tenth share of the Hardrow Mine with that hundred pounds and made your father an equal partner. If I'm worth a million to-day—and I think I'm worth a little more—you two girls between you are worth the same. And I think," he said, touching Mary's fingers once more and again unreproved, "I think that we'd better get into my car and go and spend some of it."

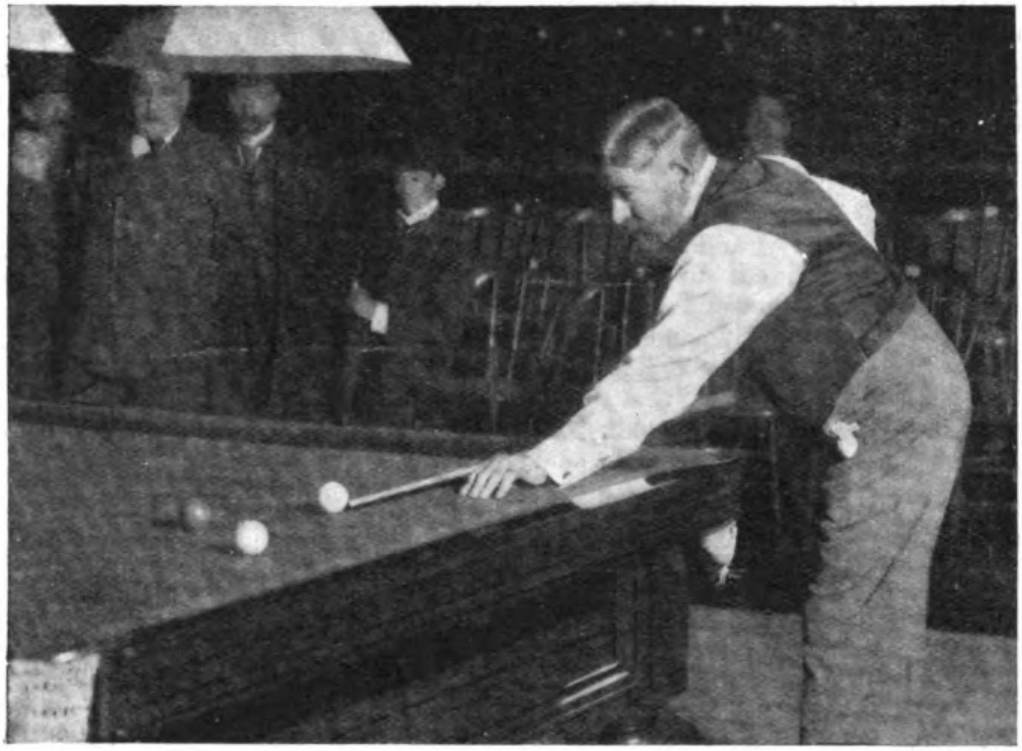
"Will Mary be your secretary again?" Nora asked, after an afternoon of undiluted bliss. She was in new clothes from head to foot, and admiring herself very much in a long pier-glass.

"Perhaps," Hardrow answered. "Perhaps," he whispered, looking across the room to where Mary was trying on a new hat, "she may be. Should you like me for a brother, Nora?"

The child clapped her hands.

"Did you hear that, Mary?" she exclaimed.

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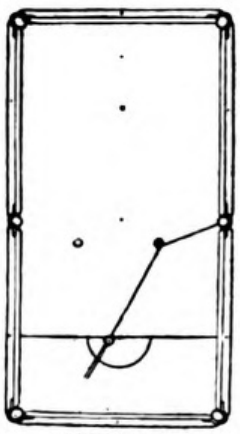
From a] A CHARACTERISTIC PORTRAIT OF JOHN ROBERTS MAKING A STROKE. *[Photograph.*

How to Make a Hundred Break.

With an Illustration of Every Stroke.

By JOHN ROBERTS.

IN this article I propose to give my readers a lesson in the art of break-making. This is where the average amateur fails so lamentably. Thousands of people play billiards all their lives without knowing how to make a break, and this is why they never become good players. They can make plenty of individual strokes, but the one stroke is enough for them; after that the balls may go where luck takes them. This is not billiards, and as it is a fault that can be cured by knowing things which can be made quite clear in print, I am sure my readers will find their game materially improved by following closely my advice on "How to Make a Hundred Break." I shall describe how this break can be compiled without calling into requisition a single stroke beyond the cue power of an ordinary player. Throughout I shall rely upon a written description, accompanied by careful measurements and supplemented by diagrams, and I will commence by describing the balls in position for our hundred break. The exact measurements are (taken from the centre of the ball to the face of the cushion): Red, 28in. from the right side cushion and 56in. from baulk cushion; cue-ball, 29in. from baulk cushion and 30in. from left side cushion; white, 28in. from the left side cushion and 56in. from baulk cushion. These distances are calculated with ivory balls in use of the same weight and size.

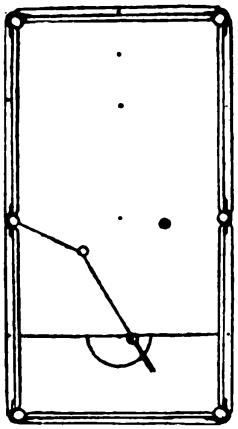


STROKE I.

Our first stroke will be a losing hazard off the red into the right middle pocket, and we are entitled to assume that any man who plays billiards at all will have no difficulty in playing well enough to

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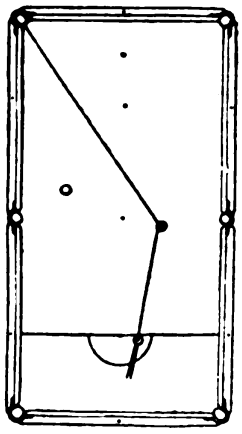
leave the red ball favourably placed. The cue-ball should be placed in position according to the measurements given, and aim should be taken so that the centre of the cue-ball hits the outside edge of the object-ball on the side nearest the pocket. No top or side is wanted; the stroke is quite half-ball, as described. The cue should be swung freely and lightly and allowed to pass on through the cue-ball smoothly and boldly, and not snatched back hurriedly in a style common enough, but which is absolutely fatal to good play.



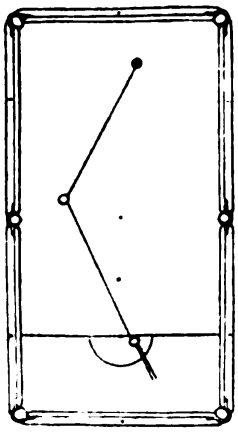
STROKE 2.

The second stroke is a white loser into the left middle pocket. This stroke should be played exactly as the red loser was manipulated, except, of course, that the cue-ball must be placed on the opposite side of the D.

Having scored the white loser, we leave the following position for our third stroke: White, 22in. from the left side cushion and 63in. from the top cushion; red, 28in. from the right side cushion and 64in. from the baulk cushion; cue-ball on baulk-line, and 32in. from the right side cushion. Play the stroke with sufficient strength to make the red ball rebound from the side and top cushion, leaving it 32in. from the right side cushion and 16in. from the top cushion.

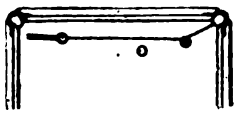


STROKE 3.



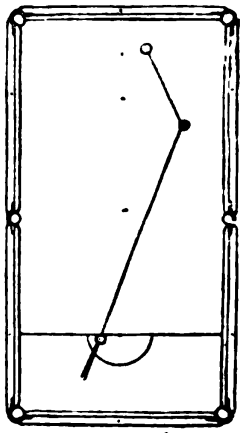
STROKE 4.

For our fourth shot we find the balls so conveniently arranged for a cannon from hand that any other stroke is quite out of the question. To make this cannon nothing except another half-ball stroke is required. The cue-ball should be placed on the baulk-line and 31in. from the right side cushion, and a plain half-ball stroke played gently off the white on to the red. Played correctly, the cannon will be made with just sufficient strength to drop the red in the vicinity of the right top pocket, while the object-white will rebound from the side cushion and come to rest not far from the billiard spot. I have just made the stroke, and find that the balls are left in the following positions: Red, 9in. from the top cushion and 11in. from the right side cushion; white, 13in. from the top cushion and 31in. from the right side cushion; cue-ball, 8in. from the top cushion and 19in. from the left side cushion.



STROKE 5.

The fifth stroke is a losing hazard into the right-hand top pocket. This stroke may be played in two ways—it can be made by hitting the object-ball thin with the idea of cutting the red off the side cushion, and so leave a cannon from baulk, or it may be played rather full on the red ball and slowly, to leave a losing hazard into the same pocket. However, I recommend the former course, as the fine contact is easier to gauge correctly for positional purposes. I have just played the stroke, hitting the red just a trifle thinner than a half-ball, and without putting any side on the cue-ball. The result is that the balls are left in a most favourable position. The cue-ball is in hand, the red is 18in. from the right side cushion and 34in. from the top cushion, and the white ball has not been moved from its last position near the billiard spot.



STROKE 6.

Our sixth stroke is another simple proposition. We have only to place the cue-ball on the baulk-line 30in. from the right side cushion to set up a nice ball-to-ball cannon. Play it gently and you will find the balls left as follows, provided a fair half-ball contact is made: Cue-ball, 13in. from top cushion and 32in. from right side cushion; red, 10in. from right side cushion and 9in. from top cushion; white, 2½in. from top cushion and 32in. from left side cushion.

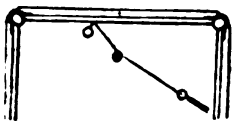
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STROKE 7.

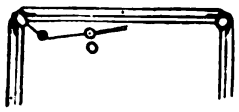
Our seventh stroke is a winning hazard. The red must be put in the right top pocket with a well-judged stroke designed to leave a cannon off the spotted red for our succeeding effort. I played the stroke and left the balls as follows: Cue ball, 14½in. from the right side cushion and 28in. from the top cushion; red on the spot, and the white in the same position as before.

The cannon illustrating our eighth stroke is one of those "easy" strokes which show the simplicity, and what one might almost call the "duplicity," of billiards. The stroke to play is a gentle cannon off the red on to the top cushion, thus making a full contact with the white from behind the ball and preventing the possibility of an awkward "cover." I have made the stroke in the manner described, and find the balls are left as follows: Red, 4in. from top cushion and 9in. from left side cushion; white, 9in. from top cushion and 30in. from left side cushion; cue-ball, 4in. from top cushion and 30in. from left side cushion.



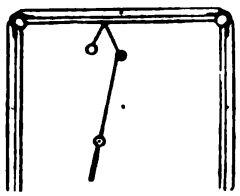
STROKE 8.

The red winner is most decidedly the game for the ninth stroke. Put the red in the left top pocket with the requisite strength to bring the cue-ball off the side cushion towards the middle of the table, and make the hazard with a plain ball contact on the red, when the balls will be left as follows: Red, on the billiard spot; white, 9in. from the top cushion and 30in. from the left side cushion; cue-ball, 33in. from the top cushion and 23in. from the left side cushion.



STROKE 9.

Our tenth stroke is an "everyday" cannon. Do not attempt anything rash in the way of a direct cannon, but play a plain half-ball off the red on to the top cushion and back to the white, leaving the red 5in. from the top cushion and the same distance from the right side cushion; the white 29in. from the left side cushion and 14in. from the top cushion; cue-ball, 7in. from top cushion and 30in. from left side cushion.



STROKE 10.

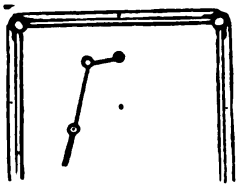
Another red winner is now the game for the eleventh stroke, and the amateur should handle the stroke freely and bring the cue-ball back off the right side cushion to a point 18in. from the left side cushion and 46in. from the top cushion, leaving the white undisturbed and the red on the billiard spot.



STROKE 11.

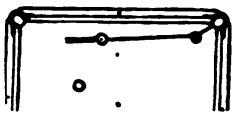
Nothing more than a plain ball-to-ball cannon off the white is now necessary for the twelfth stroke.

I played the cannon and, happening to drop the merest shade too fine on the red, the balls were left as follows: Red, 8in. from the top cushion and 9in. from the right side cushion; white, 25in. from the left side cushion and 28in. from the top cushion; cue-ball, 9½in. from the top cushion and 28in. from the left side cushion.



STROKE 12.

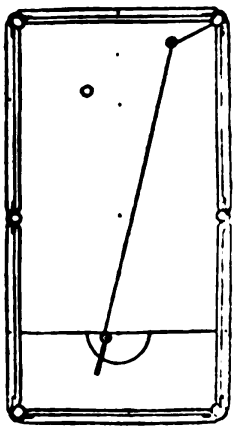
The thirteenth stroke is a red loser into the right top pocket, and the average player had better strike the red a little fuller than half-ball, without an atom of side on the cue-ball, to leave another simple loser from hand into the same pocket.



STROKE 13.

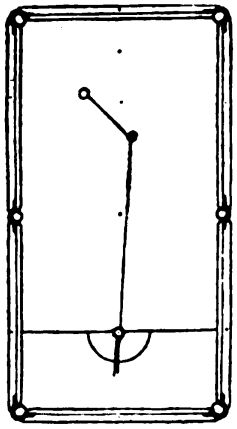
I have just made the stroke, and find that the red is left 11in. from the top cushion and 16in. from the right side cushion; the white is 25in. from the left side cushion and 28in. from the top cushion.

To continue the break I place the cue-ball on the baulk-line 27in. from the left side cushion, thus making the fourteenth stroke an easy red loser from hand. The stroke as I have played it leaves the balls as follows for the fifteenth stroke: Red, 31in. from the right side cushion and 48in. from the top cushion; white, 25in. from the left side cushion and 28in. from the top cushion. The cue-ball is in hand, and we will place it exactly on the centre spot of the D.



STROKE 14.

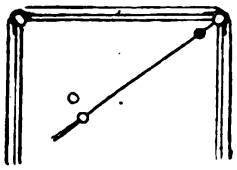
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STROKE 15.

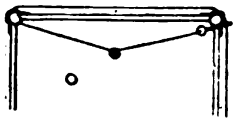
A cannon is now the game. Strike the cue-ball in the centre, and concentrate your attention on leaving the red in the vicinity of the right top pocket. The actual result of the last stroke, as played by me to illustrate this article, leaves the balls as follows: Red, 4in. from the top cushion and 7in. from the right side cushion; white, 23in. from the top cushion and 22in. from the right side cushion; cue-ball, 26in. from the right side cushion and 28in. from the top cushion.

Put the red into the right top pocket very slowly if you wish to play the sixteenth stroke correctly, and for the seventeenth stroke we have the red on the billiard spot, the white unchanged, and the cue-ball just clear of the jaws of the right top pocket, and almost touching the top cushion.



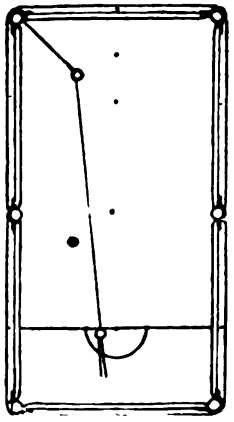
STROKE 16.

This is a splendid leave, and I dare say that the majority of my readers can nominate the stroke correctly without much difficulty. A plain half-ball off the red into the left top pocket is obviously the game. Strike the cue-ball in the middle, not too hard, just the right strength to send the red off the side cushion and over the middle pocket, and, provided a half-ball contact with the red is made, the mechanical precision of the implements will do the rest—the cueist has nothing more to trouble about.



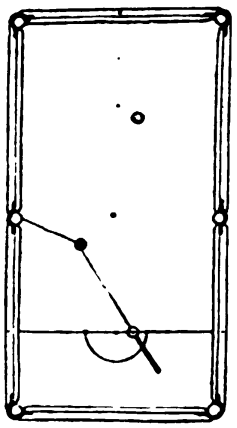
STROKE 17.

To continue our break we must describe the position in which the balls have been left after playing the red loser. The red is 57in. from the bottom cushion and 27in. from the left side cushion; the white is 22in. from the left side cushion and 23in. from the top cushion.



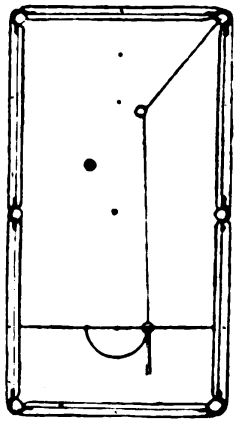
STROKE 18.

For our eighteenth stroke we will place the cue-ball on the baulk-line 27in. from the left side cushion. This presents the easiest possible white loser into the left top pocket. The stroke, as I have made it, leaves the white 41in. from the top cushion and 29in. from the right side cushion.



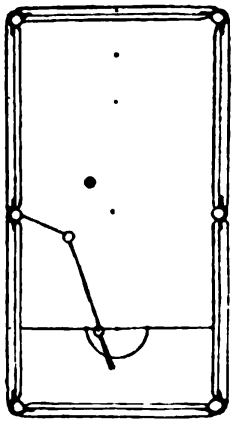
STROKE 19.

The position of the red is unchanged, the cue-ball is in hand, and for our nineteenth stroke we will place it on the baulk-line and 31in. from the right side cushion. Once again the succeeding stroke is quite obvious. Placing the cue-ball as directed, we make a plain half-ball stroke off the red into the left middle pocket. Our stroke has brought the red into the middle of the table, and the balls are now in the following position: Red, 28in. from the left side cushion and 58in. from the top cushion; white, 41in. from the top cushion and 29in. from the right side cushion.



STROKE 20.

The cue-ball for our twentieth stroke is placed on the baulk-line 26in. from the right side cushion, and make a plain half-ball loser off the white into the right top pocket, bringing the white off the top and left side cushion into position over the left middle pocket. This stroke should be played with freedom and confidence, and the cue-ball will vanish into the top pocket, and the object-white will assuredly travel in the required direction. I have just made the stroke, and the balls are left as follows for the twenty-first

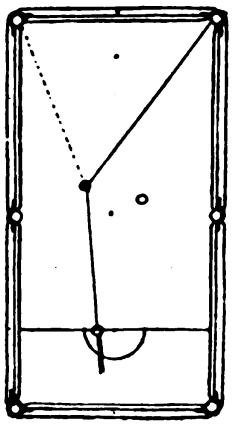


STROKE 21.

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stroke: Red, unchanged; white, 20in. from the left side cushion and 40in. from the top cushion.

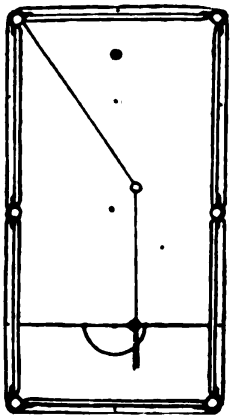
The cue-ball is in hand, and for our next stroke we will place it on the baulk-line and 32in. from the left side cushion, and having scored this I find the twenty-second stroke is one familiarly known as "a pair of breeches," and is the result of both accident and design.



STROKE 22.

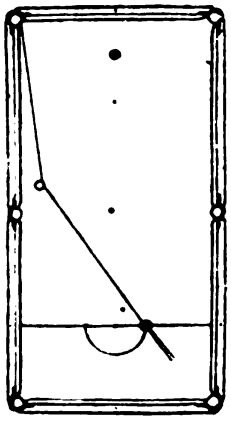
Having played the preceding stroke none too well, I placed the cue-ball on the baulk-line 32in. from the left side cushion, and, as the red was 58in. from the top cushion and 28in. from the left side cushion, I played to make an ordinary half-ball loser into the right top pocket, with the idea of bringing the red into position off two cushions. But I happened to get a little too full on the object-ball for the position I had in mind, and the result was that I made a six stroke—the loser, as intended, into the right top pocket, and a red winner I did not anticipate into the left top pocket.

The balls are now in the following positions: Red, on billiard spot; white, 67in. from top cushion and 26in. from right side cushion; cue-ball in hand, and for our stroke we will place it on the baulk-line and 28in. from the right side cushion, continuing the break by playing a loser off the white into the left top pocket. I have made this stroke, and through striking the object too slowly the white has stopped rather more than a foot short of its intended destination. My intention was to bring the white round the table off the right, top, and left side cushions and leave it fully 18in. away from the latter cushion. But the strength was defective, and I find the white has come to a standstill within the "danger zone," 5in. from the left side cushion and 60in. from the top cushion. This means that we are "in trouble," and it behoves us to look around for a way out.

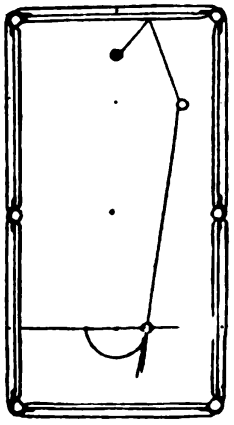


STROKE 23.

By far the best stroke to play for our twenty-fourth stroke is a "jenny" into the left top pocket. Place the cue-ball on the baulk-line 23in. from the right side cushion and aim fine at the white, strike the cue-ball very low, and put as much left side on as you can. Play slowly, and the cue-ball will make a half-ball contact with the white, and the side will make the score a certainty even if the side cushion be struck before the pocket is reached. Many players miss these strokes because they do not aim fine enough at the object. They forget that the side imparted to the slow-moving cue-ball causes that sphere to deviate considerably from a straight line, and that allowance must be made for this by aiming away from the spot on the object-ball we really desire to hit.



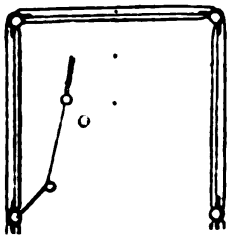
STROKE 24.



STROKE 25.

Having successfully negotiated the long "jenny" off the white into the left top pocket, I find the balls are left as follows: Red, on billiard spot; white, 24in. from top cushion and 10in. from right side cushion. The cue-ball is in hand, and for our twenty-fifth stroke we will place it on the baulk-line 23in. from the right side cushion. This presents a simple one-cushion cannon off the white. Play half-ball on the object and the natural angle off the top cushion will do the rest. I have just completed the stroke and find the balls are left as follows: Red, 26in. from the left side cushion and 33in. from top cushion; white, 23in. from left side cushion and 31in. from top cushion; cue-ball, 33in. from left side cushion and 14in. from top cushion.

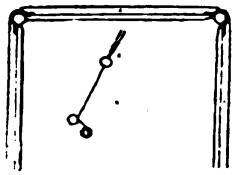
The twenty-sixth is obvious enough. It is a plain cannon off the



STROKE 26.

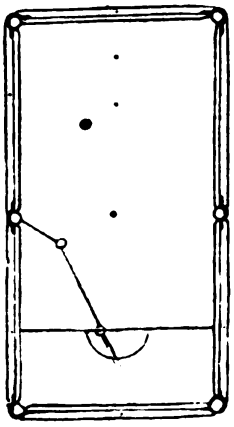
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white, played with the idea of bringing the white off the side cushion and leaving a loser into the left middle pocket for our succeeding stroke. I have just essayed the stroke in the manner indicated, but I failed to hit the balls quite hard enough, and the consequence is that we are faced by yet another rather awkward leave. The balls are placed as follows for the twenty-seventh stroke: Red, 28in. from the left side cushion and 41in. from top cushion; white, 9in. from left side cushion and 64in. from top cushion; cue-ball, 24in. from left side cushion and 34in. from top cushion.



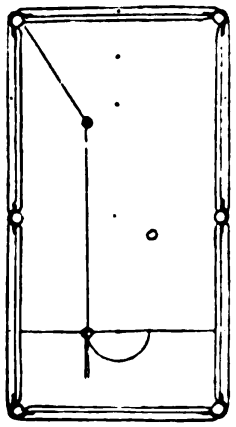
STROKE 27.

A cannon is on from this position, but it will scatter the balls hopelessly unless handled in an amazingly clever manner and assisted by a little good fortune. It is far better to ignore the cannon and play for a fine white loser into the left middle pocket. This stroke must be manipulated with care and nice strength or the white will be driven into baulk. Aim very fine on the white, strike cue-ball low, and impart plenty of left side. The side will cause the ball to travel straight, on account of running against the nap of the cloth, and by striking the ball low its forward rotation will be retarded and thus play an important part in keeping white out of baulk.

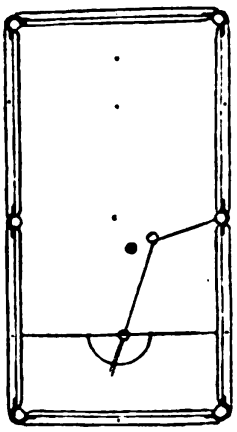


STROKE 28.

Having made the fine loser I find the balls are left as follows for our twenty-eighth stroke: Red, unchanged; white, 59in. from baulk cushion and 19in. from left side cushion. The cue-ball is in hand, and for our stroke we will place it on the baulk-line 29in. from the left side cushion. To score from this leave, place the cue-ball as directed and play a simple half-ball loser into the left middle pocket. I have just made this stroke, leaving the balls as follows for our twenty-ninth stroke: Red, unchanged; white, 20in. from right side cushion and 64in. from baulk cushion. The cue-ball is in hand.



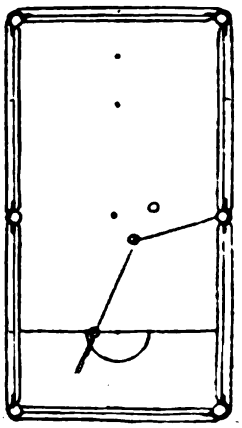
STROKE 29.



STROKE 30.

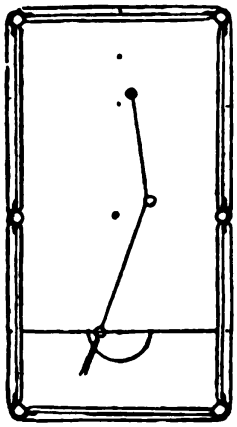
Resuming our break, we find the balls so placed that we will play the red loser into the left top pocket, and as the cue-ball is in hand we will place it on the baulk-line 24in. from the left side cushion and play a plain half-ball loser off the red. This stroke must be played freely to bring the red round off the top and right side cushions to the vicinity of the white ball. I have just made it in this manner, and the balls are left in the following positions for our thirtieth stroke: Red, 26in. from right side cushion and 61in. from baulk cushion; white, unchanged; cue-ball in hand. Here the game is obviously a losing hazard off the white into the right middle pocket, and we will place the cue-ball on the baulk-line 27in. from the left side cushion, in order to make the stroke rather finer than half-ball, with the intention of bringing the white back as near as possible into its original position.

Having manipulated the white loser into the right-hand middle pocket, I find the balls are left in the following positions for the thirty-first stroke: Red, 26in. from the right side cushion and 61in. from the bottom cushion; white, 22in. from the right side cushion and 68in. from the top cushion; cue-ball in hand. We must keep the red towards the middle of the table and well out of the "danger zone," and to achieve this it is necessary to play a well-judged stroke with side. Place the cue-ball on the baulk-line 26in. from the left side cushion, and impart a good amount of right side. Aim a trifle fuller than half-ball on the red to allow for the slight swerve of the cue-ball on account of the side, and it will be found that by playing the stroke in this way



STROKE 31.

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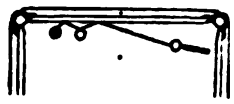


STROKE 32.

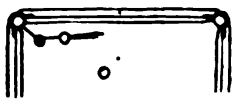
position can be retained without any difficulty. I made the stroke, and I find the balls are left as follows: Red, 29in. from top cushion and 32in. from right side cushion; white, unchanged; cue-ball in hand.

Our thirty-second stroke is obviously a cannon with the idea of bringing all three balls together in the vicinity of the billiard spot. Place the cue-ball on the baulk-line exactly 29½in. from the left side cushion, and play a plain half-ball cannon off the white.

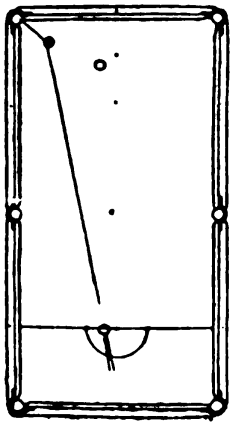
It happened that when playing the "drop" cannon I struck the red finer than I intended, and the result is that the balls are now in the following position: Red, 16in. from the left side cushion and 1½in. from the top cushion; white, 22in. from the left side cushion and 2½in. from the top cushion; cue-ball, 20in. from the right side cushion and 7in. from the top cushion. Of course, a cannon off the white is the game, and we will play it in such a way as to leave the red over the left top pocket. Aim at the top cushion just about 2in. in front of the white ball, and put a large amount of left or "running" side on the cue-ball. This will make the cannon an absolute certainty, and, provided the strength is reasonably good, the red will be brought into the desired position. I have just made the "cushion first" cannon, and the position of the balls for the thirty-fourth stroke is as follows: Red, 4½in. from the left side cushion and 3½in. from the top cushion; white, 34½in. from the left side cushion and 21in. from the top cushion; cue-ball, 14in. from the left side cushion and 2in. from the top cushion. Here we will play a red loser into the left top pocket with the intention of leaving a similar stroke to follow from hand. It is only necessary to hit the cue-ball in the middle and make a fairly thick contact with the red—just a little more than half-ball will do nicely. Handle the stroke gently, as the harder you hit the red the farther it will be left from the pocket, and the succeeding stroke will be proportionately more difficult. I have just made the stroke, and the red is left 14in. from the top cushion and 11in. from the left side cushion, the white is unchanged, and the cue-ball is in hand.



STROKE 33.



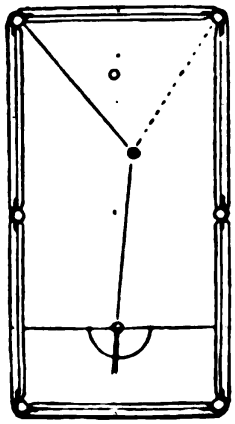
STROKE 34.



STROKE 35.

For the thirty-fifth stroke we will place the cue-ball on the baulk-line 33in. from the left side cushion and make an easy half-ball loser off the red into the left top pocket, leaving the balls in the following position for the thirty-sixth stroke: Red, 55in. from the top cushion and 32in. from the right side cushion; white, unchanged; cue-ball in hand.

The position of the balls is now decidedly interesting. A losing hazard off the red into the left-hand top pocket is the only stroke I can advise my pupils to attempt, but it is easy to foresee that if we make the stroke by means of the usual half-ball natural angle stroke we shall almost certainly pocket the red in the right top pocket. This can be avoided by making the actual stroke much more difficult, and the point we have to decide is whether this extra risk is worth taking. It will mean putting side on the cue-ball and aiming for a contact with the red rather finer than half-ball, and, as these strokes are very easily missed, I do not see why we should endanger the continuance of our break by attempting one of them. We will place the cue-ball on the baulk-line 33½in. from the right side cushion and play the usual half-ball loser, and if the red happens to drop into the opposite pocket we shall doubtless find a ready means of continuing the break, in spite of the apparently unfavourable position of the white ball.

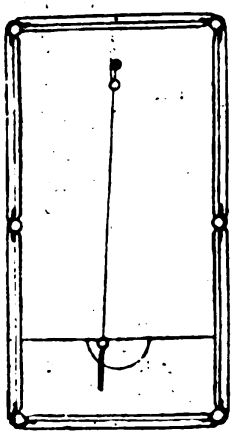


STROKE 36.

Many an amateur would regard the position of the balls for our thirty-seventh stroke very

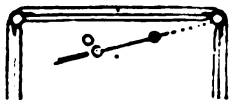
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ruefully. The red is on the billiard spot, the white is about 8in. nearer to the baulk-line and almost in line with the spotted red, and the cue-ball is in hand. This is one of the many instances where knowing what to do makes all the difference between an easy score and a seeming impossibility. In reality, the stroke before us is quite simple. It is only necessary to place the cue-ball on the baulk-line 30in. from the left side cushion and play to hit the white nearly, but not quite, full in the middle, and the cannon is certain to result. The white kisses the red almost full and clears out of the way to enable the uncoming cue-ball to make the cannon as the red comes back off the top cushion. It is quite a simple stroke, and the chance of missing it by hitting the object-ball in its absolute centre is too remote to be taken at all seriously. There is no necessity to play the stroke with a great deal of force; a well-judged medium strength will do all that is wanted, and a good leave may be safely anticipated.

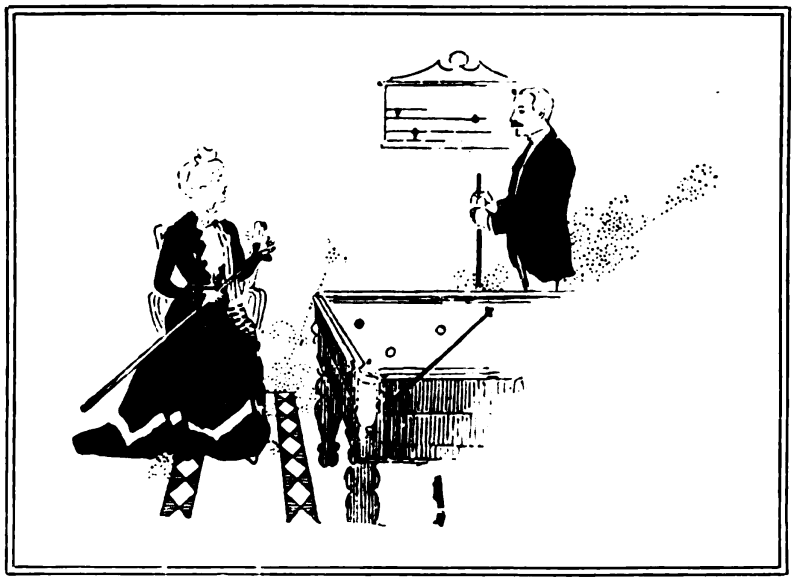


STROKE 37.

After the kiss cannon the balls were left in the following position for our final stroke: Red, 7in. from top cushion and 6½in. from right side cushion; white, 30in. from left side cushion and 9in. from top cushion; cue-ball, 31in. from left side cushion and 11in. from top cushion. The stroke is perfectly obvious; it is only necessary to put the red in the right top pocket to make a total of one hundred and one off the balls and leave a most favourable position from which to continue the break. It is really difficult to score at all without leaving the balls well placed, but it is as well to point out that the red should be pocketed and the cue-ball left a trifle below the billiard spot to provide a simple cannon for the next stroke. Well, our break has now reached its end, and I hope that many of my pupils will experience the pleasure of making it in actual play. But before leaving the subject I should like to explain that although the measurements given are taken for strokes actually made by me to illustrate this break, yet my pupils need not slave away for an inordinate period in order to leave the balls exactly in the positions described. An approximation will suffice, provided it be fairly near—say, within an inch or two; but care must be taken that the difference is not so great as to destroy the positional sequence of the break. And although, as a rule, my readers need not worry about playing for the leave with the utmost exactitude, yet it will always be as well to place the balls in the exact position, according to the measurements given, for any subsequent stroke before attempting to play it.



STROKE 38.



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Mintie

By HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL.

I.

MINTIE stood upon the porch of the old *adobe*, shading her brown eyes from the sun, now declining out of stainless skies into the brush hills to the west of the ranch. The hand shading the eyes trembled; the red lips were pressed together; faint lines upon the brow and about the mouth indicated anxiety and possibly fear. A trapper would have recognized in the expression of the face a watchful intensity of apprehension common to all animals who have reason to know themselves to be the prey of others.

Suddenly a shot rang out, repeating itself in echoes from the canyon behind the house. Mintie turned pale, and then laughed derisively.

"Gee!" she exclaimed. "How easy scairt I am!"

She sank, gaspingly, upon a chair and began to fan herself with the skirt of her gown. Then, as if angry on account of a weakness, physical rather than mental, she stood up and smiled defiantly, showing her small white teeth. She was still trembling; and, remarking this, she stamped upon the floor of the porch, and became rigid. Her face charmed because of its irregularity. Her skin was a clear brown, matching the eyes and hair. She had the grace and vigour of an unbroken filly at large upon the range. And, indeed, she had been born in the wilderness, and left it but seldom. Her father's ranch lay forty miles from San Lorenzo, high up in the Californian foothills —a sterile tract of scrub-oak and cedar, of manzanita and chaparral, with here and there good grazing ground, and lower down, where the creek ran, a hundred acres of arable land. Behind the house bubbled a big spring which irrigated the orchard and garden.

Teamsters, hauling grain from the Carisa Plains to the San Lorenzo landing, a distance of nearly a hundred miles, would beguile themselves thinking of the figs which old man Ransom would be sure to offer, and the first big drink from the cold spring.

Mintie was about to enter the house, when she saw down the road a tiny reek of white dust.

"Gee!" she exclaimed for the second time. "Who's this?"

Being summer, the hauling had not yet begun. Mintie, who had the vision of a turkey-buzzard, stared at the reek of dust.

"Smoky Jack, I reckon," she said, disdainfully.

Nevertheless, she went into the house, and when she reappeared a minute later her hair displayed a slightly more ordered disorder, and she had donned a clean apron.

She expressed surprise rather than pleasure when a young man rode up, shifted in his saddle, and said:—

"How air you folks makin' it?"

"Pretty fair. Goin' to town?"

"I thought, mebbe, of goin' to town nex' week. I come over jest to pass the time o' day with the old man."

"Rode ten miles to pass the time o' day with—Pap?"

"Yas."

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"Curiously fond men air of each other!"

"That's so," said Smoky, admiringly. "An' livin' alone puts notions o' love and tenderness into my head that never comed thar when Maw was alive an' kickin'. I tell yer, it's awful lonesome on my place."

He sat up in his saddle, a handsome young fellow, the vaquero rather than the cowboy, a distinction well understood in California. John Short had been nicknamed Smoky Jack because of his indefatigable efforts to clear his own brush-hills by fire. Across his saddle was a long-barrelled, old-fashioned rifle. Mintie glanced at it.

"Was that you who fired jest now?"

"Nit," said Smoky. "I heard a shot," he added. "'Twas the old man. I'd know the crack of his Sharp anywheres. 'Tis the dead spit o' mine. There'll be buck's liver for supper sure."

"Why are you carryin' a gun?"

"I thought I might run acrost a deer."

"No other reason?"

Beneath her steady glance his blue eyes fell. He replied with restraint:—

"I wouldn't trust some o' these squatters any further than I could sling a bull by the tail. Your Pap had any more trouble with 'em?"

Mintie answered savagely:—

"They're a-huntin' trouble. Likely as not they'll find it, too."

Smoky grinned. Being the son of an old settler, he held squatters in detestation. Of late years they had invaded the foothills. Pap Ransom was openly at feud with them. They stole his cattle, cut his fences, and one of them, Jake Farge, had dared to take up a claim inside the old man's back-pasture.

Smoky stared at Mintie. Then he said, abruptly:—

"You look kinder peaky-faced. Anything wrong?"

"Nothing," replied Mintie.

"You ain't a-worryin' about your Pap, air ye? I reckon he kin take keer of himself."

"I reckon he kin; so kin his daughter."

"Shall I put my plug into the barn?"

"We're mighty short of hay," said Mintie, inhospitably.

Smoky Jack stared at her and laughed. Then he slipped from the saddle, pulled the reins over the horse's head, and threw the ends on the ground. With a deprecating smile he said, softly:—

"Air you very extry busy, Mints?"

"Not *very* extry. Why?"

"I've a notion to read ye something. It come to me las' Sunday week in the middle o' the night. An' now it's slicked up to the Queen's taste."

"Poetry?"

"I dunno as it's that—after the remarks you passed about that leetle piece I sent to the *Tribune*."

"You sent it? Of all the nerve——! Did they print it?"

Smoky Jack shook his head.

"Never expected they would," he admitted, mournfully. "I won't deny that it was a kind o'—kind o'——"

"Slushy?" hazarded Mintie.

"Wal—yes. You'd made all sorts of a dodgasted fool outer me."

"Yer father and mother done that."

"I've said as much to Maw, many's the time. 'Maw,' I'd say, 'I ain't a masterpiece—and I know it.' But las' Sunday night I was *in*-spired."

He pulled a piece of paper from his pocket. Mintie frowned. With a shy glance and heightened colour the man who had been inspired whispered softly:—

"It's entitled, 'To My Own Brown Bird.'"

"And who's your brown bird?" demanded Mintie, sharply.

"As if you didn't know."

"Meanin' me?"

"Couldn't naturally be nobody else."

"I'm not yours; and as for bein' brown, why, my skin is white as milk."

"I'll bet my life it is."

"As for bein' a bird, that ain't no compliment. Birds is first cousins to snakes. Never knew that, did ye?"

"Never—s'elp me! Is that really so?"

Covered with mortification, he put the paper back into his pocket.

"Read it," commanded the young lady. "Let's get it over an' done with. Then, mebbe, I'll help ye to rechristen the durned thing."

Emboldened by this gracious speech, Smoky began in a nasal, drawling voice:—

I've wandered far—I've wandered wide——

"Ananias!" said Mintie. "You was born in these yere foothills, and raised in 'em; and you've never known enough to get out of 'em."

"Git out of 'em?"

"Git out of 'em," she repeated, scornfully. "D'ye think if I was a man I'd stop in such a God-forsaken place as yours, with nothing but rattlesnakes and coyotes to keep me company? Go on!"

I've wandered far—I've wandered wide—
I've dwelt in many a stately tower;
And now I turn me back to ride
To my own brown bird in her humble bower.

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"That'll do," said Mintie. "You ain't improved much. Bill Shakespeare can rest easy in his tomb. I've got my chores to do. 'Bout time you was doin' yours."

Smoky Jack, refusing to budge, said, jocosely, "Things air fixed up to home. 'Twouldn't worry me any if I never got back till to-morrer."

Mintie frowned and went into the house. Smoky led his horse to the barn with perplexity and distress writ large upon his face.

"Notice to quit," he muttered. Then he grinned pleasantly. "Reckon a perfect gen'leman 'd take the hint and clear out. But I ain't a perfect gen'leman. What in thunder ails the girl?"

II.

It was nearly seven when Pap Ransom reached his corral. Smoky had milked the cow and fed the pigs. In the kitchen Mintie was frying some potatoes and stirring the big pot full of beans and bacon. From time to time Smoky had caught a glimpse of her white apron as she whisked in and out of the kitchen. Although a singularly modest youth, he conceived the idea that Mintie was interested in his doings, whereas we must admit that she was more concerned about her father. However, when she saw Pap ascend the hill, carrying his rifle over his shoulder, her face resumed its ordinary expression, and from that minute she gave to the simple preparations for supper undivided attention.

"Whar's the liver?" said Smoky, as the old man nodded to him.

"Liver?"

"Heard a shot, jest one, and made certain a good buck was on his back."

"I never fired no shot," said Ransom, slowly.

"Wal, I'm hanged! Is there another Sharp besides mine in these yere hills?"

"I dessay. I heard one shot myself, 'bout two hours ago."

"Guess it was one o' them derned squatters."

"Curse 'em!" said Ransom. He spat upon the ground and walked into the adobe. Smoky nodded reflectively.

Supper was not a particularly cheery meal. Mintie, usually a nimble talker, held her tongue. Ransom aired his pet grievance—the advent of Easterners, who presumed to take up land which was supposed to belong to, or at least go with, the old Spanish grants. Smoky and Mintie knew well enough that the land was Uncle Sam's; but they knew also that Ransom had run his cattle over it during five-and-twenty years. If that didn't constitute a better title than a United States patent, there was no justice anywhere. Smoky, filled with beans and bacon, exclaimed vehemently:—

"Shoot 'em on sight, that's what I say."

Mintie stared at his bright eyes and flushed cheeks.

"Do you allus mean jest what you say?" she inquired, sarcastically.

"Wal," replied Smoky, more cautiously, "they ain't been monkeyin' with me; but if they did——"

"If they did——?" drawled Mintie, with her elbows on the table and her face between her hands.

"If they cut my fence as they've cut yours, and, after doo warnings, kep' on trespassin' and makin' trouble, why then, by Gosh! I'd shoot. Might give t'other feller a show, but there's trouble as only kin be settled with shootin'-irons."

"That's so," said Mintie, savagely.

After supper Mintie retired to the kitchen to wash up. Ransom put a jar of tobacco on the table, two glasses, and some whisky.

"Any call for ye to ride home to-night?"

"None," said Smoky.

"Reckon ye'd better camp here, then."

Smoky nodded and muttered:—

"Don't keer if I do," a polite form of acceptance in the Californian foothills.

Presently Ransom went out. Smoky was left alone. He filled his corn-cob pipe, stretched out his legs, and smiled, thinking of his own brown bird. Suddenly a glint came into his bright blue eyes. In the corner of the room, against the wall, leaned the two Sharp rifles. Smoky glanced about him, rose, walked to the corner, bent down, and smelt the muzzle of Ransom's rifle. Then he slipped his forefinger into the barrel and smelt that.

"Sufferin' Moses!" he exclaimed.

His mouth was slightly twisted, as he picked up the rifle and opened the breech. He drew out a used cartridge, which he examined with another exclamation.

"Holy Mackinaw!"

He put the cartridge into his pocket and glanced round for the second time. He could hear Mintie washing-up in the kitchen. Ransom was feeding his horses. Smoky took a cleaning-rod, ran it through the rifle, and examined the bit of cloth, which was wet and greasy. Then he replaced the rifle and went back to the table, where Ransom found him when he returned a few minutes later. The

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two men smoked in silence. Presently Ransom said abruptly:—

"Dead stuck on Mints, ain't ye?"

"I am," said Smoky, laconically.

"Told her so—hay?"

"'Bout a million times."

"What does she say?"

Smoky blew some rings of smoke before he answered.

"She says—'Shucks!'"

"That don't sound encouragin'."

"It ain't. Fact is, she thinks me a clam."

"A clam?"

"That's right. She'd think a heap more o' me if I was to pull out o' these yere hills and try to strike it somewheres else."

"Wal, squatters have made this no kind o' country for a white man. Ye're white, John."

"I aim ter be."

"You air, sonnie. Say, if anything happened to me, would ye watch out for Mints?"

"I wonder!"

"S'pose, fer the sake of argyment, that one o' these sons o' guns did for me—hay?"

"'Tain't likely," said Smoky, scornfully. "I'd bet my boots on you every time."

"They may do fer me," said Ransom, slowly, "and, if so——"

"I'll watch out for Mints," said Smoky, very fervently.

III.

PRESENTLY Mintie joined them and, sitting down, began to darn some stockings. Apparently she was engrossed with her work, but Smoky stared at her, noticing that her fingers trembled. Ransom smoked and said nothing. Smoky talked, trying to challenge Mintie's interest and attention, but sensible of failure. Moreover, he had nothing to talk about except bad times and bad luck. Father and daughter listened grimly, well aware that their friend and neighbour was fighting against lack of water, a sterile soil, and a "plastered" ranch.

"Why don't you quit?" Ransom asked, testily.

"I ain't a quitter."

"He don't know enough to let go," said Mintie.

"I could earn good money with my uncle in Los Angeles County. He wants me."

Mintie tossed her head.

"If he wants you, the sooner you skin outer this the better."

"Uncle's well fixed," said Smoky, "and an old bach. He wants a live young man to take aholt with his ranch, and a live young woman to run the shebang. If I was married——!"

"Pity you ain't," said Mintie, without looking up.

Ransom, who had conducted his courting upon Western principles, rose up slowly and disappeared. Left alone with his beloved, the young man blushed and held his tongue.

"You think a heap o' the old man?" he hazarded, after an interminable pause.

"I do. He's a man, is Pap."

"Meanin'?"

"Anything you please."

"You mean that I ain't a man?"

Mintie laughed softly; and at that moment the old dog, lying by the hearth, got up and growled. Rebuked by Mintie, he continued growling, while the hair upon his aged back began to bristle with rage.

"Hark!" exclaimed Mintie.

They could hear voices outside. The dog barked furiously as somebody hammered hard upon the door.

"Who can it be?" said Mintie, nervously.

Smoky Jack opened the door; four or five men came in. At the door opposite appeared Ransom.

"What is it?" he asked, harshly. "What brings you here at this time o' night?"

The leader of the party, a tall "Piker," answered as curtly:—

"Business."

"What business?"

"I don't talk business afore wimmenfolks."

Mintie's face was white enough now, and her lips were quivering.

"Come you here, child," said her father.

He looked at her steadily.

"You go to bed an' stay there. Not a word! An' don't worry."

Mintie hesitated, opened her mouth and closed it. Then she walked quietly out of the room.

"What's yer business?" inquired Pap.

"Murder."

"Murder? Whose murder?"

"This afternoon," replied the "Piker," "Jake Farge was shot dead on your land, not a quarter of a mile from this yere house. His widder found him and come to me."

"Wal?"

"She says the shot that killed him must ha' bin fired 'bout six. She heard it, an' happened to look at the clock."

"Wal?"

"She swears that you fired it."

Smoky burst in impetuously:—

"At six I kin swear that Pap was a-talkin' to me in his own corral."

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"SMOKY JACK OPENED THE DOOR; FOUR OR FIVE MEN CAME IN."

The squatters glanced at each other. The "Piker" laughed derisively.

"In love with his darter, ain't ye?"

"I am—and proud of it!"

"Them your guns?" The spokesman addressed Ransom, indicating the two rifles.

'One of 'em is mine; t'other belongs to S noky."

The "Piker" crossed the room, examined he rifles, opened each, and peered down the barrels. He glanced at the other squatters, and said, laconically:—

"Quite clean—as might be expected."

Ransom betrayed his surprise very slightly. He had just remembered that he had left an empty cartridge in his rifle, and that it was not clean. The "Piker" turned to him again.

"You claim that you know nothing o' this job?"

"Not a thing."

"And you?"

The big "Piker" stared superciliously at Smoky.

"Same here," said Smoky.

The visitors glanced at each other, slightly nonplussed. The big "Piker" swore in his beard.

"We'll arrest the hull outfit," he said, decidedly, "and carry 'em in to San Lorenzy."

"You ain't the sheriff nor his deputy," said Ransom. "What d'ye mean," he continued, savagely, "by coming here with this ridic'lous song and dance? There's the door. Git!"

"You threatened to shoot Farge," said the "Piker." "An' it's my solid belief you done it—in cold blood, too. We're five here, all

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heeled, and there's more outside. If you're innocent the sheriff'll let you off to-morrer; but, innocent or guilty, by Gosh, you're comin' with us to-night. Hold up yer hands! Quick!"

Ransom and Smoky held up their hands.

"Search 'em," commanded the "Piker."

This was done effectively. A Derringer doesn't take up much room in a man's pocket, but it has been known to turn the tables upon larger weapons. Ransom and Smoky, however, were unarmed; but the squatter who ran his hand over Smoky's pockets encountered a small cylinder, which he held up to the public gaze.

It was an empty cartridge.

To understand fully what this meant one must possess a certain knowledge of Western ways and sentiment. Pistols and rifles belonging to the pioneers, for example, often exhibit notches, each of which bears silent witness to the shedding of blood. The writer knew intimately a very mild, kindly old man who had a strop fashioned out of several thicknesses of Apache skins. The Apaches had inflicted unmentionable torments upon him and his, and the strop was his dearest possession. The men and women of the wilderness are primal in their loves and hates.

The big "Piker" examined the long brass cylinder, small of bore and old-fashioned in shape. He slipped it into the Sharp rifle, and laughed grimly as he said:—

"A relic!"

Ransom's face was impassive; Smoky Jack exhibited a derisive defiance. Inwardly he was cursing himself for a fool in having kept the cartridge. He had intended to throw it away as soon as he found himself outside. But from the first he had wanted Mintie's father to know *that he knew!* Primal again. Pap would not forget to clean his rifle at the first opportunity; and then, without a word on either side, he would realize that the man who wanted his daughter was a true friend.

We may add that the breaking of the sixth commandment in no wise affected Smoky. Jake Farge had been warned that he would be shot on sight if he made "trouble." Everybody in San Lorenzo County was well aware that it was no kind of use "foolin'" with Pap Ransom. Jake—in a word—deserved what he had got. Smoky would have drawn as true a bead upon a squatter disputing title to his land. We don't defend Mr. Short's ethics, we simply state them.

The "Piker" said quietly:—

"Anything to say, young feller?"

Smoky Jack made a gallant attempt to bluff a man who had played his first game of poker before Smoky was born.

"Yer dead right. It *is* a relic of a big buck I killed with that ther gun las' week. Flopped into a mare's nest you hev!"

"That shell was fired to-day," said the "Piker," authoritatively. "The powder ain't dry in it. Boys"—he glanced round at the circle of grim faces—"let's take the San Lorenzy road."

IV.

THE squatters, reinforced by half-a-dozen men who had not entered the *adobe*, escorted their prisoners down the hill till they came to a large live-oak, a conspicuous feature of the meadow beyond the creek. The moon shone at the full as she rose majestically above the pines which fringed the eastern horizon. In the air was a smell of tar-weed, deliciously aromatic; and the only sounds audible were the whispering of the tremulous leaves of the cottonwoods and the tinkle of the creek on its way to the Pacific.

Smoky inhaled the fragrance of the tar-weed, and turned his blue eyes to the left, where, in the far distance, a tall pine indicated the north-west corner of his ranch. Neither he nor Ransom expected to reach San Lorenzo that night. They were setting out on a much longer journey.

Under the live-oak Judge Lynch opened his court. No time was wasted. The squatters were impressed with the necessity of doing what had to be done quickly. The big "Piker" spoke first.

"Boys, ain't it true that in this yere county there ain't bin a single man executed by the law fer murder in the first degree?"

"That's right. Not a one."

"And if a man has a bit o' dough behind him, isn't it a fact that he don't linger overly long in San Quentin?"

"Dead sure snap."

"Boys, this is our affair. We're pore; we've neither money nor time to waste in law courts, but we've got to show some o' these fellers as is holding land as don't belong to 'em that we mean business first, last, and all the time."

There was a hoarse murmur of assent.

"The cold facts are these," continued the speaker. "We all know that Ransom and Jake Farge hev had trouble over the claim that Farge staked out inside o' Ransom's fence; an' we know that Ransom has no more right to the land he fenced than the coyotes that run on it. For twenty years he's

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enjoyed the use of what isn't his'n, an' I say he'd oughter be thankful. Anyways, we come down to the events of yesterday and to-day. Yesterday he tole Jake that he'd shoot him on sight if he, Jake, come on to the land which Uncle Sam says is his. Do you deny that?"

"That's 'bout what I tole him," drawled Ransom.

"To-day Jake was shot dead like a dog by somebody who was a-waitin' for him, hidden in the brush. The widder, pore soul, suspicioning trouble, follered Jake, and found him with a bullet plumb through his heart. She heard the shot, and she swore that it come from Ransom's side o' the fence. And she knows and we know that there isn't a man 'twixt Maine and Californy with a grudge agen Jake, always exceptin' this yere Ransom."

"That's so," growled the Court.

"Boys, Jake was murdered with a bullet of small bore—not with a bullet outer a Winchester, sech as most of us carry. Whar did that ther bullet come from, boys?"

"Outer a Sharp rifle."

"Jest so. Who fired it? Mebbe we'll never know that. But we know this. 'Twas fired by one o' these yere men. One was and is accessory to t'other. The boy admits he's sweet on Ransom's gal; an' mebbe he did this dirt to win her. And he swears that Pap was in his corral at six. That's a lie or it ain't, as may be. If he was in the corral, t'other wasn't. Boys—I won't detain ye any longer. Those in favour of hangin' Thomas Ransom an' John Short here and now hold up their hands!"

The men present held up their hands.



"THE MEN PRESENT HELD UP THEIR HANDS."

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One or two of the more bloodthirsty held up both hands.

"That'll do. Those in favour of takin' the prisoners to San Lorenzy, hold up their hands. Nary a hand! Prisoners, ye've bin tried by yer feller-men, and found guilty o' murder in the first degree. Have ye anything to say?"

Smoky answered huskily: "Nothin', 'cept that I'm not guilty."

"An' you, Mr. Ransom?" said the "Piker" with odd politeness.

"I've a lot ter say," drawled the old man. "Seemin'ly murder has been done, but Smoky here never done it; nor did I. I fired at a buck an' missed it. There ain't overly much o' the fool in me, but there's enough to make me hate ownin' up to a clean miss. When I got to the corral this evening, Smoky had bin there an hour or so at least. He arst me if I'd killed a buck and said he'd heard a shot. Wal, I lied, but I saw that he suspicioned me. Afterwards, I reckon he'd a look at the old gun, and found the shell in it. He must ha' got it into his fool head that he was God's appointed instrument to save *me*. He's as innercent as Mary's little lamb, and so am I."

The squatters gazed at each other in stupefaction. Not a man present but could lie fearlessly on occasion, but not with such consummate art as this.

"Anything more ter say?" inquired the "Piker."

"Wal, there's this: I tole Jake Farge that I'd shoot him on sight, and I'm mighty glad that someone else has saved me the trouble. You mean to do me up; I see that plain. I hated yer comin' into a country that won't support a crowd, and I've made things hot for more'n one of ye. But I wasn't thinkin' o' land when I warned Jake Farge not to set foot on my ranch."

"What was you thinkin' of?"

"Of my Mintie. That feller—a married man—has bin after her—and some of you know it. She kin take keer of herself can my Mints, but some things is a man's business. I meant to shoot him, but I didn't. I'm glad the low-down cuss is dead, but the bullet that stopped his crawlin' to my gal never come outer my rifle. Now string me up, and be derned to ye, but let this young feller go back to look after my daughter. That's all."

He faced them with a derisive smile upon his weather-beaten face.

Obviously, the Court was impressed, but the fact remained that Jake Farge was dead, and that someone must have killed him.

"What d'ye say, boys?"

"I say he's lyin'," observed a squatter whom Thomas Ransom had discovered earmarking an unbranded calf.

"Smoky knows that Pap done it," remarked another.

This bolt went home. Smoky's face during the preceding five minutes had been worth studying. He was quite sure that the old man was lying, and upon his ingenuous countenance such knowledge, illuminated by admiration and amazement, was duly inscribed.

"Pap's yarn is too thin," said a gaunt Missourian.

"It's thin as you air," said Ransom, contemptuously. "Do you boys think that I'd spring so thin a tale on ye, if it wasn't true?"

At this they wriggled uneasily. The "Piker," with some experience of fickle crowds, said, peremptorily:—

"The old man done it, and the young 'un knows he done it. They're jest two of a kind. Those in favour of hangin' 'em both hold up their hands. One hand apiece will do."

Slowly, inexorably, the hands went up.

The judge pronounced sentence:—

"Ye've five minutes. Say yer prayers, if ye feel like it."

The simple preparations were made swiftly. Two raw-hide lariats were properly adjusted. The prisoners looked on with the stoical indifference of Red Indians. It might have been said of the pair that neither had known how to live, but each knew how to die.

"Ready?" said the "Piker."

"Hold on!" replied a high-pitched voice.

The crowd turned to behold Mintie. She had crawled up silently and stealthily. But now she stood upright, her small head thrown back, her eyes glittering in the moonlight.

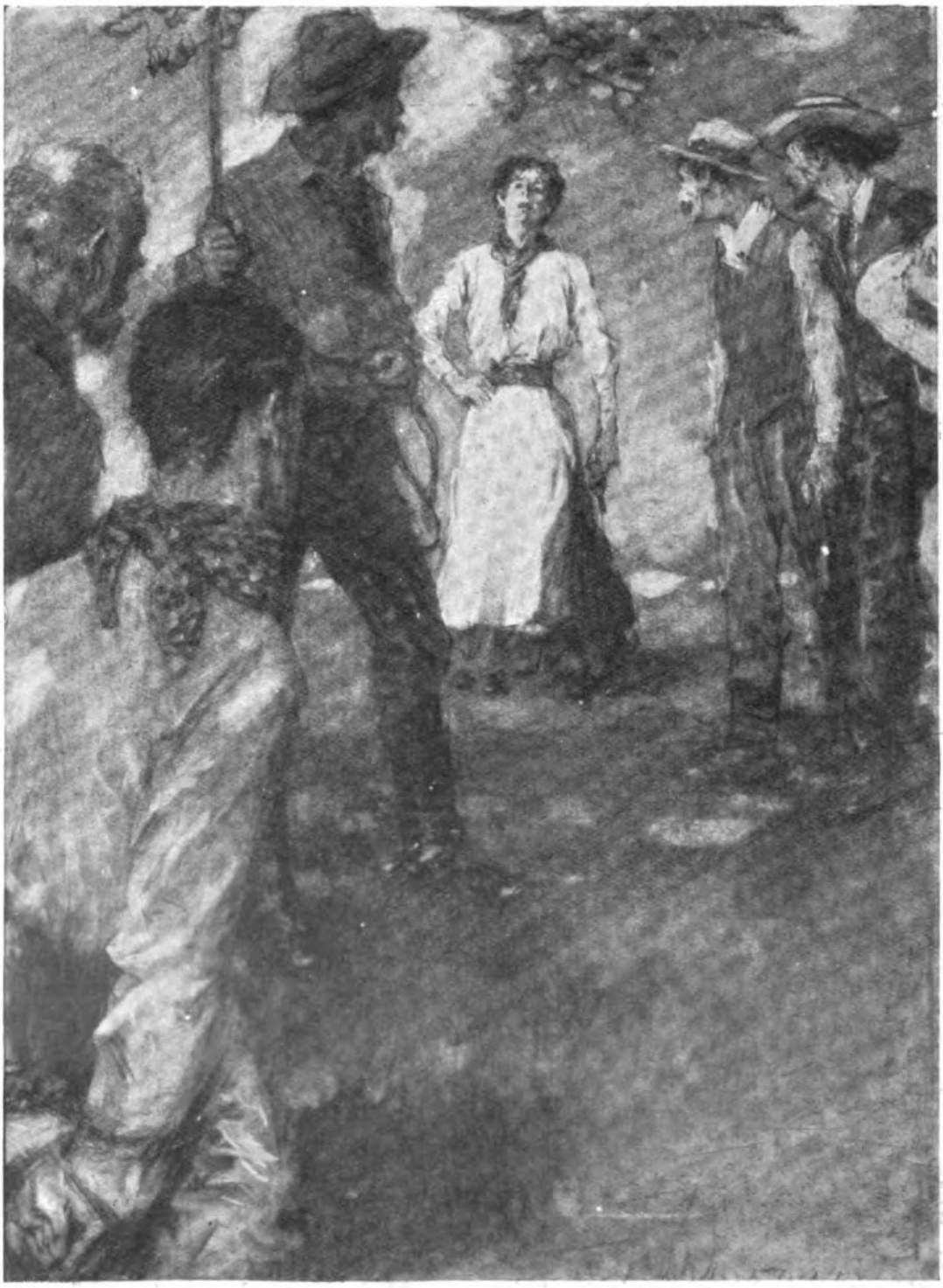
"Got a rope fer me?" she asked. "I've heard everything."

Nobody answered. The girl laughed; then she said, slowly:—

"I shot Jake Farge—with this."

She threw a small revolver at the "Piker," who picked it up. "I killed him at five this afternoon. I knew that if I didn't do it Pap would, and that you'd hang him. Jake came after me agen an' agen, an' each time I warned him. To-day he came fer the last time. He was half crazy, and I had to kill the beast to save myself. I did it, and"—she looked steadfastly at Smoky Jack—"I ain't 'shamed of it, neither. There's only one man in all the world can make love to

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"'GOT A ROPE FER ME?' SHE ASKED. 'I'VE HEARD EVERYTHING.'"

me. I never knowed that I keered for him till to-night."

She pointed at Smoky, who remarked, deprecatingly: —

"I allus allowed you was a daughter o' the Golden West."

"If you ain't goin' to hang me," said Mintie, "don't you think you'd better skip?"

She laughed scornfully, and the men, without a word, skipped. Smoky, his hands loosed, seized Mintie in his arms, as the moon slipped discreetly behind a cloud.

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"My Funniest Christmas Picture."

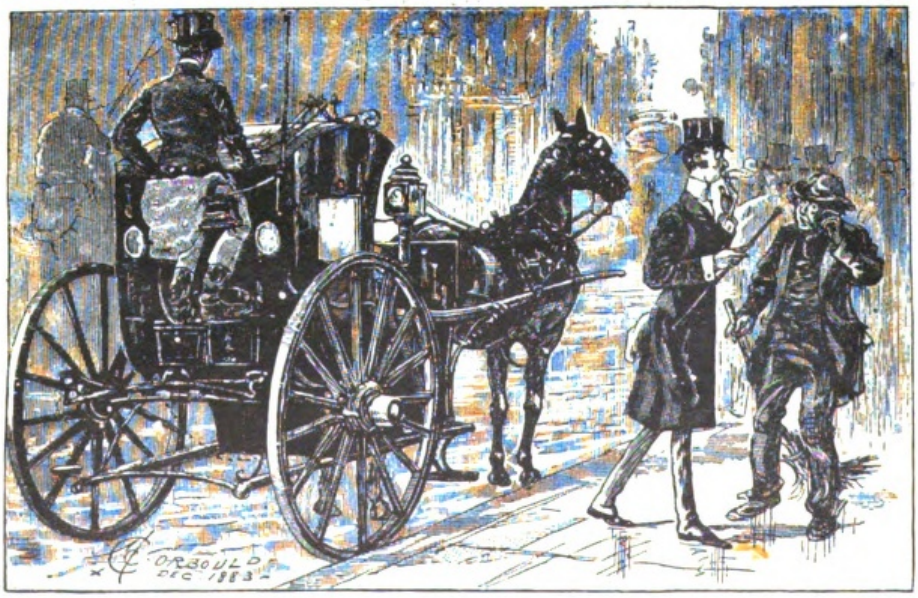
BY LEADING HUMOROUS DRAUGHTSMEN.

OF Christmas a great writer has said, "It is the season for comedy, because it is the season of merriment, because it is the season for light-heartedness, because it is the season for thankfulness." And so the season of comedy is naturally the season for the comedian, whether he be of the stage, the book, or the pencil. It is then that the quips of the pictorial comedian are most appreciated—when the Yuletide cartoon and the illustrated joke are laughed at in palace and cottage, and occasionally even in the modern flat. Only, as one of our most celebrated comic draughtsmen, Charles Keene, humorously complained, Christmas jokes, "inevitably inspired by ice-cream and sherbet, are exposed in an atmosphere of plum-pudding and mince-pies." Keene himself used to say that the funniest Christmas drawing he ever made had also a clear foundation in fact, for it was based on something he had overseen and overheard at the bottom of Waterloo Place. The stout old gentleman shown in the picture above had come straight from Charing Cross Railway Station to a lonely dinner at the Reform Club, and having been boxed up for a couple of hours was almost inarticulate. It is safe



ACCOMMODATING.—Old Crossing-Sweeper: "Christmas box, your 'Onour! I'm blue wid the could!"
Benevolent but Hermetically Buttoned-up Old Gent: "Bu', my goo' creash're, how the dooce d'you s'pose I'm——"
Old C.-S.: "Ah, do, sir, and I'll sing ye a little song while your 'Onour's undressin'!"
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CHARLES KEENE'S FUNNIEST PICTURE.



CHRISTMAS TIME.—Crossing-Sweeper (to Swell): "Merry Chris'mas Captin! Pitch us a brown!" (No answer. Insinuatingly.) "Ha' yer sich a thing as a bit o' cold puddin' about yer, Captin?"
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MR. A. C. CORBOULD'S SELECTION.

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to say that the female mendicant's handsome (not to say sporting) offer to sing a little Christmas ballad while he disrobed and, so to speak, excavated for a copper or two was declined.

The insistence of the Yuletide mendicant is also humorously exemplified in Mr. A. C. Corbould's funniest Christmas picture of a quarter of a century ago. There was, doubtless, little expectation on the part of the applicant that the "swell" would produce a "bit o' cold puddin'" from the recesses of his raiment, and his added query was in the nature of pure malice.

"Don't suppose I draw my Christmas pictures in July," wrote the late Phil May to a friend. "I draw them at Christmas. If they are lucky they appear next Christmas; if they are not, and the fashion has changed, I keep them myself.



THE CHRISTMAS GHOST.

SELECTED BY MR. TOM BROWNE.

I have a whole portfolio of Christmas sketches at home to amuse my family with. Once or twice I have been tempted to use them for other seasons, and turned the Christmas-tree into a Maypole and the turkey into a spring lamb; but, as a rule, a Christmas joke is very Christmassy, and it is not easy to turn a party of waits into a meeting of the unemployed." One wonders if the artist's favourite Christmas sketch of a party of waits, who once came and sang, "God rest you, merry gentlemen," under his window at three in the morning, was one of those that had to be kept longer than a year in his portfolio.

"I have drawn a great many Christmas pictures," writes Mr. Tom Browne, "and now that I have gathered them all about me I find it difficult to make a choice. But after reading the last report of the Society for Psychical Research, I think the one I send the most interesting. It is, besides, full



"GOD rest you, merry gentlemen, let nothing you dismay!"
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PHIL MAY'S FAVOURITE.

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CATCHING THE CHRISTMAS TURKEY.
MR. HARRY ROUNTREE'S SELECTION.

of the old-world Christmas spirit. Some Christmas pictures are too complex and mystifying. Any child can see through this, or, at least, can easily see through the chief character in it. The expressions, too, on the faces of the other characters are full to overflowing of innocent Christmas fun and light-heartedness!"

By an odd coincidence the choice of the drollest Christmas picture by Mr. Harry Rountree and Mr. Heath Robinson falls upon pictures whose root idea is extremely similar. Both drawings remind us somewhat of the exploit of the early bird, though in the former we can well imagine the disapprobation of the parents in the foreground at such description of their offspring. "I do not," observes Mr. Robinson, "wish to be understood as revolutionizing the laws of aviation in making my eaglet without more visible means of aerial support. A good deal has been said about the 'lighter than the air' principle, and it may reasonably be supposed that a hungry eaglet is furnished with an empty sac of a specific gravity just less than nothing at all."

One hears a good deal also nowadays of the cynicism of childhood, and there can be little doubt that a good deal of this cynicism is rampant in and out of the nursery about Christmas-time. "Perhaps cynicism is a natural accompaniment of the festive season," writes Mr.

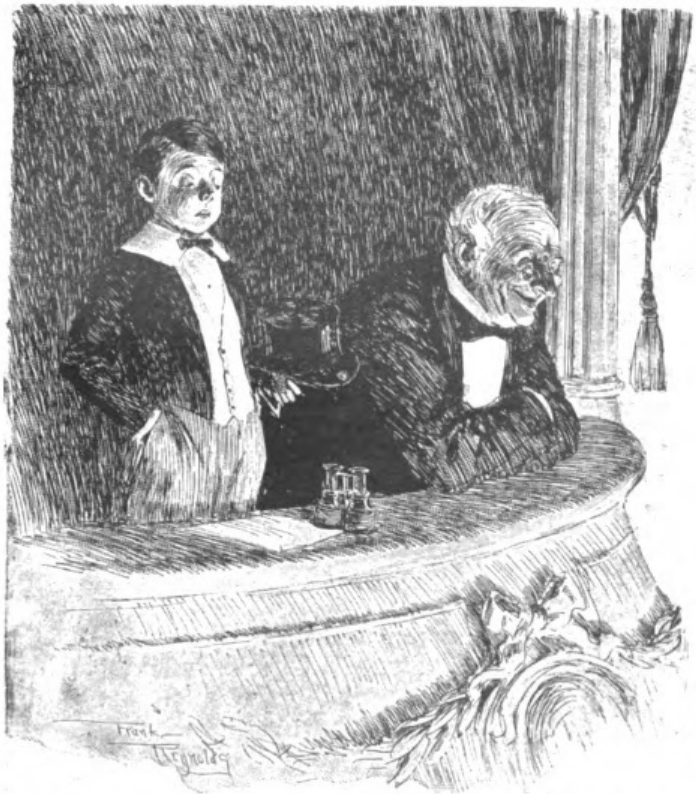


MRS. EAGLE: "That will do beautifully, my son. Just hold him a minute while I mix the salad."

MR. W. HEATH ROBINSON'S FUNNIEST

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Frank Reynolds, in sending us his best Christmas drawing. "May it not be like the seasoning to the goose or the spice in the pudding sauce? It is all on the surface — a humorous affectation, which makes no one enjoy his Christmas really the worse, even though he pretends to yawn while kissing the prettiest girl in the room under the mistletoe." This reflection is worthy of Thackeray himself, and we see it illustrated in the skit of the bored third-form youngster whose Uncle John fondly imagines the best part of the evening is about to commence. He remembered how in his own youth the harlequinade was the *bonne bouche*, for which the juvenile part of the audience waited the whole evening. "Ah, Bobby, here's the clown!" But Bobby, older than his elders, takes it as a signal. "Right-o," he says, nonchalantly; "shall we clear?"



THE HARLEQUINADE.—Uncle John: "Ah, Bobby, here's the clown!" Bobby: "Right-o. Shall we clear?"

MR. FRANK REYNOLDS' DROLLEST.



TOMMY (who has lured his elders into forming a "waits" party): "I say, nobody'd think we were only doing this for fun!"

MR. WILL OWEN'S CHOICE.

The coterie of "merry amateurs" in Mr. Will Owen's drawing seems to be affected by some qualms as to the impression they convey to outsiders. "For one," declares Mr. Owen, "I shall lament very much the disappearance of that time-honoured British institution — the Christmas waits. I once overheard a discussion as to whether they have been productive of more pictorial humour and picturesque blasphemy than any other surviving Christmas institution. I refused to take part in the discussion. Depend upon it, if the crusade against the waits succeeds, and the waits have to

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go, the Christmas plum-pudding and the turkey will be flung after them, instead of the things which are now projected in their direction."

Another amusing case of juvenile superiority is reported by Mr. Lewis Baumer, when the child to whom the stork has just brought a small baby brother loftily rejects the offer of a wax doll by her aunt. "Thank you very much, auntie, but I don't care for wax babies"—since she had a "meat one at home.

The humours of Christmas shopping, like the humours of the waits, are more apparent at a distance, and those of us who have been in some such state of well-nigh inextricable confusion as is depicted in Mr. Wallis Mills's drawing did little laughing at the time.



WIFE (to struggling husband half-way upstairs): "Make haste, Archie; don't dawdle. We shall be frightfully late."

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SELECTED BY MR. WALLIS MILLS.



"THANK you very much, auntie, but I don't care for wax babies, not since we've got a meat one at home."

MR. LEWIS BAUMER'S FUNNIEST.

Many brave warriors, and even big-game hunters, who have faced lions and tigers without flinching, have been known to quake when through the snow-clad earth they approached an unknown small boy. Yet this is a pleasant, old-fashioned side of Christmas which Mr. Charles Pears has brought out in his truly humorous drawing. Note the expression of suspicion mingled with apprehension on the face of the elderly gentleman and the elfish cunning on the countenance of the boy. "Christmas has its disadvantages," explains the artist; "it has even its martyrs. But who, in the sacred cause of universal happiness, would not be content to suffer?" And that the elderly gentleman is

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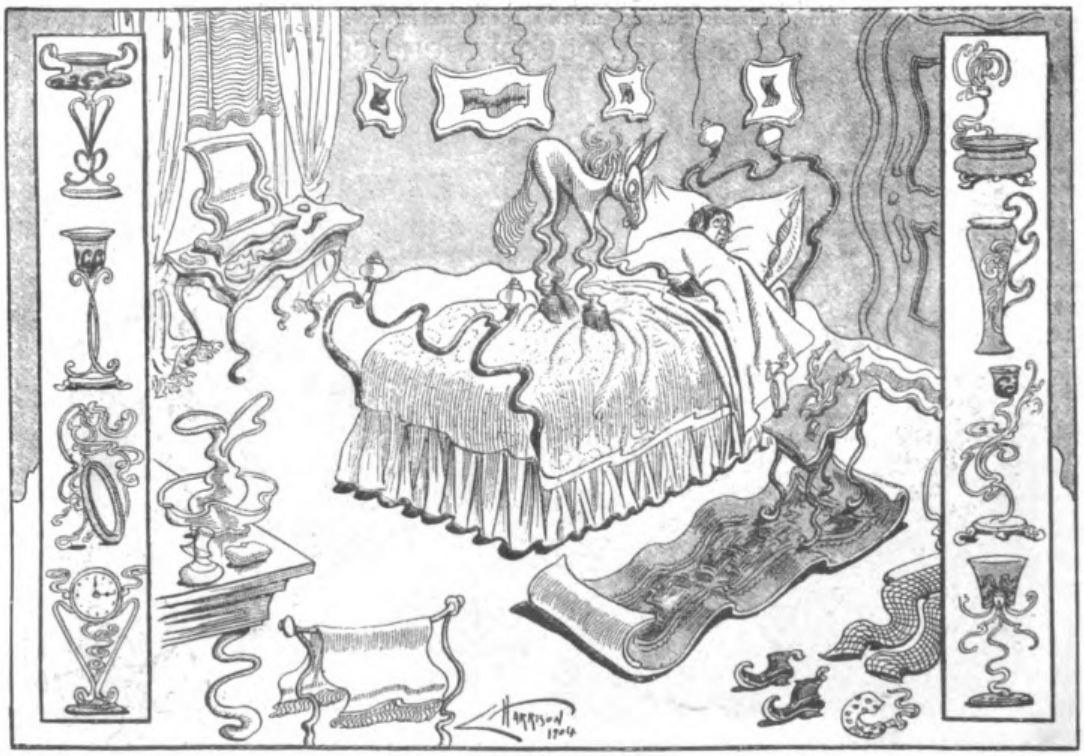


STUDY of an old gentleman passing a small boy in a snow scene.

MR. CHARLES PEARS' FUNNIEST EFFORT.

suffering an agony of apprehension there can be no doubt.

The nightmare that follows hard upon Christmas dining, depicted by Mr. Charles Harrison, is equally institutional, only the latter artist has given it a very modern twist



A WARNING.—Jones has been buying such a lot of L'Art Nouveau ornaments, etc., for Christmas presents and New Year's gifts that he has quite a curly nightmare.

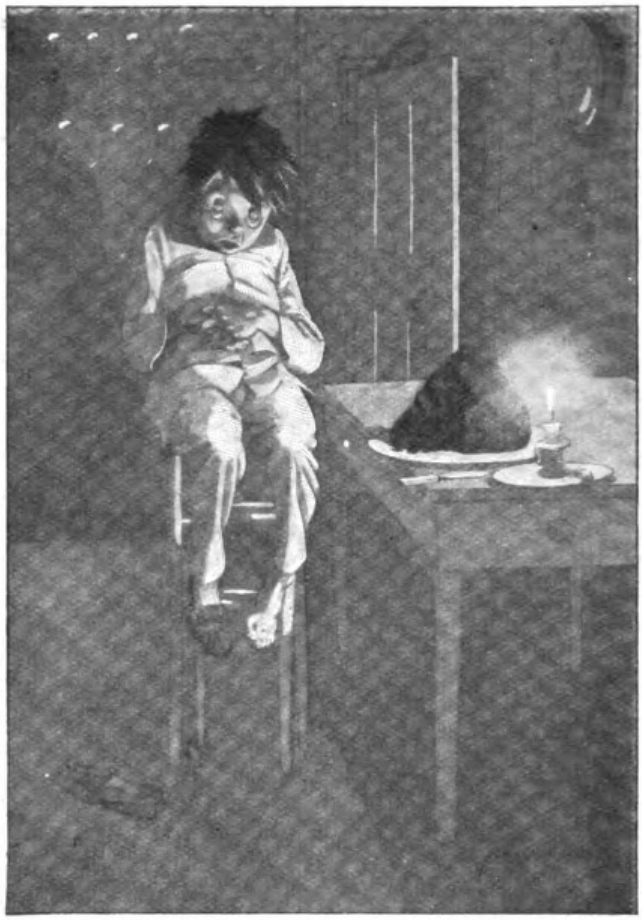
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SELECTED BY MR. CHARLES HARRISON.

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in making his dreamer of weird dreams have visions of the so-called "artistic" Christmas presents he has been engaged, with the zeal of a "l'Art Nouveau" votary, in buying for his family and friends.

But, after all, we fall back upon Christmas as a time of feasting—of ministration to the inner man. A good dinner is its own reward, and it is not often it is the mere means to an end—and that end, alas, not gained—shown in Mr. Noel Pocock's most humorous Christmas drawing.



HIDDEN TREASURE.—Wee Donal' (after a Christmas night foray): "Hoo, I'll hae to gie't oop—an' th' saxpence still intil't."

MR. NOEL POCOCK'S CHOICE.

In his witty conception of what may be described as a Gothic revival of the Christmas feast, when lords and ladies feasted around the ancient board with much wine and wassail, Mr. Booth has proved himself a gentle satirist. For there is always a drawback in these revivals, and the head of the house finds the *rôle* of Father Christmas too exacting for comfort. While the Queen of the Revels is happy in her romanticism, her lord and master cries to the butler, "Perkins, unhook this beard," and we are brought back to the prosaic twentieth century again.



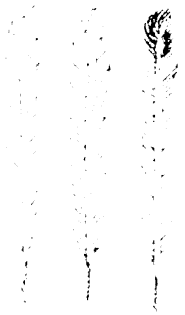
YE MERRIE CHRYSTMASSE DINNER.—Queen of the Revels: "Don't you really feel that we're back in the dear romantic old days?"
Father Christmas (after fifteen minutes of silent torture): "Perkins, unhook this beard!"

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MR. J. L. C. BOOTH'S FUNNIEST.

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The VENGEANCE of the PRAIRIE OYSTERS



by Francis Gribble

IT was a happy thought on the part of the Missionary Society to send four Red Indians to complete their education, at its expense, at Unity College, Oxford; and the Rector of the college himself beamed down benignantly on the experiment from his Olympian heights.

"Oxford," he said, "has a great power of absorbing the most incongruous materials. Japanese, Siamese, Hindus—it sets its distinctive stamp on all of them; so I entertain no doubt that your young *protegés*, the—er——"

"Apaches," prompted the Missionary Society's secretary.

"Will—er—quickly find their level and accommodate themselves to a state of civilization and culture."

"We caught them rather late," the secretary admitted. "They're the sons of chiefs who were killed raiding in New Mexico; and I ought to tell you that we have some reason to believe that they have themselves, in their boyhood, lifted scalps."

Even that announcement, however, did not disturb the Rector's Olympian optimism.

"They will do nothing of the kind here," he replied, serenely. "They will soon discover that such a thing is contrary not only to the University statutes, but also to the general trend of Oxford opinion, so that—— By the way, what are your young friends' names?"

"We've changed their names for them," the secretary explained. "We had a feeling that you wouldn't care about such names as Bald Eagle or Leather Stocking——"

"Certainly those are unusual names, imperfectly adapted to the Oxford environment," conceded the Rector.

"That was what we thought; so we've named them after eminent American citizens, giving them, so to say, ideals to live up to. If you would let me present them, and would shake hands with them——"

He fetched them from the ante-chamber in which they were waiting, and presented—

"Mr. Christopher Columbus, Mr. Benjamin Franklin, Mr. George Washington, Mr. Abraham Lincoln."

They were stalwart youths, with inscrutable copper-coloured faces, magnificent specimens of humanity, albeit wearing their hair unduly long, and attired in garments which were too obviously ready-made. The Rector shook hands with them in the formal, limp way of the elder dons, bestowing upon each in turn the word of advice which his appearance and demeanour suggested.

"How do you do, Mr. Columbus? You will find that our Oxford tailors make very good clothes to measure. How do you do, Mr. Franklin? You may have observed that there is a haircutter's shop in the immediate neighbourhood. How do you do, Mr. Washington? It will be a kindness to tell you that the Oxford prejudice against red ties is rather strong. How do you do, Mr. Lincoln? You would do better not to expectorate on to the carpet; you will understand the objections to the practice when you get into our ways. I think that is all that I have to say to you. Good afternoon."

So the Apache freshmen withdrew; and

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"THE WEIGHTS AT THE ENDS OF THE LONG CORD DULY WOUND THEMSELVES ROUND THE SCOUT'S LEGS AND TRIPPED HIM."

the secretary of the Missionary Society supplemented the Rector's advice with a few hints and counsels of his own, and then left them to settle down in the new and strange world of undergraduate life.

They did settle down to it after the stoical, self-contained fashion of their race, visiting the tailor and barber, and altering their methods of expectoration, according to the directions of him whom they styled the great chief, gradually abandoning certain other methods of barbarism, but living very quietly, and holding themselves aloof from all the noisier activities of the college.

Of course, they were given a nickname. They came to be known, first to the college and then to the whole University, as the Prairie Oysters; and they made no difficulty about answering to the appellation.

"Those Prairie Oysters aren't half a bad sort," was the undergraduate verdict as they were seen sitting apart in the dining-hall or the lecture-room, impassive contemplators of a mysterious new world, occasionally conversing together in low tones, of which nothing could be made except:—

"Mumble, mumble, mumble!"

"Humph, humph, humph!"

Only once or twice in the course of the term were there flashes of barbarism which had to be suppressed; and some of the flashes of barbarism were actually encouraged. There was, for instance, no outburst of undergraduate indignation when Columbus threw the bolas in the quad.

He threw them at a scout who was hurrying across the quad with a tray loaded with lunch for the Sub-Rector. The weights at the ends of the long cord duly wound themselves round the scout's legs and tripped him. He fell upon his face, letting the tray fall, so that the lunch was scattered and the crockery was smashed.

Undergraduate opinion was not in the least outraged by that escapade, but, on the contrary, urged Columbus to try the same experiment on the Vice-Chancellor or the Esquire Bedell. He refused, however, explaining that the Vice-Chancellor was the great chief of a friendly tribe with which he had no feud.

Undergraduate opinion, again, was extremely anxious that the Prairie Oysters should accept their invitation to one of the Rector's evening parties—his "perpendiculars," as they were irreverently styled—in the buffalo robes and paint and feathers which they were known to have brought with them in their boxes as a link with the savage past, and they did actually don the costume and get as far as the door in it, when a senior man turned them back, with exhortations.

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Similarly, when a lively freshman, during the dinner in hall, threw a pellet of bread at Mr. Washington, and Mr. Washington gripped him by the hair and seemed about to scalp him with a table-knife. This time it was the captain of the boat club who intervened.

"Steady on there, Prairie Oyster," he said, in his heavy, authoritative way. "This sort of thing doesn't do at Oxford. You two have got to shake hands and make it up, or else I shall sit on your heads."

"He is one of the chiefs whom we must obey," thought Mr. Washington, and he desisted; and the general verdict was: "Rum chaps, those Prairie Oysters, but they seem all right if you take them the right way."

They were. But there was one man in Oxford who took them the wrong way, and he was the Senior Proctor. The beginning of his dealings with them was witnessed, on the last day of term, from those windows of Unity which look out on the Broad, the first man who perceived the spectacle calling to the others to come and enjoy it with him. It was:—

"I say, you fellows, come and look at the Prairie Oysters on the mash! Prairie Oysters out on the tang-rang with the Prairie Birds!"

For the Prairie Oysters were indulging a weakness which is common to civilized and uncivilized mankind. They had made the acquaintance of four very pronounced young women of one of the lower social grades. Attired in the extreme of the Oxford fashion, with conspicuously gorgeous waistcoats, and with the young women hanging on their arms, they were walking in a grave and silent procession, two and two, along the pavement opposite to their own college.

Apparently they did not know—Apaches from New Mexico would be unlikely to know—that such proceedings are, for sufficient reasons, strictly forbidden by the University rules and regulations. They are, however; and, while the four Apache freshmen supposed that they were merely displaying the splendour of their manhood, the spectators at the windows above were speculating:—

"By Jove! What a picnic if the Proggins were to come along just now!" And even as they said it the Proggins (who is the Proctor) did come along, attended by his customary bulldogs.

Mr. Columbus towered above him as he confronted the head of the procession, and very nearly swept him into the roadway. He threw up his hands in amazement, and went through the formulæ, lifting his cap with an affectation of courtesy, and asking:—

"Are you a member of the University, sir?"

"Humph!" was the reply of Mr. Columbus.

"Humph!" was also the reply of Messrs. Washington, Franklin, and Lincoln.

"What are your names and colleges, gentlemen?" pursued the investigator.

"Humph!" was the staggered Indians' only answer to this question also; but the Proctor, who knew the Prairie Oysters by sight as well as anyone else, affected to have obtained the information which he sought.

"I am surprised at you, gentlemen," he said. "I am surprised and shocked. Your behaviour is a disgrace to the University of which you are privileged to be members. You will all call upon me at Chichester College to-morrow morning at twelve o'clock. In the meantime, you will return to your own college and remain there."

He was a great chief, of course, and great chiefs must be obeyed. But this case differed from the other cases in the fact that ladies were involved in it, and the four Apaches frowned ominously.

"They looked as if they were going to tomahawk me," Mr. Simpkin said in after days. "I conscientiously believe that I was only saved by the accident that they did not happen to be carrying tomahawks at the time."

For the Proctor no longer appeared to them in the light of a chief maintaining proper discipline. They saw him as a chief abusing his authority in order to separate braves from squaws—an impression which was confirmed by the fact that the squaws had fled and the bulldogs had followed them.

"Has the chief no squaws of his own?" they asked, scornfully; but they controlled themselves, and walked sullenly away, albeit with dark lightning flashing from their eyes.

Similarly when they kept the twelve o'clock appointment, and were fined a sovereign each, according to the Oxford custom.

"Are the Oxford chiefs so poor that they have to ask Indians for presents?" they then demanded with a withering sarcasm; and this time Mr. Simpkin lost his temper.

"Hoity-toity, young men," he said, tartly. "We don't allow this sort of impertinence at Oxford. Go back once more to your college, and remain there. I shall lay your case before the University, and you will probably be either rusticated or expelled."

The lightning which flashed from their eyes was darker than ever when they heard

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"'WHAT ARE YOUR NAMES AND COLLEGES, GENTLEMEN?' PURSUED THE INVESTIGATOR."

that sentence. Of course, when they got back to Unity, they met many undergraduates who were eager to explain and offer sympathy.

"I tell you what it is, Prairie Oyster," said one humorist. "The Proggins means to send you away, so that he can have the squaws for himself. He's always doing that sort of thing; he's got quite a name for it."

"And I'll tell you what he wants your money for," said a second. "He's going to spend it on presents for the squaws."

"Don't you put up with it, Prairie Oyster," urged a third. "Just you get him in a quiet place and give him some of your best Indian medicine."

"Scalp him," suggested a fourth. "Wrap the scalp up in a brown-paper parcel and send it to the Vice-Chancellor with your compliments."

They did not, of course, expect their explanations to be believed, or their advice to be taken seriously; but they were speaking to Red Indians, who were genuinely puzzled by the treatment which they had encountered, and whose primitive savagery was only coated by a very thin veneer. So the Apaches, when they were left alone in an empty college from which the other undergraduates had departed for the vacation, turned the matter over in their minds and discussed it in their own language.

"Mumble, mumble, mumble!" said Christopher Columbus.

"Humph, humph, humph!" said Benjamin Franklin; and George Washington and Abraham Lincoln spoke to the same effect.

The gist of their communings was that vengeance was indeed due; that the Senior Proctor had placed himself outside the pale; and that they would treat him just as their fathers had been wont to treat enemies against whom they had sworn a feud of blood.

No doubt it was the fire-water—which is to say the whisky—that helped them to their decision. The Missionary Society had made teetotallers of them for a time; but the old craving returned to them in this hour of excitement. They sent out for whisky and they drank it freely, while waiting for Mr. Simpkin to decide their fate. It made madmen of them, but madmen in whose madness there was method. All the effect of the Oxford atmosphere and associations evaporated under its fiery influence. Their ideas were once more those of the boundless prairie; and their one thought was to make their enemy pay the debt of hatred to the full.

"Mumble, mumble, mumble!" said Christopher Columbus, grimly.

"Humph, humph, humph!" rejoined the others with sardonic emphasis; and the meaning of it all was that they were once

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more Bald Eagles and Leather Stockings, and would behave, and even dress, as such.

With one accord, obedient to a simultaneous impulse, they put paint on their faces, and attired themselves in their buffalo robes and feathers, and equipped themselves with tomahawks and knives. Then they stalked out, sweeping aside the astonished porter who tried to stop them at the lodge and remind them that they were gated.

They had their clean-cut plan — their mumbling and humphing had discussed and settled it. They had observed, with the instinct of savages for noting minute detail, how easily the Fellows' Garden at Chichester could be entered, and what a lonely place it was; and if once Mr. Simpkin were at their mercy there——

With the help of a lamp-post they quickly scaled the garden wall in the gathering dusk; and there was Mr. Simpkin, as it were, waiting for them—smoking a quiet cigar in his cap and gown.

"Whoop!" yelled Christopher Columbus, leaping down and running towards him.

"Whoop!" echoed Benjamin Franklin, George Washington, and Abraham Lincoln, following with an equal impetuosity.

Mr. Simpkin did not at first recognize them —it was not to be expected that he would.

"You are trespassing, gentlemen. These gardens are private," he began, with extended and deprecating palms; but, as the protest did not stop the intruders, who seemed bent on mischief, he felt that discretion was the better part of valour, and turned round and ran away.

But he did not run far. Christopher Columbus once more threw the bolas, and threw them with a deadly aim, entangling the Senior Proctor's legs, with the result that he fell flat upon his face in the passage which leads from the garden to the quadrangle.

He called to the college porter for help.

"Wiggins!" he cried. "Wiggins! I shall be obliged if you will come to my assistance."

Wiggins, however, was smoking his pipe in the porter's lodge and did not hear; and Mr. Simpkin was quickly lifted up and carried back into the garden, in spite of his kicks and struggles.

It was not until that moment that he recognized who his assailants were. They cut a very different—and a far more terrifying —figure in paint and feathers than in ordinary modern clothes; but the tones of their voices betrayed them; and Mr. Simpkin proceeded to remonstrate with injured dignity.

"Come, come, gentlemen," he said. "A joke is a joke. I hope I can take a joke as well as any man; but this is beyond a joke. This, I warn you, is a proceeding of which the University will take a very serious view."

"Humph!" was the only answer that the Apaches vouchsafed to that; and Mr. Simpkin realized, for the first time in his life, that the Chichester Fellows' Garden was, during the vacation, one of the loneliest spots in Oxford.

Only a few sets of rooms looked out on it, and no set except his own was at that season occupied. On a second side it was bounded by the college library, in which there were then no students, and by a projecting wing of the Bodleian. On the third and fourth sides there were high walls. Beyond one of the walls lay a large open space; beyond the other, which the Apaches had just scaled, a narrow and unfrequented lane. It seemed clear that they could work their will on him with none to hinder.

His struggles were unavailing, but he continued to remonstrate.

"Mr. Columbus!" he called; and then, confusing things in his trepidation, he apostrophized, "Mr. Oyster! I protest against this outrage, Mr. Oyster. It is unwarrantable. I will not put up with it. If you are not more careful you will actually hurt me."

Once more there was no answer but "Humph!" and Mr. Simpkin perceived to his horror that the Prairie Oysters had produced a rope and were binding him, a helpless victim, to the lonely tree which stands in the middle of the lawn. The tones of his voice had been comparatively low before, but now he almost screamed in his agony of apprehension.

"Let me go, Mr. Columbus! Leave me alone, Mr. Oyster! We don't do these things at Oxford. You will pay very dearly for this outrage."

But the Apaches, having secured Mr. Simpkin to the tree which was to serve them for a stake, proceeded to taunt him in the approved Apache style.

"The chief cries out before he is hurt, but he will cry louder when the torture begins," they said; and then Mr. Simpkin turned pale with terror.

It had dawned on him that this was no practical joke after all, but that he had really fallen into the hands of savages who were in deadly earnest.

His mind went back to the books which he had read in his youth before academic studies had absorbed him. He recalled the fearsome stories of Fenimore Cooper and

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Mayne Reid and Gustave Aimard, and he speculated, with a pallid face and quivering limbs, as to which of the horrible things there recounted was now about to happen to him.

Did the savages propose to make him a target for cockshies with their knives? Was their idea to lop off his ears and nose? Would they smear him with marmalade and let the ants devour him? There was an ant-hill at the farther end of the garden, and if they should happen to see it——

Ordinary practical jokers, however drunk, would not have dared do much more than frighten him and offend his dignity; but these barbarians—Aztecs, Apaches, Prairie Oysters, or whatever they called themselves—of what extremities might they not be capable? Of the worst—the most awful—it seemed; for George Washington and Abraham Lincoln were actually gathering wood and building and lighting a fire against the wall underneath the Bodleian window.

"Is the chief cold? The chief will be nice and warm presently," said Christopher Columbus, drawing his attention to the preparations; and then——



"COLUMBUS WAS COMPELLING HIM TO WAG HIS HEAD BY PLAYFULLY CHOPPING AT IT WITH A TOMAHAWK."

"Oh! O-o-h! *O*-o-o-h!" screamed Mr. Simpkin, shrilly; for already the torture was beginning, though only in a mild form as yet.

Columbus, to be precise, was compelling him to wag his head by playfully chopping at it with a tomahawk, while Benjamin Franklin was standing behind him and prodding his plump flesh with a knife. He yelled and howled for help, and presently the head of a small boy, who had swarmed up the lamp-post, attracted by the noise, appeared.

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"Quick, boy! Fetch a policeman! Fetch two or three policemen!" Mr. Simpkin called to him.

Apparently, however, the boy did not hear. At all events, he did not budge.

"Golly! 'Ere's a lark!" he exclaimed, settling himself on the wall to enjoy the spectacle, and grinning from ear to ear.

"Don't you hear me, boy? Quick! quick!" the Senior Proctor yelled again; but the boy only turned round and called to companions in the lane below.

"Bill! Sammy!" he shouted to them. "'Ere's college gentlemen playin' at Red Injuns. Climb along up and 'ave a look at 'em." And soon other heads appeared and there was a whole row of small boys on the wall, all grinning as broadly as the first—all as happy as if they were at the circus.

They pointed with special delight to the fire, which was now beginning to crackle.

"Won't 'e sizzle when they come to put 'im on it—just like a sausage!" they speculated cheerfully; and Mr. Simpkin perceived that there was actually nothing to prevent him from being burnt to death in this lonely garden before a crowd of youngsters who would not suspect that they were witnessing anything but a game until after the mischief was done.

"Oh, Mr. Columbus! Please, Mr. Columbus! Please, Mr. Oyster!" he pleaded, in his agony; but they only mocked at him and prodded at him as before.

The blazing fire, of course, though his peril, was also his hope. It was getting dark now, and if the flames should attract attention——

The glow, in fact, did attract the attention of one of the Bodleian assistants. He opened the window and, thrusting his head out, called for explanations. Mr. Simpkin tried to explain.

"Is it you, Mr. Middleton? For pity's sake," he began; but Mr. Middleton did not seem to have recognized him, and had withdrawn his head in a hurry.

Columbus had thrown a tomahawk at him. The tomahawk had gone crashing through the glass, only missing Mr. Middleton's head by an inch or two.

"Lawks! Don't they play their game proper?" shouted the small boys in admiration.

They imagined, apparently, that Bodley's librarian himself was one of the players, or at least that he had lent the library for the purposes of the game, while Mr. Simpkin, who had hoped against hope, began to despair of rescue from that source.

It was a long way round from that part of the Bodleian to the Chichester Fellows' Garden. It would take a librarian at least a quarter of an hour to cover the distance. He would not be of much use if he came alone, and very likely he would content himself with writing a note to the Rector to complain of the rowdiness of Chichester undergraduates. And meanwhile the fire was blazing fiercely, and the moment of torture by fire was evidently imminent. The question was whether Mr. Simpkin would be thrown bodily on to the fire or burnt bit by bit where he stood.

"Look at 'em! 'Ooray! They're beginnin' with 'is whiskers," cried the small boys, enthusiastically; and sure enough Columbus was applying to the Senior Proctor's whiskers a blazing faggot carefully chosen from the fire.

It was a horrible sensation, though more terrifying, as yet, than painful. The smoke got into Mr. Simpkin's eyes and into his nostrils; he choked and spluttered, and yet this, it was clear, was only the playful preliminary. The real business of the torture was still to come.

"The chief doesn't like a little fire. Perhaps the chief will like a lot of fire better," suggested Columbus, sarcastically; and now Mr. Simpkin found himself being released from the stake and placed instead, with his hands and feet tied, in the gardener's wheelbarrow.

With a desperate effort he managed to roll out of it, but only to be lifted up and dumped down into it again. The next part of the game, it appeared, was to run the wheelbarrow into the fire, scorch the occupant a little, and then pull him back again; and the Apaches went through this manœuvre at least half-a-dozen times. Mr. Simpkin's gown was burnt, and the wheelbarrow itself was charred. He uttered piercing yells, while the small boys continued to applaud the realism of the performance.

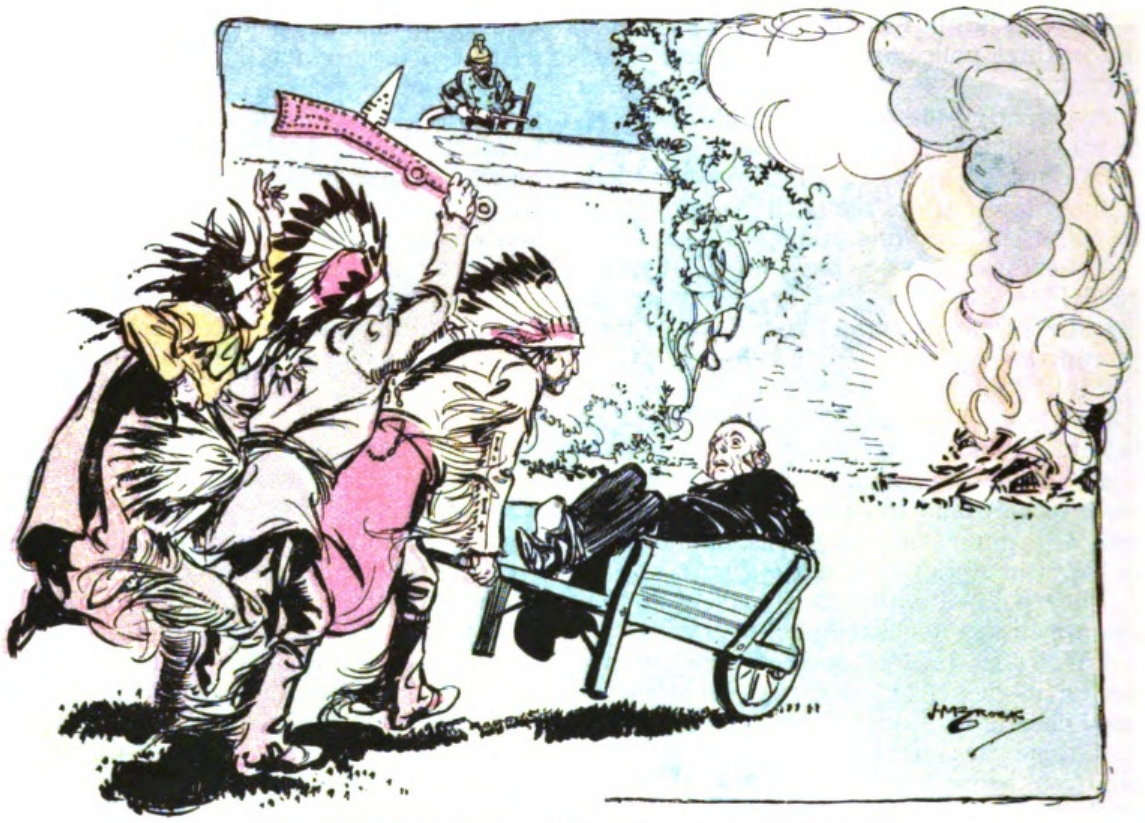
"Ain't it like a circus?" they shouted, clapping their hands; while the Apaches conferred and decided that the time had come for taking more strenuous measures.

"Mumble, mumble, mumble!" said Columbus.

"Humph, humph, humph!" replied Columbus's companions; and the significance of their confabulations was that they would now empty Mr. Simpkin on to the bonfire, and see how fast he would be able to wriggle off it with his hands and feet fettered.

They were so wrapped up in their fiendish

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"COLUMBUS GRIPPED THE HANDLES AND RAN WITH IT."

project that they did not notice the rapid galloping of heavy horses' hoofs along the lane, or observe the "movement" among the small boys, or hear them calling, "This way, sir; it's this way." They withdrew the wheelbarrow to the farther end of the path, so as to have a good run; and then Columbus gripped the handles and ran with it, the others capering behind him, and uttering war-whoops which drowned even Mr. Simpkin's screams of terror.

It was an awful moment. Another instant, and Mr. Simpkin would have been tilted over into the midst of the flames. But just at that moment—just as Columbus was about to empty the barrow of its human load——

Bodley's librarian had saved the situation after all. He had telephoned to the headquarters of the Oxford Fire Brigade, and now the Fire Brigade had come. The small boys had scattered; and, in their place, a stalwart fireman stood erect, with his hose in his hands, upon the wall. He turned his hose on to the flames. They were extinguished in half a second; and it was not on to a bonfire, but on to the dead and dripping remains of a bonfire, that the Senior Proctor was emptied.

He was not hurt, though he had fainted from the shock, and though his clothes were drenched with the water and his face and hands were blackened by the ashes. When he came to himself he found that the Apaches had disappeared, and that the firemen had cut his cords and were pouring brandy down his throat; and he felt like a man who had at last awakened from an evil dream.

"What is it, sir? What's this game they've been a-playing with you?" the firemen were asking him; but when he had gasped a little he pulled himself together, and told them only a portion of the truth.

"A most extraordinary occurrence," he said. "I didn't think it was possible for such a thing to be done at Oxford; but it is not a matter for the police. It is a breach of discipline with which the University authorities are quite competent to deal."

And, of course, the University authorities dealt with it; and, of course, the secretary of the Missionary Society soon had his four Prairie Oysters back upon his hands.

"I prefer not to go into details," the Senior Proctor wrote, "but the University's decision to expel them is absolute and irrevocable. Your *protégés* have proved quite unable to adapt themselves to our Oxford ways; and I can only hope that they may, perhaps, do better as *alumni* of one of your missionary colleges."

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The MURDER at the VILLA ROSE

by A. E. W. Mason

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CHAPTER I.

"SUMMER LIGHTNING."

IT was Mr. Ricardo's habit as soon as the second week of August came round to travel to Aix-les-Bains, in Savoy, where for five or six weeks he lived pleasantly. He pretended to take the waters in the morning, he went for a ride in his motor-car in the afternoon, he dined at the Cercle in the evening, and spent an hour or two afterwards in the baccarat rooms at the Villa des Fleurs. The beauty of the little town, the crowd of well-dressed and agreeable people, the rose-coloured life of the place, all made their appeal to him. But it was the Villa des Fleurs which brought him to Aix. Not that he played for anything more than an occasional louis; nor, on the other hand, was he merely a cold looker-on. He had a bank-note or two in his pocket on most evenings at the service of the victims of the tables. But the pleasure to his curious and dilettante mind lay in the spectacle of the battle which was waged night after night between raw nature and good manners. It was extraordinary to him how constantly manners prevailed. There were, however, exceptions.

For instance. On the first evening of this particular visit he found the rooms hot, and sauntered out into the little semicircular garden at the back. He sat there for half an hour under a perfect sky of stars watching the people come and go in the light of the electric lamps, and appreciating the gowns and jewels of the women with the eye of a connoisseur; and then into this starlit quiet there came suddenly a flash of vivid life. A girl in a soft, clinging frock of white satin darted swiftly from the rooms and flung herself nervously upon a bench. She could not, to Ricardo's thinking, be more than twenty years of age. She was certainly quite young. The supple slenderness of her figure proved it, and he had moreover caught a glimpse, as she rushed out, of a fresh and very pretty face; but he had lost sight of it now. For the girl wore a big black satin hat with a broad brim, from which a couple of white ostrich feathers curved over at the back, and in the shadow of that hat her face was masked. All that he could see was a pair of long diamond eardrops, which sparkled and trembled as she moved her head—and that she did constantly. Now she stared moodily at the ground; now she flung herself back; then she twisted nervously to the right, and then



"SHE STARED MOODILY AT THE GROUND."

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a moment afterwards to the left; and then again she stared in front of her, swinging a satin slipper backwards and forwards against the pavement with the petulance of a child. All her movements were spasmodic; she was on the verge of hysteria. Ricardo was expecting her to burst into tears, when she sprang up and as swiftly as she had come she hurried back into the rooms. "Summer lightning," thought Mr. Ricardo.

Near to him a woman sneered, and a man said, pityingly: "She was pretty, that little one. It is regrettable that she has lost."

A few minutes afterwards Ricardo finished his cigar and strolled back into the rooms, making his way to the big table just on the right hand of the entrance where the play as a rule runs high. It was clearly running high to-night. For so deep a crowd thronged about the table that Ricardo could only by standing on tiptoe see the faces of the players. Of the banker he could not catch a glimpse. But though the crowd remained, its units were constantly changing, and it was not long before Ricardo found himself standing in the front rank of the spectators, just behind the players seated in the chairs. The oval green table was spread out beneath him littered with bank-notes. Ricardo turned his eyes to the left and saw seated at the middle of the table the man who was holding the bank. Ricardo recognized him with a start of surprise. He was a young Englishman, Harry Wethermill, who, after a brilliant career at Oxford and at Munich, had so turned his scientific genius to account that he had made a fortune for himself at the age of twenty-eight.

He sat at the table with the indifferent look of the habitual player upon his cleanly-chiselled face. But it was plain that his good fortune stayed at his elbow to-night, for opposite to him the croupier was arranging with extraordinary deftness piles of bank-notes in the order of their value. The bank was winning heavily. Even as Ricardo looked Wethermill turned up "a natural," and the croupier swept in the stakes from either side.

"Faites vos jeux, messieurs. Le jeu est fait," the croupier cried, all in a breath, and repeated the words. Wethermill waited with his hand upon the wooden frame in which the cards were stacked. He glanced round the table while the stakes were being laid upon the cloth, and suddenly his face flashed from languor into interest. Almost opposite to him a small, white-gloved hand holding a five-louis note was thrust forward between the shoulders of two men seated at the table. Wethermill leaned forward and shook his head with a smile. With a gesture he refused the stake. But he was too late. The fingers of the hand had opened, the note fluttered down on to the cloth, the money was staked.

At once he leaned back in his chair.

"Il y a une suite," he said, quietly. He relinquished the bank rather than play against that five-louis note. The stakes were taken up by their owners.

The croupier began to count Wethermill's winnings, and Ricardo, curious to know whose small, delicately-gloved hand it was which had brought the game to so abrupt a termination, leaned forward. He recognized the young girl in the white satin dress and the big black hat whose nerves had got the better of her a few minutes since in the garden. He saw her now clearly and thought her of an entrancing loveliness. She was moderately tall, fair of skin, with a fresh colouring upon her cheeks which she owed to nothing but her youth. Her hair was of a light brown with a sheen upon it, her forehead broad, her eyes dark and wonderfully clear. But there was something more than her beauty to attract him. He had a strong belief that somewhere, some while ago, he had already seen her. And this belief grew and haunted him. He was still vaguely puzzling his brains to fix the place when the croupier finished his reckoning.

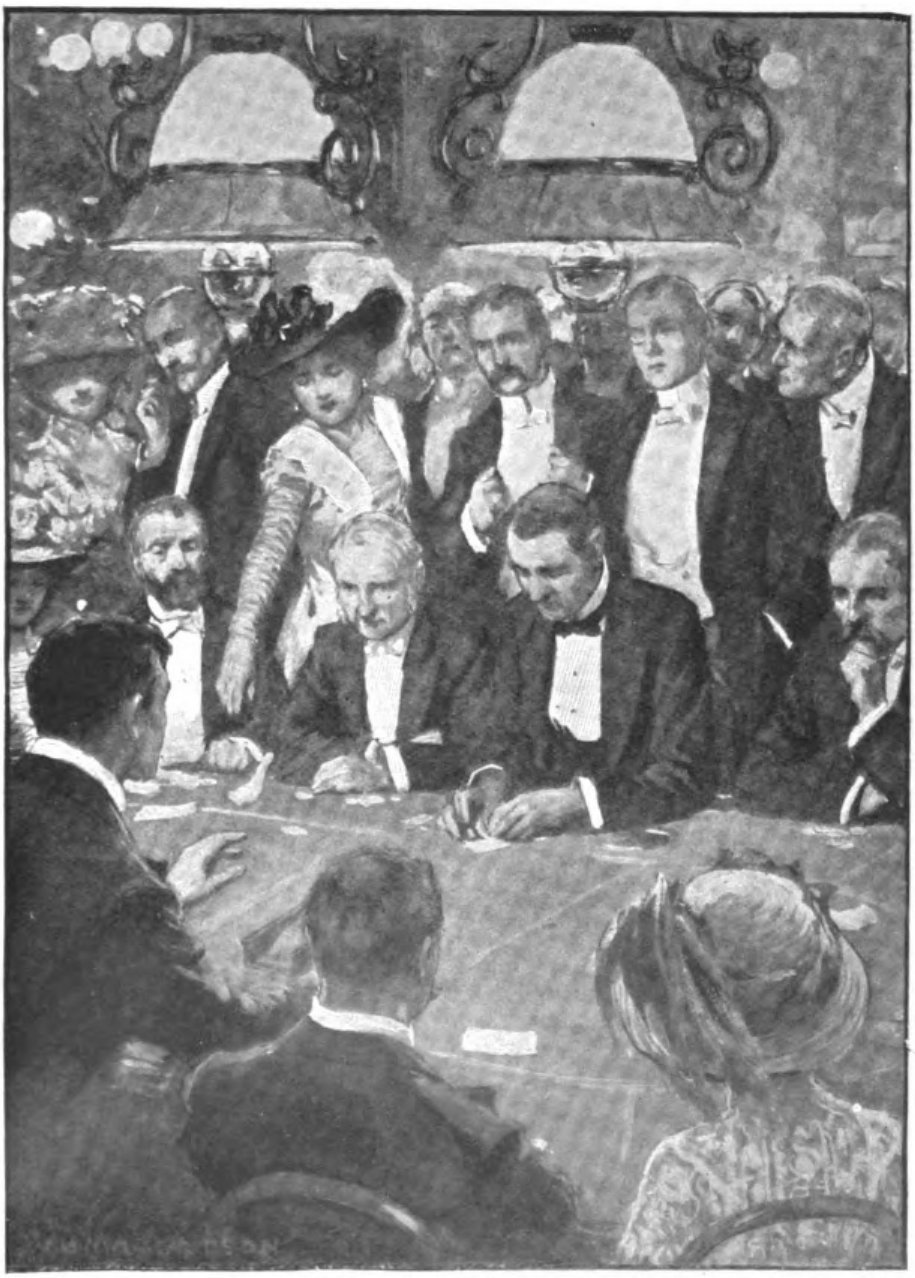
"There are two thousand louis in the bank," he cried. "Who will take on the bank for two thousand louis?"

No one, however, was willing. A fresh bank was put up for sale, and Wethermill, still sitting in the dealer's chair, bought it. He spoke at once to an attendant, and the man slipped round the table, and forcing his way through the crowd carried a message to the girl in the black hat. She looked towards Wethermill and smiled. The smile made her face a miracle of tenderness. Then she disappeared, and in a few moments Ricardo saw a way open in the throng behind the dealer, and she appeared again only a yard or two away, just behind Wethermill. He turned, and taking her hand into his palm shook it chidingly.

"I couldn't let you play against me, Celia," he said, in English; "my luck's too good to-night. So you shall be my partner instead. I'll put in the capital and we'll share the winnings."

The girl's face flushed rosily. Her hand still lay clasped in his. She made no effort to withdraw it.

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"THE FINGERS OF THE HAND HAD OPENED AND THE NOTE FLUTTERED DOWN ON TO THE CLOTH."

"I couldn't do that," she exclaimed.

"Why not?" said he. "See!" and loosening her fingers he took from them the five-louis note and tossed it over to the croupier to be added to his bank. "Now you can't help yourself. We're partners."

The girl laughed, and the company at the table smiled half in sympathy, half with amusement. A chair was brought for her, and she sat down behind Wethermill, her lips parted, her face joyous with excitement. But all at once Wethermill's luck deserted him. He renewed his bank three times, and had lost the greater part of his winnings when he had dealt the cards through. He took a fourth bank, and rose from that, too, a loser.

"That's enough, Celia," he said. "Let us go out into the garden. It will be cooler there."

"I have taken your good luck away," said the girl, remorsefully. Wethermill put his arm through hers.

"You'll have to take yourself away before you can do that," he answered, and the couple walked together out of Ricardo's hearing.

Ricardo was left to wonder about Celia. She was just one of those problems which made Aix-les-Bains so unfailingly attractive to him. She dwelt in some street of Bohemia; so much was clear. The frankness of her pleasure, of her excitement, and even of her distress proved it. She passed from one to the other while you could deal a pack of cards. She was at no pains to wear a mask. Moreover, she was a young girl of nineteen or twenty, running about those rooms alone, as unembarrassed as if she had been at home. There was the free use, too, of Christian names. Certainly she dwelt in Bohemia. But it seemed to Ricardo that she could pass in any company and yet not be overpassed. She would look a little more picturesque than most girls of her age, and she was certainly a good deal more *soignée* than many, and she had the Frenchwoman's knack of putting on her clothes. But those would be all the differences, leaving out the

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frankness. Ricardo wondered in what street of Bohemia she dwelt. He wondered still more when he saw her again half an hour afterwards at the entrance to the Villa des Fleurs. She came down the long hall with Harry Wethermill at her side. The couple were walking slowly and talking as they walked with so complete an absorption in each other that they were unaware of their surroundings. At the bottom of the steps a stout woman of fifty-five, over-jewelled and over-dressed and raddled with paint, watched their approach with a smile of good-humoured amusement. When they came near enough to hear her she said in French :—

"Well, Célie, are you ready to go home?"

The girl looked up with a start.

"Of course, madame," she said, with a certain submissiveness which surprised Ricardo. "I hope I have not kept you waiting."

She ran to the cloak-room, and came back again with her cloak.

"Good-bye, Harry," she said, dwelling upon his name and looking out upon him with soft and smiling eyes.



"SHE CAME DOWN THE LONG HALL WITH HARRY WETHERMILL AT HER SIDE."

"I shall see you to-morrow evening," he said, holding her hand. Again she let it stay within his keeping, but she frowned, and a sudden gravity settled like a cloud upon her face. She turned to the elder woman with a sort of appeal.

"No, I do not think we shall be here to-morrow, shall we, madame?" she said, reluctantly.

"Of course not," said madame, briskly. "You have not forgotten what we have planned? No, we shall not be here to-morrow; but the night after—yes."

Celia turned back again to Wethermill.

"Yes, we have plans for to-morrow," she said, with a very wistful note of regret in her voice; and, seeing that madame was already at the door, she bent forward and said, timidly, "But the night after I shall want you."

She tore her hand away and ran up the steps.

Harry Wethermill returned to the rooms. Mr. Ricardo did not follow him. He was too busy with the little problem which had been presented to him that night. What could that girl, he asked himself, have in common with the raddled woman whom she addressed so respectfully? Indeed, there had been a note of more than respect in her voice. There had been something of affection. Again Mr. Ricardo found himself wondering in what street of Bohemia Celia dwelt—and as he walked up to the hotel there came yet other questions to amuse him.

"Why," he asked, "could neither Celia

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nor madame come to the Villa des Fleurs to-morrow night? What were the plans they had made? And what in those plans had brought the sudden gravity and reluctance into Celia's face?"

Ricardo had reason to remember those questions during the next few days.

CHAPTER II.

A CRY FOR HELP.

IT was on a Monday evening that Ricardo saw Harry Wethermill and the girl Celia together. On the Tuesday he saw Wethermill in the rooms alone and had some talk with him.

Wethermill was not playing that night, and about ten o'clock the two men left the Villa des Fleurs together.

"Which way do you go?" asked Wethermill.

"Up the hill to the Hotel Majestic," said Ricardo.

"We go together, then. I, too, am staying there," said the young man, and they climbed the steep streets together. Ricardo was dying to put some questions about Wethermill's young friend of the night before, but discretion kept him painfully silent. He was, however, to learn something of her the next morning; for while he was fixing his tie before the mirror Wethermill burst into his dressing-room. He was out of breath and shaking with agitation.

"I couldn't wait," he cried, with a passionate appeal. "I had to see you. You must help me, Mr. Ricardo -- you must, indeed!"

Ricardo spun round upon his heel. At first he had thought that the help wanted was the help usually wanted at Aix-les-Bains. A glance at Wethermill's face, however, told him that his thought was wrong. "What has happened?"

"Something terrible."

With shaking fingers Wethermill held out a newspaper. "Read it," he said.

It was a special edition of a local newspaper, *Le Journal de Savoie*, and it bore the date of that morning.

"They are crying it in the streets," said Wethermill. "Read!"

A short paragraph was printed in large, black letters on the first page and leaped to the eyes.

"Late last night," it ran, "an appalling murder was committed at the Villa Rose, on the road to Lac Bourget. Mme. Camille Dauvray, who was well known at Aix and had occupied the villa every summer for the last few years, was discovered on the floor of her salon, fully dressed and brutally strangled. While upstairs, her maid, Hélène Vauquier, was found in bed, chloroformed, with her hands strapped securely behind her



"THE MURDER WAS DISCOVERED AT TWELVE O'CLOCK AT NIGHT BY THE GENDARME PERRICHET."

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back. At the time of going to press she had not recovered consciousness, but the doctor, Emile Peytin, is in attendance upon her, and it is hoped that she will be able shortly to throw some light on this dastardly affair. The police are properly reticent as to the details of the crime, but the following statement may be accepted without hesitation.

"The murder was discovered at twelve o'clock at night by the gendarme Perrichet, to whose intelligence more than a word of praise is due, and it is obvious from the absence of all marks upon the doors and windows that the murderer was admitted from within the villa. Meanwhile Mme. Dauvray's motor-car has disappeared, and with it a young Englishwoman who came to Aix with her as her companion. The motive of the crime leaps to the eyes. Mme. Dauvray was famous in Aix for her jewels, which she wore with too little prudence. The condition of the house shows that a careful search was made for them, and they have disappeared. It is anticipated that a description of the young Englishwoman, with a reward for her apprehension, will be issued immediately. And it is not too much to hope that the citizens of Aix, and indeed of France, will be cleared of all participation in so cruel and sinister a crime."

Ricardo read through the paragraph with a growing consternation and laid the paper upon his dressing-table.

"It is infamous," cried Wethermill, passionately.

"The young Englishwoman is, I suppose, Miss Celia?" said Ricardo, slowly. "I saw her with you in the rooms."

"You saw us together?" exclaimed Wethermill. "Then you can understand how infamous the suggestion is."

But Ricardo had seen the girl half an hour before he had seen them together. He could not but remember the picture of the girl flinging herself on to the bench in the garden, on the verge of hysteria, petulantly kicking a satin slipper backwards and forwards against the stones. She was young, she was pretty, she was fresh—but—but—in spite of himself this picture in the recollection began now to wear a sinister aspect.

He arranged his tie with even a greater fastidiousness than he usually employed.

"And Mme. Dauvray?" he asked. "She was the stout woman with whom your friend went away?"

"Yes," said Wethermill.

Ricardo turned round from the mirror.

"What do you want me to do?"

"Hanaud is at Aix. He is the best of the French detectives. You know him. He dined with you once."

It was Mr. Ricardo's practice to collect celebrities round his dinner table, and at one such gathering Hanaud and Wethermill had been present together.

"You wish me to approach him?"

"At once."

"It is a delicate position," said Ricardo. "Here is a man in charge of a case of murder, and we are quietly to go to him——"

To his relief Wethermill interrupted him.

"No, no," he cried; "he is not in charge of the case. He is on his holiday. What I want is that he should take charge of it."

The superb confidence of Wethermill shook Mr. Ricardo for a moment, but his recollections were too clear.

"You are going out of your way to launch the acutest of French detectives in search of this girl. Are you wise, Wethermill?"

Wethermill sprang up from his chair in desperation.

"You, too, think her guilty! You who have seen her. You think her guilty—like this detestable newspaper, like the police."

"Like the police?" asked Ricardo, sharply.

"Yes," said Harry Wethermill, sullenly. "As soon as I saw that rag I ran down to the villa. The police are in possession. They would not let me into the garden. But I talked with one of them. They, too, think she let in the murderers."

Ricardo took a turn across the room. Then he came to a stop in front of Wethermill.

"Listen to me," he said, solemnly. "I saw Miss Celia half an hour before I saw you. She rushed out into the garden. She flung herself on to a bench. She could not sit still. She was hysterical. You know what that means. She had been losing. That's point number one."

Mr. Ricardo ticked it off upon his finger.

"She ran back into the rooms. You asked her to share the winnings of your bank. She consented eagerly. And you lost. That's point number two. A little later, as she was going away, you asked her whether she would be in the rooms the next night—yesterday night—the night when the murder was committed. Her face clouded over. She hesitated. She became more than grave. There was a distinct expression as though she shrank from the contemplation of what it was proposed she should do on the next night.

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And then she answered you, 'No, we have other plans.' That's number three." And Mr. Ricardo ticked off his third point.

"Now," he asked, "do you still ask me to launch Hanaud upon the case?"

"Yes, and at once," cried Wethermill.

Ricardo called for his hat and his stick.

"You know where Hanaud is staying?" he asked.

"Yes," replied Wethermill, and he led Ricardo to an unpretentious little hotel in the centre of the town. Ricardo sent in his name, and the two visitors were immediately shown into a small sitting-room, where M. Hanaud was enjoying his morning chocolate. In his morning suit at his breakfast-table he looked like a prosperous comedian.

He came forward with a smile of welcome, extending both his hands to Mr. Ricardo.

"Ah, my good friend," he said, "it is pleasant to see you. And Mr. Wethermill," he exclaimed, holding a hand out to the young inventor.

"You remember me, then?" said Wethermill, gladly.

"It is my profession to remember people," said Hanaud, with a laugh. "You were at that amusing dinner-party of Mr. Ricardo's in Grosvenor Square."

"Monsieur," said Wethermill, "I have come to ask your help."

The note of appeal in his voice was loud. M. Hanaud drew up a chair by the window and motioned to Wethermill to take it. He pointed to another with a bow of invitation to Mr. Ricardo.

"Let me hear," he said, gravely.

"It is the murder of Mme. Dauvray," said Wethermill.

Hanaud started.

"And in what way, monsieur," he asked, "are you interested in the murder of Mme. Dauvray?"

"Her companion," said Wethermill, "the young English girl—she is a great friend of mine."

Hanaud's face grew stern. Then came a sparkle of anger in his eyes.

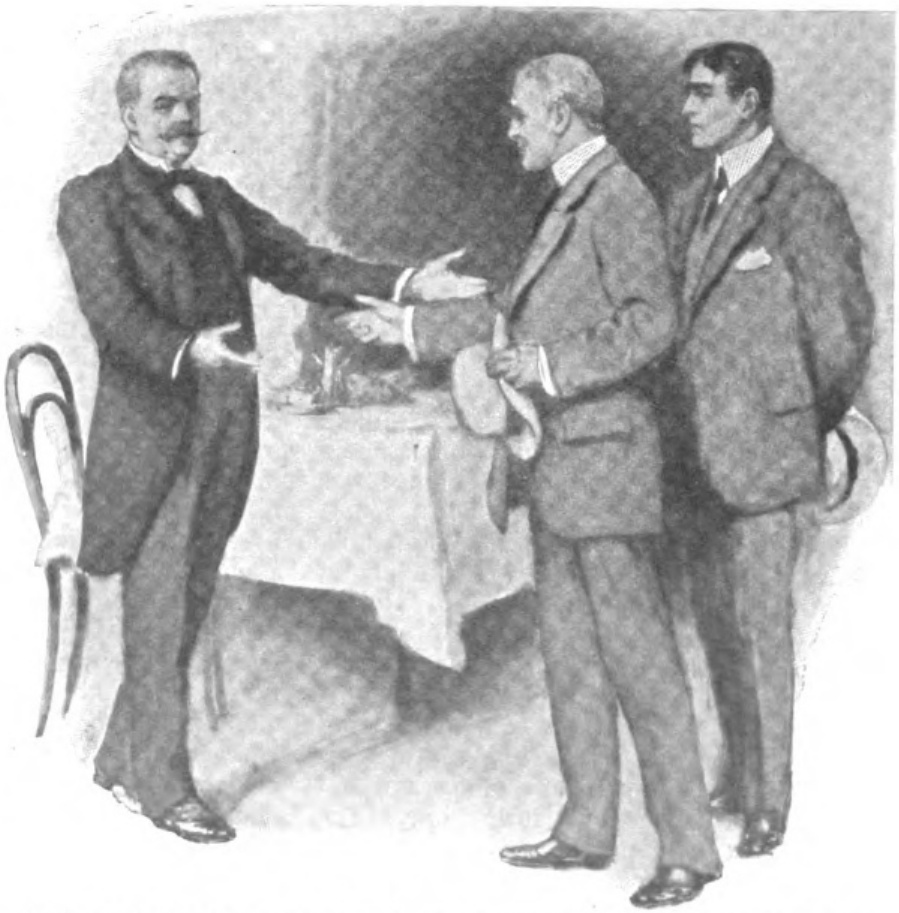
"And what do you wish me to do, monsieur?" he asked, coldly.

"You are upon your holiday, M. Hanaud. I wish you—no, I implore you," Wethermill cried, his voice ringing with passion, "to take up this case, to discover the truth, to find out what has become of Celia."

Hanaud leaned back in his chair with his hands upon the arms. He did not take his eyes from Harry Wethermill, but the anger died out of them. In its place there was almost a look of pity. Suddenly he stretched out a forefinger.

"You have, perhaps, a photograph of the young lady in that card-case in your breast-pocket."

Wethermill flushed red, and, drawing out



"HE CAME FORWARD WITH A SMILE OF WELCOME, EXTENDING BOTH HIS HANDS TO MR. RICARDO."

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the card-case, handed the portrait to Hanaud. He looked at it carefully for a few moments.

"It was taken lately, here?" he said.

"Yes, for me," replied Wethermill, quietly.

"And it is a good likeness?"

"Very."

"How long have you known this Mlle. Célie?" he asked.

Wethermill looked at Hanaud with a certain defiance.

"For a fortnight."

Hanaud raised his eyebrows.

"You met her here?"

"Yes."

"In the rooms, I suppose? Not at the house of one of your friends?"

"That is so," said Wethermill, quietly. "A friend of mine who had met her in Paris introduced me to her at my request."

Hanaud handed back the portrait and drew forward his chair nearer to Wethermill. His face had softened. He spoke with a tone of respect.

"Monsieur, I know something of you. Our friend, Mr. Ricardo, told me your history. I asked him for it when I saw you at his dinner. You are not a romantic boy, but who shall say that he is safe from the appeal of beauty? I have seen women, monsieur, for whose purity of soul I could myself have stood security, condemned for complicity in brutal crimes on evidence that could not be gainsaid; and I have known them turn foul-mouthed, and hideous to look upon, the moment after their just sentence was pronounced."

"No doubt, monsieur," said Wethermill, with perfect quietude. "But Celia Harland is not one of those women."

"I do not now say that she is," said Hanaud. "But the police here have already been to me to ask for my assistance, and I refused. I told them I was just a good bourgeois enjoying his holiday. Still it is difficult quite to forget one's profession, and I talked with them for a little while. The case is dark, monsieur, I warn you."

"How dark?" asked Harry Wethermill.

"I will tell you," said Hanaud, drawing his chair still closer to the young man. "Understand this in the first place. There was an accomplice within the villa. Someone let the murderers in. There is no sign of an entrance being forced. No lock was picked, there is no mark of a thumb on any panel, no sign of a bolt being forced. There was an accomplice within the house. We start from that."

Wethermill nodded his head sullenly. Ricardo drew his chair up towards the others. But Hanaud was not at that moment interested in Ricardo.

"Well, then, let us see who there are in Mme. Dauvray's household. The list is not a long one. It was Mme. Dauvray's habit to take her luncheon and her dinner at the restaurants, and her maid was all that she required to get ready her 'petit déjeuner' in the morning and her 'sirop' at night. Let us take the members of the household one by one. There is first the chauffeur, Henri Servettaz. He was not at the villa last night. He came back to it early this morning."

"Ah!" said Ricardo, in a significant exclamation. Wethermill did not stir. He sat still as a stone, with a face deadly white and eyes burning upon Hanaud's face.

"But wait," said Hanaud, holding up a warning hand to Ricardo. "Servettaz was in Chambéry, where his parents live. He travelled to Chambéry by the two o'clock train yesterday. He was with them in the afternoon. He went with them to a café in the evening. Moreover, early this morning the maid, Hélène Vauquier, was able to speak a few words in answer to a question. She said Servettaz was in Chambéry. She gave his address. He was found in bed. I do not say that it is impossible that Servettaz was concerned in the crime. That we shall see. But it is quite clear, I think, that it was not he who opened the house to the murderers, for he was at Chambéry in the evening, and the murder was already discovered here by midnight. Moreover—it is a small point—he lives, not in the house, but over the garage in a corner of the garden. Then besides the chauffeur there was a charwoman, a woman of Aix, who came each morning at seven and left in the evening at seven or eight. Sometimes she would stay later if the maid was alone in the house, for the maid is nervous. But she left last night before nine—there is evidence of that—and the murder did not take place until afterwards. That is also a fact, not a conjecture. We can leave the charwoman, who for the rest has the best of characters, out of our calculations. There remains then the maid, Hélène Vauquier, and"—he shrugged his shoulders—"Mlle. Célie."

Hanaud felt for the matches and lit a cigarette.

"Let us take first the maid, Hélène Vauquier. Forty years old, a Normandy peasant woman—they are not bad people, the Normandy peasants, monsieur — avaricious, no doubt, but on the whole honest

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and most respectable. We know something of Hélène Vauquier, monsieur. See!" and he took up a sheet of paper from the table. The paper was folded lengthwise, written upon only on the inside. "I have some details here. Our police system is, I think, a little more complete than yours in England. Hélène Vauquier has served Mme. Dauvray for seven years. She has been the confidential friend rather than the maid. And mark this, M. Wethermill! During those seven years how many opportunities has she had of conniving at last night's crime? She was found chloroformed and bound. There is no doubt that she was chloroformed. Upon that point Dr. Peytin is quite, quite certain. He saw her before she recovered consciousness. She was violently sick on awakening. She sank again into unconsciousness. She is only now in a natural sleep. Besides those people, there is Mlle. Célie. Of her, monsieur, nothing is known. You yourself know nothing of her. She comes suddenly to Aix as the companion of Mme. Dauvray—a young and pretty English girl. How did she become the companion of Mme. Dauvray?"

Wethermill stirred uneasily in his seat. His face flushed. To Mr. Ricardo that had been from the beginning the most interesting problem of the case. Was he to have the answer now?

"I do not know," answered Wethermill, with some hesitation, and then it seemed that he was at once ashamed of his hesitation. His accent gathered strength, and in a low but ringing voice he added: "But I say this. You have told me, M. Hanaud, of women who looked innocent and were guilty. But you know also of women and girls who can live untainted and unspoilt amidst surroundings which are suspicious."

Hanaud listened, but he neither agreed nor denied. He took up a second slip of paper.

"I shall tell you something of Mme. Dauvray," he said. "Let us not go back beyond her marriage seventeen years ago to a wealthy manufacturer of Nancy, whom she had met in Paris. Seven years ago M. Dauvray died, leaving his widow a very rich woman. She had a passion for jewellery, which she was now able to gratify. She collected jewels. A famous necklace, a well-known stone—she was not, as you say, happy till she got it. She had a fortune in precious stones—oh, but a large fortune! By the ostentation of her jewels she paraded her wealth here, at Monte Carlo, in Paris. Besides that, she was kind-hearted and most impressionable. Finally, she was, like so many of her class, superstitious to the degree of folly."

Suddenly Mr. Ricardo started in his chair. Superstitious! The word was a sudden light upon his darkness. Now he knew what had perplexed him during the last two days. Clearly—too clearly—he remembered where he had seen Celia Harland and when. A picture rose before his eyes, and it seemed to strengthen like a film in a developing dish as Hanaud continued:—

"Very well! Take Mme. Dauvray as we find her—rich, ostentatious, easily taken by a new face, generous, and foolishly superstitious—and you have in her a living provocation to every rogue. By a hundred instances she proclaimed herself a dupe. She threw down a challenge to every criminal to come and rob her. For seven years Hélène Vauquier stands at her elbow and protects her from serious trouble. Suddenly there comes your young friend and she is robbed and murdered. And, follow this, M. Wethermill, our thieves are, I think, more brutal to their victims than is the case with you."

Wethermill shut his eyes in a spasm of pain and the pallor of his face increased.

"Suppose that Celia were one of the victims?" he cried, in a stifled voice.

Hanaud glanced at him with a look of commiseration.

"That perhaps we shall see," he said. "But what I meant was this. A stranger like Mlle. Célie might be the accomplice in such a crime as the crime of the Villa Rose, meaning only robbery. A stranger might only have discovered too late that murder would be added to the theft."

Meanwhile, in strong, clear colours, Ricardo's picture stood out before his eyes. He was startled by hearing Wethermill say, in a firm voice:—

"My friend Ricardo has something to add to what you have said."

"I!" exclaimed Ricardo. How in the world could Wethermill know of that clear picture in his mind?

"Yes. You saw Celia Harland on the evening before the murder."

Ricardo stared at his friend. It seemed to him that Harry Wethermill had gone out of his mind. Here he was corroborating the suspicions of the police by facts—damning and incontrovertible facts.

"On the night before the murder," continued Wethermill, quietly, "Celia Harland lost money at the baccarat table. Ricardo

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saw her in the garden behind the rooms, and she was hysterical. Later on that same night he saw her again with me, and he heard what she said. I asked her to come to the rooms on the next evening—yesterday, the night of the crime — and her face changed, and she said, 'No, we have other plans for to-morrow. But the night after I shall want you.'

Hanaud sprang up from his chair.

"And *you* tell me these two things!" he cried.

"Yes," said Wethermill. "You were kind enough to say to me I was not a romantic boy. I am not. I can face facts."

Hanaud stared at his companion for a few moments. Then, with a remarkable air of consideration, he bowed.

"You have won, monsieur," he said. "I will take up this case. But," and his face grew stern and he brought his fist down upon the table with a bang, "I shall follow it to the end now, be the consequences bitter as death to you."

"That is what I wish, monsieur," said Wethermill.

Hanaud locked up the slips of paper in his letter-case. Then he went to the telephone and returned in a few minutes.

"We will begin at the beginning," he said, briskly. "Perrichet, the *sergent-de-ville* who discovered the crime, will be here at once. We will walk down to the villa with him, and on the way he shall tell us exactly what he discovered and how he discovered it. Then we will examine the villa itself. Except for the removal of Mme. Dauvray's body from the salon to her bedroom and the opening of the windows, the house remains exactly as it was."

"We may come with you?" cried Harry Wethermill, eagerly.

"Yes—on one condition. That you ask no questions, and answer none unless I put them to you. Listen, watch, examine—but no interruptions!"

Hanaud's manner had altogether changed. It was now authoritative and alert. He turned to Ricardo.

"You will swear to what you saw in the garden and to the words you heard?" he asked. "They are important."

"Yes," said Ricardo.

But he kept silence about that clear picture in his mind which to him seemed no less important, no less suggestive.

The Assembly Hall at Leamington, a crowded audience chiefly of ladies, a platform at one end on which a black cabinet stood. A man, erect and with something of the soldier in his bearing, led forward a girl, pretty and fair-haired, who wore a black velvet dress with a long, sweeping train. She moved like one in a dream. Some half-dozen people from the audience climbed on to the platform, tied the girl's hands with tape behind her back, and sealed the tape. She was led to the cabinet, and in full view of the audience fastened to a bench. Then the door of the cabinet was closed, the people upon the platform descended into the body of the hall, and the lights were turned very low. The audience sat in suspense, and then abruptly in the silence and the darkness there came the rattle of a tambourine from the empty platform. Rappings and knockings seemed to flicker round the panels of the hall, and in the place where the door of the cabinet should be there appeared a splash of misty whiteness. The whiteness shaped itself dimly into the figure of a woman; a face dark and Eastern became visible, and a deep voice spoke in a chant of the Nile and Antony. Then the vision faded, the tambourines and cymbals rattled again. The lights were turned up, the door of the cabinet thrown open, and the girl in the black velvet dress was seen bound upon the bench within.

It was a spiritualistic performance at which Julius Ricardo had been present two years ago. The young, fair-haired girl in black velvet, the medium, was Celia Harland.

That was the picture which was in Ricardo's mind, and Hanaud's description of Mme. Dauvray made a terrible commentary upon it. "Easily taken by a new face, generous, and foolishly superstitious, a living provocation to every rogue." Those were the words, and here was a beautiful girl of twenty versed in those very tricks of imposture which would make Mme. Dauvray her natural prey!

Ricardo looked at Wethermill, doubtful whether he should tell what he knew of Celia Harland or not. But before he had decided a knock came upon the door.

"Here is Perrichet," said Hanaud, taking up his hat. "We will go down to the Villa Rose."

(*To be continued.*)

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My FAVOURITE PATIENCES by W. Dalton

Author of "Bridge Abridged," "Auction Bridge," etc.

SOME people are wont to speak scornfully of Patience, as being an "old woman's game." There can be no surer sign that they know very little about the subject. Patience, as we know it, is not only an amusing but also an intellectual pastime. It naturally will not commend itself to the man who regards cards simply as a means of gambling, for whom the most scientific of card games has no interest beyond what it is possible to win or lose at it. The opinion of such a man counts for nothing. The real card-lover, on the contrary, is very devoted to his Patience. If any proof of this were needed, it is to be found in abundance at any card-playing club. There, any afternoon, are to be seen several men, seated at tables in the card-room by themselves, playing Patience. It is not because they have nothing else to do—it is not because they could not cut in to a bridge table if they wished to—it is because they prefer, for the time being, to work out some knotty problem for themselves.

Modern Patience is not the simple, easy business, depending entirely on the run of the cards, which some people imagine it to be. There is ample scope for skill and ingenuity in it. There are various kinds of Patience. There are some which are merely mechanical, into which the element of skill does not enter at all; but there are others, which may be called "problem" Patiences, in which success or failure depends largely upon the player himself, and upon the skill which he brings to bear on the manipulation of the cards.

There are certain requirements to make a game of Patience a good one—or, rather, what I consider a good one. It should neither be too easy nor too difficult. It is an obvious waste of time to strive over a problem which only comes out once in a hundred times, and it is an equal waste of time to play out a game which is practically certain to succeed. A happy combination of the two is what is required. The chances should be against the player, but not too much so. Personally, I prefer a Patience which comes out about once in four or five times, although my favourite of all, "Miss Milligan," comes out rather more often than that.

Again, a Patience should not be too cumbersome nor take up too much room. For this reason I prefer one-pack games to two-pack ones, because they are easier to manipulate. Two-pack games are the more scientific, and they will appeal to the man who loves working out an intricate problem; but they take up a lot of room, and, generally speaking, take a long time to play. To the ordinary mortal who wishes to spend a pleasant and quite harmless hour, I recommend the one-pack games which I am going to describe. There are Patiences for which four packs are required, and I have even heard of one with eight packs—the dining-room table would have to be requisitioned to play that.

Patiences are of two distinct kinds. Mechanical games, in which the player has no option, and no opportunity of using his brains—where he simply has to follow out the given process of playing the cards, and to abide by the result. Such may offer relaxation to a jaded brain, or may serve to while away an empty half-hour, but that is not the best form of the game.

The best form of Patience is where the elements of luck and skill are somewhat evenly balanced; where a great deal depends upon the run of the cards, but where the player is able to use such intelligence as he may have; and where it is possible, by skill, to triumph over difficulties, and sometimes, from an apparently hopeless situation, to arrive at a successful result.

Is not this analogous to other card games?

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There are games of luck and there are games of skill, but the best of all games are those in which the skill and the luck are the most evenly balanced.

I cannot attempt in one article to deal at all exhaustively with games of Patience. I shall only give a few of those which I myself consider good, but I shall try to give a clear explanation of those few, and to illustrate them by play. They will all be one-pack games, with the exception of my favourite, "Miss Milligan." Two-pack games would require a whole magazine to do them justice.

THE DEMON.

It is necessary to begin with some mention of "The Demon," because it is the best known, and the most generally played, of all games of Patience. Many people play this particular form of Patience and no other, and I cannot imagine why. Possibly the reason is that they know no other. I propose to alter that, and I hope that after reading this article they will know several others—and much better ones.

I consider "The Demon" a very poor Patience. There is absolutely no skill in it, and it is very difficult to get out, which are two serious disadvantages. I shall waste no time in describing it. It is to be found fully explained in every book which ever was published on the game.

THE AGNES.

In passing from "The Demon" to "The Agnes," we are jumping from the bottom of the ladder to the top. "The Agnes" is by far the best and most interesting one-pack Patience which has yet been invented. As far as I know it has never been published before, and I can find no mention of it in any of the "Patience" books. Even Miss Whitmore Jones does not include it among her one hundred and seventy-two varieties. It differs from the usual procedure in that red cards are moved on to red, and black on to black, instead of the customary alternate colours.

Having thoroughly shuffled the cards, which is a very necessary beginning to all Patiences, deal out twenty-eight cards, all face upwards, into a triangle pattern of seven—that is, seven in the first row, six in the next, five in the next, and so on, down to one. Turn up the next card, and place it above the triangle. This will be your master card, on which you have to build in ascending sequence of suits. The other three master cards are to be taken out when available.

There will be seven vertical rows, the right hand one only consisting of one card. The bottom card of any row is "exposed," and can be taken on to a master card in the proper ascending sequence, or can be moved on to the bottom card of another row, in descending sequence of the same colour.

An ace goes on a king in ascending sequence, and a king on an ace in descending sequence. That is common to all Patiences.

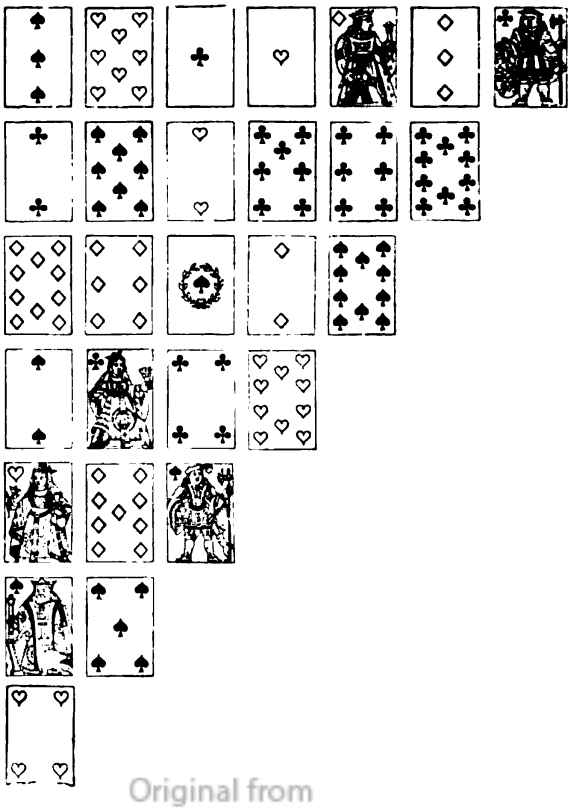
Two or more cards in sequence can be moved together, provided they are not only of the same colour but also of the same suit. Thus, an 8 of spades can be moved on to a 9 of clubs, but those two cannot be moved together, because they are of different suits.

The object of the Patience is to get all the cards off on to the master cards.

When there are no more moves to be made you deal out seven more cards on to the seven vertical rows, and proceed to move as before. After that, another seven, and so on until the pack is exhausted. Only one deal is allowed, and, if any cards remain on the table, the Patience has failed.

Any exposed card can be moved into a vacant space, but a space need not be filled up.

In order to illustrate the game we will play out one deal. Dealing from left to right, we start :—



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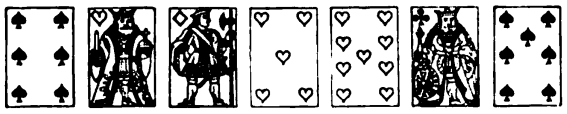
There is our triangle pattern. We turn up the next card, which is H 6, and all the 6's become master cards.

We now review the situation. It is fairly promising. We can get C 6 directly, and we can also get a space, which is most important. D 6 is rather deeply buried, but we can see our way to get at it. With 6 as the master card, all the 5's are our enemies, as they can only be moved into a space. There is only one 5 out at present, but that is at the bottom of a row, which is the worst possible place for it, as it blocks the whole row. We now proceed :—

Move C 10 on C knave—S 10 on S knave.
Take out C 6 (master card).
Move D 3 on H 4—S 5 into space—D 9 on H 10.
C knave and C 10 on C queen—the three clubs back into the space.
Take out D 6.

This is all that we can do for the present, but we have done quite well, as we have got out three of our master cards, and the fourth is yet to come. D ace and C king are still in, and either of those may give us a space. The two long rows do not look very promising, but if we get a space we may be able to improve them.

We now deal seven more cards. All the seven must be dealt before a card is moved.



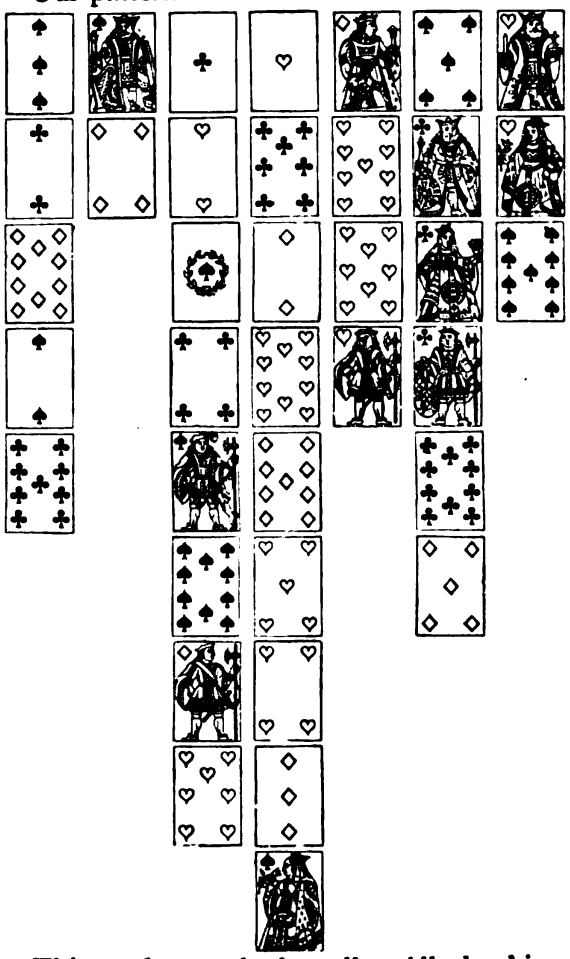
Our fourth master card has appeared, but otherwise it is not good. Our enemy, a 5, has seated himself at the end of a long row. There is at present only one move, but that move will give us a space, which may lead to further developments.

Take out S 6 and S 7.
Move C queen, knave, 10 on to king—there is our space.
Move H king into space.
Take out S 8.
Move H 8 on H 9, and we have our space back again, but what can we do with it now? We might move our enemy card, H 5, into it ; but then the space is lost for all time, and I think we can do better by clearing our long row a little.
Move D 3 to space—H 4 on H 5—D 3 on H 4—S king to space—H queen on H king.

That is all, but we have improved the look of things considerably. We deal again :—



Our pattern now is :—

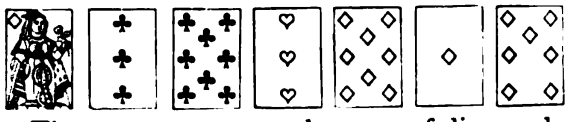


Things do not look well. All the kings are out, and three of the aces are badly buried. The ace of diamonds should come on the next deal, and that might prove our salvation. We can take off several hearts and spades.

Take out H 7 and S 9.
Move D knave on H queen (in order to clear the spades).
Move D 4 on D 5.
Take out S 10, knave, queen, king, move D 3 on D 4.

Now what use shall we make of our space? We might put up C 4 and take out S ace, but, as D ace and D queen must both appear directly, it looks better to put D knave into the space and to get the hearts into order.

Move D knave to space—H knave on H queen—D 3 on D 4.
Take out H 8 and H 9, and deal again.



There are our ace and queen of diamonds, but how can we get rid of C 3?

Take out D 7 and D 8.
Move D king on D ace—C 8 to space—C 3 on C 4.
D queen on D king—D knave on D queen—C 8 on C 9.

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We now have two spaces, and it is practically done.

Move H 5, 4, 3 to space.

Take out D 9, and H 10, knave, queen, king.

Move ace downwards of diamonds on to D 2, and all back on D 3, and the thing is done.

There are two more cards to deal, which are C 5 and S 4.

There will always be two cards left to deal at the end, and these two may be looked at, when all the rest are dealt. This is not an indulgence, but is only to save time, as it is manifestly easy to ascertain the value of two missing cards when the other fifty are on the table.

Such is "The Agnes" Patience. I maintain that no better Patience was ever invented. It is not easy. It requires a great deal of care, a considerable amount of intelligence, and a strong faculty for looking ahead and preparing for future emergencies. Even then you will have to be lucky to get it out more than once in six or seven times. When it does come out it is very pretty, and the player is generally quite pleased with himself, and feels as if he had done something meritorious.

You will sometimes be able to see, at the first laying out of the cards, that the position is quite hopeless, and that there is no possible chance of getting it out. Say, for instance, that two of your master cards are hopelessly buried, that two or three of your enemy cards are at the bottom of rows, and that there is no chance of getting a space. In such a case I accept defeat at once, shuffle up the cards, and deal again. It is a pure waste of time to attempt impossibilities.

THE FLOWER GARDEN.

This is an extremely pretty Patience, and a very interesting one. It is given in all the books on the game, and it is always a surprise to me that so few people seem to know it. It is not easy; in fact, it is quite a "problem" Patience. It requires almost more looking ahead than "The Agnes," because all the fifty-two cards are exposed at once. It is necessary to analyse the situation carefully, and to form a definite plan of campaign before moving a card. When this is done, it is not really difficult to bring it to a successful termination.

You first form your flower garden by laying out six groups of six cards each, to represent the flower beds. Each flower bed should be arranged in the shape of a fan, so that only the end card is exposed, but so that all can be distinguished.

The remaining sixteen cards form the "bouquet," and are to be laid out in a line, or in two lines if one is too long, below the flower beds.

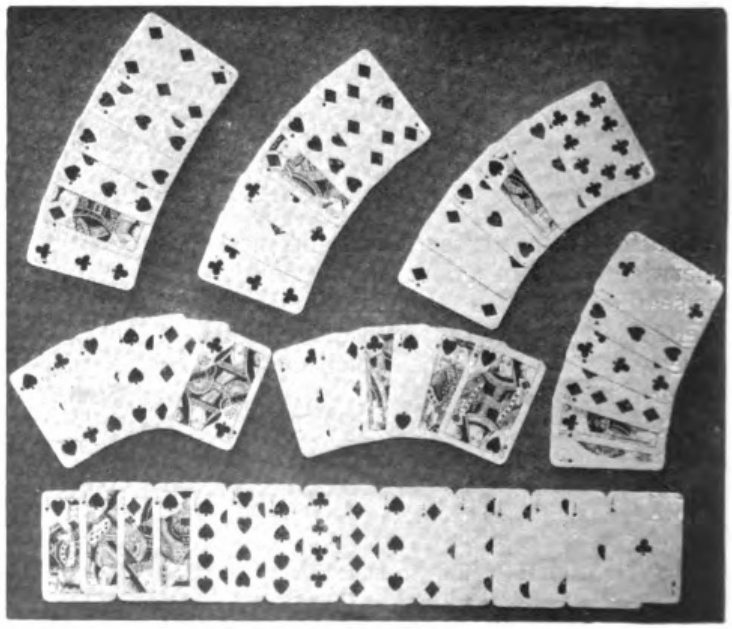
The Patience is to pack all the cards into suits, in ascending sequence from the ace upwards, using the exposed card from any of the flower beds, or any card from the bouquet.

When an exposed card is taken from a bed, the next one becomes exposed.

Exposed cards may be moved from one bed to another, in descending sequence, irrespective of suit or colour, but only one at a time. Any card from the bouquet may also be moved to a bed in the same manner, but it cannot be brought back.

Any exposed card, or any bouquet card, may be moved into a vacant flower bed. Only one deal is allowed.

The following excellent example of the game is taken from "Cavendish's" book on Patience.



It will be found useful to sort the bouquet as above, in order of rank, so as to be able to see at a glance what cards are available. Any aces in the bouquet, or exposed in the flower beds, should be taken at once to form "foundations."

Take out H ace and H 2 and C ace from the bouquet, and C 2 from bed 6. Having done that, we must analyse the situation and endeavour to form a plan of campaign.

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The first thing to think of, and the main object always to work for at first in this Patience, is to clear one of the beds so as to get a vacant space. The cards can only be moved one at a time, but an empty space enables you to move two at a time from one bed to another by utilizing the space.

Our two other aces are badly buried, so we must turn our attention at once to clearing a bed—but which? It is manifestly impossible to clear a bed which contains a king, and this puts three of them out of the question. It does not, at first sight, look easy to clear any one of the others, but a careful examination tells us that No. 4 can be managed.

No king is for the moment available to move the queen of clubs on to, so we must invoke the aid of the bouquet to tide over this difficulty.

Move S knave, from bouquet, on H queen—C 10 on S knave.

Take out H 3, and there is the required king.

Move C queen on S king—D 7 on D 8—D 6 on D 7 (to give us another 8)—S 7 on H 8—H 5 on H 6 (it is better to follow suits where possible)—C 4 on H 5—D 6 on S 7 (so as not to bury D ace too deep)—S 5 on D 6, and there is our space.

Now, what shall we do next? We might endeavour to dig up an ace, but there are several small cards at the very bottom of bed 5, and it is more important to uncover them.

C 10 to space—S knave on C queen—C 10 on S knave—C 9, from bouquet, on C 10 (this is to clear H 9 to put C 8 on presently).

D 7 to space—D 8 on C 9—D 7 on D 8—C 4 on S 5.

We are now beginning to open up another king to move H queen on to.

H 5 to space—H 6 on D 7—H 5 on H 6—C 8 on H 9—D 10 to space—H queen on H king—H knave on H queen—D 10 on H knave—C 8 to space—H 9 on D 10—C 8 on H 9—S 4 on H 5—C knave to space.

D 3 on S 4.

Take out C 3 and C 4.

D knave to space.

Take out C 5 and D ace.

C 7 on C 8—S 5 to space—D 6 on C 7—S 5 on D 6.

We are now very short of medium cards, such as 9's and 10's, in the flower beds, so we bring some in from the bouquet.

S 10 and S 9 on C knave.

H 10 and D 9 on D knave.

S 7 to space—H 8 on D 9—S 7 on H 8.

Take out H 4.

S 8 on S 9—S 7 on S 8.

S 6, from bouquet, on S 7—S 5 on S 6—D 3 to space—S 4 on S 5.

D 3 on S 4—D king to space.

Take out C 6 and H 5 and 6.

D 7 on H 8—D 6 on D 7.

Take out C 7 and C 8.

D 8 on H 9.

Take out C 9 and C 10.

S knave to space—C queen on D king—S knave on C queen.

S king to space.

Take out the hearts and diamonds, and all the rest will go off easily.

"Cavendish" says that this Patience, with careful play, is slightly in favour of the player, by which I suppose he means that it ought to succeed slightly more often than to fail. If this estimate is correct, either the cards must have come extraordinarily unfavourably whenever I have tried it, or I must be exceedingly stupid, for I confess that I am quite pleased with myself if I get it out once in three attempts.

It requires a very close analysis, and it is necessary to look a long way ahead; but a little trouble is amply repaid by the satisfaction of bringing it to a successful conclusion.

The one thing to scheme for at first is to obtain a space—without that little or nothing can be done. When you are fortunate enough to get two spaces the rest is generally quite simple.

"The Flower Garden" is a Patience with which you must not be easily disheartened. Sometimes the most impossible-looking situations will yield to clever manipulation, and will come out in quite a pretty way.

If your first plan of campaign fails, you are not necessarily beaten. You can twist and move the cards about to any extent, with the result that possibilities which were quite unthought of may suddenly present themselves.

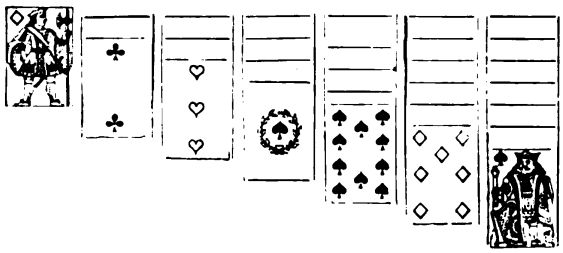
THE STEP LADDER.

Now we come to a much easier and more simple form of Patience. "The Step Ladder" entails no tax on the intellect, but just a little care and intelligence in moving the cards.

Like "The Agnes," it is a triangle pattern of seven, but here only the first card of each row is exposed, all the others being dealt face downwards.

Deal the cards as in the diagram below, turning up the first one in each row.

LAY-OUT OF DEPÔTS.—Cards overlapping.



Exposed aces are taken out at once to form "foundations," which are built on in ascending sequence of the same suit.

Any exposed card can be packed on another exposed one in descending sequence of alternate colours. When an exposed card

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is moved, the card underneath is turned up, and becomes "exposed."

Any number of exposed cards packed on one row can be moved together, provided that they are in the proper sequence of alternate colours.

Only a king can be moved into a space.

In the diagram, S ace is taken out to form a foundation. S 10 can be moved to D knave, and C 2 to H 3, which will expose three fresh cards. If one of them should happen to be a black queen, D knave and S 10 could both be moved on to it, and the king of spades could be put up into the vacant space.

When no more cards on the board can be moved the cards in hand are dealt, *three at a time*, to a rubbish heap, and the top card on the rubbish heap is, for the time being, an exposed card, and can be played either to a foundation or to another exposed card.

When all the cards have been dealt, turn the rubbish over and deal again, still three at a time, and go on doing so time after time until they are all worked off, or until you have dealt without being able to move a card. In that case it is useless to deal again, as they will come in the same order, and the Patience has failed.

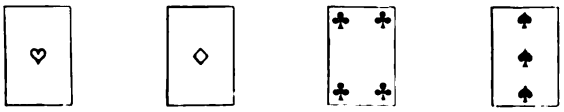
When there are only two cards at the end of a deal, they may be dealt separately.

The Patience succeeds when all the cards, both from the table and the rubbish heap, are packed on their respective foundations. This should come out about once in three times. There is no analysis, or even skill, required here, but a certain amount of intelligence must be used.

Give two players the same cards, arranged in the same way, and the intelligent player will succeed with this Patience time after time, while the unintelligent one will say it was not possible.

It is not always advisable to take off a card directly it is available. You must have an eye to future contingencies.

Suppose that your foundations have been built up to



and that S 4 turns up at the bottom of a row. If you take it on to your spade foundation, what is to become of the red 3's when they appear?

Also, in dealing the cards, you must remember that, although one or two cards taken off will alter all the subsequent run, three cards taken off will leave it unchanged.

It is not necessary to play out a hand of this Patience, because it is so simple that anyone can understand it.

In a Patience book which I was looking at a few days ago this particular Patience was called "The Gambler's Delight," although I cannot conceive what delight the gambler could find in such a very mild form of speculation.

I fancy that the writer had confused it with another very similar form of the game, which is sometimes called "The Gambling Patience," although better known under the title of

THE CANFIELD.

This is played in exactly the same way as "The Step Ladder," with one important difference.

The cards in hand are dealt one at a time instead of three at a time, and are only gone through once. The laying-out and moving are precisely the same as the last Patience, so the same diagram will serve.

This, as a Patience, will not succeed in coming right out once in fifty times—but that is not the point. The point is to see how many cards you can get off.

The story told about it is that it was exploited in the bars and saloons of the United States by a man named Canfield, who is said to have won a great deal of money at it.

His *modus operandi* was to induce other men to play it by offering to pay them a dollar for every card which they got off if they would give him ten dollars to start with. No one knew what the right odds were, and it seemed very tempting to give ten dollars for the chance of getting back fifty-two—for there is always the chance of getting it right out, and that is what lures people on.

As a matter of fact, the average take-off is about eight, rather less than more; so that Mr. Canfield had 25 per cent. in his favour, and he might well win at it.

It is quite an amusing game to play for a small stake, and you will find that, if you give eight instead of ten, there will be very little in it one way or the other. The usual take-off is between three and ten. If the cards come out well, you may get sixteen or eighteen, and occasionally—very occsionally—you will get them all off, which raises the average at least a point.

The curious thing about it is that one never seems to get into the twenties or thirties. If you get past twenty, you have a great chance of doing the lot, but you will not often reach twenty.

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The first time that I saw this Patience played was in a house-party for Ascot races. Someone introduced it, and everybody had a go at it except one man. On the last evening he said: "I should like to have one try at that Patience. I will take fifty shillings, and give anybody five shillings for each card." He was promptly accommodated, and, according to the usual contrariety of fate, it came right out for the first time during the week, and it cost him ten pounds ten shillings. He will probably remember the circumstance, if this should happen to meet his eye.

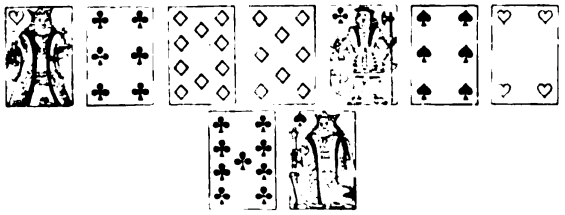
THE BETROTHAL.

This is a purely mechanical game, in which the player has no option at all.

It is very simple, takes up very little room, and may be found useful to while away a spare half-hour or to distract an overwrought mind.

One pack of cards. Take out the king and the queen of hearts, and place the king at the top of the pack and the queen at the bottom.

Deal the cards one at a time in a row. Any single card, or any two cards, which are between two other cards of the same suit or of the same denomination, are to be thrown out. That is all. Here is an example:—



D 10 and D 8 between two clubs go out.
S 6 and H 4 between two clubs go out.
C knave between two clubs goes out.
C 6 and C 9 between two kings go out.
This leaves H king and S king only.

If the Patience succeeds, all the other cards disappear, and the king and queen are left, side by side, ready to be united in the bonds of matrimony, as all good kings and queens should be.

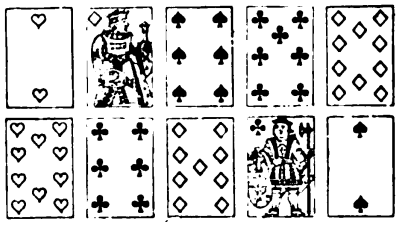
THE TOUCH PATIENCE.

This is a somewhat similar game, also requiring no skill and only a modicum of intelligence.

Deal out one pack of cards into horizontal rows of five cards each, and take off, as soon as they appear, all pairs which touch one another at any point, either at the side, or the top, or at a corner.

Move up the other cards every time as a pair is taken off.

Say that the first ten come out:—



The two sixes are taken off, because they touch at a corner. The closing up of the rank brings the two tens together, and they go off. Then S 2 comes under H 2, and they go off, and so on right through the pack.

When all the cards are dealt, if any remain unpaired, you are allowed to move any two cards, substituting them for one another, and this privilege will often enable you to clear the board. It is here that a certain amount of intelligence is required. You have to study the position carefully, so as to see which cards will give you the best results, by bringing other pairs into contact. Even then it will not always come out. It is a simple little game, merely good *pour passer le temps*.

MISS MILLIGAN.

To all and sundry who are interested in Patience, or who have any inclination to while away a dull hour in a pleasant manner, I commend "Miss Milligan."

Whether Miss Milligan was a mythical or a real person I neither know nor care, but her name has been given to the most fascinating of all games of Patience, and the name will live when many far greater names are forgotten.

This particular form of the game combines all the best points of Patience. It is not too cumbersome; it is quite simple, and easy to understand; it is neither too difficult nor too easy; there is ample scope for skill and judgment in playing it; and the interest is maintained up to the very last card.

Shuffle two full packs thoroughly together. Deal out eight cards in a row, face upwards, forming eight "depôts."

Any aces, as they appear, are taken out to form "foundations," and the object of the Patience is to build up the suits in ascending sequence on the eight foundations.

Cards may be moved from one depôt to another, in descending sequence of alternate colours, red on to black, or black on to red.

A sequence of any number of cards may be moved bodily from one depôt to another, provided that the proper alternation of colour is maintained.

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Any exposed card, or sequence of cards, may be moved into a vacant space.

A space need not be filled up, unless so desired. When nothing more can be done with the cards on the table, deal out a second row of eight on to the depôts, after that another eight, and so on until all the cards are exhausted.

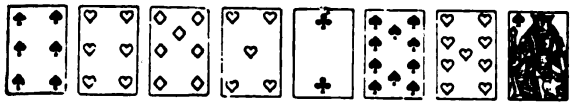
The whole eight cards must be dealt each time before a move can be made.

I will deal out the cards at random to show how it is played.



We now pause to see what we can do. Two aces have appeared in the first row, which is very lucky. We take them out and place them above the row, to form foundations.

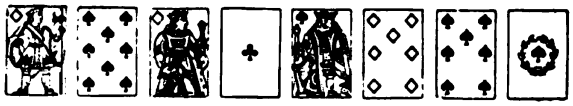
Our only move is S knave on D queen. We then deal another row of eight, underneath and slightly overlapping the first ones.



Three red nines are already out, which is not good, but there are several moves which we can make.

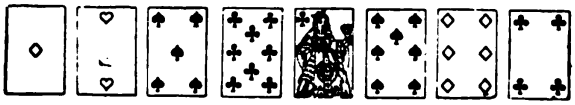
S 6 on D 7—H 5 on S 6—D queen and S knave on S king (this gives us a space)—C 2 into space—D 9 on S 10, and there is our space again.

We elect to leave the space unoccupied, and, as there is nothing else to be done, we deal again.



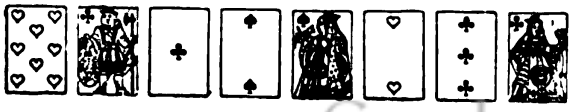
Two more aces, but S king has blocked our space; however, we can get another at once. Take out the two aces and C 2, which gives us our space again.

Move D 7 on S 8, and both back on D 9, and all that row on D knave—H 6 on S 7, and that is all; but we may as well put D king into a vacant space, to avoid blocking the small cards underneath him.



This is rather good. We take out D ace and H 2. Move C 8 on H 9—D knave downwards on C queen, and all on D king—D 6 on S 7—S 5 on D 6—H 4 on S 5—D 7 downwards on C 8, and we have again two spaces—C 4 on H 5.

This was a very lucky deal, and we proceed to the next, leaving two open spaces.

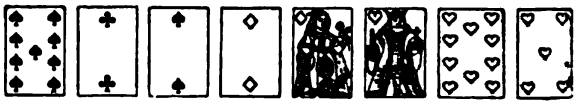


This is not so good, and will help us very little.

Take out C ace and S 2.

Move C queen into space, and take out C 3.

Move S 7 and H 6 on H 8, and that is all we can do. There are no tens out yet, and we begin to want them very badly. We also want another red king.

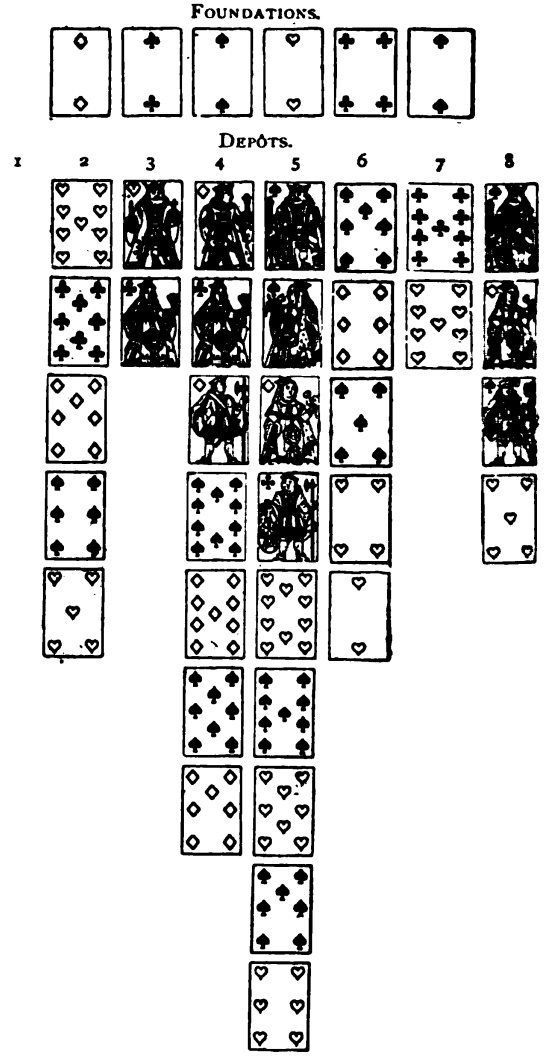


This is better. We have a red king and a red 10, and there are three 2's, which we take out at once.

Move H 10 on C knave—S 9 on H 10—H 8 downwards on S 9—C queen on H king, and we have two spaces again—C knave downwards on D queen. Take out C 4.

Now we had better put H king and C queen into a vacant space to avoid blocking H 2.

Our pattern now reads:—



The cards have come out extremely favourably so far, and we feel that we are on the high road to success. Nearly all the depôts are in sequence, and there are no small cards buried. Nearly half the cards are dealt, and the rest will have to come very badly indeed for the Patience to fail.

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The NEW SAMSON

by E. Bland

WHILE he lived, no one suspected the truth. He lived in Fitzjohn's Avenue, in well-upholstered bourgeois splendour. He had a motor-car, a circle of well-to-do acquaintances, a large, competent, aquiline wife—a Miss Antrobus she was, I believe—one of the brewing Antrobuses. He had all the material things for which men sell their souls and wear out their bodies. He had a great reputation and an income greater still. He had also two things no one ever conceived it possible he should have—a romance and a secret.

He was a very popular man, kindly and generous, with a pleasant, if mediocre, wit, and a neat little talent for after-dinner oratory. A portly, well-kept man, with a prosperous presence and a genial laugh. The best of company, people said, and there were those who considered him good-looking, handsome even. Only afterwards it was remembered that his forehead had been too narrow, and those clear grey eyes of his too small and too near together.

Architecture was his profession, and he had the reputation of extreme thoroughness. "Sees to everything himself; protects your interests, don't you know. Contractors don't get much change out of *him*," his clients would purr, contentedly.

If I were to speak of him, not as Maskelyne, but by the name that was his own, you would recognize it at once as the name of the man who built some of the finest of our colossal new London things—hotels, residential flats, business premises of vast new Universal Providers; and you would know his name for another, stranger reason. Anyhow, he was responsible for that palace of Sir Leo Montague Swimmonds's on the edge of the Sussex downs. And, at last, and beyond all, he was responsible for the Arena.

You remember the Arena, that vast, magnificent pile which dominated the whole of the West Central district, standing head and shoulders above the highest of its brick and marble brothers? There was a complimentary dinner on the night before it was opened, and Lord Goldschwein, who was on the board, proposed the health of our admirable architect.

The Arena, of all his achievements, was the one that seemed dearest to him. One would see him sometimes stand for a moment on the pavement opposite, gazing up at it with something of the frank, half-astonished pride of a child who has built a six-storeyed house of cards.

"Can *I* have done *that?*" he seemed to be asking himself.

His own drawing of its principal elevation hung framed in his library, the only architectural drawing on the walls of his house. He moved into offices on the ground floor of the fine block of buildings which nestled under the great wing of the Arena. But he never entered its doors or trod its beautiful staircases after the day on which the theatre was open to the public.

"I have to build the public what it wants," he used to say, "shops, or music-halls, or

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hotels; but that is no reason why I should go to the music-halls, or stay at the hotels, or buy anything at the shops. I live at home, and I go to the Queen's Hall, and I do my shopping at the Stores."

He said this in his gentle, genial way more than once. To Richard Panton, his head assistant, who at his death became his successor in the great business, he once said something further. They were walking over Hampstead Heath, and London lay below them in an orange haze. He said it quite abruptly.

"It's odd how things don't change. I used to walk here with a child once. And the Heath's just the same."

Panton said nothing. Something in the other man's voice asked for that.

"My little girl," said Maskelyne; "we used to climb trees, feed the ducks. I used to run races with her, in the morning, before business."

Again Panton said nothing.

"She was my only child," said Maskelyne, hitting at the gorse-bushes with his stick.

Panton had not known that Maskelyne had had a child at all.

"She was always laughing," the great architect went on, in a dull, toneless voice. "Such a pretty little thing, and so loving. She used to look out for me coming home, and run out into the road before they could stop her, and jump at me, arms and legs, clinging on like a kitten. And I lost her."

Then Panton said, "Is it long since she died, sir?" in a very respectfully sympathetic voice. And the great architect answered:—

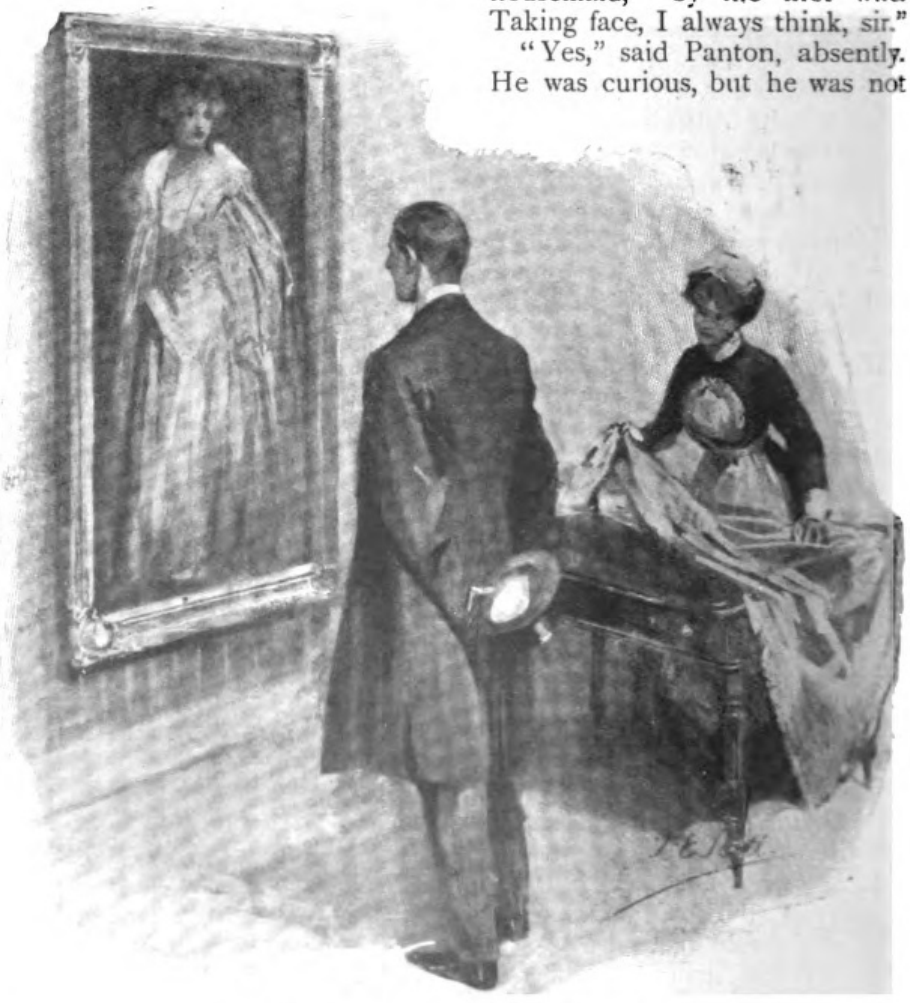
"She didn't die; she left me. Never marry, Panton. Your children eat out your heart and live on it. And when they grow up they leave you—empty, empty, empty. Never love anyone, Panton; it's not worth it. Did you get those details out for Worthington?" he said, and they talked business.

Now, it happened that Dick Panton did love someone—an orphan girl without a penny, of course—and he meant to marry her. So that the other man's warning fell on deaf ears. But he was sorry for the other man, too.

To his enlightenment Destiny added a further illumination. Panton was sent up from the office to fetch certain papers from the top drawer on the writing-table in the library of the house in Fitzjohn's Avenue. Spring-cleaning had covered everything with sheets and the carpets were up. Also a curtain, which he had always supposed covered a door, was taken down and a picture revealed—a beautiful young woman, sedately gowned, radiantly smiling. He looked at it while the housemaid disinterred the writing-table.

"Master's daughter, that is," said the housemaid, "by the first wife. Taking face, I always think, sir."

"Yes," said Panton, absently. He was curious, but he was not



"TAKING FACE, I ALWAYS THINK, SIR."

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the kind of man who questions servants. So he said no more. The housemaid, however, read interrogation in his silence

"Ran away with an actor chap," she said, quickly, and, before he could speak, added, "Not married, you know."

"I don't think," he said then, "that your master would like you to tell strangers such things."

"Lor', sir," she cheerfully rejoined, "*you* ain't no stranger. And, besides, everybody knows. She died the other day. Master and missus had a most awful row, and——"

He went out and waited in the hall.

These were the only hints he had of Mr. Maskelyne's secret. And when, on Mr. Maskelyne's death, a sealed packet was handed to him—a packet bearing on its face a date on which it was to be opened and the instructions contained therein carried out—he surmised that this might have to do with that part of Mr. Maskelyne's life where the lost daughter had been enshrined. He put the packet away in his pocket-book with a sigh for the dead man and a smile for the living woman—his own girl, whom he could now afford to marry. For Mr. Maskelyne, with unsuspected munificence, had left him ten thousand pounds and the business. The date of the marriage was fixed that night, and he went about his increased affairs, contentment in his heart and in his breast-pocket the dead man's letter.

He wondered a little in those first days what the instructions might be which he was to carry out. But afterwards, press of the great undertakings left to him by Mr. Maskelyne, and all the joyous preparations for a life with The Girl, drove the thing out of his mind. But when the flowery-white wedding was over, and over the rush of the train, and when he and she, alone in their private sitting-room at the Lord Warden, awaited dinner, her touch on a bulge in the breast of his coat and her question, "What's all that?" led him to pull out the letter-case.

"Your portrait among other things, Mrs. Panton," he said, and opened the case to show her her pictured face. With the picture came the packet—the sealed packet left to him by Mr. Maskelyne. He stared at it stupidly. "To be opened on the 28th of April," he read, and he turned it over to look at the unbroken seal.

"Why, you haven't opened it," said the bride. "Now I shall be able to see it! But, fancy having a letter like that unopened all day!"

"Curiously enough, I had other things to think about," he said, caressing her hand. "I'll open it now."

"Aren't we to have even this day free from horrid business?" she asked, and added instantly: "We might as well have got married on a Friday."

"You wouldn't. You said Saturday was a lucky day."

"It doesn't seem to be! No," she said, and laughed gladly. "I didn't mean it. Of course, I'm dying of curiosity. Perhaps it's to say he's left you a lot more money."

"Mercenary woman! I shall not gratify your curiosity," he said, gaily, and opened the letter, shielding it from her eyes with his hand. She tried to take it from him, and for a moment he pretended to resist her. Then it seemed unnatural not to kiss her. Then he did open the letter. A little gilt key dropped out and fell upon the floor. He retrieved it, and she leaned against his shoulder to read the letter with him.

Abruptly he shook her off, and said, in a voice she had never heard:—

"Don't!"

"Oh, but I must!" she insisted; "good husbands have no secrets from their wives, you know."

"Don't," he said again; "I tell you this is serious."

"I'm serious too," she said, persisting.

"Be quiet," he told her very sternly. "Either the man was mad or—— No; don't look over. I'll tell you if it's necessary."

"What a nice beginning to a honeymoon!" she said. She bit her lip and hummed a tune, tapping her foot on the hearthrug.

"Oh, don't be a darling idiot!" he said, with impatient tenderness, and felt for her hand as he went on reading.

This was the letter:—

MY DEAR PANTON,—The Sunday papers have been full of the catastrophe which I have prepared so carefully. I thought when I prepared it that I could leave it as an anonymous legacy. But I find I cannot. I must and will have the credit of my achievement, the achievement which is the crown of my life's labours. Other men have built; no man has built as I have built. I rely on you to send to all the best papers the following statement:—

"The reason of the sudden and complete collapse of the Arena Theatre is given by its architect, the late Reginald Maskelyne, in a letter dated the day before his death. Mr. Maskelyne's life had been ruined and wrecked by one of the wretched mummers we call actors, and he determined to be revenged on mummers and on the fools who flock to see them. To this end and to no other he designed his masterpiece, the Arena.

"The completeness of the collapse will have been a mystery to all. You know that the great dome which covers the whole building is supported by a circular

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girder of double II section, with spokes radiating to the centre on which the finial and the gilt orb rest. The least expert can see that if this girder gives way the roof will fall in and the walls be pressed out. This circular girder, supported on thirty-eight pillars, was constructed in four parts, and bolted together in the usual way.

"You know all this. What you do not know is now to come. At two opposite joints of the circular girder certain holes were drilled in accordance with my drawings. These holes were explained to the workmen as mistakes—unimportant, since they could not weaken the girders. But they were not mistakes; they were the heart of my design. My design was to destroy the Arena and all the people in it by one simple act. The inspector passed everything, and the holes, having been plugged with wood and painted over, were not seen.

"When the inspector had paid his last visit I went up alone one night to the narrow space between the girder and the outer casing. There I made certain preparations. For several successive nights I entered the building after the painters and decorators had left it, and by slow degrees, for it was awkward work and heavy work for one man, I did what I meant to do. I knocked the plugs out of the holes that had been called mistakes, and between the two plates forming the girder I fixed two hinged couplings capable of keeping the girder in place when I should have removed the bolts which, so far, held it. The couplings fixed, I unscrewed and removed the bolts which had hitherto held the girder together. The whole building now depended on my couplings, and each of these, owing to the leverage employed, could be knocked up and separated at one blow from a solenoid hammer fixed to the main girder. The whole of this arrangement was hidden between the girder plates and thus safe from observation. All four solenoids I connected in parallel and joined up to a clock which I had made and fixed in the basement. The wires, running in the thickness of the wall, were also safe from remark or accident. This clock is timed to run thirteen weeks. When the large weight of this clock falls to a certain point, it closes a switch. The connection being made, the solenoids are energized and the couplings loosed, and the smash, as reported in the Sunday papers, is inevitable. The clock itself is concealed in the basement, in one of those massive pillars whose solidity has earned so many compliments. The slab which covers it is only released when the bolt on the inside of the basement door is shot right home. An ingenious idea, which ensures against interruption when I am winding my clock. I wind it every three months. There is a door in the back of the cupboard in my office which leads into a cupboard in the basement of the theatre. The whole thing has been simplicity itself. The clock will run down at half-past ten on Saturday, the 27th of April, the couplings will be loosed, and my vengeance be complete. My only regret is that I shall not hear the crash of the falling masonry, not see the great cloud of dust go up from that doomed building, shall not hear the groans of the dying and the wails for the dead. This is my vengeance on life, and I should like to taste it to the full. My will was to perish with my building, as Samson perished with the temple of the Philistines at Gaza. But I am unfortunately cursed with unconquerable physical cowardice. I dare not face that. Yet the temple of folly will fall and Reginald Maskelyne be avenged."

That is what I want you to publish for me. People will say that I am mad, but that would not trouble me even if I heard it. I believe that even in my grave I shall know of the fall of the Arena and be glad. It was only when my girl died that I learned the name of the man who betrayed her and sent her to death and destruction. That man is the manager of the Arena. He never knew that I knew. He knows now. I have neglected no precautions. The model works perfectly. I work it of a night when I cannot sleep.

Yours, R. MASKELYNE.

I enclose key of clock-case; you may like to hang it on your watch-chain as a memento.

The date of the letter had been altered five or six times.

Richard Panton read the letter through, and read it again. Then he held it out to his wife.

"Poor Maskelyne!" he said, pityingly. "He must have been quite mad and no one suspected it."

The bride read the letter, her pique drowned in pity. Her husband put in a word of explanation here and there.

"Oh, poor Mr. Maskelyne! Poor fellow!" she said. "How dreadfully sad! And nobody had the slightest idea he was mad."

"You see how he mixes up the paragraph for the paper with his letter to me. Changes from the third person to the first, and the tenses, past, present, and future. He must have been dreadfully unhinged. But what a devilish idea—so well worked out!"

"Perhaps he imagined the whole thing, about the daughter and everything," she suggested, hopefully.

"No," he said; "I have heard that from another source."

"Still, he must have been quite mad," she said, "because, of course, there hasn't been any accident at the Arena at all, and he says there has. So, of course——" her voice broke off suddenly. It was like a sudden silence when a running tap is turned off. And she held the letter in hands that trembled. And her eyes met his, strangely.

"What on earth's the matter?" he cried. "What is it, dear?"

"It says the *Sunday* papers. To-morrow's *Sunday*."

"What does it matter what he says?" he said, impatiently, "The poor chap was off his head. What do his ravings matter? Put it away. I don't want to think of anything but *you*."

But she put out her hands to keep him from her. "Let me think," she said, and now it was his turn to hear a voice till then unheard by him. "Let me think. Yes—yes. I see. Suppose he *wasn't* mad? Suppose he really *has* set this horrible clock going? Don't you see? He timed it to happen on a Saturday.

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He says the account of it will be in the Sunday papers. He meant it to happen on Saturday. Dearest, *this* is Saturday! Suppose it happens to-night!"

"It can't. He wasn't in the least that sort of man. It's all nonsense. But I'll wire, if you like, to the theatre."

"You can't wire all that."

"I'll telephone, then."

"You can't telephone the key. Oh, Dick, I believe it's all *true!* I'm certain it is. I don't believe he was mad in that way."

Her earnestness caught at him, wakened in him a dim uneasiness.

"But the thing's not possible," he said. "You don't know how public a thing building is—how every bit of work is inspected and sniffed into by the authorities. He can't have done it. Don't be a foolish darling. Here's dinner."

The perfect waiter had, indeed, entered, and was drawing back the chair for her. His subordinate stood, dish-laden. But "Send the man away," she said, quite out loud, and regardless of appearances. And when the waiters had gone, open-eyed, to whisper speculation in the corridor:—

"You must go back," she said, earnestly. "We must go back and see. All those people, and the people who love them. Dickie, we *must* go. I'm certain it's all true. We *must* go."

"If you insist on my leaving you on our wedding night," he said, ceremoniously, "of course I'll do it—if there's a train."

"Leave me?" she said. "You don't suppose I shall let you leave me? We'll both go. There must be a train."

But there was no train that would reach London in time to allow of their reaching the theatre before half-past ten.

"It's at half-past ten it was to happen," she said, when he came back with the news about the train. "Oh, Richard, I've been thinking! It's all quite clear to me. Isn't this the year that ought to be leap year and isn't? The century, you know. He must have reckoned on its being leap-year. He thought the twenty-seventh would be a Saturday; and, of course, it's a Friday."

"Well, then, dearest, do be calm. Don't you see that shows it's all nonsense? He said it was to happen on the twenty-seventh. If it was going to happen at all, it would have happened yesterday, wouldn't it?"

"Yes, if clocks went by the almanack. He timed his clock to go off to-day. He meant the thing to happen on the twenty-seventh, only Saturday's the twenty-eighth. He timed it for Saturday; that's to-day. A motor would do it. Get a motor."

"Be reasonable. At least have dinner," he urged.

But she would not have dinner and she would not be reasonable. She insisted on a motor.

So he got a motor, and, once started for London, his mood changed. He took her in his arms, calling her the dearest, cleverest, foolishest, bravest. And now it was her turn to make light of the thing, and to own, with the sweet humility so delightful in our brides, that no doubt he knew best; but still—now wasn't there just the faintest, teeniest, weeniest chance that Mr. Maskelyne had really planned this awful thing? And suppose they *didn't* go and something *did* happen, how would they feel?

Thus they comforted each other.

But as the time went on the sense grew in them both of danger, of momentous issues hanging in the balance. It was after the puncture which delayed for ten minutes their rush through the night that this feeling of impending disaster settled on both, spreading above them cold, black, bat-like wings that were not again lifted.

The bride grew more and more silent. The bridegroom looked at his watch more and more frequently.

"There'll be plenty of time," he said, reassuring himself, "to clear the house and examine the basement. They can say an actor is ill, or something."

"Oh, yes, plenty of time," said she, with a start and a swift feverish cheerfulness.

But when the lights of Eltham flashed at them they knew there was not plenty of time. And it was as they crossed London Bridge that he broke the silence in which they were holding each other's cold hands.

"Dearest, there is no time for clearing the house or anything like that. With luck I may be just in time to stop the infernal clock. If not—well, I can't do anything else. Can I?"

"No," she said; "you can't do anything else."

You will observe that there was now no talk of Mr. Maskelyne's madness, of the possibility of the whole thing's being a maniac's vain imaginings. The long, dark rush through the quiet land had given that question the chance to settle itself for both of them.

The motor was tearing along the Embankment when the bride spoke again.

"We mustn't waste time," she said. "You

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quite understand that I am coming with you to that cellar?"

He protested—vainly.

"There will be no time to argue when we get there," she told him quietly. "I've no one but you, Dick. I'm not going to send you where I won't go myself."

"Then I shall not go," he said.

"And if you don't go it will happen. All those people. Nothing can save them. We must go straight into your office and through the door he speaks of. You know the door?"

"I know the cupboard. The key is labelled. It is in his desk. But I can't let you. My love, my darling, you must let *me* go."

"I am not going to be separated from you," she said, strongly; "I am not going to be parted from you on our wedding night."

The motor had stopped at the theatre. She leaped out and ran along to his office door, her pale silks and laces sweeping the muddy pavement.

"Quick, quick!" she whispered, and he fumbled with the latch-key.

The lamps from the street showed the office ghostly. He switched on the electric lights, unlocked his desk.

"Go," he said; "I implore you to go. Go to Charing Cross in the motor and wait for me. I command you to go, Clara."

She laughed, took the key from his hand, opened the cupboard and the door within, and before he could stop her she had swung the inner door open and passed through it, turned on the switch by the door, and the circular vault with its eleven pillars was flooded with light.

It was then a quarter-past ten. He followed, and as he entered she swung the door to behind them, and shot home its heavy bolt.

"Now, quick!" she said; "which pillar?"

There were eleven pillars, and all to the eye the same.

"Those other switches," she said, and felt at the surface of the nearest pillar with quick, fluttering finger-tips. He turned on the switches at the other side of the vault.

"Oh, go back, my darling, go back!" he cried, as the light flashed brighter.

"Try the next pillar," she urged; "feel for a hole that a key could go into."

But there was nothing. All the pillars were smooth to the touch as far as their hands could reach. Only the faint unevenness of the lines of cement between the stones. They went over each pillar, quite in vain.

"If it is true, then this is our last moment," he said suddenly; "kiss me, beloved."



"HE CLASPED HER IN HIS ARMS."

He clasped her in his arms.

"Let us go," he breathed quickly. "We've done all we can. We can't do anything more. It's throwing our lives away. And we can't save them. Oh, come! It will happen now."

"Oh, hush!" she said, and tore herself from him; "be quiet—listen!"

She laid her ear to the nearest pillar; then to the next. And then she threw out her arm in a wild gesture that was, even in that awful hour, a gesture of triumph.

"I can hear it," she said, and then, "Is there *another* bolt to that door?"

He crossed to it.

"Yes," he said, and shot that other bolt home. He knew what it meant. The time had come for this devilish machine to do its work, if it was ever to do it. And the vast pile would fall, as the temple of Gaza had

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"HE CAUGHT THE WEIGHT, RAISING IT IN HIS HAND."

fallen on the Philistines, and of all the people in the great house he and his bride, buried beneath thousands of tons of *débris*, would have the least chance of escape or rescue. Yet he had shot home the bolt, and her eyes loved him for it, even as the lowest stone of the pillar against which she was leaning swung open slowly like a door, revealing smooth polished wood and a keyhole. He had had the little gold key ready in his hand all the while. He thrust it in. Would there be time? Big Ben chimed the half-hour. If the clockwork were accurate—and accuracy had been Mr. Maskelyne's most inseparable attribute—they had found the keyhole just too late. He tore the door open. There was the clock. As to that, at least, Maskelyne had written truth.

The long weight had already reached the switch, whose contact should establish the current and turn the enormous pile, Reginald Maskelyne's life-triumph, into the crashing engine of torment and death. He caught the weight, raising it in his hand.

Now, God be praised, the mechanism is simple. No key to pull this, to release that. A whirring sound of chains and cogs. A breathless agony of suspense.

"I've wound it up. All right, my darling. Oh, it's all right now! It's all right, I tell you. Hold up another moment. It's safe for months now."

She was drawing long breaths of agony, leaning against the pillar, clutching the stone door of the clock cavity with tense hands.

Then he had to drag, almost to carry her back to the street. He pushed her and her disordered silken draperies roughly into the motor-car.

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"I'll be back directly," he said. "It's absolutely safe, I tell you. I *must* go and tell the manager—tell him to have the wires cut."

She tried to hold him, to follow him, but she fell back on the cushions. In the danger's face she had been bold as a tigress; now that the danger was past she was weak as a new-born kitten.

When he came back to her she was crying softly, and clutched at him as he entered the carriage.

"Queen's Hotel, Sydenham," he said; "we won't stay too near it. You'd dream of it all night."

"Did you tell him?" she asked, as they were whirled away.

"Oh, I told him. But the brute was half drunk. I think he thought *I* was. I dare say I look it. He wouldn't listen at first, and when I made him he hiccoughed out something about mare's nests and much obliged, of course, don't you know. Said he'd send his electrician to look into it on Monday."

"Did you tell him *all* about it?"

"Yes; as much as he'd listen to. Oh, my love, my brave girl! How can you love me at all? I wanted you to chuck it."

"You shot the second bolt," she said, and fainted in his arms.

The Arena audience streamed out into the yellow-lighted streets, chattering, laughing, discussing the evening's entertainment, praising the actor-manager—his cleverness, his enterprise. The hansoms and taxicabs lining the street dispersed with jinglings and puffings. The great doors were closed, the lights extinguished in box-office and corridors. In the theatre the attendants were busy covering the gay richness of velvet and gilding with sad-coloured cloths and draperies. The stage-door had let out the last of the performers, the dressers had finished their work of tidying and replacement. The porter waited impatiently for the manager to come out. At last he came, walking with the stiff, conscious exactness of a man not too drunk to know that it is wise to appear sober. He only lurched a little as he thrust his fur coat between two bright swing doors on the other side of the street, and his voice was hardly huskier than usual as he demanded Angostura and soda. He dropped a couple of tabloids into the long glass, drank, and sat down on the crimson plush seat with closed eyes.

"He'll be better in a minute," the barmaid said in a whispered titter.

It was freshness of the night air as he came followed, a

out into it had sent a flash of clear remembrance to his muddled brain. It died at once, but left behind it the certainty that someone had told him something, and that he must remember what it was. So he had lurched into the bar and taken the antidote.

He sat there for five minutes, a man who had been handsome, but now on his face were the lines and dents and puffings of unbridled selfishness and gross living. When his face was at rest they showed horribly.

Suddenly he stood up; he had remembered. A man had come and told him some tale about a clock working in the basement. Nonsense, perhaps, but worth investigating. He went to the telephone box and rang up the electrician.

"Come down to the Arena at once," he said. "You'll find me in the basement." Then he went back to the Arena, to let himself in with his private key.

As he passed through the swing-doors of the bar a woman in wretched rags, with a baby in her arms, held out a box of matches, and her arm brushed against his fur coat. He pushed her roughly away. The baby cried. And the actor-manager laughed. "What you get in the way for, then?" he asked.

He found the basement as those others had left it—those two who had fought there for the lives of others, their own lives in their hands. The doors swung to behind him as he turned up the electric light and stood alone among the pillars. In one of them a door stood open—he could see the clock inside. It was still going. He remembered enough of what that man had told him to know that it was the clock that was, somehow, the engine of destruction. He stared at it.

"You stop!" he said, thickly; "see?"

The clock ticked on, delicately accentuating the silence.

"You just wait," he said to the clock, and pulled out a gold cigar-case and lighted a fat cigar, and paced heavily up and down, awaiting the electrician.

But the electrician did not come. He lived at Brixton, and the trams were crowded that night. The clocked ticked on.

"You be quiet," said the actor-manager. "Why didn't he stop clock? He knew. Silly cuckoo. Any fool can stop confounded clock."

He went forward, caught at the big weight, and dragged it out. But when he let it go it settled back into its place with a small, sharp clattering, and the clock ticked on. He did not like it. It was like someone laughing at him. "Tick, tick, tick, tick."

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"You shut up—see?" he said, leaned forward, and dragged at the pendulum. It broke in his hand, and he lurched forward, his head struck against the pillar, and his left hand sought support and found it. He leaned all his weight on his left hand, and that left hand rested on the switch designed to make the circuit, knock over the wedge, and bring down the building.

He staggered back—and as he did so a thunderous crash overhead told him what he had done. I think he was sober then. He dashed for the door—but the door had stuck. Then he thought of a girl who had loved him, and of a beggar woman and a baby that cried. Then death came to him voiced with thunder, and clad in thousands of tons of brick and iron and solid masonry.

It was a week before the housebreakers, working day and night at what was left of the Arena, came to what was left of the actor-manager.



"THEN DEATH CAME TO HIM VOICED WITH THUNDER."

Thus the whole of that gigantic heaped-up vengeance did, in fact, fall on one sole being—fell on the man for whom it had been primarily designed. There was a certain wild poetic justice about the thing which appeared to the world when Panton made the facts known. It possibly appeared to the actor-manager himself in that brief instant between the crash and the coming of death. To him I think that instant was not brief.

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How I made myself YOUNG at SIXTY

by Horace Fletcher

"Fletcherism," the system of feeding which has met with such astounding success in America, is here explained by the inventor for the benefit of British readers.

["Fletcherism" has become a fact. Ten years ago it was laughed at; to-day the most famous men of science endorse it and teach its principles. Scientific leaders at Cambridge, the University of Turin, the University of Berne, the University de la Sorbonne, the Universities at Berlin, Brussels, and St. Petersburg, as well as Harvard, Yale, and Johns Hopkins Universities in America—*all* endorse "Fletcherism" and teach its principles. The American Association for the Advancement of Science has made Mr. Fletcher a Fellow. It has been estimated already that more than two hundred thousand families in America are living according to "Fletcherism." It is no longer a question of doubt that of all the many current movements for sane eating and living Mr. Fletcher and his principles have emerged at the very front. In the following article Mr. Fletcher for the first time tells in print the full story of the discovery of his principles and how he rescued himself from the prospect of an early grave to his present splendid physical and mental condition at the age of sixty.]

TWENTY years ago, at forty years of age, my hair was white, I weighed two hundred and seventeen pounds (about fifty pounds more than I should for my height of five feet six inches), every six months or so I had a bad attack of "influenza," I was harrowed by indigestion—I was afflicted with "that tired feeling." I was an old man at forty, on the way to a rapid decline.

It was at about this time that I applied for a life-insurance policy and was "turned down" by the examiners as a "poor risk." This was the final straw. I was not afraid to die; I had long ago learned to look upon death with equanimity. At the same time I had a keen desire to live, and then and there made a determination that I would find out what was the matter, and, if I could do so, save myself from my threatened demise.

I realized that the first thing to do was, if possible, to close up my business arrangements so that I could devote myself to the study of how to keep on the face of the earth for a few more years. This I found it possible to do, and I retired from active money-making and began my quest for health. For a time I tried some of the most famous "cures" in the world. Here and there were moments of hope, but in the end I was met with disappointment.

It was partly accidental and partly not so that I finally found a clue to the solution of my health disabilities. A faint suggestion of possibilities of arrest of decline had dawned upon me in the city of Galveston, Texas, some years before, and had been strengthened by a visit to an Epicurean philosopher who had a snipe estate among the marshlands of Southern Louisiana and a truffle preserve near Pau, in France. He was a disciple of Gladstone, and faithfully followed the rules relative to thorough chewing of food which the Grand Old Man of England had formulated for the guidance of his children. My friend in Louisiana attributed his robustness of health as much to this protection against over-eating as to the exercise incident to his favourite sports. But these impressions had not been strong enough to have a lasting effect. One day, however, I was called to Chicago to attend to some unfinished business affairs. They were difficult of settlement, and I was compelled to "mark time" in the Western city with nothing especially to do. It was at this time, in 1898, that I began to think seriously of eating and its effect upon the health. I read a great many books, only to find that no two authors agreed, and I argued from this fact that no one had found the truth, or else there would be some consensus of agreement. So I stopped reading and determined to consult Mother Nature herself for direction.

I began by trying to find out why Nature

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required us to eat and how and when. The key to my search was a firm belief in the good intentions of Nature in the interest of our health and happiness, and a belief also that anything less than good health and high efficiency was due to transgression against certain good and beneficent laws. Hence it was merely a question of search to find out the nature of the transgression. The fault was one of nutrition, evidently. I argued that if Nature had given us personal responsibility it was not hidden away in the dark folds and coils of the alimentary canal where we could not control it. The fault or faults must be committed before the food was swallowed. I felt instinctively that here was the key to the whole situation. The point then was to study the cavity of the mouth; and the first thought was: "What happens there?" The answer was: Taste, smell (closely akin to taste and hardly to be distinguished from it), feeling, saliva, mastication, appetite, tongue, teeth, etc. I first took up the careful study of taste, necessitating keeping food in the mouth as long as possible to learn its course and development, and as I tried it myself wonders of new and pleasant sensations were revealed. New delights of taste were discovered. Appetite assumed new leanings. Then came the vital discovery, which is this: I found that each of us has what I call a food-filter; a discriminating muscular gate located at the back of the mouth where the throat is shut off from the mouth during the process of mastication. Just where the tongue drops over backward toward its so-called roots there are usually five (sometimes seven, we are told) little teat-like projections placed in the shape of a horseshoe, each of them having a trough around it, and in these troughs or depressions terminate a great number of taste-buds, or ends of gustatory nerves. Just at this point the roof of the mouth, or the "hard palate," ends; and the "soft palate," with the uvula at the end of it, drops down behind the heavy part of the tongue.

During the natural act of chewing the lips are closed, and there is also a complete closure at the back part of the mouth by the pressing of the tongue against the roof of the mouth. During mastication, then, the mouth is an air-tight pouch.



MR. HORACE FLETCHER.
From a Photo. by Curtis Bell.

Having this brief description please note, the next time you take food, what happens during mastication.

Hold the face down, so that the tongue hangs perpendicularly in the mouth. This is for two reasons: one, because it will show how food when properly mixed with saliva will be lifted up in the hollow part in the middle of the tongue, against the direct force of gravity, and will collect at the place where the mouth is shut off at the back, the food-gate.

It is a real gate; and while the food is being masticated, so that it may be mixed with saliva and chemically transformed from its crude condition into the chemical form that makes it possible of digestion and absorption, this gate will remain tightly shut, and the throat will be entirely cut off from the mouth.

But as the food becomes creamy, so to speak, through being mixed with saliva, or emulsified, or alkalized, or neutralized, or dextrinized, or modified in whatever form Nature requires, the creamy substance will be drawn up the central conduit of the tongue until it reaches the food-gate.

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If it is found by the taste-buds there located around the "circumvallate papillæ" (the teat-like projections on the tongue which I mentioned just now) to be properly prepared for acceptance and further digestion, the food-gate will open, and the food thus ready for acceptance into the body will be sucked back and swallowed unconsciously—that is, without conscious effort.

I now started to experiment on myself. I chewed my food carefully until I had got everything out of it that there was in it and until it slipped unconsciously down my throat. When the appetite ceased, and I was thereby told I had had enough, I stopped, and I had no desire to eat any more until a real appetite commanded me again. Then I again chewed carefully—eating always whatever the appetite craved.

I had now found out five things—all that there is to my discovery and to the fundamental requisite of what is called "Fletcherism":—

First: Wait for a true, earned appetite.

Second: Select from the food available that which appeals most to appetite, and in the order called for by appetite.

Third: Get all the good taste there is in the food out of it in the mouth and swallow only when it practically "swallows itself."

Fourth: Enjoy the good taste for all it is worth, and do not allow any depressing or diverting feeling to intrude upon the ceremony.

Fifth: Wait, take, and enjoy as much as possible; Nature will do the rest.

For five months I went on patiently observing, and I found out positively in that time that I had worked out my own salvation. I had lost upwards of sixty pounds of fat; I was feeling better in all ways than I had for twenty years. My head was clear, my body felt springy, I enjoyed walking, I had not had a single cold for five months—"that tired feeling" was gone! But my skin had not yet shrunk back to fit my reduced proportions, and when I told friends on every hand that I felt well and a new man they retorted that I certainly "did not look it."

The more I tried my experiments the more fully I realized that I had found the true source of good health. But I also soon realized from talking to friends how futile and well-nigh hopeless was the attempt to get credence and sympathy for my beliefs, scientifically well founded as I felt they were. For years it proved so, and I faced the fact that to pursue the campaign for recognition meant spending much money, putting aside opportunities to make profit in other and more agreeable directions, and no end of ridicule. Sometimes, during the daytime, when I was "sizing up" the situation in my mind, treating it with calm business judgment, it seemed nothing less than insane to waste more time or money in trying to prove my contentions.

Fully three years passed before I received encouragement from any source of recognized authority. I went first to Professor Atwater, who received me most politely, but when I told him my story he threw cold water on my enthusiasm. In our correspondence afterwards he was most cordial, but in no way encouraging. The frost became more and more repellent and benumbing.

Still I persisted. At last I got hold of my first convert — a medical man, ill and discouraged; a member of a family long distinguished in the medical profession. He was Dr. Van Someren, of Venice, where I had made my home and where I now live. I induced him to organize an experiment with me. We secured a squad of men and fed them according to my ideas. We also were fortunate enough to secure the co-operation of Professor Leonardi, of Venice.

In less than three weeks the physician found himself relieved of his acute ailments, and it would have taken several teams of horses to "pull him off the job." A little later we transferred the field of experiment to the Austrian Tyrol and tested our endurance qualities, only to find a capacity for work that was not before considered possible. Then Dr. Van Someren wrote his paper for the British Medical Association, which excited the interest of Professor Sir Michael Foster, of the University of Cambridge, and the first ball of scientific attention was set in motion.

One result of this powerful interest was a test of our theories made at Cambridge, organized by Sir Michael Foster, who was then Professor of Physiology at the University, and conducted by Professor Francis Gowland Hopkins. The test was successful, proving our most optimistic claims, and the report of it went out to the world.

The scientific world now began to turn its attention to my principles, Dr. Henry Pickering Bowditch, of Harvard Medical School, the dean of American physiologists, putting the full weight of his powerful influence into the work to secure for America the honour of completing the investigation; but it was not until the experiments at Yale University, in New Haven, that the first wide

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publicity was accorded. The story of this and subsequent experiments and their results is this: Professor Russell H. Chittenden was at that time President of the American Physiological Association, Director of the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale University, and the recognized leading physiological chemist of America. He invited me to the annual meeting of the Physiological Association at Washington, where I described the results in economy and efficiency, and especially in getting rid of fatigue of brain and muscle, obtained up to that time. But evidently to little purpose, as Professor Chittenden revealed to me at the close of the meeting. He said in effect:—

"Fletcher, all the men you have met at our meeting like you immensely, personally, but no one takes much stock in your claims, even with the endorsement of the Cambridge men; the test there was insufficient to be conclusive. If, however, you will come to New Haven and let us put you through an examination our report will be accepted here. You will be either justified or disillusioned; and—I want to be frank with you—I think you will be disillusioned."

My own examination is a matter of record easy to be obtained. It fully confirmed the Cambridge and the Venice findings and added striking physical evidence secured through Dr. William Gilbert Anderson's examinations of me in the Yale Gymnasium. This latter test was more practically important as an eye-opener to both doctors and laymen than were the laboratory reports. I personally showed endurance and strength superior to the best among the college athletes. This was without training and with comparatively small muscle; the superiority of the muscle lying in the quality and not in the amount of it.

Professor Chittenden then became intensely interested in the matter, as did also Professor Mendel, and the former suggested organizing an experiment on a sufficiently large scale to prove universality of application or the reverse. He volunteered his services and the use of his laboratory facilities.

At this time, too, I became acquainted with General Leonard Wood and Surgeon-General O'Reilly, of the United States Army. I found both open to my evidence, and, in the case of General Wood, I learned that it was confirmed by his own experience while chasing Indians in the Western wilds. Through them President Roosevelt and Secretary Root became interested, and *carte blanche* was given to General O'Reilly to use the War Department, including the soldiers of the Hospital Corps, for assistance in the proposed experiment.

One of the revelations of our experiments is that long abstinence from food, with water freely available, is comparatively harmless, if "Fletcherizing" is carefully practised when food is again given to the body. Nature prescribes accurately what to feed (often the most unexpected sort of food), and if the food selected by appetite is carefully masticated, sipped, or whatever other treatment is necessary to get the good taste out of it, and the mental state at the same time is clear of fear, thought, or worry of any kind, the just amount that the body can use at the moment is prescribed by appetite, and the restoration to normal weight is accomplished with Epicurean delight almost worth a spell of deprivation to foster properly.

The tests of endurance—which were conducted by Professor Irving Fisher, of Yale, now President of the Committee of One Hundred on National Health of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, and with the co-operation of the famous athletic coach, Alonzo B. Stagg, formerly of Yale, but now of the University of Chicago—on college athletes, students of sedentary habits, and on members of the staff of the Battle Creek Sanitarium, are of prodigious importance in their relation to the possibilities of human improvement in endurance through simple and not long-extended "Fletcherizing."

Their reports include a test in what is termed "deep-knee bending," or squatting on the heels and then lifting the body to full height as many times as possible. John H. Granger, of the Battle Creek Sanitarium staff, did this feat five thousand and two times consecutively in two hours and nineteen minutes and stopped fresh. He ran down steps to the swimming-pool, plunged in and had a swim, slept sweetly and soundly for the usual time, and showed no signs of soreness or other disability afterward.

Dr. Wagner gave his strenuous contribution to our knowledge of possibilities of endurance by holding his arms out horizontally for two hundred minutes without rest—three hours and twenty minutes. At the end of that time he showed no signs of fatigue, and stopped only because of the weariness shown by those who were watching and counting the minutes.

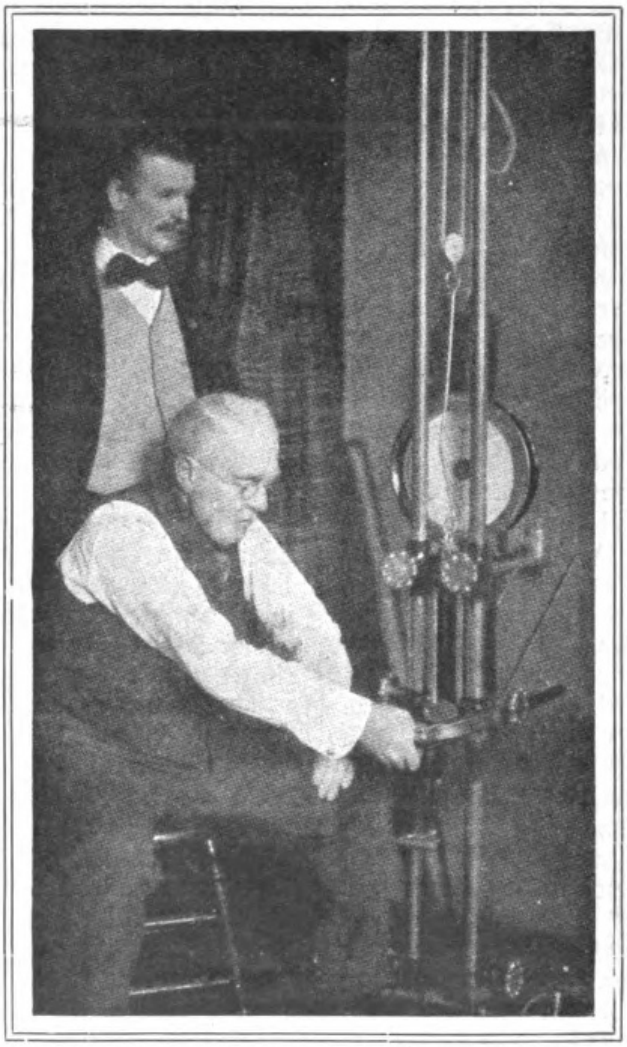
Both of these tests can be tried by anyone in the privacy of his or her bedroom.

Dr. Anderson, of Yale, taking advantage of the cue offered by the Yale experiments

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which he superintended, has, at the age of fifty-five, himself practised "Fletcherizing" in all its branches for six years, and has put the muscles thus purified to the test within the past year, with the result that he has added fifteen pounds of pure muscle to a frame that never carried more than one hundred and thirty-five pounds before in the half-century of its existence, and has demonstrated that the same progressive recuperation that I have enjoyed is open and available to others who have passed middle life without attaining the normal efficiency.

Mr. Stapleton grasped the same valuable cue while serving as one of the heavy-weight test-subjects in the Yale experiments six years ago. He has reduced his waist measurement to thirty inches and a half, increased his chest measurement to forty-four inches, has refined his physique until his ribs show clearly through his flesh, while his muscles mount tall and strong where muscle is needed in the economy of efficiency. In the meantime, without training other than that connected with his teaching, he has increased the total of his strength and endurance more than 100 per cent., and has reduced his amount of food by nearly, if not quite, half, as have also Dr. Anderson and I.



MR. FLETCHER MAKING A WORLD'S RECORD ON THE DYNAMOMETER WITHOUT TRAINING—DOCTOR WILLIAM G. ANDERSON, DIRECTOR OF THE YALE GYMNASIUM, LOOKING ON. [*From a Photograph.*]

These are merely typical cases of distinguished and measured improvement. Meanwhile, my grandchildren—the children of my daughter and Dr. Van Someren—are showing similar superiority of endurance, immunity from illness, and economy of sustenance, as far as possible to growing children. Three and six are the ages of those children, and if space allowed I should be glad to tell the mother's own story of how she raised her children by "Fletcherism" and what have been the results.

How the movement went on from step to step others have told, and I need not follow it; in fact, I prefer that other pens than mine shall tell of it.

Ten years after I began my experiments my strength and endurance, I may say, had increased beyond my wildest expectations. On my fiftieth birthday I rode nearly two hundred miles on my bicycle over French roads, and came home feeling fine. Was I stiff the next day? Not at all, and I rode fifty miles the next morning before my breakfast to test the effect of my severe trial.

Two years ago, when I was fifty-eight years of age, at the Yale University Gymnasium, under the observation of Dr. Anderson, I lifted three hundred pounds dead weight three hundred and fifty times with the muscles of my right leg below the knee. The record of the best athlete was one hundred and seventy-five lifts, so I doubled the world's record of that style of test of endurance.

The story of this test at Yale, when I doubled the "record," about which so much has been written, is this.

Professor Irving Fisher, of Yale, had devised a new form of endurance-testing machine, intended to be used upon the muscles most commonly in use by all

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persons. Obviously these are the muscles used in walking. Quite a large number of tests had been measured by the Fisher machine, but it was still being studied with a view to possible simplification.

I was asked to try it and to suggest any changes that might improve it. I did so, and handled the weight with such seeming ease that Dr. Anderson asked me whether I would not make a thorough test of my endurance. This I was glad to do.

When I began Dr. Anderson cautioned me against attempting too much. I asked him what he considered "too much," and he replied, "For a man of your age, not in training, I should not recommend trying more than fifty lifts." So I began the test, lifting the weight to the beat of a metronome at the rate of about one lift in two seconds, and had soon reached the fifty mark. "Be careful," repeated Dr. Anderson; "you may not feel that you are overdoing now, but afterward you may regret it."

But I felt no strain, and went on.

When seventy-five lifts had been exceeded Dr. Anderson called Dr. Born from his desk to take charge of the counting and watching to see that the lifts were fully completed, and ran out into the gymnasium to call the masters of boxing, wrestling, fencing, etc., to witness the test. When they had gathered about the machine Dr. Anderson said to them, "It looks as if we were going to see a record-breaking." I then asked, "What are the records?" Dr. Anderson replied, "One hundred and seventy-five lifts is the record; only two men have exceeded one hundred lifts; the lowest was thirty-three lifts, and the average so far is eighty-four lifts."

In the meantime I had reached one hundred and fifty lifts, and the interest was centred on the question as to whether I should reach the high record, one hundred and seventy-five lifts.

When one hundred and seventy-five lifts had been reached Dr. Anderson stepped forward to catch me in case the leg in use in the test should not be able to hold me when I stopped and attempted to stand up. But I did not stop lifting the three-hundred-pound weight. I kept right on; and, as I progressed to two hundred, two hundred and fifty, three hundred, and, finally, to double the record, three hundred and fifty lifts, the interest increased progressively.

After adding a few lifts to three hundred and fifty I stopped, not because I was suffering from fatigue, but because the pounding of the iron collar on the muscles above my knee had made the place so pounded very sore, as if hit a great number of times with a heavy sledge-hammer. I had doubled the record, and that seemed sufficient for a starter in the competition.

As I stood up, Dr. Anderson reached up his arms to support me; but I needed no support. The leg that had been in use felt a trifle lighter, but in no sense weak or tired.

Then I was examined for heart-action, steadiness of nerve, muscle, etc., and was found to be all right, with no evidence of strain. A glass brimming full of water was placed first in one hand and then in the other, and was held out at arm's length without spilling any of the water.

Next morning I was examined for evidences of soreness, but none was present. There was the normal elasticity and tone.

Later in that same year, at the International Young Men's Christian Association Training School at Springfield, Massachusetts, I lifted seven hundred and seventy pounds with the muscles of the back and legs—a feat that weight-lifting athletes find hard to perform. And I did these feats eating two meals a day, one at noon and the other at six o'clock, at an average cost of eleven cents a day.

I do not cite these instances as feats of extraordinary prowess, but just to show the difference in my condition now and twenty years ago, and all this I have done simply by keeping my body free of excess of food and the poisons that come from the putrefaction of the food that the stomach didn't want and couldn't take care of.

As to myself, I am now sixty. I weigh one hundred and seventy pounds, which is a good weight for my height. During the eleven years of experiment I have ranged between two hundred and seventeen and one hundred and thirty pounds, but have "settled down" to my present quite convenient figure. I feel perfectly well—I can do as much work as can a man of forty—more than can the average man of forty, I believe. I rarely have a cold, and although I am always careless in this regard my work is never delayed—I do not know what it is to have "that tired feeling."

I shall now answer in detail those questions regarding my principles that I am most often asked by men and women.

What do I eat? When do I eat? How much do I eat?

My answer to all these questions is very simple—I eat anything that my appetite calls for; I eat it only when it does call for it, and I eat until my appetite is satisfied and cries "Enough!"

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With my New England food-preferences my range of selection circulates among a very simple and inexpensive variety—namely, potatoes, bread, beans, occasionally eggs, milk, cream, toast and butter, etc., and combinations of these, such as browned potatoes, potatoes in cream, potatoes au gratin, baked potatoes, fish-balls mainly composed of potato, occasionally tomato stewed with plenty of powdered sugar, oyster stew with the flavour of celery, escalloped oysters, etc. The taste for fruits is always suitable to the season, and is intermittent, strong leanings toward some particular fruit persisting for a time and then waning to give place to some other preference.



MR. FLETCHER'S HOME AT VENICE, WHERE HE LIVES WITH HIS WIFE, HIS MARRIED DAUGHTER, AND HIS GRANDCHILDREN. *From a] [Photograph.*

But with all my fifteen or twenty years of unremitting study of the subject I cannot now know what my body is going to want to-morrow. But Nature knows, and she alone knows.

Once in Venice a group of experimenters, of which I was one, subsisted on milk alone. During seventeen days nothing but milk, always from the same cow, and fresh from the milking, passed my lips in the way of food or drink. I sipped the milk, and tasted it for all the taste there was in it; and I learned to be so fond of it that it was with some difficulty that I went back to a varied diet when the experiment called for a change. Good, fresh milk is an exception to Nature's dislike for monotony in food. Milk is the one perfectly-balanced food material; and while it may not be always the best food for grown persons, it is the most acceptable as a monotonous diet, and always is good, sufficient, and safe nutriment if sipped, tasted, and naturally swallowed.

I have forgotten just what the exact quantity was that I consumed daily during those seventeen days; I believe it was about two quarts. I get away as far as possible from quantitative amounts, which may influence other persons. The appetite is the only true guide to bodily need; and if the milk is tasted and swallowed only by involuntary compulsion, as required by right feeding, the appetite will gauge the bodily need exactly and cut off short when enough for the moment has been taken.

So I say to all who ask me these questions as applied to themselves: I cannot advise you appropriately what to eat, when to eat, nor how much to eat; and nobody else can. Trust to Nature and accept her guidance.

Whatever food she calls for, eat it. If she calls for it at midnight, eat it then; but eat it right. Understand the food-filter at the back of the mouth as I have already described it in this article, and use it in connection with the food. If it is used properly and all the taste is extracted from the food, and it is swallowed only in response to the natural opening of the gate, and if the ingredients that are not swallowed naturally are removed from the mouth, nothing will happen to disturb profound sleep.

Few persons will crave mince pie or Welsh rarebit late at night. The worker on a

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morning paper may do so, and often does. He has earned his appetite, and sometimes it is so robust as to call for mince pie or Welsh rarebit; but if these are eaten properly they will then be utilized by the body eagerly and easily.

The ordinary person will probably find his appetite leaning toward the simplest of foods and away from frequency of indulgence. If the breakfast is postponed until a real, earned appetite has been secured, the midday or later breakfast (remember always that breakfast means the first meal of the day, no matter when taken) will be so enjoyable a meal and the appetite will be so entirely satisfied that there will be no more demand for food until evening, and possibly not even then.

As a closing word, let me try to make my ideas a little clearer, perhaps, by elaborating them a little more. Remember that the rules are exceedingly simple. That, to my mind, is the worst obstruction to my system; it is so simple that many find it difficult to comprehend. But take these rules and you have the idea:—

First rule: Don't take any food until you are "good and hungry."

Some persons will reply, "I am always hungry." Others will aver that they "never know what it is to be hungry." We may know that both replies are incorrect, because hunger must be intermittent and must sometime be present or life would be intolerable through lack of satisfaction and something to satisfy.

The question, "What is hunger?" is a natural and legitimate one, for the reason that there are true hungers and false hungers. True hunger for food is indicated by "watering of the mouth"—not that watering of the mouth or profuse flow of saliva through artificial excitement by some pungent stimulant, like sweets or sours or spiced things; but that which is excited on thought of some of the simplest of foods, like bread and butter or dry bread alone. "All-goneness" in the region of the stomach, "faintness," or any of the discomforts that are felt below the chin, are not signs of true hunger, but symptoms of indigestion, fermentation, or some other form of disease. True hunger is never a discomfort unless accumulating desire may be classed as a discomfort.

Have you yet learned what true hunger is? Don't go on unless you have done so. Take a little more time; skip a meal or two more, and give Nature a chance to show you what true appetite (true watering of the mouth) is. Having learned what true hunger and what true appetite are, and having both of them begging you for satisfaction, proceed with the second rule.

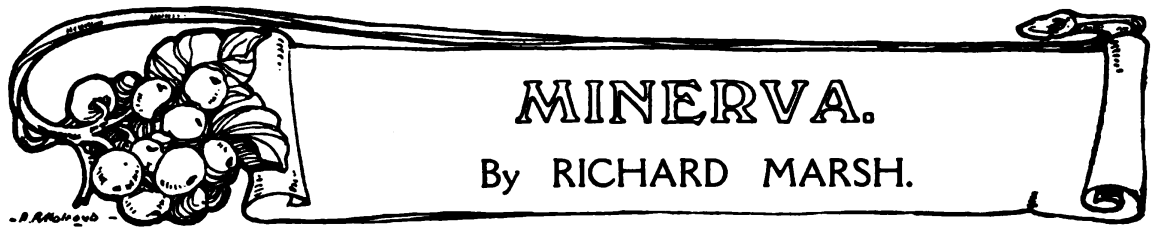
From the food available at the time take that first which appeals most strongly to the appetite. It may be a sip of soup or a bite of bread and butter, or a nibble of cheese, or perhaps a lump of sugar. It may be a bit of meat, but I doubt it in the case of a true appetite at the beginning of a meal. Never mind what it may be, give it a trial. If it be something that should be masticated in order to give the saliva a chance to mix with it and chemically transform it, chew it "for all that it is worth." "For all that it is worth" means for the extraction and enjoyment of all the good taste there is in it.

If the food selected by the appetite happens to be soup or milk or some mushy substance, get all the good taste out of it just the same in any way you best can do so, for getting the taste out of food is an assurance of digesting it, and the pleasure it gives in the process is Nature's way of getting you to do the right thing in helping her to nourish you properly. Sip, taste, bite, press with the tongue against the roof of the mouth the food in the mouth, not on any suggestion of mine, but in response to the natural instinct to move it about and get out of it all the taste there is in it.

The third rule is: The moment appetite begins to slack up a bit, the moment saliva does not flow so freely as at first, the moment there is any degree of satisfaction of the appetite, stop. You will have a return of appetite; you will have another chance to eat; appetite is beginning to have "that tired feeling" herself; be kind to her as she has been kind to you; give her a rest. Give yourself a rest. Rest is the antidote of "that tired feeling." So rest the appetite before it gets tired. Stop eating before you are overloaded.

Now, having learned how to do the right thing in eating so as never more to have "that tired feeling," don't begin to overdo. Don't bend backward too far. Don't ever overdo a good thing. Be temperate; be deliberate; be thoughtful; be forethoughtful without being fearthoughtful; don't overdo chewing, for then you take away the pleasure and cramp the psychic enjoyment of eating, and raise the very mischief again. Just be natural, and know that being natural is being deliberate in enjoying the thing you are doing, for that is Nature's way.

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MINERVA.

By RICHARD MARSH.

I DID mean to commit suicide —I own it; though, now, I don't quite know why. I am not sure that I did then. Only the world was simply horrid, and I was miserable, and I was not feeling very well, and the children were most trying, to say nothing of their mother, and it was perfectly clear to me that there was really nothing at all worth living for—and that is why I did it. At least, I suppose that the real, actual reason was because the gun was there. I had gone up the mountain-side, nearly to the Rochers de Naye, with some sort of vague idea that if I found a convenient place I might throw myself over, but there did not seem to be a place that was at all suitable. And then I went down, nearly to Glion, and there was the garden on one side of the road, with a summer-house in it, and no one about, and the gate wide open —so I went in. I was frightfully tired, and my idea was that in the summer-house I should find solitude, and be as unhappy all alone as I chose. Of course, I was insane, because it is absurd to expect to find solitude in somebody else's summer-house, to say nothing of the ridiculousness of expecting to be allowed to be unhappy on the property of a perfect stranger; but at the time that did not matter, and I should have been angrier than ever if anyone had suggested that I was behaving like a lunatic.

Directly I got into the summer-house I saw the gun. There was a roof to it—I mean to the summer-house—but it stood on one side of the garden up against a sort of high hedge, in a kind of thicket, with no walls about it anywhere. I do not know if I make it quite clear—I never was very good at explaining; but there was no possible mistake about the gun. There it was on the half-broken-down table, which stood on four stumps of logs which had been driven into the ground.

The sight of that gun seemed to me to be the voice of Destiny. Why was it put there, when I had been looking all the afternoon for something of the kind, unless it was to help me shuffle off this mortal coil? I looked at it for about three minutes very attentively. I did not know what kind of gun it was, but there could be no doubt it was a real one. I always have been afraid of firearms, and had never in my life touched one till then, and I had a very strong disinclination to touch that. You see, it is all very well to talk about a gun being a perfectly simple thing, but when you have been brought up in a town and never done any shooting it is nothing of the kind; at least, it was not to me. To begin with, I was surprised to find how heavy it was—quite a weight; such a weight that I had not lifted it quite off the table before I put it down again. Of course, I knew where the trigger was, and I had a sort of notion that if I stood at one end of it and pulled the trigger I could blow my brains out, or something of the kind, without lifting it at all. But it was quite a long gun, and when I stood at the end of it the trigger was beyond my reach.

I thought of a case I had seen in the papers, about a man who stood a gun on the ground, then leaned over it, and pressed the trigger with his foot and did it that way. In my then frame of mind it seemed to me there would be no harm in trying the experiment, and it was with that idea that I started to pick it up; but directly I touched it, to this moment I do not know why, it went off. You never heard such a noise as it made in all your life. For some seconds I was not sure it had not blown me to pieces; I could not have been more frightened if it had. I could hear the echoes travelling up and down the mountains and across the lake; I was more than horror-struck—I was nearly paralyzed. And the smoke! And the smell! Shall I ever forget it?

When I had come to the conclusion that I was not only still alive, but was not even

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hurt, and was just about to fly for my life before someone came and found out what had happened, I heard a sound which frightened me more than the firing of that gun had done. It was the sound of a human voice, of groans, of someone in pain—I am bound to write, of bad language in English.

I had shot someone. I had only to use my ears and such modicum of common sense as I had left to be sure of that. The sounds came from behind me—from the other side of the hedge. Plainly there had been someone there without my knowing it, and the bullet had gone through the hedge right into him—that it was a him I knew from his language. Quite possibly I had committed murder, because, although he was not dead already (he would not have gone on as he was doing if he had been), there was no reason whatever why he should not die presently. I had heard of the awful effects of gunshot wounds, and, even though he lingered in agony for weeks and months, I should be responsible for what happened to him in the end. If I had done anything rather than think of committing suicide! What an idiot I had been! For the first time in my life I understood what it means to feel that you are rooted to the ground. I felt as if I was; for I do not know how long I could not have moved if you had paid me; and when I could, I did not know whether to stay where I was or to run away.



"DIRECTLY I TOUCHED IT, IT WENT OFF."

Then I came to a resolution. There was silence on the other side of the hedge—an ominous, an awful silence. The sounds had ceased. I decided that if ever I was to escape now was the time. So I escaped—that is, I walked out of the summer-house as calmly as ever I walked in my life, and out of the garden; then conscience awoke, and I did not know whether to turn to the left or to the right. He was on the left; the way of escape was down the hill on the right. Suppose he was dead and I left him there untended under the cloudless sky! Would he not haunt me, even if I never heard of him again?

I arrived at another resolution—I turned to the left; let the consequences be what they might, I could not leave him there. There was a gate into another garden; I passed through it and down a path until I came to a seat on which was a person with one of his trouser legs pulled up. Which of the two was the more surprised when he saw me I cannot say. He stared at me as if I were some mysterious being who had dropped out of the clouds.

"Who on earth——" he began; then remembered himself. He stood up, pulled down the leg of his trousers, and took off his cap. "I beg your pardon, but—I've had a little accident."

Could this be the person I had shot? I wondered what he meant by a little accident. He certainly did not look as if he were either

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dead or dying, or even suffering from one of those frightful gun-shot wounds of which I have heard. I managed to collect enough presence of mind to speak to him.

"I hope you are not hurt," I said.

"Hurt?" He looked at me as if, in his turn, he wondered what I meant. A curious look came on to his face. "Some—kind person"—I felt sure, from his manner, that that was not what he had meant to say—"has peppered me with duck-shot."

"Peppered you with duck-shot? I'm afraid I don't understand."

He laughed, actually, when I had expected him to writhe.

"There's no reason why you should. Only—some silly idiot—you'll excuse my language—has been behaving after the manner of his kind. Did you hear a gun-shot?"

Had I! What was I to say? Of course I had heard a gun-shot; I told him so. He went on.

"That was some bright specimen of humanity fooling about with a gun on the other side of that hedge. I'll do him the justice to believe that it went off without his meaning it; but, although he must have heard me halloa, he hasn't so far had the decency to inquire what he has done to me."

"What has he done to you?"

I hardly knew my own voice, it seemed such a small one.

"He has sent half-a-dozen pellets of lead into the calf of my leg."

"Do they—do they—hurt you?"

He smiled again; he really was quite good-looking, though he had red hair and freckles.

"They are not the most delightful things to get into the calf of your leg. But that's not all he's done; he's killed a cat—there it lies before you." He pointed to what I recognized, to my horror, as the body of a cat, which was lying all of a heap. "That was a Persian cat not long ago, and worth no end of money. There'll be a pretty rumpus when it's found out what has come to it; I've been wondering if he had a down on cats, and if that was really what he was shooting at." The idea! I never dreamt of such a thing. I love cats; the sight of that poor pussy lying there so still made me feel like crying. "But he's not only shot the cat and me; I heard windows going. I shouldn't be surprised if he'd peppered half-a-dozen of them; in fact, I shouldn't wonder if he's done mischief enough to last him for one afternoon, and which will make him pull a face when it comes to paying. But I'm frightfully forgetful; I suppose you came to see my aunt?"

As I listened to the catalogue of ills which had been caused by that horrible gun, I felt as if all the life was oozing out of me. I was reduced to stammering.

"No, I—I didn't come to see your aunt." The way in which he looked at me made my confusion worse. "I—I heard a gun, and I heard someone shouting, so I—I came in to see if anyone was hurt."

"That was I who was shouting, so if you heard me it is pretty clear that the idiot who fired must have heard me too, so there's no excuse for his not calling to make inquiries. It's tremendously good of you to come, though there's nothing happened to me to make a fuss about; though, mind you"—and here he winked at me—"when I see my firing friend I don't mean to tell him that. The worst part of the business is Minerva—that's the cat. My aunt thinks no end of her; she calls her Minerva because she thinks she's the wisest cat that ever was, to say nothing of her good looks. When my aunt sees this"—again he pointed to the recumbent pussy—"what she'll say I can't think."

There was a dance at the hotel that night, and I was at it—with Mrs. Wade's consent, after all. I do love dancing, and when you are still young, and I am, it is not a sin. There had been three dances at the hotel while we had been there, and I had not been at one—it was dreadful. Mrs. Wade had promised that I could be at this one, and I had looked forward to it; then in the morning, for no reason, she had said I couldn't. It may seem ridiculous to some people, especially elderly ones, but her refusal had nearly broken my heart. That was one of the things that had started me off to commit suicide; I felt I could have done anything, everything was so horrid. Then when I returned to the hotel I found her in the lounge, and she told me, straight off, that I could dance after all. I fancy she saw I was not looking like myself at all, and had an idea that it might do me good, since anything would be better than having me ill upon her hands.

So, as I have said, I was there. And I had quite a good time, although I did not have very many partners. I only knew one or two of the people in the hotel to speak to, and Mrs. Wade made me sit on a chair by her, so that somehow I did not have much chance of being introduced to strangers. But I did have some dances—one with old Dr. Hope,

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who had just come from India, and who danced very well, considering what he told me about his gout; another with Colonel Willis, who was so stout that he could scarcely get round the room without panting; and then one with someone whom Colonel Willis introduced to me who danced divinely. He asked to see my programme, but I told him I had not got one, and that I could not engage myself very far ahead, as I did not know how long I should be allowed to stop. He said he was engaged for the next three dances, but that if I was still there for the fourth he hoped that I would dance it with him. After the second dance Mrs. Wade said that she wanted to speak to the hostess, and thought that I had better leave the ball-room and sit in a sort of lounge which ran beside it. Scarcely was I seated when who should I see but the man whom I had shot in the afternoon! As may easily be imagined, the sight of him gave me a terrific shock, especially as he was walking with a stick. He saw me almost in the same instant in which I saw him, and up he came sailing. I could have sunk through the floor, and should not be surprised to be told that I went all the colours of the rainbow at once. He sat down beside me with the easiest air, and started talking as if we were the oldest of friends.

"I thought somehow I should see you here." I had never dreamt that I should see him, or I am not at all sure that I should not have stayed away. "Rather a nuisance that I can't dance."

"Can't you?" My tone was a little frigid, though goodness knows I was hot enough. He glanced at me as if he wondered what I meant.

"I can, in a sense; though in another sense I can't. As a matter of fact I'm very keen on dancing; but I've been having those lumps of lead dug out of my calf, and the operation hasn't left me feeling so fit for dancing as it might have done."

I said nothing; I did not even sympathize with him; I was so frightfully ashamed. He went on:—

"I can scarcely get along without this wretched stick, and I never heard of anyone dancing with a stick—did you?"

I did manage to stammer out something.

"I am so sorry."

"Oh, that's all right—it's nothing; in a day or two I shall be as right as rain; it's only the momentary inconvenience. I should like to have had a dance with you—that is, if you would have given me one." I again said nothing; what could I say—to that living accusation? "Do you know," he continued—he was making figures with the end of his stick on the carpet—"it's an extraordinary thing, but I can't make out who fired the shot. After you had gone I went into the next garden to see, but there wasn't a soul about; there was the gun right enough, but there was nothing and no one else; and the queer part of it is that the chap who owns it seems at the time to have been ever so far away. That gun-shot is something of a mystery. You didn't see anyone go out of the gate as you were coming along?"

"I never saw a soul."

"Which way were you coming?"

"I had been up ever so far, and I was coming down."

"It's very queer; someone must have fired the gun. I don't envy his feelings, whoever he is." He certainly had no cause to envy me mine. "Are you stopping here long?" Before I could answer he started again. "Halloa, here's my aunt! Who's that she's with? By the way, what's your name? Mine is Chillingworth—Frank Chillingworth. I should like to introduce you to my aunt, if you don't mind, and it's not easy without knowing your name."

I looked round; a tall, broad-shouldered, grey-haired woman, who wore spectacles, was coming along with Mrs. Wade. He was glancing in her direction; could that be his aunt, whose cat I had killed?

"If that's your aunt," I told him, "the lady by her is Mrs. Wade, and I'm her governess—at least, a sort of governess; and my name is Margaret Adams."

The tall lady in the glasses came marching along, and spoke to Mr. Chillingworth in a loud, clear voice while she was still four or five feet away from him.

"I've been telling Mrs. Wade, Frank, who is an old friend whom I haven't seen for years, about the outrageous business of this afternoon." She turned to Mrs. Wade. "This is my nephew, Agnes—Frank Chillingworth, who was shot in the leg and might have been shot in the head. Dr. Nicolle cut seven large lumps of lead right out of him, and how he can be here after that is more than I can understand. But Minerva was killed outright. I feel"—her voice trembled—"I almost feel as if I had lost a child. Frank may do as he pleases; he pooh-poohs any idea of going to the police. But so far as Minerva is concerned I shall leave no stone unturned till I discover the assassin—because I regard the wretch who

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killed her as an assassin, to say nothing of sending shots through my windows; if I had been there I might have been killed. Who is this young lady, Frank?"

It was Mrs. Wade who explained.

"This is Margaret Adams, who looks after my two small girls. I think it is time now that we went to bed—if you are ready."

I was not ready, but I had to go because she went, and she would not have dreamt of letting me stay behind. Everybody was dancing away; the programme was not more than half-way through. The band had just struck up another waltz; the very sound of it seemed to get into my veins. I could see the partner who had been introduced to me by Colonel Willis standing at the ballroom door and looking around. I knew he was looking for me; but it was not the slightest use—I was borne off from under his very nose. Mr. Chillingworth and his aunt went with us, and I had to listen to his aunt's version of the gun-shot, which made it seem as if an unspeakable crime had been committed, and made me feel as if I were one of the worst characters which had ever walked the earth. If I had only had the courage to speak up boldly and tell the truth! But the fact is I am a contemptible little coward, hysterical as well as silly, and there is no goodness of any sort in me. I felt that if I did speak I should have a fit of hysterics there and then; there would have been a scene. I did not know what Mr. Chillingworth's aunt would do, but I was sure that Mrs. Wade would be mad, and what should I do if she packed me off without even a day's notice?

That was a sleepless night. And when I slept I had such dreams. The man who was to have been my partner was standing at the ballroom door, and he had the dead cat in one hand and with the other he was pointing to a gallows. Mr. Chillingworth's aunt was prepared to play the part of hangman, and was beckoning to me to come and be hanged. I knew that Mr. Chillingworth was somewhere, all blown to pieces; and Mrs. Wade, with a child in either hand, was telling everyone that, whatever happened, it served me right. That wasn't the kind of thing to make you feel rested; and when I got up in the morning I felt more tired than I had done when I went to bed.

It was two days afterwards that the strangest part of it began to happen. Mrs. Wade had taken the two children to call on some friends at Vevey, and, as was usual on such occasions, I had been left behind. I was sitting near the little quay by the water-side, and was wondering what it felt like to be drowned, when a voice accosted me, and, looking up, there was Mr. Chillingworth, still leaning on a stick.

"This is a great stroke of luck finding you here." Those were the first words with which he greeted me. "What do you say to a pull on the lake? I can't play tennis; this leg of mine is rather worse instead of better. You don't seem to be overdone with occupations. This is just the weather for the water."

I quite agreed with him, and at the very idea something inside me gave quite a jump; but, at the same time, there were other considerations.

"Is your leg really worse?"

"The thing is a nuisance. As you know, there is a tennis tournament on, and I was to play, but what's the good—I can only limp? Do say you'll come for a pull."

"Who is to pull?"

"I am—who do you suppose? Unless you'd like to bear a hand."

"I shouldn't mind." Mind! I knew I should love it. I hadn't been on the lake since we had been at Territet, and I loved rowing almost as much as I did dancing. "But how can you pull if your legs are bad?"

He laughed at me.

"My dear Miss Adams, you don't row with your legs."

"No; but it tries them. Anyhow, I'm afraid I cannot come, thank you all the same."

"Why not? I happen to know that Mrs. Wade has gone over with my aunt to a tea-fight at Vevey, and they won't be back till goodness knows when. You can come—you will come—you shall come; there's a boat—in you get."

Before I was in the least prepared for anything of the kind I actually did find myself sitting in a boat, with a scull in either hand, and Mr. Chillingworth on the cushioned seat in front of me.

"You can take the first spell," he said, "and when you've had about enough of it I'll come on." Then we were clear of the land, and I was pulling. He commented on my way of doing it. "It's not the first time you've handled a scull."

"I've rowed almost since I began to walk. When I get hold of a pair of oars I feel—I don't know how I feel, but—I just love it."

"And what else do you love?"

"Oh, dancing and swimming and all sorts of things."

"Shooting?"

What prompted the question I had no

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notion, but it so startled me that I almost caught a crab. I pulled for some moments in silence. Then he said, with a persistence which I did not altogether like, "You're not fond of shooting?"

"I've only once fired a gun in my life."

As I said that I was careful not to meet his eyes; I do not know why, except that I had a feeling that there might be something in his which I should not care to see.

"And when was that?"

"What does it matter? By the way, have you heard anything more about the — miscreant who shot the cat?"

"Is that altogether a nice way of putting it, confining your reference to the cat, as if this didn't count?" He touched his leg.

"Does it hurt you — very much?"

"It's a worry—which I would just as soon be without. But you were quite right in the way you put it; Minerva is of the first importance. If my aunt does catch the murderer there will be trouble. She's been to the police, and they've been what they call investigating; but their investigations seem to show, so far as I can make out, that the only persons who were in that neighbourhood about that time were you and me."

"Does — your aunt know that I was there?"

"Not a word. I'm the only person she knows was there. And, strictly between ourselves, I've a notion that she's beginning to have a feeling that it was I who shot myself and killed Minerva."

"What a ridiculous idea!"

"Not from her point of view. Who else could have done it if no one else was there?"

It might have been my fancy, but it seemed to me that there was an undercurrent of significance in his tone which made me wince. I tried to pull myself together, and began to speak.

"Mr. Chillingworth?"

"Miss Adams?"

"Would you like me to throw myself overboard?"

"Good gracious, no. Why?"



"IT SO STARTLED ME THAT I ALMOST CAUGHT A CRAB."

"You know very well."

The silence that time was quite a long one. I wondered if he was ever going to speak. I knew that he was sitting perfectly still with his eyes fixed on my face; I would have given something to have been able to ask him what he thought he saw there. But I simply could not speak a word; I had to wait for him. When his words did come, they took me aback. He just asked a question.

"Why did you do it?"

I, in my turn, took my own time to answer.

"When did you know I did it?"

"The moment I saw you, the instant you spoke. It was written large all over you; I heard you exclaim when the gun went off, I recognized your voice when I heard it again. And again, when I came down to the hotel in the evening, you could not have told me more plainly if you had shouted. You'll never make a success of a secret crime; you lack the art of concealment."

This was pleasant hearing. I had supposed he had not had the faintest suspicion;

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and he had known all the time. I pulled another dozen strokes before I spoke again; I wished he would take his eyes off my face. I dared not look at him.

"You must think I'm an agreeable person."

"I do."

It was said so promptly, and with what seemed to be such an air of sincerity, that it startled me almost as much as the discovery that he knew.

"I did not mean to shoot you."

"As if I ever supposed you did."

"Or the cat."

"Nor the cat."

"I meant—to shoot myself."

"That was a very nice intention to have had. May I ask how you came to have it?"

"If you are going to laugh at me——" I stopped. He said nothing. I kept on pulling. Then, when he would persist in saying nothing, I went on: "What's the use of living?"

"Exactly. That's a question which I believe others have asked as well as you. It is not, I have been given to understand, always an easy one to answer. It depends—doesn't it?—somewhat on the point of view."

"I'm not sure that I'm sorry that I did shoot you."

"I did not imagine that you were."

"Would you mind turning the boat round? I'm going to pull back to the shore. I've had enough of rowing."

"My dear child——"

"I am not a child."

"How old are you?"

"Age has nothing to do with it."

"No; that is true. There are those who never grow up; they are always children; they are the lucky ones. Personally, I am glad you shot me; I'm inclined to the opinion that, under the circumstances, it was the best thing you could have done."

"I'm sure I don't know what you mean."

"I think you'll begin to get at my meaning if you think. To speak of nothing else, it made us known to each other, and that is something."

Instead of going straight back it was quite late when we returned. We actually rowed all the way to Bouveret, and there we had tea, and we talked; then we rowed back, and we talked again. Before we said good-bye we were not on at all bad terms. There were, of course, heaps of subjects on which we differed, but I could see that there was something to be said for his point of view, and I feel sure that he was impressed by mine. What I objected to most of all was the air he had of treating me as if I were excessively young. I might be only eighteen, but I've known so much trouble and disappointment and worry that I have felt sometimes as if I were eighty. When I got into the hotel Mrs. Wade had not yet returned, and when she did come back she was in the best of humours, so that that was all right.

That was Friday; nothing particular happened till the Monday, and on the Monday afternoon, as I was crossing the hall, who should I see there but Mr. Chillingworth, apparently giving instructions about where some luggage which was coming in was to go. When I had said "Good afternoon," I asked him whose the luggage was.

"It's mine." He said it with a twinkle in his eyes, as I happened to notice, because at the moment I was looking at them.

"Yours? Where are you going? What is it doing here?"

"My aunt has cast me adrift."

"Your aunt? Cast you adrift?"

"She has at last come to the conclusion that it is I who killed Minerva."

"Mr. Chillingworth!" I believe my cheeks were flaming red.

"In consequence, as she cannot continue under the same roof with a person who is deceitful, untruthful, ungrateful, and a secret assassin, as well as several other things, she has not only asked me—she has commanded me to depart, in this letter. Would you like to see it? It's a rather remarkable epistle."

He held out towards me an envelope. I shrank away.

"You are not really in earnest?"

"Perfectly; as you will see for yourself if you read this letter."

I would not read the letter. At that moment my feelings were such that I could scarcely answer him. I hurried away. As I passed Mrs. Wade's sitting-room I noticed that the door was open, and that people were speaking within. One of the voices was an unfamiliar one; it was such a loud one that I could not help hearing something that was said.

"My dear Agnes, Frank Chillingworth and I have parted. His conduct has revealed to me at last what kind of character he is. I have long suspected him of entertaining a feeling towards my sweet Minerva of a kind which I would rather not particularize. But to think that he should have shot her dead; and, to prevent an iota of suspicion attaching to himself, that he even should have gone so far as to arrange that some of the selfsame shot should have been lodged in his own

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leg. That reveals a depth of depravity, of duplicity, of positive wickedness, which makes it impossible for me to continue to entertain those feelings for him which I have had in the past. My intention was to pursue the criminal with the utmost rigour of the law. I had been offered sixty guineas for Minerva—there's the loss of the money! And even in the case of my own nephew I have hesitated as to whether justice did not demand me to take some steps. But he is my sister's son—and I would not. But all relations between us are at an end. One who could be guilty of such a cold-blooded crime and resort to such measures to hide his guilt, I can never again look upon as a nephew of mine. Why, one day he might shoot me — one who could shoot Minerva in cold blood, I have a feeling, Agnes, that he could shoot anyone."

Long before this speech was finished I knew that I had heard that unfamiliar voice at least once before — it was Mr. Chillingworth's aunt. She had come to announce to Mrs. Wade that she had cast her nephew from her —for a crime which was mine. I could not bear to think of it. I could not even stay there and try to. Unannounced, I pushed the door wide open and strode into the room. Mrs. Wade has always told me that when she has a visitor she likes me to knock before I go into her room, but I never knocked, and she stared at me as if I were some strange thing.

"Miss Adams," she cried, "what is the matter with you, and why do you look like that?"

I suppose I must have looked very weird indeed; but I did not care. I burst out:—

"I have come to give myself up."

Both ladies rose from their chairs. I am sure they thought that there was something wrong with me.

"Miss Adams," exclaimed Mrs. Wade, "are you not well? What is the meaning of this extraordinary conduct?"

I confronted Mr. Chillingworth's aunt. She was about twice my height, so I had to look up to her.

"The meaning is that I can no longer continue silent. I never meant to keep silent at the beginning, but somehow I began to, and what I have endured in consequence no one can ever know."

"What is the child talking about?" asked Mr. Chillingworth's aunt of Mrs. Wade.



"I BURST OUT: 'I HAVE COME TO GIVE MYSELF UP.'"

I answered her, though every moment I was getting more and more afraid. I do not know how it is, but my spurts of courage never do last long.

"You have cast your nephew from you as if he were the dirt beneath your feet; you have treated him as though he were a criminal; he is not. He is a high-souled, noble-hearted gentleman. It is I who am the criminal —yes, it is I! It was I who killed Minerva!"

"Miss Adams!" cried Mrs. Wade, and "Girl!" exclaimed Mr. Chillingworth's aunt. But I did not care—I faced them both. I told them the whole of the tragic story,

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hiding nothing, laying everything bare; but, of course, in the very middle, I must needs start crying like a great baby. When I got to the end there was a momentary silence, except for my boo-hooing, which I would keep on. Then Mr. Chillingworth's aunt observed, as she surveyed me through her glasses:—

"Of all the extraordinary young women I ever encountered!"

Mrs. Wade was more deadly — she generally is.

"Of course, Miss Adams, I don't know what this lady proposes to do, whether she does intend to hand you over to the police; but, so far as I am concerned, the shameful story which you have just told us leaves me absolutely no option but to pay you the trifling sum that is due, and request you to consider yourself no longer in my employment." She turned to Mr. Chillingworth's aunt. "Do you wish her to go, or——"

The unfinished sentence was ominous; I knew how she meant to end it. Mr. Chillingworth's aunt seemed more flustered than I should have thought a person of her appearance could have been.

"Really I don't know what to say; the position is such an inconceivable one. I don't know whether to send for the police or not; there's the question of the sixty guineas I was offered for Minerva——"

"Here, aunt, are the sixty guineas—I presume my cheque will be good enough." The words came from Mr. Chillingworth; he had an open cheque-book in one hand and a fountain-pen in the other. "I declined to pay any attention to your hints that I should recompense you for the loss of Minerva so long as you pretended to think that it was I who disposed of her; but now that the case is altered—here you are." He held out a cheque on which he had written something. "Whether such an offer was seriously made to you, you know better than I do. Anyhow, here are the sixty guineas."

"Why should I take sixty guineas from you for what this young woman has done?"

"Because in the future I shall be responsible for whatever Miss Adams thinks it proper to do."

"Frank Chillingworth! What do you mean?"

"Miss Adams is, I hope, about to do me the honour to become my wife. I believe that a husband generally is regarded as responsible for his wife's actions."



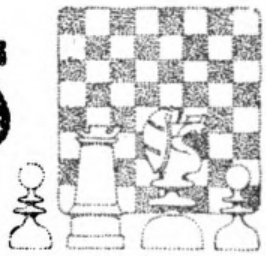
"BEFORE I KNEW IT HE PUT HIS ARM ROUND MY WAIST AND KISSED ME."

You never saw anything like the scene there was; I did not know if the world had turned upside down or if I had. As for his aunt and Mrs. Wade, I pitied them; they were older than I was, and not so well able to bear the sudden shock. And that was a shock. I had never had even so much as a ghost of an idea that he had such a thing in his mind; and that he should blurt it out like that before those two women, without even giving me so much as a hint of what was coming—no wonder that I stopped boo-hooing and stared at him with my tear-grimed eyes as if he were the sea-serpent, or something quite as incredible. And before I knew it he put his arm round my waist and kissed me, though my cheeks were still damp.

If ever anyone had a stranger wooing than mine was I should like to hear the story; it must be quite worth hearing. We were married in the shortest possible space of time, and I can safely declare that, so far, we have lived happy ever after.

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CURIOSITIES on the CHESS-BOARD



by D. Littlewick

CHESS is but a game, a pastime, a relaxation, but it has at times absorbed the faculties of the intellectual in every clime. It numbers amongst its amateurs the greatest names of battle-fields and thrones; it tells of warriors, poets, painters, sculptors, statesmen, and divines; it possesses a literature and language of its own; it makes enemies friends, and finds a temple on the ocean, in the fortress, and by the peaceful fireside. Perhaps the greatest eulogy on the game was the remark of Sir Walter Ralegh, "I do not wish to live longer than I can play chess." It is certain that those who do not play the game are quite unable to form any conception of the high intellectual delights experienced by the chess enthusiast.

The origin of chess has been sought in vain. The fact is, the game has so changed, developed, and improved down the course of centuries that in its present form it would not be recognized by its inventor—if there ever was one. The oldest chess problem on record is thought to be that contained in an ancient Persian manuscript, attributed to Caliph Kalifen Mutasin Billah, who reigned in Bagdad A.D. 833 to 842. But the reader would have to learn the old rules before it was intelligible. For example, the queen could make a move of only one square at a time, and that on a diagonal; but a queen promoted from a pawn was allowed to make a move of two squares diagonally. The bishop had no power over any square except the third from which it stood on its own diagonal line, but it was allowed to vault over any piece that happened to be between. In short, it was a totally different game. Chess, in the precise form in which we know it and play it to-day, is a comparatively modern game. It has a relation to the game played a few hundred years ago similar to that which auction bridge has to whist. Let us consider a few curiosities of modern chess.

The shortest game that can be won on the chess-board is in as few as two moves. It is known by the not inappropriate name of "Fool's Mate," and the moves are as follows:—

1 P—KKt 4	1 P—K 4
2 P—KB 3	2 Q—R 5 (mate)

This is generally given with its companion, "Scholar's Mate," a title probably chosen as complementary to the last one. This game might quite conceivably occur if the second player should happen to be a mere beginner; in fact, we have met a player who declared that he actually brought off the mate on one occasion with a novice. Here are the moves:—

1 P—K 4	1 P—K 4
2 B—QB 4	2 B—QB 4
3 Q—R 5	3 Kt—KB 3
4 Q × KBP (mate)	

Sometimes Black's third move is given as P—Q 3.

A shorter game than the last is said to have occurred between two learners, and it is an amusing example:—

1 P—K 4	1 P—K 4
2 Q—R 5	2 K moves
3 Q × P (mate)	

Black, on his second move, first played P—KB 3 in order to protect his king's pawn, but overlooked that he was thus exposing his king to check. White thereupon claimed the penalty that Black should replace the pawn and move his king—with the result shown!

The shortest game ever played in a tournament between masters was probably the following, which occurred at Breslau.

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Tarrasch (White).	Alapin (Black).
1 P—K 4	1 P—K 4
2 Kt—KB 3	2 Kt—KB 3
3 Kt × P	3 Kt × P
4 P—Q 3	4 B—K 2 (*a*)
5 P × Kt	5 Resigns

(*a*) Black saw his opponent moving his Q P, and too hastily concluded he was making the usual move, 4 P—Q 4.

Curiously enough, Dr. Tarrasch drew another game in the same tournament in eight moves, in this way:—

Tarrasch (White).	Fritz (Black).
1 Kt—KB 3	1 P—Q 4
2 P—Q 4	2 B—B 4
3 P—B 4	3 P—K 3
4 Q—Kt 3	4 QKt—B 3
5 Q × P	5 Kt—Kt 5
6 Kt—R 3	6 R—K sq
7 Q × RP	7 R—R sq
8 Q—Kt 7	8 R—Kt sq

And the game was relinquished as drawn. A game between Winawer and Rosenthal in the great 1883 tournament was also drawn on the ninth move. But one of the shortest tournament games in which actual mate is given was played at the New York Congress. It was as follows:—

Tchigorin (White).	Gassip (Black).
1 P—K 4	1 P—K 4
2 Kt—KB 3	2 Kt—QB 3
3 P—B 3	3 P—Q 4
4 Q—R 4	4 P—B 3
5 B—Kt 5	5 KKt—K 2
6 P × P	6 Q × P
7 Castles	7 B—Q 2
8 P—Q 4	8 P—K 5
9 KKt—Q 2	9 Kt—Kt 3
10 B—B 4	10 Q—QR 4
11 Q—Kt 3	11 P—B 4
12 B—B 7 ch	12 K—K 2
13 Kt—B 4	13 Q—R 3
14 B—Kt 5 ch	14 K × B
15 Kt—Q 6 (mate)	

The next little game is by Mr. Bird, and was played in 1886.

Mr. Bird (White).	Mr. R. (Black).
1 P—K 4	1 P—QB 4
2 P—QKt 4	2 P—K 4
3 P—KB 4	3 P—Q 3
4 Kt—KB 3	4 B—KKt 5
5 B—QB 4	5 Kt—QB 3
6 Castles	6 Kt—Q 5
7 Kt × Kt	7 B × Q
8 B—Kt 5 ch	8 K—K 2
9 Kt—B 5 ch	9 K—K 3
10 Kt—QB 3	10 P × Kt P
11 Kt—Q 5	11 Kt—KB 3

And White mates in two moves.

Many exquisite little games have resulted from the giving of odds by a master, though their brilliancy is generally dimmed by the inferior play of the opponent. The next is an amusing example.

White Gives the Odds of QR and KKt.

Mr. Bird (White).	Amateur (Black).
1 P—QKt 3	1 P—QKt 3
2 B—Kt 2	2 B—Kt 2
3 P—K 3	3 P—KB 3
4 P—KR 4	4 P—KR 4
5 B—Q 3	5 R—R 3
6 Q × P ch	6 R × Q
7 B—Kt 6 (mate)	

Our next game is by Paul Morphy, the greatest chess genius the world has known. It is both a curiosity and a masterpiece. Just as the spider rushes across its web to the entangled fly, rolls it into a ball, and brings it home to be devoured at leisure, so Morphy in this game brings the Black king right across the board to his own side and quietly checkmates him by castling! Such a manner of checkmate is very rare, and Morphy was playing without his queen's rook. It is a fine example of humorous chess. By a curious coincidence Mr. Mason, while giving exactly the same odds to an amateur, mated his opponent by castling, also on the eighteenth move.

White Gives the Odds of QR.

Mr. Morphy (White).	Amateur (Black).
1 P—K 4	1 P—K 4
2 Kt—KB 3	2 Kt—QB 3
3 B—B 4	3 Kt—KB 3
4 Kt—Kt 5	4 P—Q 4
5 P × P	5 Kt × P
6 Kt × BP	6 K × Kt
7 Q—B 3 ch	7 K—K 3
8 Kt—QB 3	8 Kt—Q 5
9 B × Kt ch	9 K—Q 3
10 Q—B 7	10 B—K 3
11 B × B	11 Kt × B
12 Kt—K 4 ch	12 K—Q 4
13 P—B 4 ch	13 K × Kt
14 Q × Kt	14 Q—Q 5
15 Q—Kt 4 ch	15 K—Q 6
16 Q—K 2 ch	16 K—B 7
17 P—Q 3 dis ch	17 K × B
18 Castles (mate)	

A game by a man like Napoleon, who was accustomed to play with living men on a field more vast than the chess-board, is a curiosity of no little interest. The following is said to have been played by the Emperor on the night of the Duc d'Enghien's execution:—

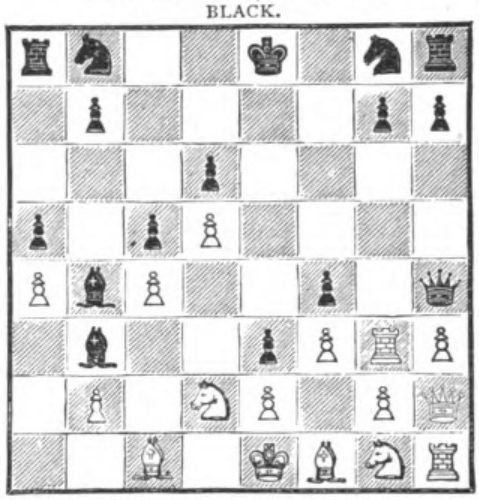
Mme. De Remusat (White).	Napoleon (Black).
1 P—Q 3	1 Kt—KB 3
2 P—K 4	2 Kt—QB 3
3 P—KB 4	3 P—K 4
4 P × P	4 QKt × P
5 Kt—QB 3	5 KKt—Kt 5
6 P—Q 4	6 Q—R 5 ch
7 P—KKt 3	7 Q—KB 3
8 Kt—KR 3	8 Kt—B 6 ch
9 K—K 2	9 Kt × QP ch
10 K—Q 3	10 Kt—K 4 ch
11 K × Kt	11 B—QB 4 ch
12 K × B	12 Q—QKt 3 ch
13 K moves	13 Q—Q3 (mate)

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Some years ago the puzzle was proposed to construct an imaginary game of chess, in which White shall be stalemated in the fewest possible moves with all the thirty-two pieces on the board. Working independently, the same position was arrived at by Messrs. S. Loyd, H. E. Dudeney, E. N. Frankenstein, and W. H. Thompson. So the following may be accepted as the best solution possible to this curious problem :—

STALEMATE POSITION.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White is stalemated with all the pieces on the board.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1 P—Q 4	1 P—K 4	7 R—R 3	7 P—KB 4
2 Q—Q 3	2 Q—R 5	8 Q—R 2	8 P—B 4
3 Q—KKt 3	3 B—Kt 5 ch	9 R—KKt 3	9 B—Kt 6
4 Kt—Q 2	4 P—QR 4	10 P—QB 4	10 P—B 5
5 P—R 4	5 P—Q 3	11 P—B 3	11 P—K 5
6 P—R 3	6 B—K 3	12 P—Q 5	12 P—K 6

And White is stalemated.

We give above a diagram of the curious position arrived at. It will be seen that not one of White's pieces may be moved.

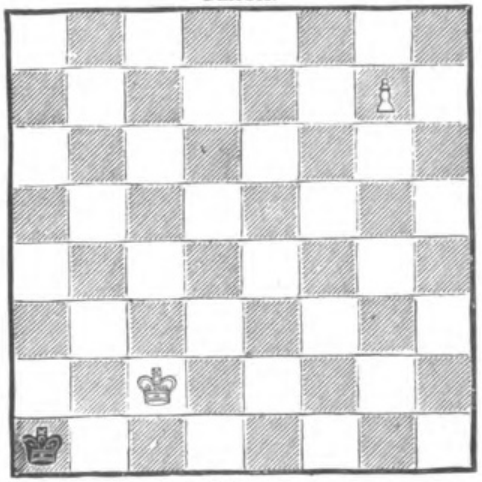
As we have now passed from the domain of chess games into that of chess puzzles, we will give the problem that employs the smallest force possible—the two kings and a single pawn. It is by E. B. Cook, and is necessarily of a very simple and elementary character.

Still it does contain an idea. The solutions of this and the following problems will be given next month, so that our readers may have a fair time to exercise their ingenuity.

We also give a puzzle by Signor Aspa, employing the same force.

By E. B. COOK.

BLACK.

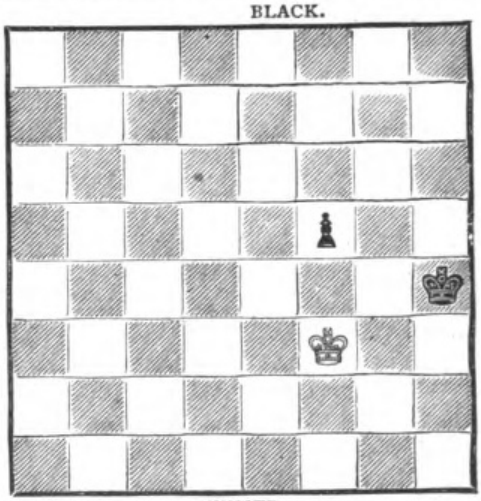


WHITE.

White mates in two moves.

By ROSARIO ASPA.

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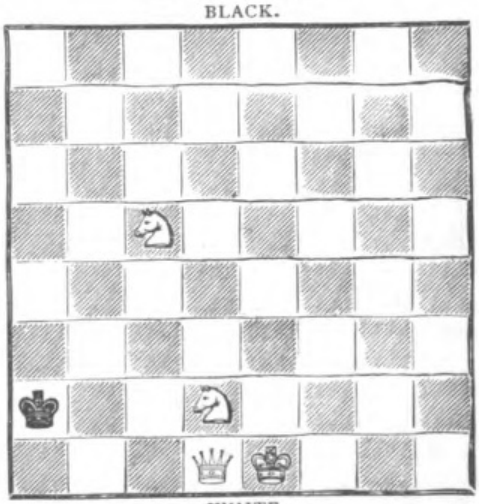
WHITE.

Black to retract his last move and also move his king. White then mates on the move.

The next example is by W. Bone, who makes the White Q give checkmate without moving her.

By W. BONE.

BLACK.



WHITE.

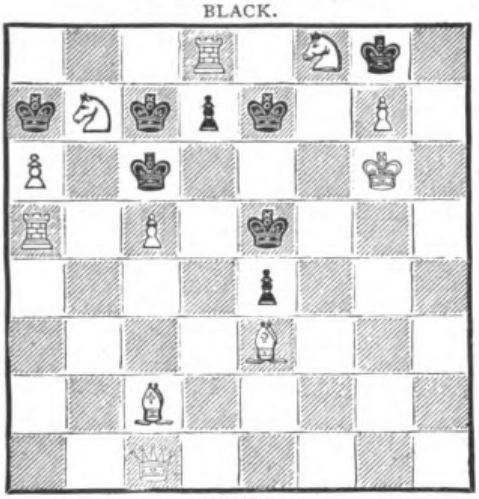
White mates in four moves with the queen without moving her.

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The puzzle by Mr. Walker is distinctly curious, involving, as it does, the simultaneous checkmating of no fewer than six Black kings.

BY G. A. A. WALKER.

BLACK.



WHITE.

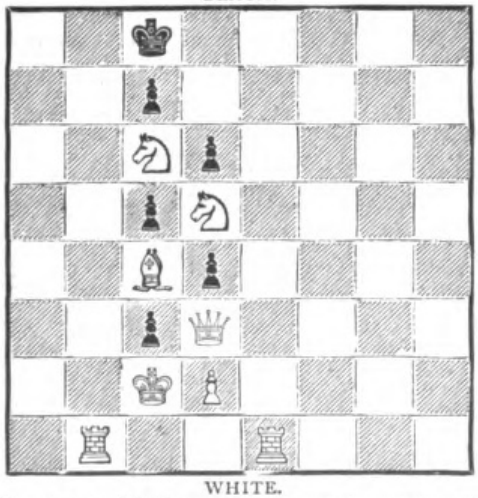
White mates all the six Black kings simultaneously on the second move.

We believe that this idea of a plurality of kings was first illustrated in the old *Westminster Papers* by Mr. Waterbury, with nine kings to be simultaneously mated on the ninth move, but we select the simpler example.

"The Monument" was constructed some sixty years ago "to the memory of the reputed inventor of the game, Nassir ben Daher.'

THE MONUMENT. BY LICHTENSTEIN.

BLACK.



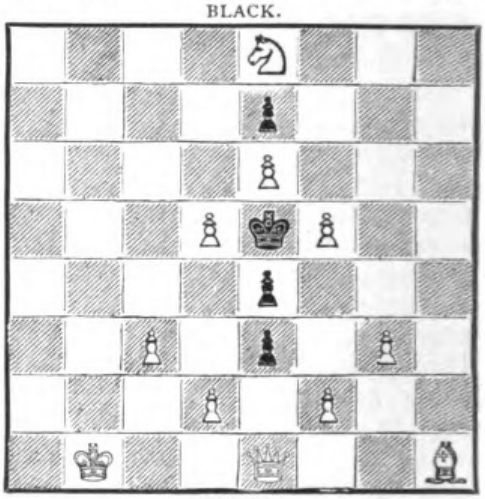
WHITE.

White mates with the pawn in seven moves without taking any one of the Black pawns.

"The Eiffel Tower," as its title will suggest, was composed at a later date.

THE EIFFEL TOWER. BY C. W. WOOD.

BLACK.



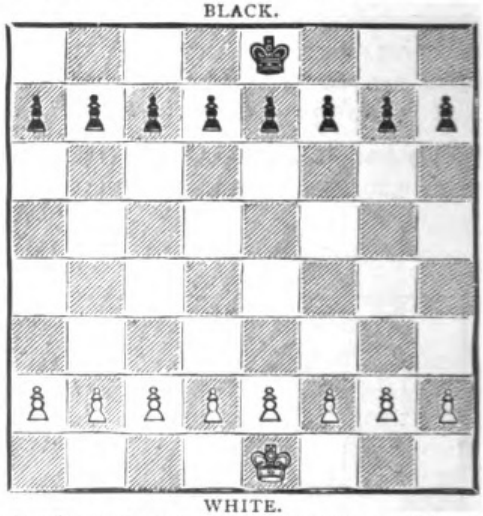
WHITE.

White mates in two moves.

Of the class of chess puzzle that requires a given position to be arrived at in an imaginary game, and in as few moves as possible, "The Garden Wall" will be found an interesting example.

THE GARDEN WALL. BY H. E. DUDENEY.

BLACK.



WHITE.

Starting from the original arrangement of the pieces as for a game, in how few moves can the above position be arrived at?

It is obvious, as all the pawns remain unmoved, that the work must be done almost entirely by the knights; but to accomplish it in the fewest possible moves is no easy matter.

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KENNETH AND THE CARP.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

By E. NESBIT.

KENNETH'S cousins had often stayed with him, but he had never till now stayed with them. And you know how different everything is when you are in your own house. You are certain exactly what games the grown-ups dislike and what games they will not notice; also what sort of mischief is looked over and what sort is not.

You know all this. But Kenneth did not. And still less did he know what were the sort of things which, in his cousins' house, led to disapproval, punishment, scoldings; in short, to catching it. So that that business of Cousin Ethel's jewel-case, which is where this story ought to begin, was really not Kenneth's fault at all. Though for a time . . . But I am getting on too fast.

Kenneth's cousins were four—Conrad, Alison, George, and Ethel. The first three were natural sort of cousins somewhere near his own age; but Ethel was hardly like a cousin at all—more like an aunt. Because she was grown up, she wore long dresses and all her hair on the top of her head, a mass of combs and hairpins; in fact, she had just had her twenty-first birthday, with iced cakes and a party and lots of presents, most of them jewellery.

Kenneth's home was in Kent, a wooden house among cherry orchards, and the nearest river five miles away. That was why he looked forward in such a very extra and excited way to his visit to his cousins. Their house was very old, red brick, with ivy all over it. It had a secret staircase, only the secret was not kept any longer, and the housemaids carried pails and brooms up and down the staircase, and it was surrounded by a real deep moat, with clear water in it and long weeds and water-lilies and fish, the gold and the silver and the everyday kinds.

The first evening of Kenneth's visit passed uneventfully. His bedroom window looked over the moat, and early next morning he tried to catch fish with several pieces of string knotted together and a hairpin kindly lent to him by the parlourmaid. He did not catch any fish—partly, perhaps, because he baited the hairpin with brown Windsor soap, and it washed off.

"Besides, fish hate soap," Conrad told him; "and that hook of yours would do for a whale, perhaps. Only we don't stock our moat with whales. But I'll ask father to lend you his rod; it's a spiffing one, much jollier than ours. And I won't tell the kids, because they'd never let it down on you. Fishing with a hairpin!"

"Thank you very much," said Kenneth, feeling that his cousin was a man and a

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brother. The kids were only two or three years younger than he was, but that is a great deal when you are the elder; and, besides, one of the kids was a girl.

"Alison's a bit of a sneak," Conrad used to say when anger overcame politeness and brotherly feeling. Afterwards, when the anger was gone and the other things left, he would say: "You see, she went to a beastly school at Brighton for a bit, for her health. And father says they must have bullied her. All girls are not like it, I believe."

But her sneakish qualities, if they really existed, were generally hidden, and she was very clever at thinking of new games, and very kind if you got into a row over anything.

George was eight and stout. He was not a sneak, but concealment was foreign to his nature, so he never could keep a secret unless he forgot it.

The uncle most amiably lent Kenneth his fishing-rod and provided real bait in the most thoughtful and generous manner. And the four children fished all the morning and all the afternoon. Conrad caught two perch and an eel. George caught nothing, and nothing was what the other two caught. But it was glorious sport. And the next day there was to be a picnic. Life to Kenneth seemed full of new and delicious excitements.

In the evening the aunt and the uncle went out to dinner, and Ethel, in her grown-up way, went with them, very grand in a blue silk dress and turquoises. So the children were left to themselves.

"It's two hours at least to bed-time," said Alison. "What shall we do?" Alison always began by saying "What shall we do?" and always ended by deciding what should be done. "You all say what you think," she went on, "and then we'll vote about it. You first, Ken, because you're the visitor."

"Fishing," said Kenneth, because it was the only thing he could think of.

"Make toffee," said Conrad.

"Build a great big house with all the bricks," said George.

"We can't make toffee," Alison explained, gently, but firmly, "because you know what the pan was like last time, and cook said, 'Never again, not much.' And it's no good building houses, Georgie, when you can be out of doors. And fishing's simply impossible when we've been at it all day. I've thought of something."

So, of course, all the others said, "What?"

"We'll have a pageant, a river pageant, on the moat. We'll all dress up, and hang Chinese lanterns in the trees. I'll be the Sunflower lady that the troubadour came for all across the sea, because he loved her so, and one of you can be the troubadour, and the others can be sailors or anything you like."

"I shall be the troubadour," said Conrad, with decision.

"I think you ought to let Kenneth, because he's the visitor," said George, who would have liked to be it himself, and anyhow did not see why Conrad should be a troubadour if *he* couldn't.

Conrad said what manners required:—

"Oh, all right; I don't care about being the beastly troubadour."

"You might be the Princess's brother," Alison suggested.

"Not me," said Conrad, scornfully; "I'll be the captain of the ship."

"In a turban the brother would be, with the Benares cloak, and the Persian dagger out of the cabinet in the drawing room," Alison went on, persuasively.

"I'll be that," said George.

"No, you won't—I shall, so there," said Conrad. "You can be the captain of the ship."

But in the end both boys were captains, because that meant being on the boat, whereas being the Princess's brother, however turbaned, only meant standing on the bank.

So then they all tore up to the attic where the dressing-up trunk was, and pulled out all the dressing-up things on to the floor. And all the time they were dressing Alison was telling the others what they were to say and do. The Princess wore a white satin skirt and a red flannel blouse, and a veil formed of several old motor scarves of various colours. Also a wreath of pink roses off one of Ethel's old hats, and a pair of yellow satin slippers with sparkly buckles.

Kenneth wore a blue silk dressing-jacket and a green sash, with a large lace collar and a towel turban.

And the others divided between them an Eastern dressing-gown (once the property of their grandfather), a black spangled scarf (very holey), a pair of red and white football stockings, a Chinese coat, and two old muslin curtains, which, rolled up, made turbans of enormous size and fierceness.

On the landing outside Cousin Ethel's open door Alison paused and said, "I say!"

"Oh, come on!" said Conrad; "we haven't fixed the Chinese lanterns yet, and it's getting dark."

"You go on," said Alison. "I've just thought of something."

The children were allowed to play in the boat so long as they didn't loose it from its

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moorings. The painter was extremely long, and quite the effect of coming home from a long voyage was produced when the three boys pushed the boat as far as it would go among the boughs of the beech tree which overhung the water, and then reappeared in the circle of light thrown by the lanterns.

"What-ho! Ashore there!" shouted the captain.

"What-ho!" said a voice from the shore which, Alison explained, was disguised.

"We be three poor mariners," said Conrad, by a happy effort of memory, "just newly come to shore. We seek news of the Princess of Tripoli."

"She's in her palace, of course," said the disguised voice; "wait a minute and I'll tell her you're here. But what do you want her for? ('A poor minstrel of France.' Go on, Con.)"

"A poor minstrel of France," said Conrad —"(all right, I remember)—who has heard of the Princess's beauty has come to lay——"

"His heart," Alison prompted.

"(All right, I know)—his heart at her something or other feet."

"Pretty feet," Alison corrected. "I go to tell the Princess."

Next moment from the shadows on the bank a radiant vision stepped into the circle of light, crying:—

"Oh, Rudel, is it indeed thou? Thou art



"A RADIANT VISION STEPPED INTO THE CIRCLE OF LIGHT."

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come at last. Oh, welcome to the arms of the Princess!"

"What do I do now?" whispered Rudel (who was Kenneth), in the boat; and at the same moment Conrad and George said, as with one voice:—

"My hat, Alison! Won't you catch it?"

For at the end of the Princess's speech she had thrown back her veils and revealed a blaze of splendour. She wore several necklaces, one of seed pearls, one of topazes, and one of Australian shells, besides a string of amber and a string of coral. And the front of the red flannel blouse was studded with brooches, in one at least of which diamonds gleamed. Each arm had one or two bracelets, and on her clenched hands glittered as many rings as any Princess could wish to wear.

So her brothers had some excuse for saying "You'll catch it."

"No, I sha'n't. It's my look-out, anyhow. Do shut up," said the Princess, stamping her foot. "Now, then, Ken, go ahead. Ken, you say, 'Oh, lady, I faint with rapture!'"

"I faint with rapture," said Kenneth, stolidly. "Now I land, don't I?"

He landed and stared at the jewelled hand the Princess held out.

"At last, at last," she said; "but *you* ought to say that, Ken. I say, I think I'd better be an eloping Princess, and then I can come in the boat. Rudel dies really, but that's so dull. Lead me to your ship, oh, noble stranger! for you have won the Princess, and with you I will live and die. Give me your hand, can't you, silly; and do mind my train."

So Kenneth led her to the boat, and with some difficulty, for the satin train got between her feet, she managed to flounder into the boat.

"Now you stand and bow," she said. "Fair Rudel, with this ring I thee wed"; she pressed a large amethyst ring on to his thumb. "Remember that the Princess of Tripoli is yours for ever. Now let's sing."

So they sat in the boat and sang. And presently the servants came out to listen and admire, and at the sound of the servants' approach the Princess veiled her shining splendour.

"It's prettier than wot the Coventry pageant was, so it is," said the cook; "but it's long past your bed-times. So come on out of that there dangerous boat, there's dears."

So then the children went to bed. And when the house was quiet again Alison slipped down and put back Ethel's jewellery, fitting the things into their cases and boxes as correctly as she could. "Ethel won't notice," she thought, but, of course, Ethel did.

So that next day each child was asked separately by Ethel's mother who had been playing with Ethel's jewellery. And Conrad and George said they would rather not say. This was a form they always used in that family when that sort of question was asked, and it meant, "It wasn't me, and I don't want to sneak."

And when it came to Alison's turn she found, to her surprise and horror, that, instead of saying, "I played with them," she had said, "I would rather not say."

Of course, the mother thought that it was Kenneth who had had the jewels to play with. So when it came to his turn he was not asked the same question as the others, but his aunt said:—

"Kenneth, you are a very naughty little boy to take your Cousin Ethel's jewellery to play with."

"I didn't," said Kenneth.

"Hush, hush!" said the aunt. "Do not make your fault worse by untruthfulness; and what have you done with the amethyst ring?"

Kenneth was just going to say that he had given it back to Alison, when he saw that this would be sneakish. So he said, getting hot to the ears, "You don't suppose I've stolen your beastly ring, do you, auntie?"

"Don't you dare to speak to me like that," the aunt very naturally replied. "No, Kenneth, I do not think you would steal, but the ring is missing, and it must be found."

Kenneth was furious and frightened. He stood looking down and kicking the leg of the chair.

"You had better look for it. You will have plenty of time, because I shall not allow you to go to the picnic with the others. The mere taking of the jewellery was wrong, but if you had owned your fault and asked Ethel's pardon I should have overlooked it. But you have told me an untruth and you have lost the ring. You are a very wicked child, and it will make your dear mother very unhappy when she hears of it. That her boy should be a liar. It is worse than being a thief!"

At this Kenneth's fortitude gave way and he lost his head. "Oh, don't!" he said. "I didn't. I didn't. I didn't. Oh, don't tell mother I'm a thief and a liar! Oh, Aunt Effie, please, *please* don't!" And with that he began to cry.

Any doubts Aunt Effie might have had

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were settled by this outbreak. It was now quite plain to her that Kenneth had really intended to keep the ring.

"You will remain in your room till the picnic party has started," the aunt went on, "and then you must find the ring. Remember, I expect it to be found when I return. And I hope you will be in a better frame of mind, and really sorry for having been so wicked."

"Mayn't I see Alison?" was all he found to say.

And the answer was, "Certainly not. I cannot allow you to associate with your cousins. You are not fit to be with honest, truthful children."

So they all went to the picnic and Kenneth was left alone. When they had gone he crept down and wandered furtively through the empty rooms, ashamed to face the servants, and feeling almost as wicked as though he had really done something wrong. He thought about it all, over and over again, and the more he thought the more certain he was that he *had* handed back the ring to Alison last night when the voices of the servants were first heard from the dark lawn.

But what was the use of saying so? No one would believe him, and it would be sneaking, anyhow. Besides, perhaps he *hadn't* handed it back to her; or, rather, perhaps he had handed it and she hadn't taken it. Perhaps it had slipped into the boat. He would go and see.

But he did not find it in the boat, though he turned up the carpet and even took up the boards to look. And then an extremely miserable little boy began to search for an amethyst ring in all sorts of impossible places, indoors and out.

The servants gave him his meals and told him to cheer up. But cheering up and Kenneth were, for the time, strangers. Cook was sorry for Kenneth, and sent him up a very nice dinner and a very nice tea. Roast chicken and gooseberry-pie the dinner was, and for tea there was cake with pink icing on it.

The sun was very low when he went back wearily to have one more look in the boat for that detestable amethyst ring. Of course, it was not there. And the picnic party would be home soon; and he really did not know what his aunt would do to him.

"Shut me up in a dark cupboard, perhaps," he thought, gloomily; "or put me to bed all day to-morrow."

The boat, set in motion by his stepping into it, swung out to the full length of its rope. The sun was shining almost level across the water. It was a very still evening, and the reflections of the trees and of the house were as distinct as the house and the trees themselves. And the water was unusually clear. He could see the gudgeon swimming about, and the sand and pebbles at the bottom of the moat. How clear and quiet it looked down there, and what fun the gudgeon seemed to be having.

"I wish I was a fish," said Kenneth. "Nobody punishes *them* for taking rings they *didn't* take."

And then suddenly he saw the ring itself, lying calm and quiet and round and shining, on the smooth sand at the bottom of the moat.

He reached for the boat-hook and leaned over the edge of the boat trying to get up the ring on the boat-hook's point. Then there was a splash.

"Good gracious! I wonder what that is? said cook in the kitchen, and dropped the saucepan with the Welsh rabbit in it which she had just made for kitchen supper.

Kenneth had leaned out too far over the edge of the boat; the boat had suddenly decided to go the other way, and Kenneth had fallen into the moat.

The first thing he felt was delicious coolness, the second that his clothes had gone, and the next thing he noticed was that he was swimming quite easily and comfortably under water, and that he had no trouble with his breathing, such as people who tell you not to fall into water seem to expect you to have. Also he could see quite well, which he had never been able to do under water before.

"I can't think," he said to himself, "why people make so much fuss about your falling into the water. I sha'n't be in a hurry to get out. I'll swim right round the moat whiie I'm about it."

It was a very much longer swim than he expected, and as he swam he noticed one or two things that struck him as rather odd. One was that he couldn't see his hands. And another was that he couldn't feel his feet. And he met some enormous fishes, like great cod or halibut, they seemed. He had had no idea that there were fresh-water fish of that size.

They towered above him more like men-o'-war than fish, and he was rather glad to get past them. There were numbers of smaller fishes, some about his own size, he thought. They seemed to be enjoying themselves extremely, and he admired the clever

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quickness with which they darted out of the way of the great hulking fish.

And then suddenly he ran into something hard and very solid, and a voice above him said, crossly :—

"Now, then, who are you a-shoving of? Can't you keep your eyes open, and keep your nose out of gentlemen's shirt-fronts?"

"I beg your pardon," said Kenneth, trying to rub his nose,



"THEN THERE WAS A SPLASH."

and not being able to. "I didn't know people could talk under water," he added, very much astonished to find that talking under water was as easy to him as swimming there.

"Fish can talk under water, of course," said the voice. "If they didn't, they'd never talk at all ; they certainly can't talk *out* of it."

"But I'm not a fish," said Kenneth, and felt himself grin at the absurd idea.

"Yes, you are," said the voice ; "of course you're a fish, a silly little gudgeon" ; and Kenneth, with a shiver of certainty, felt that the voice spoke the truth. He *was* a fish. He must have become a fish at the very moment when he fell into the water. That accounted for his not being able to see his hands or feel his feet. Because, of course, his hands were fins and his feet were a tail.

"Who are you?" he asked the voice, and his own voice trembled.

"I'm the Doyen Carp," said the voice. "You must be a very new fish indeed, or you'd know that. Come up and let's have a look at you."

Kenneth came up and found himself face to face with an enormous fish who had round, staring eyes and a mouth that opened and shut continually. It opened square, like a kit-bag, and it shut with an extremely sour and severe expression, like that of an offended rhinoceros.

"Yes," said the carp, "you are a new gudgeon. Who put you in?"

"I fell in," said Kenneth, "out of the boat ; but I'm not a gudgeon at all, really I'm not. I'm a boy, but I don't suppose you'll believe me."

"Why shouldn't I believe you?" asked the carp, wagging a slow fin. "Nobody tells untruths under water."

And, if you come to think of it, no one ever does.

"Tell me your true story," said the carp, very lazily. And Kenneth told it.

"Ah, these humans!" said the carp, when he had done. "Always in such a hurry to think the worst of everybody." He opened his mouth squarely and shut it contemptuously. "You're jolly lucky, you are. Not one boy in a million turns into a fish, let me tell you."

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"Do you mean that I've got to *go on* being a fish?" Kenneth asked.

"Of course you'll go on being a fish as long as you stop in the water. You couldn't live here, you know, if you didn't."

"I might if I was an eel," said Kenneth, and thought himself very clever.

"Well, *be* an eel, then!" said the carp, and swam away, sneering and stately. Kenneth had to swim his hardest to catch up.

"Then, if I get out of the water, shall I be a boy again?" he asked, panting.

"Of course, silly," said the carp; "only you can't get out."

"Oh, can't I?" said Kenneth the fish, whisked his tail, and swam off. He went straight back to the amethyst ring, picked it up in his mouth, and swam into the shallows at the edge of the moat. Then he tried to climb up the slanting mud and on to the grassy bank, but the grass hurt his fins horribly, and when he put his nose out of the water the air stifled him, and he was glad to slip back again. Then he tried to jump out of the water, but he could only jump straight up into the air, so of course he fell straight down again into the water. He began to be afraid, and the thought that perhaps he was doomed to remain for ever a fish was indeed a terrible one. He wanted to cry, but the tears would not come out of his eyes.

The smaller fishes called to him in a friendly, jolly way to come and play with them; they were having a quite exciting game of follow-my-leader among some enormous water-lily stalks that looked like trunks of great trees. But Kenneth had no heart for games just then.

He swam miserably round the moat looking for the old carp, his only acquaintance in this strange wet world. And at last, pushing through a thick tangle of muddy water weeds, he found the great fish.

"Now, then," said the carp, testily, "haven't you any better manners than to come tearing a gentleman's bed-curtains like that?"

"I beg your pardon," said Kenneth fish, "but I know how clever you are. Do please help me."

"What do you want now?" said the carp, and spoke a little less crossly.

"I want to get out. I want to go and be a boy again."

"But you must have said you wanted to be a fish."

"I didn't mean it, if I did."

"You shouldn't say what you don't mean."

"I'll try not to again," said Kenneth, humbly; "but how can I get out?"

"There's only one way," said the carp, rolling his vast body over in his watery bed, "and a jolly unpleasant way it is. Far better stay here and be a good little fish. On the honour of a gentleman, that's the best thing you can do."

"I want to get out," said Kenneth again.

"Well, then, the only way is—— You know we always teach the young fish to look out for hooks, so that they may avoid them. *You* must look out for a hook and *take it.* Let them catch you—on a hook."

The carp shuddered, and went on, solemnly:—

"Have you strength? Have you patience? Have you high courage and determination? You will want them all. Have you all these?"

"I don't know what I've got," said poor Kenneth, "except that I've got a tail and fins that I don't want; and I don't know a hook when I see it. Won't you come with me? Oh, dear Mr. Doyen Carp, *do* come and show me a hook!"

"It will hurt you," said the carp, "very much indeed. You take a gentleman's word for it."

"I know," said Kenneth. "You needn't rub it in."

The carp rolled heavily out of his bed.

"Come on, then," he said. "I don't admire your taste, but if you *want* a hook—well, the gardener's boy is fishing in the cool of the evening. Come on."

He led the way with a steady, stately movement.

"I want to take the ring with me," said Kenneth, "but I can't get hold of it. Do you think you could put it on to my fin with your snout?"

"My what?" shouted the old carp, indignantly, and stopped dead.

"Your nose, I meant," said Kenneth. "Oh, please don't be angry! It would be so kind of you if you would. Shove the ring on, I mean."

"That will hurt, too," said the carp, and Kenneth thought he seemed not altogether sorry that it should.

It did hurt, very much indeed. The ring was hard and heavy, and somehow Kenneth's fin would not fold up small enough for the ring to slip over it, and the carp's big mouth was rather clumsy at the work; but at last it was done. And then they set out in search of a hook, for Kenneth to be caught with.

"I wish we could find one—I wish we could!" Kenneth fish kept saying.

"You're just looking for trouble," said the carp. "Well, here you are!"

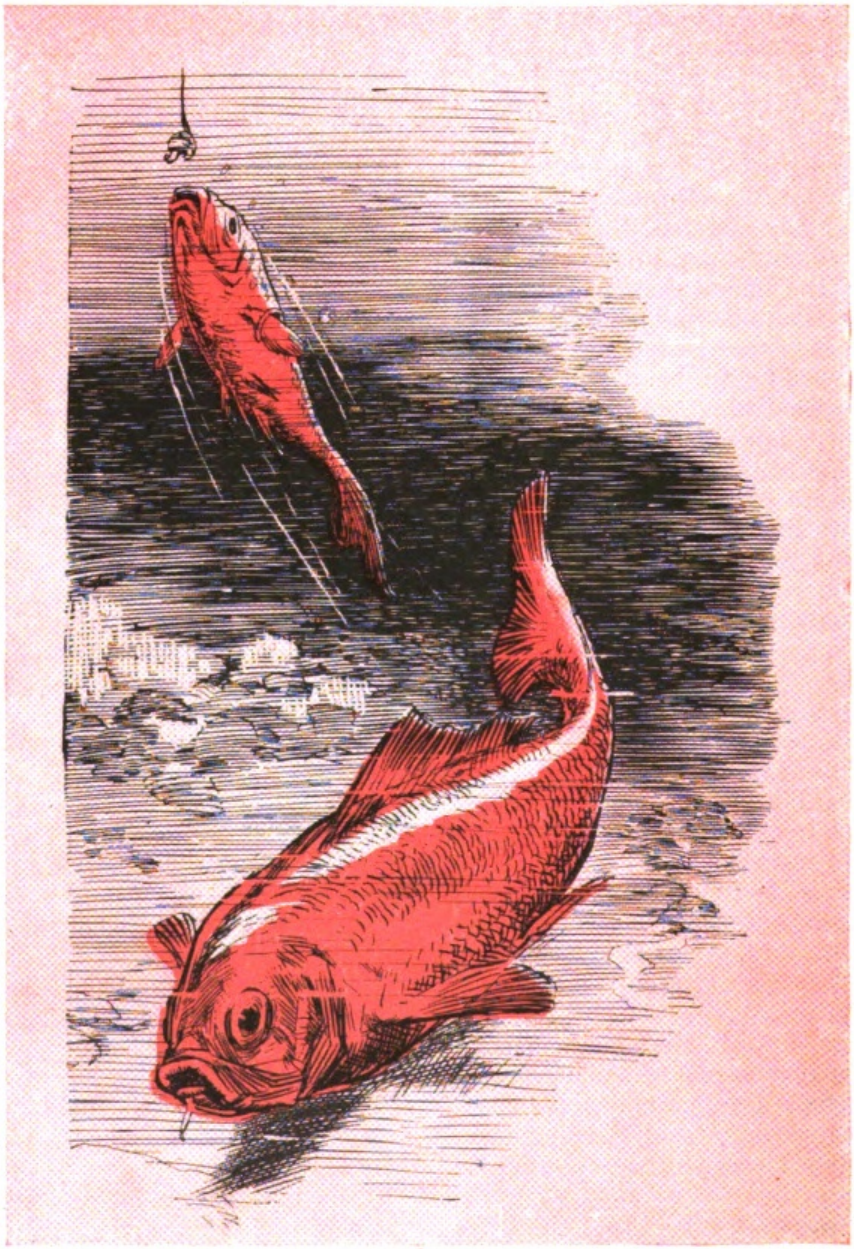
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Above them in the clear water hung a delicious-looking worm. Kenneth boy did not like worms any better than you do, but to Kenneth fish that worm looked most tempting and delightful.

"Just wait a sec," he said, "till I get that worm."

"If you once begin to think about a hook you never take it," said the carp.

"*Never?*" said Kenneth; "then . . . Oh, good-bye!" he cried, desperately, and snapped at the worm. A sharp pain ran through his head and he felt himself drawn up into the air—that stifling, choking, husky,



"'OH, GOOD-BYE!' HE CRIED, DESPERATELY, AND SNAPPED AT THE WORM."

"You little silly," said the carp; "*that's the hook.* Take it."

"Wait a sec," said Kenneth again.

His courage was beginning to ooze out of his fin tips, and a shiver ran down him from gills to tail.

thick stuff in which fish cannot breathe. And as he swung in the air the dreadful thought came to him, "Suppose I don't turn into a boy again? Suppose I keep being a fish?" And then he wished he hadn't taken the hook. But it was too late to wish that.

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Everything grew quite dark, only inside his head there seemed to be a light. There was a wild, rushing, buzzing noise, then something in his head seemed to break and he knew no more.

When, presently, he knew things again, he was lying on something hard. Was he Kenneth fish lying on a stone at the bottom of the moat, or Kenneth boy lying somewhere out of the water? His breathing was all right, so he wasn't a fish out of water or a boy under it.

"He's coming to," said a voice. The carp's he thought it was. But next moment he knew it to be the voice of his aunt, and he moved his hand and felt grass in it. He opened his eyes and saw above him the soft grey of the evening sky with a star or two.

"Here's the ring, aunt," he said.

The cook had heard a splash and had run out just as the picnic party arrived at the front door. They had all rushed to the moat, and the uncle had pulled Kenneth out with the boat-hook. He had not been in the water more than three minutes, they said. But Kenneth knew better.

They carried him in—very wet he was—and laid him on the breakfast-room sofa, where the aunt, with hurried thoughtfulness, had spread out the uncle's mackintosh.

"Get some rough towels, Jane," said the aunt. "Make haste, do."

"I got the ring," said Kenneth.

"Never mind about the ring, dear," said the aunt, taking his boots off.

"But you said I was a thief and a liar," Kenneth said, feebly, "and it was in the moat all the time."

"*Mother!*" It was Alison who shrieked. "You didn't say that to him?"

"Of course I didn't," said the aunt, impatiently. She thought she hadn't, but then Kenneth thought she had.

"It was *me* took the ring," said Alison, firmly and miserably, "and I dropped it. I didn't say I hadn't. I only said I'd rather not say. Oh, mother, poor Kenneth!"

The aunt, without a word, carried Kenneth up to the bath-room and turned on the hot-water tap. The uncle and Ethel followed.

"Why didn't you own up, you sneak?" said Conrad to his sister, with withering scorn.

"Sneak!" echoed the stout George.

"I meant to. I was only getting steam up," sobbed Alison. "I didn't know. Mother only told us she wasn't pleased with Ken, and so he wasn't to go to the picnic. Oh, what shall I do—what shall I do?"

"Sneak!" said her brothers in chorus, and left her to her tears of shame and remorse.

It was Kenneth who next day begged everyone to forgive and forget. And as it was *his* day—rather like a birthday, you know—when no one could refuse him anything, all agreed that the whole affair should be buried in oblivion. Everyone was tremendously kind, the aunt more so than anyone. But Alison's eyes were still red when in the afternoon they all went fishing once more. And before Kenneth's hook had been two minutes in the water there was a bite—a very big fish. The uncle had to be called from his study to land it.

"Here's a magnificent fellow," said the uncle. "Not an ounce less than three pounds, Ken. I'll have it stuffed for you."

And he held out the fish, and Kenneth found himself face to face with the Doyen Carp. There was no mistaking that mouth that opened like a kit-bag and shut in a sneer like a rhinoceros's. Its eye was most reproachful.

"Oh, no!" cried Kenneth; "you helped me back and I'll help you back," and he caught the carp from the hands of the uncle and flung it out into the moat.

"Your head's not quite right yet, my boy," said the uncle, kindly; "hadn't you better go in and lie down a bit?"

But Alison understood. For Kenneth had told her the whole story. He had told her that morning before breakfast while she was still in deep disgrace; to cheer her up, he said. And, most disappointingly, it made her cry more than ever.

"Your poor little fins," she had said; "and having your feet tied up in your tail. And it was all my fault!"

"I liked it," Kenneth had said, with earnest politeness; "it was a most awful lark." And he quite meant what he said. Things do look so different afterwards, don't they? Especially adventures.

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Result of "Missing Detail" Picture Competition.

THE interesting and novel competition which was opened to STRAND readers in our September and October numbers evoked replies from all over the three kingdoms. The amount of ingenuity exercised in supplying the missing details and titles to the twelve pictures published has been truly remarkable. As will be remembered, each of the twelve pictures lacked an essential object to render its action intelligible. The aspirant to success had to supply a title corresponding to the initial letters of each of the component words printed under the pictures.

The First Prize of £50 has been awarded to:—
Mr. G. M. THOMPSON,
70, Highbridge St., Waltham Abbey, Essex.

Second Prize of £30 has been awarded to:—
Mr. M. BURNS,
51, Cazenove Road, London, N.

And the following are the recipients of the four prizes of £5 each:—

Lieut. R. CURTEIS, H.M.S. *Blenheim*, Home Fleet, Harwich; Mrs. RAWLINS, 26, Norfolk Square, London, W.; Mr. J. SMITH, Calder Park, Baillieston, Lanarkshire; Mr. J. SOUTHALL, Leysian Mission, City Road, E.C.

The first picture, as will be seen, represents two men grappling desperately with each other, in the presence of an old lady and two children. It was suggested to our readers that this might be some painful domestic scene between father and son, or two brothers. Consequently, the solutions sent in covered a wide range of speculation, both as to the missing detail and the title. We can only mention a few. "Ferocity and Peace" was a favourite guess even amongst those to whom the obvious unconcern of the baby suggested the correct solution; another was "Ferocity Artistically Portrayed"; others thought of the following:—



1. MISSING DETAIL—PICTURE-FRAME.
TITLE—FATHER'S ACADEMY PICTURE.

Detail.		Title.
Open Door	...	Fetch a Policeman.
Camera-Stand	...	Focusing Auntie's Photograph.
Roller Skates	...	Father at Practice.
Limelight Screen	...	Family Animated Pictures.
A Box	... ...	Friend Assists Porter.

The second picture, showing "Two Industrious Artisans," is a clever example of the artist's skill in providing the necessary requirements of the puzzle, and one that cannot be thought to tax the imagination to any unreasonable extent. Yet some readers were so utterly "stumped" by its hidden mystery that they expressed the opinion that the undeserving toilers were "Two Infernal Asses." Another suggested that the missing detail was a flag, while the title should be "Train is Approaching." A gun was supplied with the legend "Turn It Away!" while one over-ingenious Imperially-minded reader thought of a trellis and "Trellising in Australia." This was approached by the endowment of a tent and the caption, "Travelling in Asia."

The third was perhaps the most easily guessed of any; yet even in this many competitors who had correctly divined most of the others were put on a wrong scent. Some thought of a carriage in which paterfamilias was seated, giving the inscription as "Starting Daddy."

"Cleaning the Window" was the correct answer of hundreds of readers, while the next problem was guessed only by a single competitor, and, what is still more wonderful, the same competitor's other solutions were all incorrect! "Playing the 'Cello" appeared such a simple description of the picture that few cared to look for another solution, although there was occasional variety in the title furnished, one even vainly imagining a "Popular Trilby Concert" and "Professor Tuning Chords."

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As for the next, it proved as great a pitfall as the missing detail itself, and produced countless varieties of answers, amongst which may be mentioned "A Cat's Tragedy" (cat), "A Constable's Thoughtfulness" (child's mail-cart), "A Cast Tyre" (perambulator fallen), "A Cyclist's Tumble" (cycle), "A Careless Turncock" (a leaking pipe), "A Curious Trade" (pavement pictures), "A Clever Trick" (cord around lady's dress), "A Cash Transaction" (lost money). Far more thought of "A Cellar Trap," and several score supplied us with "A Coal-hole Trap."

In the second series "Visiting the Studio" proved comparatively easy, although many far-fetched guesses came to hand, such as "Varnishing the Statue." The drollest of all the missing details supplied was from one who correctly guessed the title, but apparently believed the picture of Joan of Arc on the easel was a living model. It was "Girl's Dress."

The two tennis-players did not



2. MISSING DETAIL—HEAD OF THE HAMMER. TITLE—TWO INDUSTRIOUS ARTISANS.



5. MISSING DETAIL—THE CHILD. TITLE—PUNISHING THE CHILD.



3. MISSING DETAIL—THE SWING. TITLE—SWINGING DADDY.



6. MISSING DETAIL—THE COAL-HOLE. TITLE—A COAL-HOLE TRAGEDY.

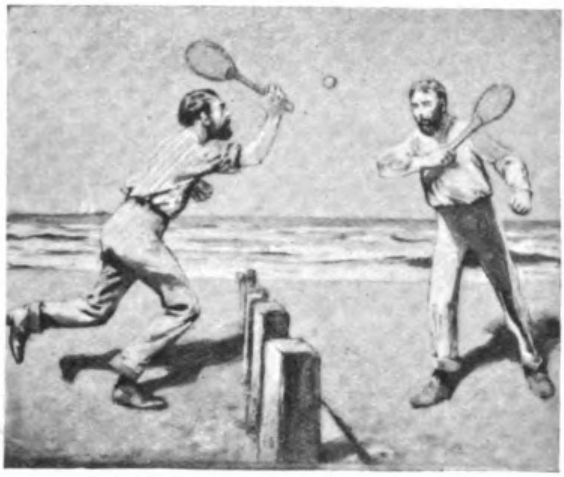


4. MISSING DETAIL—THE WINDOW. TITLE—CLEANING THE WINDOW.



7. MISSING DETAIL—THE PAINTER'S PALETTE. TITLE—VISITING THE STUDIO.

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8. MISSING DETAIL—RACQUETS.
TITLE—A GAME UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

"Many Apples Taken, Father?" (thief with apples), "Mother's Advice to Father" (whistle).

In "A Moonlight Avowal" the fence was supplied by many more than gave the title correctly; and "After You" only stumped a comparatively few readers. To one competitor, and one only, should a "booby" prize certainly be given, for he actually succeeded in guessing every single detail and title wrong.

"I dare say," a lady writes, in forwarding her coupons, "I have made stupid mistakes, but I have found the pictures very interesting. They reminded me of those erroneous opinions of conduct in real life, where the missing details are known only to the actors in the dramas, and outsiders inevitably make incomplete estimates."



9. MISSING DETAIL—RAILINGS.
TITLE—A MOONLIGHT AVOWAL.



11. MISSING DETAIL—THE WARRANT.
TITLE—A WARRANT OF ARREST.

perplex many; but one gentleman, reading of the recent aviation displays, thought that an aeroplane had been omitted, and gave as a title, "A Glider Under Difficulties."

"Music at the Fair" provoked many amusing attempts. Some of the guesses were: "My Apples the Finest" (measure), "Making a Tremendous Fuss" (bagpipes),



10. MISSING DETAIL—CLARIONET.
TITLE—MUSIC AT THE FAIR.

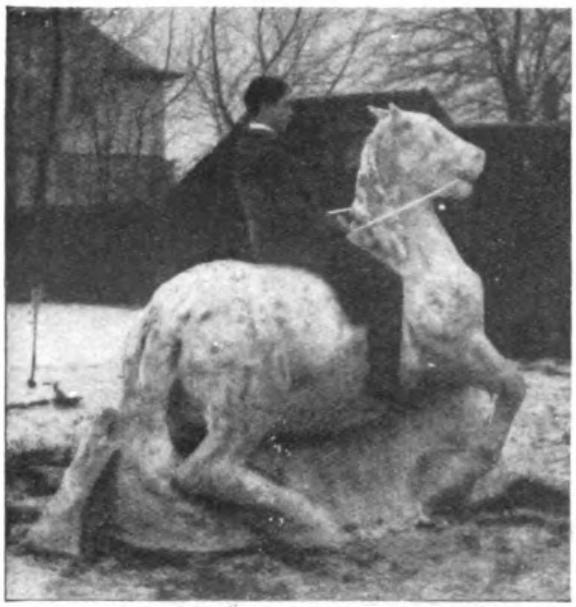


12. MISSING DETAIL—CIGAR.
TITLE—AFTER YOU.

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CURIOSITIES.

[We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are acceptea.]

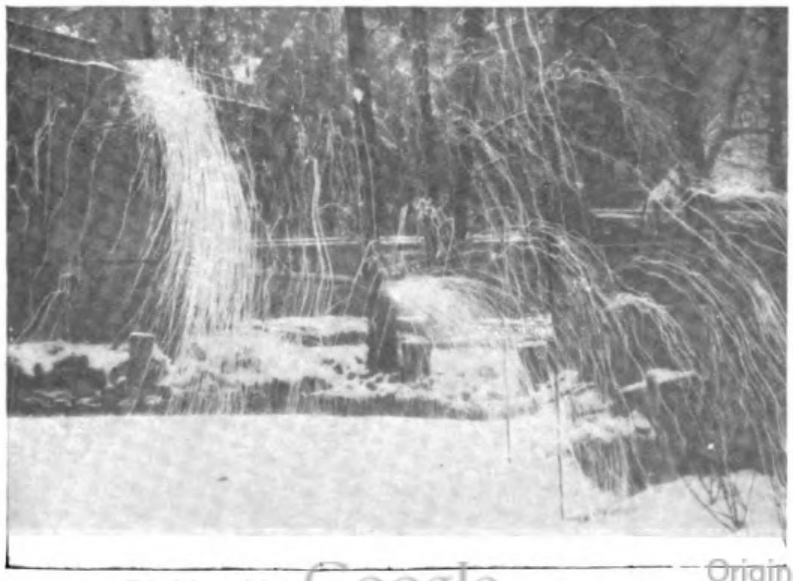


A SNOW-WHITE STEED.

A SNOW horse is, I think, something of a rarity in England, and the photograph I send you may therefore be of interest to your readers. Except for the reins, which are of white tape, nothing whatever but snow was used in building it.—Mr. Harold Priest, Albury, 379, Hagley Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham.

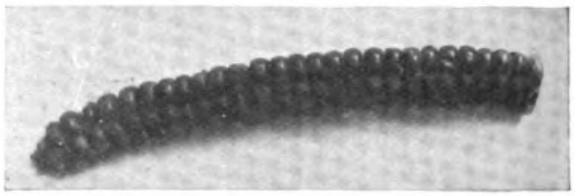
A CURIOUS SNOW PHOTOGRAPH.

THIS is a slow snapshot taken during a heavy snowstorm, during which the snow was curiously driven by the wind, and each flake left its separate trail on the plate as it fell. I have never seen anything at all like it before, and thought you might care for it as a snow curiosity.—Mr. L. S. E. Trousdale, 32, Lansdowne Road, Tunbridge Wells.



WHAT THE RATTLES OF A SNAKE LOOK LIKE.

I SEND you a photograph of the rattles of a rattlesnake killed by Mr. W. J. Wood, of Aurora, Ind., in the swampy region of Mississippi, near Blue Lake, July 27th, 1909. It was a diamond-back rattlesnake,



nine feet in length, with twenty-seven rattles and button. As the rattlesnake grows one button a year, this reptile was twenty-seven years old at the time of his decease.—Mr. Ben F. Winans, Brookville, Indiana.



A DOG THAT CLIMBED MONT BLANC ALONE.

THIS is a portrait of a dog living at Les Praz, near Chamonix, who, in the summer of 1908, distinguished himself by climbing Mont Blanc. His master, a workman, was employed on repairs to the observatory on the summit, and one morning, after having been seen by his owner's wife at eight o'clock, the dog disappeared. He must have rapidly tracked his master by scent, for he arrived at the summit at half-past two in the afternoon, having accomplished in six and a half hours what usually is estimated to require thirteen hours for a man. The presence of some tourists at the top ensured this fact being properly attested, and Mont Blanc, as the dog is now called, is quite a hero in his village. — Miss Morgan, Hotel Masson, Veytaux, Montreux, Switzerland.

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AN IMITATION SNOWFALL.

THOUGH the children in the accompanying photograph appear to be enjoying a good time in the snow, they are really playing amongst the cotton-like substance which has fallen from the poplar trees and is lying on the road to the depth of two inches.—Mr. F. W. Vidler, The Gables, Pevensey, Sussex.



A PARROT'S NEST.

THE somewhat prickly-looking home shown in the photograph above is a parrot's nest, and is entirely the bird's own work. She is allowed to fly in and out of the house at will, plucking twigs and then flying with them to her cage and twining them in the bars. Although twigs form the major portion of the nest, anything that comes to hand, or rather beak, is utilized, such as brown paper, hatpins, and even a clay pipe.—Mr. W. E. Lampey, Shortmead Street, Biggleswade.

IS IT A BRANCH OR A CATERPILLAR?

ONE day, when examining some of my rose trees which have been lately budded, I was surprised to see the rapid growth of one of the buds. On closer examination I saw that the "growth" was really a "stick" caterpillar, which was exactly the colour of the rose tree. I asked some of my friends to try and find the caterpillar, but they could not at first until I pointed it out. I took a photograph of it, and you will see that the caterpillar settled itself exactly where



the bud of the rose was and on the "bass" that it was bound in with, so that it looks exactly like the bud growing out of the tree.—Rev. E. E. Nickisson, Renhold Vicarage, Bedford.

WALLS BUILT OF BEDSTEADS.

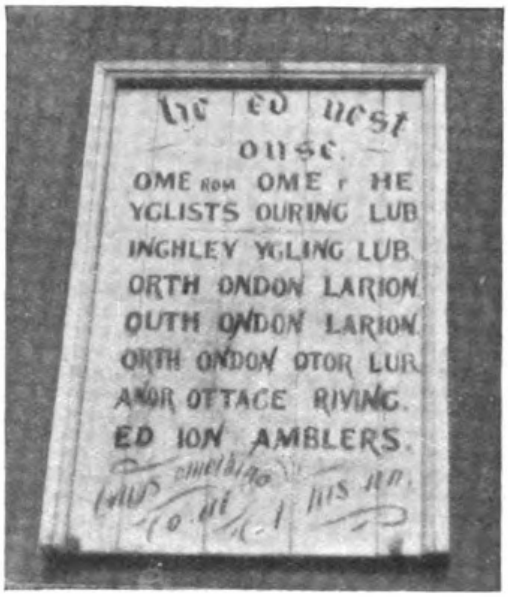
DURING a fire in Nampa, Idaho, a whole square was destroyed, among the buildings being a furniture store, the proprietor of which showed his pluck by immediately commencing the erection of a new building of Portland cement, or concrete. Having at the time a car-load of iron beds on hand, he had them encased in the walls, in the manner shown in the photograph, to lend strength to the building by holding the cement together, the walls being modelled round the bedsteads. The building will probably be something of a wonder to a later generation, when it falls into decay.—Mr. Ned Hodgkins, The Falk Mercantile Co., Nampa, Idaho.



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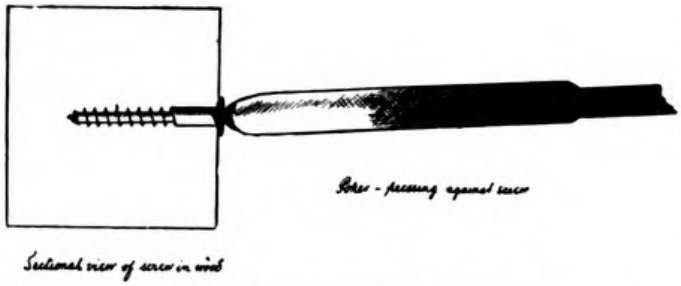
A BEHEADED NOTICE.

THIS does not, as would at first sight appear, show an inscription in Welsh, but merely a notice-board on the side of a small inn not far from St. Albans. The initial letter of each word has been washed completely away by the rain, owing possibly to the fact that the red paint employed was of somewhat poor quality. — Mr. F. Reginald Mattingly, Fallow Lodge, Etchingham Park Road, Finchley.



A HINT FOR AMATEUR CARPENTERS.

MANY readers have no doubt at some time or other tried to remove a stubborn screw from a piece of wood—a screw that won't budge at all—and have in the end given it up as a "bad job." Well, if such a thing occurs again, don't give it up—don't lose your temper or exert yourself, but try this recipe for removing the screw: Heat a poker red-hot, and hold it against the screw-head for a little while; wait a few minutes for the screw to cool down, when it will be found that the screw can be removed quite easily with the same screw-driver that just previously would not perform the work. The explanation is quite simple. The red-hot poker heats the screw; the screw expands and makes the hole it is in just a wee bit bigger. The screw then cools down and resumes its original size, leaving the hole in the wood a size too large—and there you are. —Mr. F. S. Maudling, 15, Godstone Road, St. Margaret's, Twickenham.



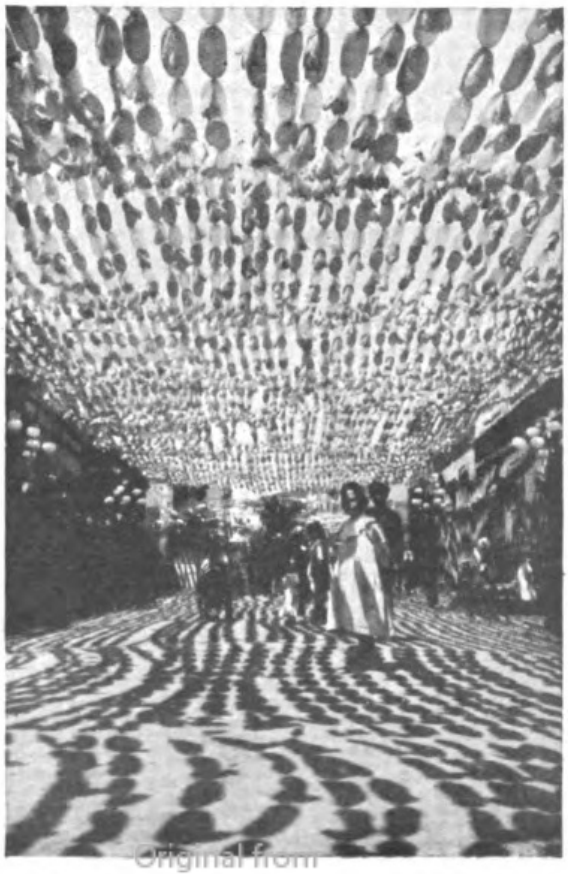


TWO STRANGE COINCIDENCES.

THIS structure, known as Stoodley Pike, which stands ninety yards high, and is situated near Hebden Bridge, has a remarkable history. It was built in 1814 to commemorate the Peace of Ghent. Singular to relate, however, it fell on the very day that the Russian Ambassador left England prior to the Crimean War. Rebuilt by public subscription, it withstood storm and rain for half a century, but on the same day that the British Government issued its ultimatum to the Boers it was struck by lightning and badly damaged. These unique coincidences have strangely perplexed local people.—Mr. A. E. Bishop, 25, Melbourne Street, Hebden Bridge.

A STUDY IN SUNSHINE AND SHADE.

THIS strange effect, produced by sunshine and shade, is a common scene in Spanish towns, where, once every year, about eight days are set apart as the *Fiesta Mayor* (Grand Holidays). During this period each district vies with its neighbour in adorning the streets. Dancing at night to the music of hired musicians, under the fantastic canopy overhead, illuminated by the many lights of every open window and door, invites one and all to participate in the gaiety and animation of the scene. — Mr. Edmund Pöhler, Aragon 287, 3°, Barcelona.



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Enlarged 22 3-4 Times



Actual Size

LORD'S PRAYER

Engraved on Copper Plate, inside a circle 5-16 of an inch in diameter.

83 Words
326 Letters

Time taken to Engrave, 4 Hours



Yours truly
Paul P. Wentz

WATCHMAKER, JEWELER,
ENGRAVER

Enlarged 75 Times



Actual Size

The Alphabet and Digits 1 to 0, Engraved on an ordinary pinhead, 2 mm. in diameter.

36 Characters

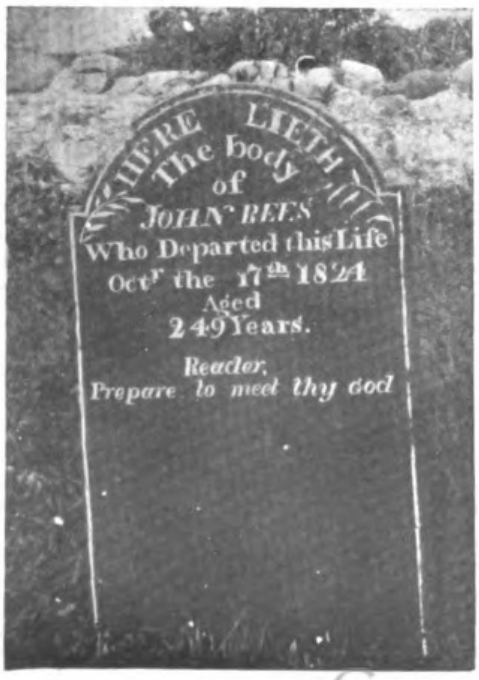
Time taken to Engrave, 1 1-2 Hours

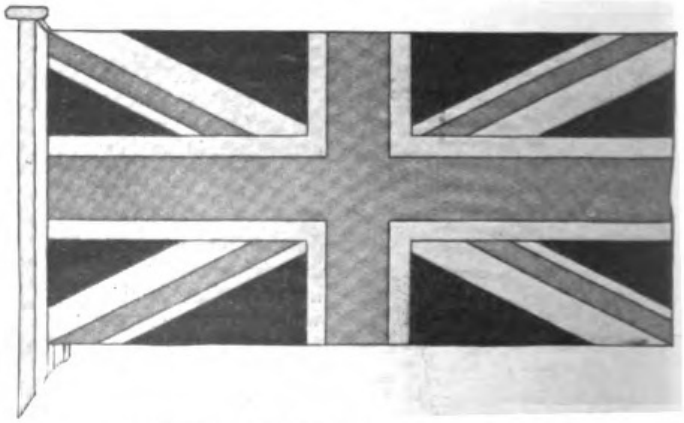
MARVELS OF MINIATURE ENGRAVING.

BOTH the specimens of work shown in the above illustration were done by myself. Perhaps some readers of THE STRAND, on seeing these examples of miniature engraving, may like to try their hands at this kind of work.—Mr. Paul P. Wentz, P.O., Box 264, Sharon, Pa., U.S.A.

A CHURCHYARD HUMORIST.

THIS tombstone is in the churchyard at Amroth, a little watering-place in the south-east corner of Pembrokeshire. If the inscription could be trusted it would prove a splendid advertisement, as attesting the longevity of the inhabitants and the salubrity of the locality. The parish register, however, shows the age to be twenty-four, and the nine must have been added by some mischievous person—evidently a professional mason, for it is quite as well cut as the rest of the inscription. Humour, we know, is the salt of life, but whether a churchyard is a fitting place for its exhibition is certainly open to question.—Mr. J. J. Fletcher, Amroth, Stepaside S.O., Pembrokeshire.

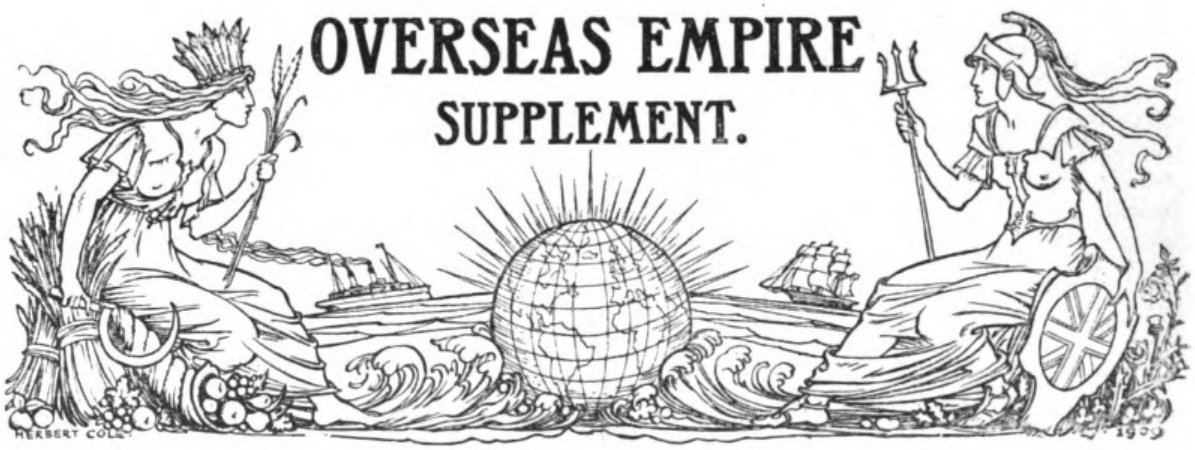




THE CORRECT WAY TO FLY THE UNION JACK.

FEW blunders are more common or, to those who know better, more ludicrous than that of flying the Union Jack the wrong way up. The above illustration, showing the way in which it should be displayed, may be of use to our readers. It will be noticed that the *broad* white bands (A, A) are *at the top* of the diagonal crosses *in the two quarters nearest the flagstaff*. If this is borne in mind no mistake can ever be made. When this is not done, however, the flag appears reversed and thereby becomes a signal of distress.

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CANADIAN CITY CONTRASTS.

A Glance at Four Capital Cities.

By JAMES BURNLEY.

CANADA'S chief cities present some striking features of contrast. They are not only unlike each other, but unlike any other cities in the world. In England, broadly speaking, the same characteristics dominate all large cities; but in the Dominion each principal city stands for something wholly distinctive from the rest. Montreal reflects in a special degree the maritime interests of the country as well as some of the romance and picturesqueness of the old French days; Toronto speaks of industrial and commercial activity, of its trade with the great lakes, and of Universities, colleges, and scholarship generally; Winnipeg, the Gate of the West, is the great city of the later Western development; while Vancouver, out on the Pacific Coast, has a touch of the Orient about it that is all its own.

To know these four chief cities intimately



VIEW OF MONTREAL FROM MOUNT ROYAL.

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and Quebec (of which we have written at some length in a recent number) is to know pretty well what the Canada of to-day is doing, for these cities are the centres by which the interior business of their respective States is largely controlled. The banks and commercial houses of Montreal and Toronto reflect every fluctuation in the workaday world of which they are, as it were, the guardians and trustees. The city of Winnipeg, which handles more grain than any other market in the British Empire, has commercial command of the endless acres that supply this grain and holds the finances of the vast territory within its generous grasp. Vancouver, once so remote and unfriended as to have been in danger of being lost to Canada altogether, is now being linked closer and closer with the forward Canadian movement, and is attracting to itself a large portion of the stream of migration to the Last New West.

What these four cities give forth in their relations with their provinces as a whole is a fairly accurate reflex of twentieth-century Canada. One feature alone may be said to be possessed by them all, and that is a special earnestness of attitude and movement of the people that seems to hit the happy medium between the repose of the British man of business and the over-accentuation of hustle-bustle that characterizes the American business man. Yes, and there is still another feature that is common to Canadian cities—and, for the matter of that, common to all the great population centres of new lands — and that is the "stranded" element; the men who, failing as pathfinders in the expanding West, or unable to get there, cling to the crowded places in the hope of chancing upon easy occupation or friendly aid. Sometimes we find this latter element pointed to by unthinking travellers, or interested or prejudiced testimony, as evidence of Canadian failure, whereas it is simply a revelation of personal unfitness.

Montreal, the metropolis of the Dominion, the great outlet and inlet between Europe and Canada, the starting-point of so many Westward roads, the first stage of connection between the East and the immense river, lake, and canal navigation system that plays such an important part in the trading intercourse of the country, is the true index to the prevailing conditions throughout the country, and also to the hopes and aspirations that represent the call of the future. There is a spaciousness about Montreal that is intensely inspiriting. Its towers and domes and buildings look down upon a scene of rare beauty. The St. Lawrence in its stately seaward flow, so suggestive of mighty forces beyond; the massive wharves and far-extending harbour front; the great liners as they speed in and out with their enormous freights; and the gigantic bridge that connects the northern and southern shores, all speak of boundlessness. There is a general aspect of roominess everywhere. Some of the old hilly streets are narrow, it is true, but there is no crowding or jostling, and it is a good thing, I take it, that one's first impression of a new country, which so many have to realize on landing in Montreal, is of this character. The hotels are of ample proportions, the churches and public buildings are not hemmed in by other bricks and mortar, and even the factories—of which there are some hundreds—seem to have been built with the view of the possibility of being utilized



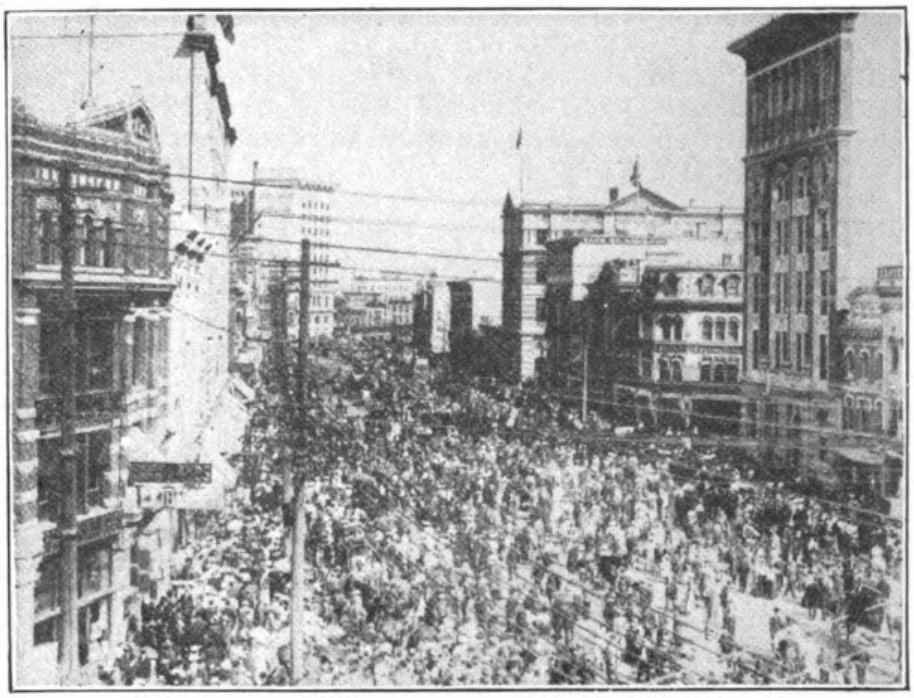
CITY OF TORONTO—GENERAL PANORAMA.

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as public institutions at some future date with pleasure grounds around them. Then the parks and squares — Mount Royal crowning the land panorama—stand out in lovely relief; and on a summer's day the foliage lies so thick and green over all parts of Montreal that it seems the ideal of a very Brobdingnagian Garden City. But, with all this scenic attraction, suggesting leisure and pleasure, Montreal is full of business, and the truth is, the merchants, bankers, traders, shopkeepers, and money-makers generally, as well as the spenders, get through all the more business because of this sense of spaciousness that pervades the city.

Toronto strikes another note — a more modern one. Its streets are broad and new, its buildings high and new, its parks and gardens large and new, and its industrial establishments have also an aspect of newness about them that we of the old country are little accustomed to. The familiar ageing influences of smoke and grime seem to be absent from Toronto, the bracing, cleansing, purifying breezes that come blowing in from Lake Ontario no doubt having a good deal to do with this happy immunity. The railway stations even suggest newness, not only by the many fresh arrivals that are continually pouring through their gates, but by the neatness and primness of their general surroundings. If there is any great novelty in publishing, it is pretty sure to emanate from Toronto, the acknowledged publishing centre of the Dominion; and most of the new educational schemes for Canada are originally formulated in this capital of Ontario, whose scholastic institutions are the admiration of the world. Another feature that harmonizes with the rest is that Toronto is noted for the beautiful homes of its chief citizens and also for the cheery, comfortable houses which it gives to its working classes. But they are all working classes in Toronto; it is no place for idlers.

It is a far cry from Montreal and Toronto to Winnipeg; though it is but a day or two's journey after all, and with the comfortable train service they give you out on those Western railways there is nothing very disconcerting about it. It seems but the other day that people regarded Winnipeg as a lonely outpost of civilization that it would take many years for prosperity to overtake; but when the railway men—and especially such active and far-seeing railway men as Canada has produced or attracted—begin the task of linking scattered localities together, it is amazing what a rapid transformation takes place. No sooner were the tracks made than the people began to flock in, and Winnipeg became the central operating point for what has now grown to be the biggest wheat territory in the world. It is this wheatfield that has shaped the success of Winnipeg. Winnipeg has reflected that development at every stage—when, thirty-five years ago, its population was only a few hundreds, and now, when it has some 114,000 citizens. Farmers from every farming country —from England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, from Russia, Germany, Sweden Denmark, and, in the largest numbers of all, from the United States — came and saw and were conquered by Winnipeg. Winnipeg transacted their business, settled them upon the



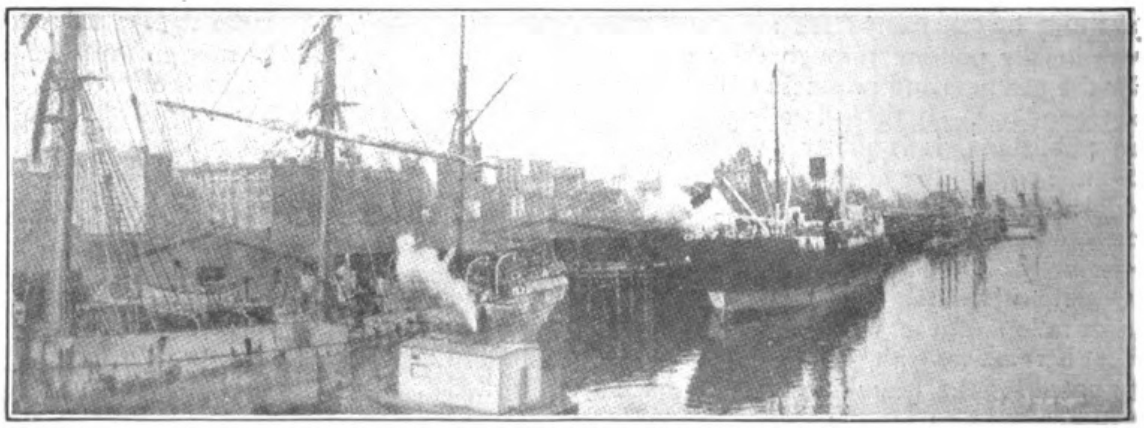
MAIN STREET, WINNIPEG—TYPICAL SCENE ON A FÊTE DAY.

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land, and set them going. The Government set up its land offices at Winnipeg; land companies, banks, and financial institutions of every conceivable kind were established; and so the keys of the great Mid-West Granary came to be held by the Winnipegians. Winnipeg is *par excellence* the city of the golden grain. Its immense elevators are fortresses of grain, its railways are the carriers of grain, and on grain it lives and thrives. Grain fills the coffers of its banks, supports its hotels, runs its theatres and tramcars, maintains its schools and colleges, and keeps its lake and river navigation in active swing through the seasons. But under Canadian influences the cultivators of the grain soon experience a refining that tones down the old-world ruggedness which in most cases they brought with them on taking up their farms. It is the custom to think of Western men of the farming class as rough and uncouth, and not very susceptible to the social amenities; but whether it is because of the new feeling of freedom and independence of spirit that the very atmosphere of Canada seems to be charged with, or just the kindlier thoughts and habits that naturally come over a man of growing prosperity, there the fact is — farming life in Canada makes ladies and gentlemen of the farmers, and good citizens and citizenesses into the bargain. Winnipeg also reflects that change.

Out at Vancouver, on the Pacific Coast of British Columbia, the Far East and the Far West seem to merge into each other. The Orient comes out to meet the Western limit of Canadian expansion, and the alliance is demonstrated in many picturesque and alluring ways. From all points of the State—the miners from the gold regions, the fruit ranchers from the Okanagan, Kootenay, and Columbia valleys, and the men from the salmon fisheries—people come in to transact business in Vancouver; while a constantly changing stream of travellers comes in by the Canadian Pacific Railway from the other side of the Dominion, which is met by another stream brought in from China, Japan, and Australia by Canadian Pacific steamships. These are the things that give the city of Vancouver its strange but fascinating aspect of foreignness. It is the city of quick transit, of big trees, of beautiful parks, of great lumbering and fishing industries, and of high-spirited men and women. Here is the index to the resources of the various districts of British Columbia, and to the quickening developments which will be witnessed in all parts of the Pacific State in the next decade. In variety of resources no State of the Dominion surpasses British Columbia, but those resources are as yet hardly tapped, much less utilized.

It is the cities that are the great points of reception and distribution. No matter in what quarter a settler may be disposed to take up his abode and try his luck, it is through the chief city of that locality that he has to enter into his settlement. There they have collected for him all the information that may be necessary to influence his decision; there he will find the right people to introduce him to the kind of property he is looking for; there, when at last he has made his selection, he can arrange all the terms of his bargain. It is of the greatest interest, therefore, that new-comers should know something of these chief cities before going out, but the Government agencies are now so numerous, and so well equipped for this purpose, that he can obtain much of the information that he requires on this side before starting.



THE HARBOUR, VANCOUVER CITY, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

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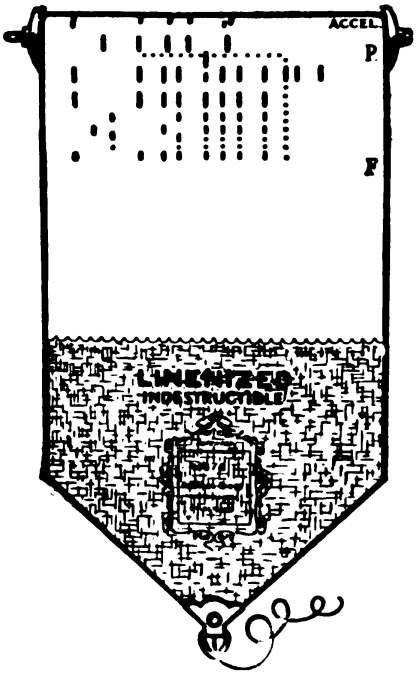
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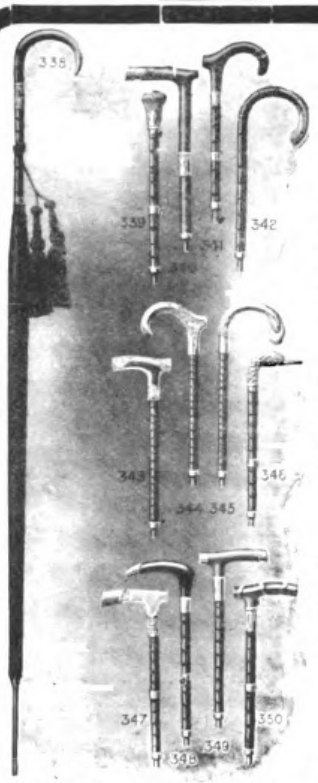
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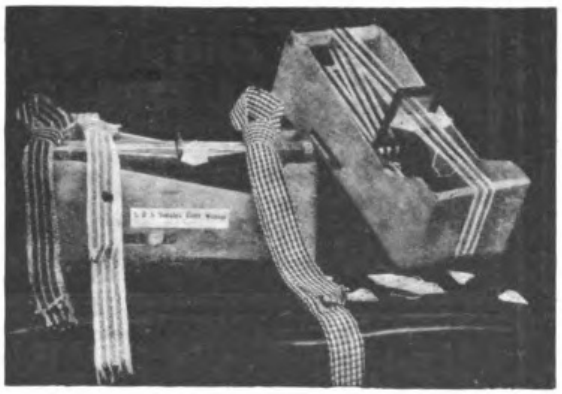


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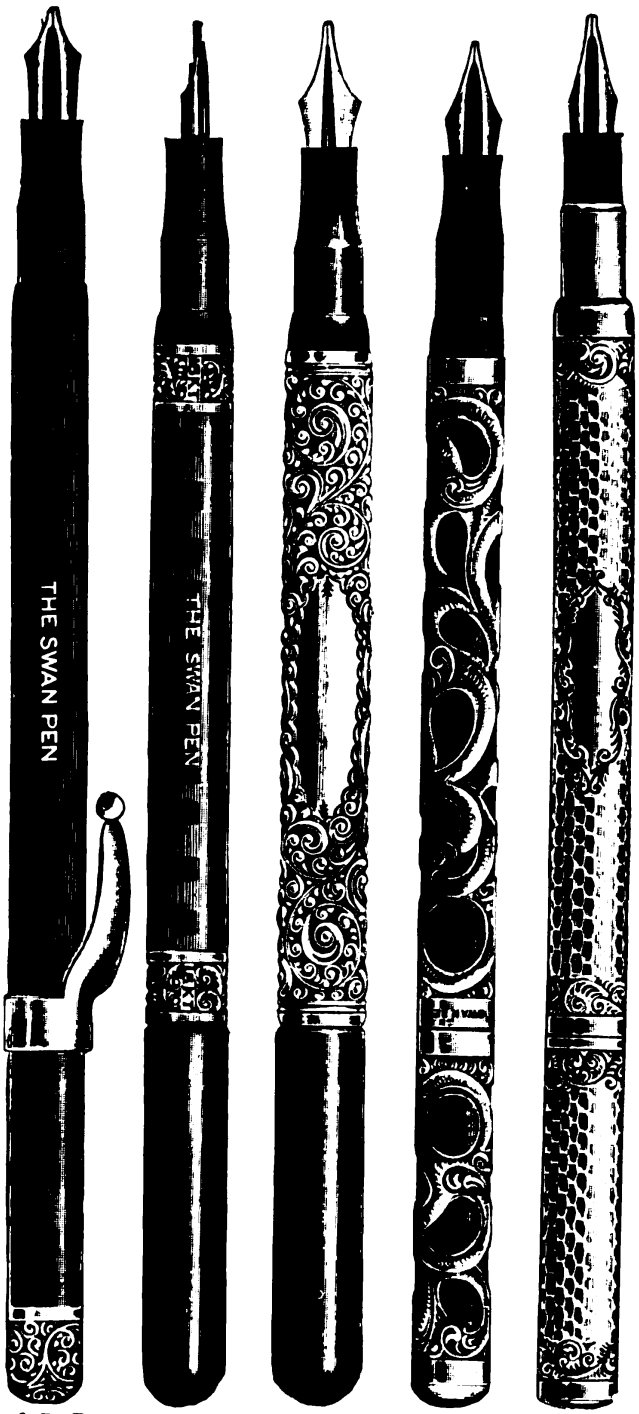
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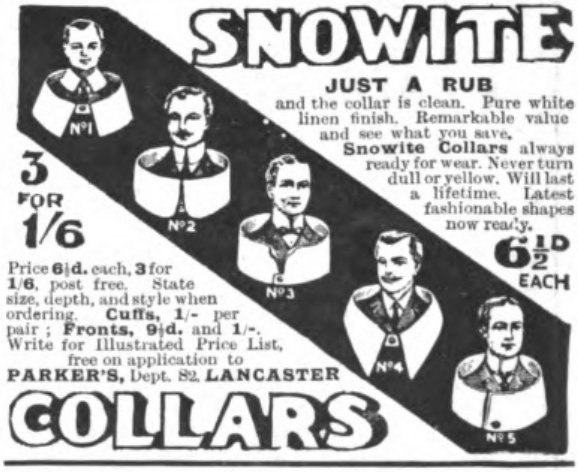
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J. FOOT & SON, Ltd., Patentees & Manufacturers,

171, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.

The right Christmas Present
A Box of Fine Cigars.

A box of fine cigars, sent with seasonable greetings to a friend, carries a hundred memories, a hundred good wishes and a hundred kind thoughts of the giver —in fact, every cigar is a hand-shake of friendship.

It is difficult to know what to give a man for a Christmas present. He generally possesses most of the little things he requires, and duplication of his most cherished possessions sometimes means the giving up of old and well-tried friends.

But there is one thing of which he can never have too many, and that is a good cigar. No matter how well filled his cabinet may be, there is always room for another box. Every time a man lights a cigar he thinks of the giver, and, in the clouds of smoke, he brings back his friend to memory.

Martins new cigar list—**"A Book of Fine Cigars"**—is now ready. It illustrates cigars, cigarettes, etc., from 2/6 to 150/- per 100. Write for a copy to—

Martins, Ltd. (Dept. A) Shippers of Fine Cigars, 25, CHEAPSIDE, **London, E.C.**

As you may know, we have the largest mail order cigar business in the world. Over 170,000 smokers buy from us regularly. They buy from us because the quality and value of our cigars are **right.**

Having our own experts on the spot in Havana and elsewhere, we are able to secure the pick of the various crops at first cost.

MARTINS GUARANTEE—"Perfect-satisfaction-or-money-refunded-in-full."



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A FREE GIFT FOR YOUR DRESSING-TABLE

Follow the Instructions and use the Toilet Requisites Given in Each Presentation Package, and You will Greatly Increase the Permanent Beauty and Glorious Luxuriance of Your Hair.

SEND YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS TO-DAY TO ENGLAND'S LEADING AUTHORITY ON THE HAIR, AND ONE OF THESE GIFT OUTFITS WILL BE DELIVERED TO YOU THE DAY AFTER TO-MORROW.

It is not often that we hear of so magnificent a distribution of gifts as this one.

These Free Outfits (one of which any reader of THE STRAND MAGAZINE can possess for himself or herself) contain absolutely everything required for growing a luxuriant and beautiful head of hair, free from any sign of weakness, baldness, lack of colour or lustre.

They contain the final results of the many years' experience and study Mr. Edwards has given to the subject of growing healthy and beautiful hair, even on heads which have been troubled with Baldness or Greyness for years.

And Mr. Edwards is presenting these complete Toilet Outfits free of any charge or obligation whatsoever to the numerous readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

The packages are now going out. Many of them have already been delivered. Thousands of ladies and gentlemen are now using the materials they contain according to Mr. Edwards' secret instructions, and are finding their reward in the increased growth, gloss, and colour of their hair.

It is time for you to secure your share in this distribution, and it is not an opportunity to be missed. Here, at the foot of the page, you will find a coupon. Cut it out, fill in your name and address, and send it to Mr. Edwards. And in return the day after to-morrow you will receive from the hands of your postman one of these splendid presentation Toilet Outfits, containing :—

1. A Book of Hair Toilet Recipes by Mr. Edwards, including the direction for the famous "three-minutes-a-day" "Harlene Hair-Drill," which has so marvellous an effect in improving the strength and beauty of the hair of those who try it, including members of the Royal and Titled Families.

2. A Bottle of "Edwards' Harlene-for-the-Hair" (the merits of which, as a Hair-Beautifier, Tonic, and Restorative, need no description here), containing sufficient "Harlene" for a full week's course of the above-mentioned "Hair-Drill."



Every reader who would like to know how to cultivate his or her hair to its greatest thickness, length, and beauty of appearance, should send for one of these Free Toilet Outfits for the dressing-table. Each packet contains materials and instructions how to restore the hair to perfect health, or how to preserve it in good health. Anyone who follows these directions need never fear baldness, complete or partial, whilst the colour, as long as life lasts, will retain its richness of hue, thereby preserving the youthful appearance. Write your name and address on the following coupon, cut it out, and send it to the address given thereon, and your postman will deliver to your home the Free Toilet Outfit.

3. A Supply of Edwards' Cremex Shampoo Powder for the Scalp, which should be used at least once a week in order to refresh and invigorate the scalp, and thus prepare it for the Hair-Growing Action of "Harlene Hair-Drill."

The time to write for this Free Gift is now.

The coupon below entitles you to one of these outfits.

Cut it out, fill in your name and address, enclose 3d. in stamps, and post it to Edwards' Harlene Co., 95 and 96, High Holborn, London, W.C., and the Outfit will be sent to you through the post immediately, so that you will be able to receive it the day after to-morrow.

By enclosing a shilling postal order you may obtain six additional Cremex Shampoo Powders, the discovery of which forms the most valuable addition to the art of Hair Culture made since the origin of "Hair-Drill."

Further supplies of "Harlene-for-the-Hair" can be obtained in 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. bottles from all leading chemists and stores in the United Kingdom, or direct from the "Harlene" Offices, by sending postal order for amount required.

FREE TRIAL COUPON.

To The EDWARDS' HARLENE CO.,
95 and 96, High Holborn, London, W.C.

Kindly forward one of the Week's Trial Outfits to address below. I enclose 3d. in stamps for postage to any part of the World.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

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"Hold thee that to drink."—*Shakespeare.*

'WINCARNIS'

The World's Greatest Wine Tonic
Nature's Finest Brain & Nerve Food

Disposition, thought, activity, every movement of the body, are dependent on the brain, and the power of the brain is dependent on the blood. Languor, faintness, depression, exhaustion, nerve decay, and general ill-health are signs of a loss of vital force, and impoverished blood, and of wasting tissues, which quickly affect the brain. To be strong, forceful, with a clear, healthy brain, a good memory, to feel that work is a pleasure, take 'Wincarnis.' It is a natural nerve and brain food, because it enriches and rejuvenates the blood, creating strength and vitality in every organ of the body. 'Wincarnis'

Gives the Joy of Being Strong and Vigorous

with that spirit of youth, with its health and activity, that means success and happiness. Take 'Wincarnis' daily as a beverage, try it with a dash of soda-water; it will refresh and revive you at all times; weakness will disappear under its administration, and health and strength predominate.

Sign the Coupon and Test it Free.

Now is the Time to recuperate health and strength. If you send 3 penny stamps to cover carriage you will receive a trial bottle free—large enough to do you good and enable you to appreciate its wonderful properties. Then you can buy 'Wincarnis' from your wine merchant, licensed grocer, or chemist. It is also sold by the glass and in 1/- flasks at hotels, licensed houses, and railway refreshment bars.

Sign This Now

To COLEMAN & CO., LTD.,
201, Wincarnis Works, Norwich.
Please send me a free trial bottle of 'Wincarnis.' I enclose 3d. for carriage.

Name .....

Address.....

Strand Magazine December, 1909.

NOTE.—'Wincarnis' is now sold by all chemists in France.

'WINCARNIS' PREVENTS COLDS, CHILLS, & INFLUENZA

Gold Medal Franco-British Exhibition. By appointment to King & Queen of Spain.

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KODAKS FOR PRESENTS

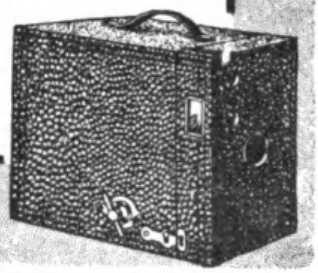
GIVE YOUR BOY & GIRL A KODAK and throw open to them one of the simplest and most delightful pursuits of to-day. . . . . The wonderful little No. 1 Brownie costs only five shillings and gives beautiful pictures. There is no difficulty about Kodak photography, and no darkroom.

"Smith Major, Myself and a Brownie," our latest booklet will interest and amuse you. Send for a copy naming this Magazine

Of all Dealers, and

KODAK, LIMITED, 57-61 CLERKENWELL ROAD, LONDON, E.C.

96, Bold St., Liverpool; 89 Grafton St., Dublin; 2 St. Nicholas Bldgs., Newcastle; 72-74 Buchanan-st., Glasgow; 3, Victoria Square, Birmingham; 59, Brompton Rd., S.W.; 60 Cheapside, E.C.; 115, Oxford St., W.; 171-173, Regent St., W.; 40, Strand, London, W.C.



. . THE . .

'ARNOLD' VIBRATOR

Electrical Massage in the Home.

CAN BE ATTACHED TO ANY ELECTRIC LIGHT CIRCUIT.

Complete Outfit of Six different Applicators for Face, Neck, Throat, Bust, Head, & Spine

£5.5.0



Massage for Health and Beauty.

There is hardly any ailment that regular, daily massage will not entirely remove.

The "ARNOLD" VIBRATOR gives as powerful massage as an expert masseur, yet is so simple that a child can use it.



Massage for Deafness, Head Noises.

The BEST REMEDY for—

Catarrh, Deafness, Headache, Indigestion, Lumbago, Rheumatism. It strengthens the Spine, Nerves, Heart, and Vital Organs.

Weighs only 22 Ounces.



Massage for Correcting the Lines of the Figure.

Full description and instruction in Booklet O 1310.

Wholesale from—

The GENERAL ELECTRIC Co., Ltd.,
71, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET,
LONDON, E.C.

REG'D TRADE MARK

And from all Stores, Electrical Contractors, Etc.

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THE TELL-TALE MIRROR.



WHAT DOES YOUR MIRROR REVEAL IN THE MORNING ?

Does it reflect sparkling eyes, rosy cheeks, and the flush of healthful vigour, which come from a system well nourished through sound digestion?

or,

Does it reveal eyes sunken for want of calm, restful sleep? A furred tongue? A wan and weary face? A body wasted because food fails to nourish you?

If your mirror reveals this latter state of things, you may depend upon it that your stomach is out of order—that you are in the first stages of Indigestion, if not already a chronic sufferer from that insidious, painful, and dangerous complaint.

You cannot look well, be well, or feel well, if food remains undigested in your stomach. In that condition it gives you little or no nourishment, but generates poisonous acids which taint your blood, and cause constipation, biliousness, headaches, sleeplessness, pains in the stomach, chest and back, dizziness, languor, and depression of spirits.

Mother Seigel's Syrup, the standard herbal remedy for all digestive ailments, is what you need. It tones and strengthens the stomach, liver and bowels, and restores energy, strength, and the vigour and glow of health. Mr. & Mrs. Rodway, Hillesley, Wotton-under-Edge, say: "We have known the value of Mother Seigel's Syrup for over 20 years, and have never known it fail to cure troubles of the stomach."

MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP.

The 2/6 Bottle contains 3 times as much as the 1/1½ size. **Also in Tablet form at 2/9.**

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A Sixpenny Sample Box of JOSEPH GILLOTT'S BEST PENS

BY MEANS OF THIS BOX YOU MAY TEST THIRTY-SIX (36) DIFFERENT PENS AND FIND THE ONE WHICH JUST SUITS YOUR HAND.

Realising that every writer's needs are different, Messrs. Joseph Gillott & Sons make a special offer which is of unique interest to the pen world. This firm of Royal Penmakers have made up a Special Sample Box of Pens, containing thirty-six specimens of the best Pens they make, each superbly finished, though entirely different. The cost of this wonderful specimen box is Sixpence, post free, which is cheapness itself.

This offer is made purely to allow the public to have a big range of the famous "Joseph Gillott" Pens, because amongst the thirty-six Pens there will be one Pen which every purchaser will want to buy again and again to use all his life. People do not all look alike, walk alike, or think alike, and people do not write alike.

The aim of the sample box is to give to the man or woman particulars about pen comfort, the one pen point that suits. It is worth the while of the busy writer to search for this pen, and a trial of the specimen box will ensure that the search will not be in vain.

JOSEPH GILLOTT & SONS make the provision of the right pen for the most exacting writer a constant study, and in their Specimen Pens will be found every pen point that can possibly be desired by the writing man or woman—fine or broad, long or short, hard or soft. Each pen is the most perfect type of its class.

Amongst the Thirty-six Specimens are:

"Improved J." Black and Gilt.	"J. G. Gilt."	"School Pen."	"Golden Eagle Quill."	"Queen Mab."
"Pearl."	"J. G. Black."	"Edinburgh."	"Treasury."	"Public."
"Welcome."	"Goldfields."	"Highland."	"Infrangible."	"Victoria."
"Zoo."	"Bank Pen."	"Ordnance."		"King Edward VII."

Simply Send Name and Address, together with P.O. or Stamps to the value of Sixpence, and the Specimen Pens will be forwarded by return

JOSEPH GILLOTT & SONS,

37A, GRACECHURCH STREET, LONDON, E.C.

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YOU NEED NOT SUFFER FROM LOSS OF HAIR.

MR. GEO. R. SIMS'

Tatcho

YOUR HONEST, TRUSTY GENUINE HAIR-GROWER

POSITIVELY PRODUCES HAIR.
STOPS IT FALLING OUT.
KEEPS IT ITS NATURAL COLOUR.
PREVENTS THE HAIR GOING GREY.

WHAT "TATCHO" MEANS.

The word "true," as defined in Chambers' 20th Century Dictionary, means "agreeing with fact, worthy of belief or confidence, certain, trusty, genuine, right, honest." In the Romany language the word for "true" is "Tatcho." For this reason Mr. Geo. R. Sims selected the word "Tatcho" for his discovery of the true hair-grower. The definition fits exactly. "Tatcho" is Romany for "true." Like the word "true" in the English language, "Tatcho" "agrees with fact, is worthy of belief or confidence, certain, trusty, genuine, right, honest."

THE DISCOVERY OF "TATCHO."

Though the story of the discovery of "Tatcho" has been recounted in nearly every scientific paper in the Kingdom, the subject of a true hair-grower is of such strong human interest that the story will bear repetition.

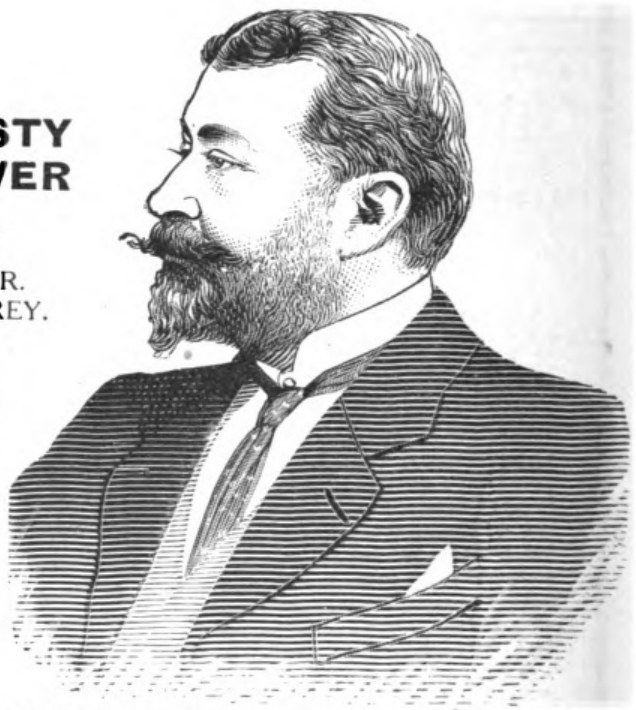
"When I discovered the preparation which is known as 'Tatcho,' I found that I had hit upon a remedy capable of working wonders," said Mr. George R. Sims to the Editor of the *Daily Mail*. "Look at my hair now. Look at the colour; isn't that convincing evidence of the value of my preparation? In time people got to know that I had discovered a renewer that had worked wonders in my own case. Then the trouble began.

"Letters in thousands poured in to me from men and women in every quarter of the world, from all parts of the Kingdom, from America, India, Africa, China, and Australia. The work of answering the letters was enormous, and as far as possible the desired information was supplied; but it became quite evident that at the rate at which the demand was increasing I should very soon need a large staff of clerks to attend solely to the hair renewer department of correspondence.

"In consequence I said to myself, Why should this thing go on? If the public wants my hair renewer, the public shall have it; but the demand must be met in the ordinary business-like way. So I resolved to place the genuine article, under the name of 'Tatcho,' which is the Romany word for 'genuine,' within reach of all, and with the assistance of a number of gentlemen possessing the necessary commercial facilities that has been accomplished.

"Ladies confirm my good opinion of it as a dressing for daily use. The famous novelist, 'Rita,' writes: '"Tatcho," in my opinion, is the only remedy worthy the name of Hair Restorer. I am pleased to send this spontaneous testimonial, because 'Tatcho' is the only remedy I have found serviceable after years of trying.'"

This is the whole story of the hair renewer discovered by Mr. G. R. Sims. To undertake the introduction of "Tatcho" to the public a wealthy syndicate was formed, embracing several of the best-known scientific, literary, and commercial names in London, and under the title of The Geo. R. Sims' Hair Restorer Co. is introducing "Tatcho" to the toilet table of every member of the King's vast Empire.



MR. GEO. R. SIMS, THE DISCOVERER OF "TATCHO," THE TRUSTY, HONEST HAIR-GROWER.

GUARANTEE.

I guarantee that this preparation is made according to the formulæ recommended by me.

Geo R Sims

WHAT "TATCHO" IS.

"TATCHO" is a brilliant spirituous tonic, the colour of whisky, free from all grease. A sprinkle of a few drops on the scalp, and five minutes with the brush daily, works marvels with every head of hair, but more especially with those that have not received their quantum of care.

"TATCHO" acts as an invigorating tonic. It stops the hair falling, creates a luxuriant growth, and imparts to it a bright and youthful lustre.

"TATCHO" is not a dye, and contains no colouring matter or any harmful ingredient.

Send this Coupon for a Full Size 4/6 Bottle of "Tatcho."

Provided this coupon is sent to the Chief Chemist, "Tatcho" Laboratories, Kingsway, London, we bind ourselves to send one of the large trial bottles of Mr Geo. R. Sims' Hair-Grower, "Tatcho," 4/6 size, for the sum of 1/10, post free, in a plain sealed package. This special offer is made solely with the object of enabling the public to prove its superlative value, and to avoid the necessity for extravagant outlay in advertising.

Cut along Dotted Line, Fill in and Mail To-day.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

S M., Dec 1909

"TATCHO" is sold by Chemists and Stores all over the world in bottles, at **1/-, 2/9,** and **4/6.**

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GIFTS WHICH LAST A LIFETIME

Nothing affords greater gratification to its recipient than a present of jewellery—nothing lasts longer to remind the owner of the giver, whilst bought so advantageously as it may be from the

H. WHITE MANUFACTURING CO.

it always represents nine-tenths of its original cost, **even after years of wear,** and so may be regarded as an **"investment"** in the best sense of the word.

Buying from the H. White Manufacturing Co. means that you obtain Watches and Gem Jewellery of the Highest Class at a **real** saving of 25% (5/- in £) as compared with the usual retail prices. Due in the first place to the fact that the Company possess the greatest facilities for **economical production,** and buy in the **best** markets—two immensely important advantages from which their **clients derive the greatest benefit;** whilst the Company's great turnover permits them to sell their Wonderful Specialities with **much less** profit than the ordinary retail firms, with their limited sales, **are obliged** to make.

THE "LADY'S COUNTY," an exquisite **high-grade Lever** in Solid **18-ct. Government Stamped Cases,** richly chased or polished plain, Crystal front, **£4-4-0.** **£5-5-0**

A VALUABLE BOOK FREE

Upon receipt of a postcard mentioning 'STRAND MAGAZINE,' the Company will mail their Book of Watches, Rings, Bracelets, Pins, etc. It is mailed **free anywhere,** is full of interesting information, **and may save you pounds!**

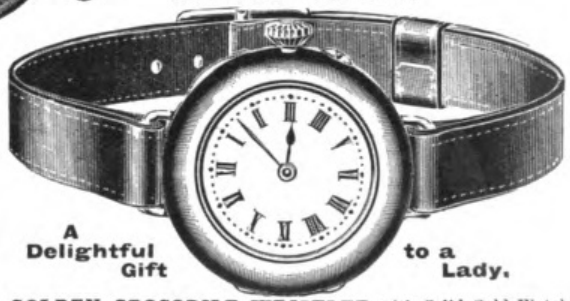
The 'COUNTY' 12-ct. Lever.

Upon receipt of P.O.O., Cash or Draft . . **£5-0-0** The **H. White Manufg. Co.** will mail to you at their **own risk, anywhere,** their Wonderful "County" Watch. In **strong Solid 12-ct. Gold** Cases, **English Government Stamped,** Half or Full Hunting, polished plain for monogram (richly engraved 5/- extra). Chronometer Balance—**adjusted for variations in temperatures. Splendid 18-ct. cases, £7 15s.** *A Superb Presentation Watch.* Splendid Sterling Silver Cases, **£2 10s.**

COLONIAL CLIENTS may rely upon their orders being executed with the utmost fidelity, and that their instructions will engage the closest consideration. Postage (Watches and Jewellery). British Empire, 1/6. Elsewhere, 5/-.

Handsome Diamond Cluster, **18-ct., £6.** Larger, £8, £10, £15.

ALL THE FASHION.



A Delightful Gift to a Lady.

GOLDEN CROCODILE WRISTLET with Solid Gold Watch (English Hall-Marked), **30/-.** *Reliable Movement.* With **Fine Lever** Movement, **£2 5s.** 18-ct., **£3 5s.** *Both Specially Recommended.*

Real Diamonds and Rubies or Sapphires, **18-ct., £5 5s.**

Superb Emerald and Diamonds, **18-ct., £15.** **Smaller, £10 and £7 10s.**

To gauge size of finger send Tape Measurement.

Fine Diamonds, **18-ct., £10 10s.** *Special Value.*

Two Fine Diamonds, **18-ct., £7 15s.** Larger, £10 10s.

Splendid Diamonds, **18-ct. £15.** *Special Value.*

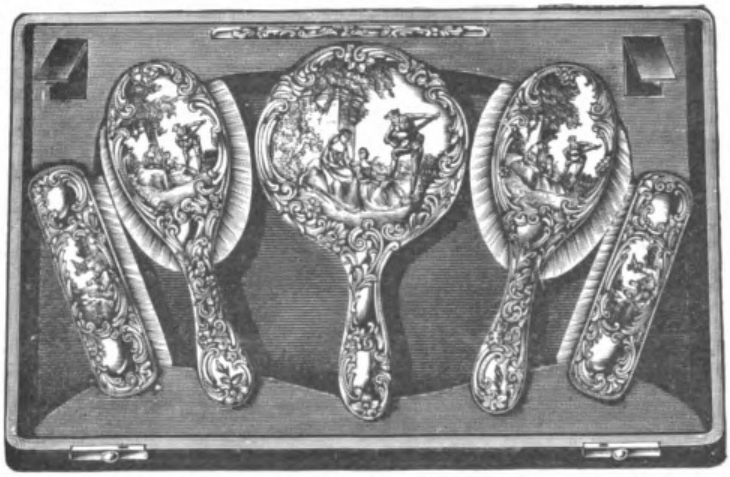
Very massive Bangle Ring, set with splendid Diamond, **18-ct. £7 10s.** to **£10 10s.** Without Diamond, all massive 18-ct. Gold, **£2 15s.**

Three Splendid Diamonds, **18-ct., £15.** Three Excellent Smaller Gems, £10.

Very fine Brilliants, **18-ct., £20.** *Magnificent Value.*

Solid 18-ct. Signet **30/-**; heavier, 40/-; lighter, 21/-. Monogram, 1/6; Crest, 3/6.

Superb Siam Ruby, **heaviest 18-ct., £3 3s.**





Reduced *Sketch.*

Invaluable to Service Men.—Handsome Pig-Skin Wristlet and Reliable Gun-Metal Watch, **21/-.** Sound Movement. With fine **Lever** Movement, closely timed Gun-Metal, 30/-; Silver Cases, 32/6. **Solid Gold English Government Stamped, £3; 18-ct. Gold, £4 4s.**

Specially recommended with Lever movements. Closely Timed and Adjusted for Variations in Temperatures.

The "TROUBADOUR."—Solid Silver Toilet Service. Classical figures raised in Repoussé Relief. Complete in rich morocco and velvet-lined case, **£3 5s.** Two Brushes, Mirror, and Comb **£2 5s.** One Mirror, Brush, and Comb **£1 12s. 6d.**

H. WHITE Manufg. Co., 104, MARKET STREET, MANCHESTER.

Important to Visitors—(NEXT TO LEWIS'S).

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Calvert's CARBOLIC Tooth Powder



A poor set of teeth
can spoil a pretty face.

To Make the Most of Nature's Charms

USE

CALVERT'S Carbolic Tooth Powder

Of all Chemists, in tins, 6d., 1/- and 1/6. For trial sample send penny stamp to F. C. Calvert & Co. (S.T. Dept.), Manchester. If you prefer to sprinkle the Powder on to the brush, ask for our new package, a glass jar with sprinkler top. Price 1/- net.

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THE DEAD WALL OF SILENCE

THE
ACOUSTICON
ENABLES THE
DEAF TO HEAR

Used by Royalty.

FOR PARTICULARS APPLY TO:—



ACOUSTIC PATENTS LTD.
20. BUCKLERSBURY LONDON. E.C. 36. VICTORIA ST. WESTMINSTER S.W
29. COUNTY BUILDINGS. CANNON ST. MANCHESTER. 39. SWAIN ST. BRADFORD.
V. MOYSE 1 VIA CASTELLO MILAN. ITALY.

NOVO BELTS



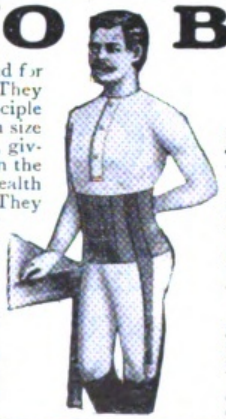
Send Waist & Hip Measurements.

For Reduction of Obesity and for general comfort and support. They are cut on an entirely new principle and effect a great reduction in size round the hips and abdomen, giving to either lady or gentleman the upright pose so conducive to health and a graceful appearance. They are made largely of a specially manufactured elastic unobtainable elsewhere.

BELT.
For wearing under the Corset

PRICE:
Drab, Blue, & White, £1 1 6
White Silk Face..... £1 7 6
All White Silk..... £1 12 6

All communications strictly private.



(Patent).

CORSET BELTS
Dispensing with the Usual Corset (either Lady's or Gent's)

PRICE:
Drab, Blue, & White, £1 5 6
Deeper Make £1 10 6
White Silk Face..... £1 12 6
All White Silk..... £2 2 6

Write for Illustrated Catalogue.

THE NOVO BELT CO.
(Dept. S.),
35, Brown St., MANCHESTER
Ladies Belts can be obtained from **Edmonds, Orr & Co., 3, Lower Seymour St.; Capper, Son & Co., 63, Gracechurch St., London.**



EJECTOR.



£12 - 12 - 0

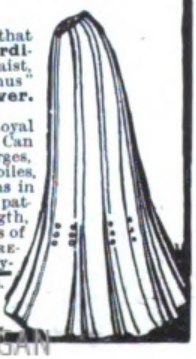
A thoroughly Reliable Good Shooting 12-Bore Double Hammerless Ejector Gun.

Price Lists of New and Secondhand Guns Post Free.

W. J. JEFFERY & CO., Gunmakers,
60, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.

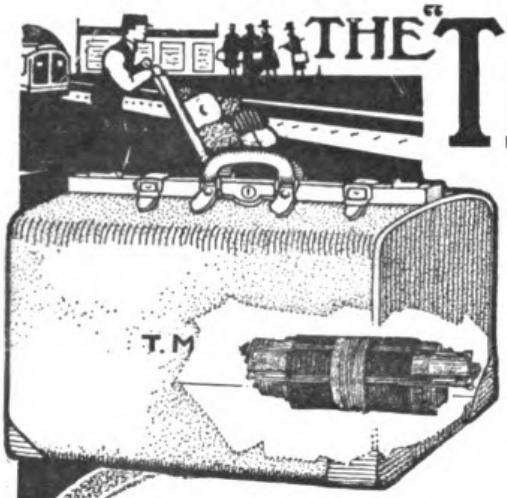
12/11 Maternity SKIRTS
POST FREE

SELF-ADJUSTING.
The great advantage of these garments is that they always present the **Appearance of Ordinary Walking Skirts.** Pleated from waist, and made with our self-adjusting "Maiturnus" Band. **Require no alteration whatever.**
TAILOR-MADE to Measure.
Black, Navy, Brown, Wine, Green, and Royal Vicuna Cloth, Light and Dark Tweeds. Can also be had in finest quality All-Wool Serges, Habit Cloths, Tweeds, Alpacas, Eoliennes, Voiles, &c. Our Latest Catalogue of other designs in Maternity and ordinary Walking Skirts, with patterns, post free. When ordering, state length, back and front, waist and hip measurements of your ordinary skirt, ALSO PRESENT MEASUREMENTS. Send for Illustrated Catalogue—Everything for Baby. Enquiries to the Manageress.



WOOD BROS., Dress Experts,
14, North Parade, MANCHESTER.

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THE "TRAVELLER"

TROUSER STRETCHER AND PRESS

Patent No. 22,640. And in U.S.A.

. . . **10/6** . . .

Carriage Paid in United Kingdom.

Weighs but 1½lb., and takes no more room in a bag than a pair of boots. . . . . .

The "Traveller" is as efficient in every respect as the cumbrous wooden press. It stretches and presses every part of the trousers, and even if three pairs be inserted the result is perfectly satisfactory. It is made for all-round use—Home or Travel.

Full Particulars on Application.

T. M. Lewin, Shirt Tailor, Hosier & Outfitter,
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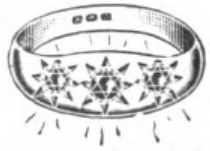
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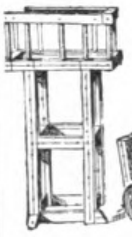
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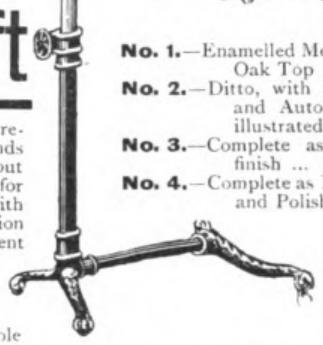
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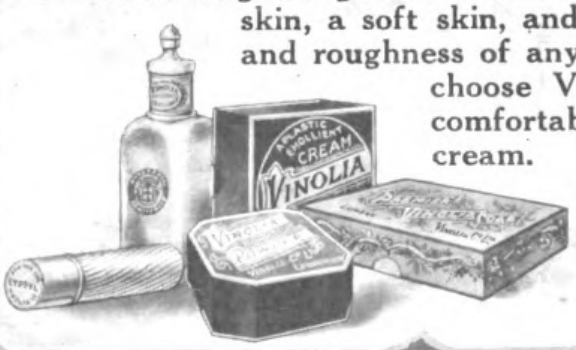
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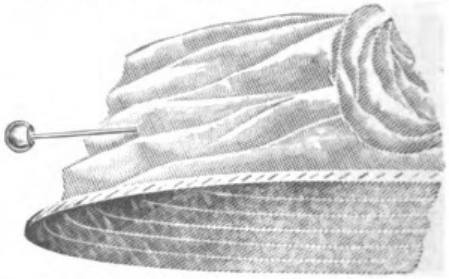
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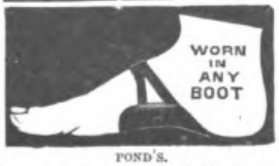
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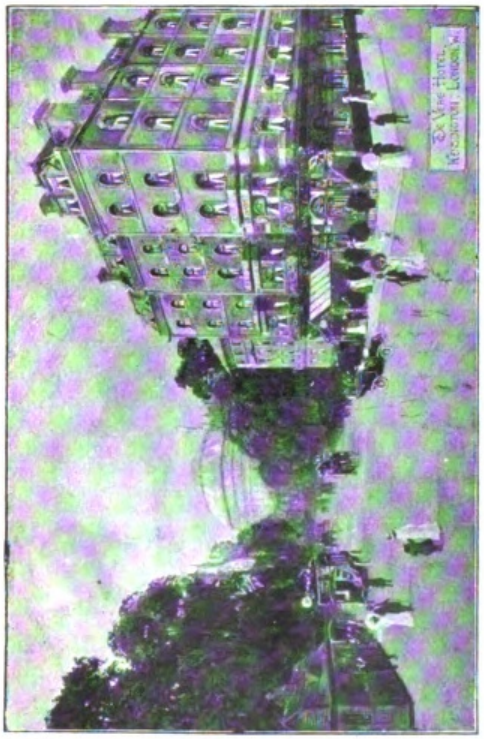
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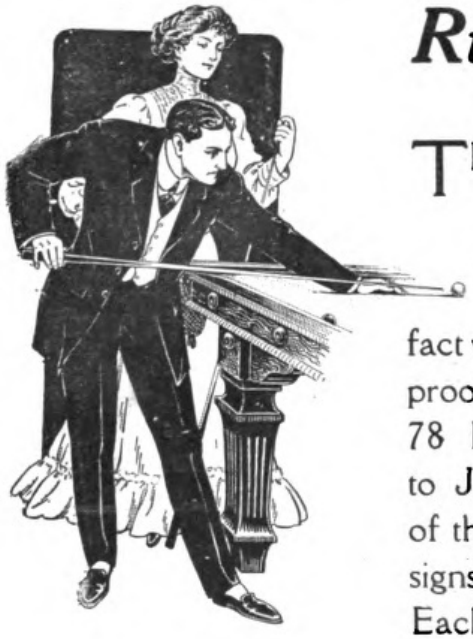
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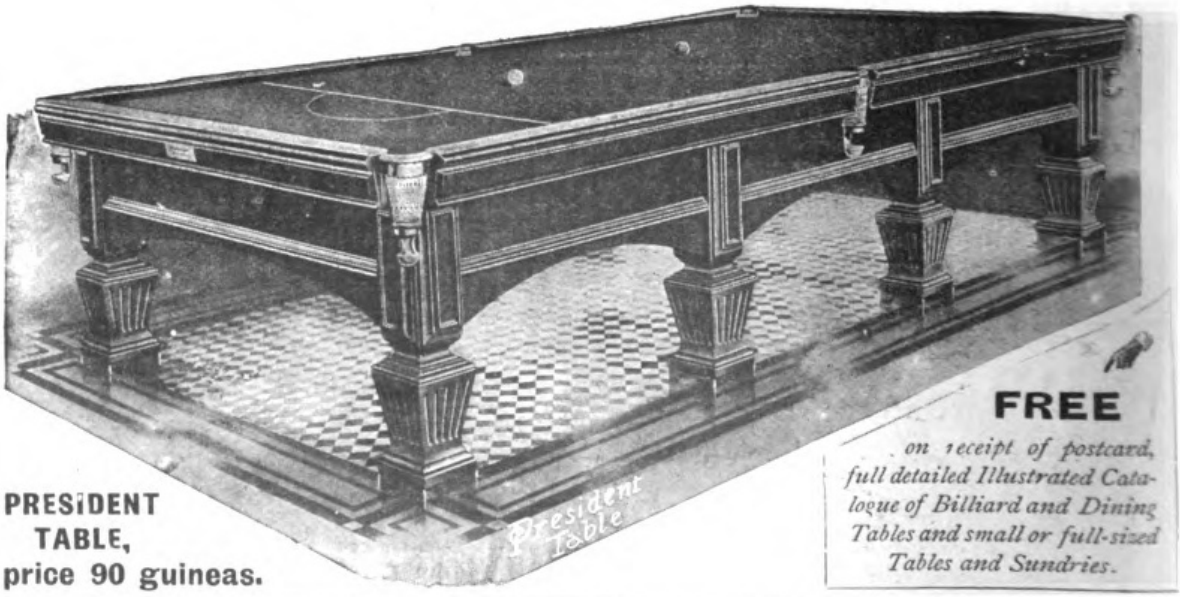
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THE ideal indoor game is billiards. It is the only game that never wearies —never palls. The ideal game of billiards is that played at home with home surroundings. Father and daughter, mother and son, each will find equal enjoyment. It is a game of skill, combining amusement with recreation.

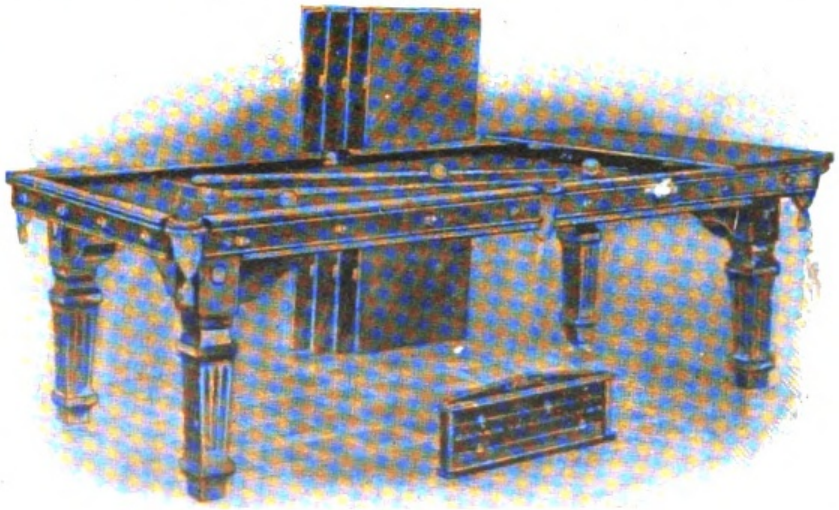
RILEY'S Billiard and Dining Tables
(combined).

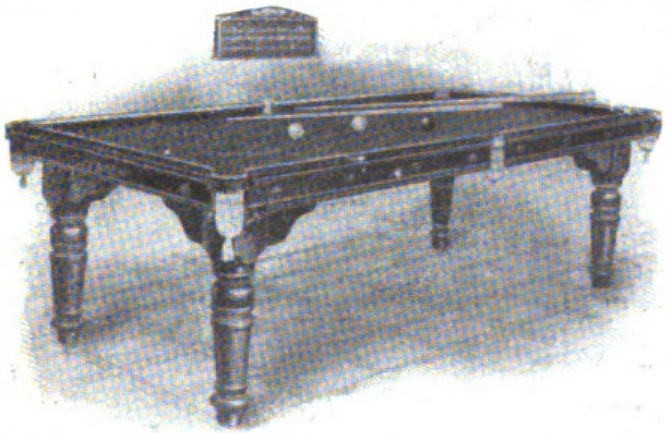
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Or in 13 Monthly Instalments, plus 5 per cent. on above cash prices. Also in 18 Monthly Payments.





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(To place on your own Dining Table).

Instantly Removed. Can be stored against wall. Will fit any size of Table. Superior Billiard Table, in Solid Mahogany, French Polished, Best Slate Bed. Adjustable Feet, Rubber Shod, Low Frost-proof Rubber Cushions. Two Cues, Rest, Marking Board, Ivory or Crystallate Balls, etc.

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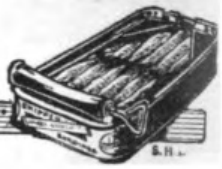
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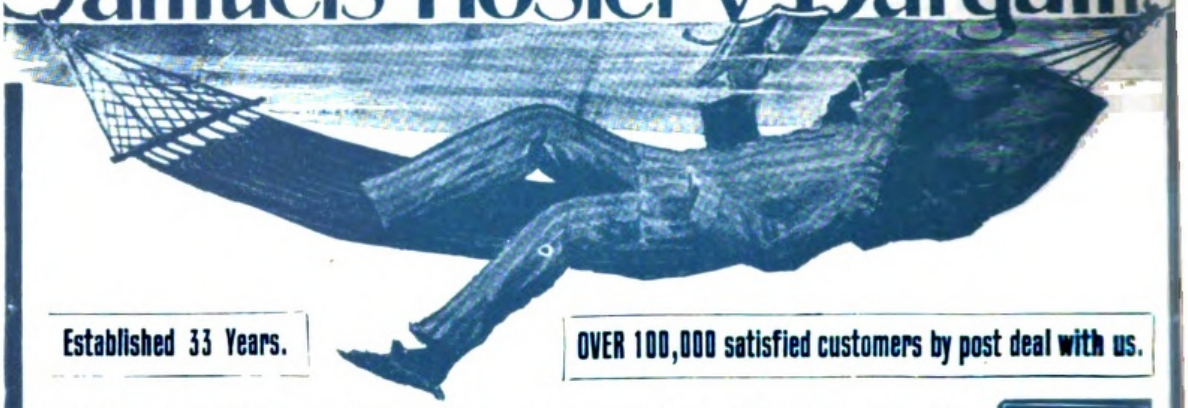
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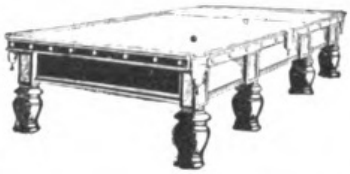


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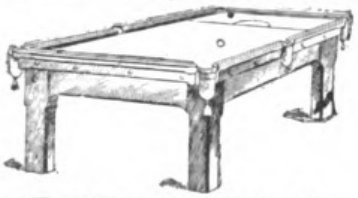
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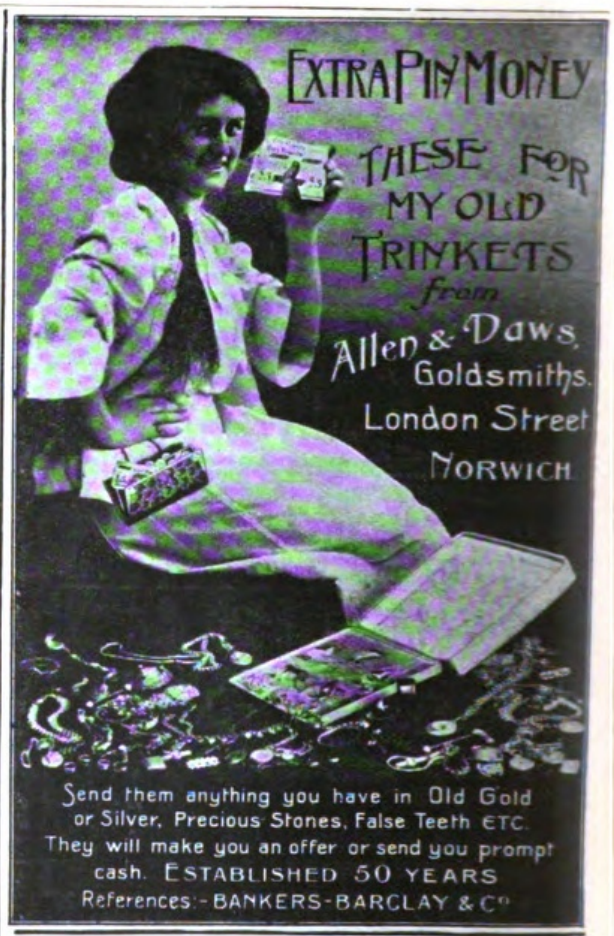
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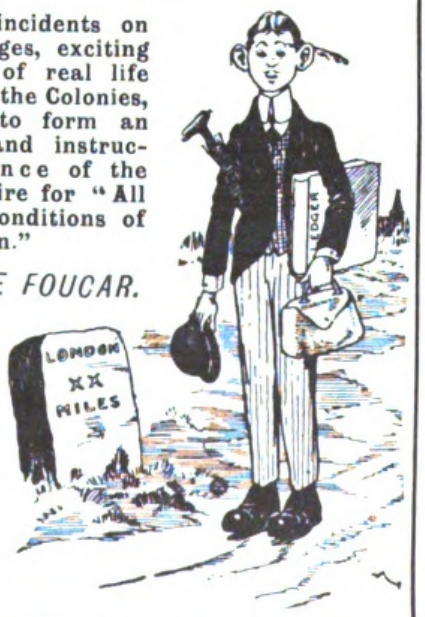
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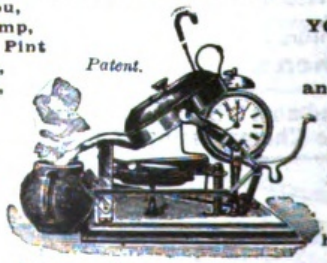
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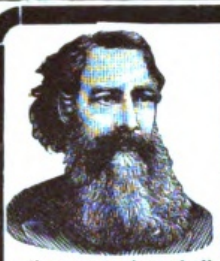
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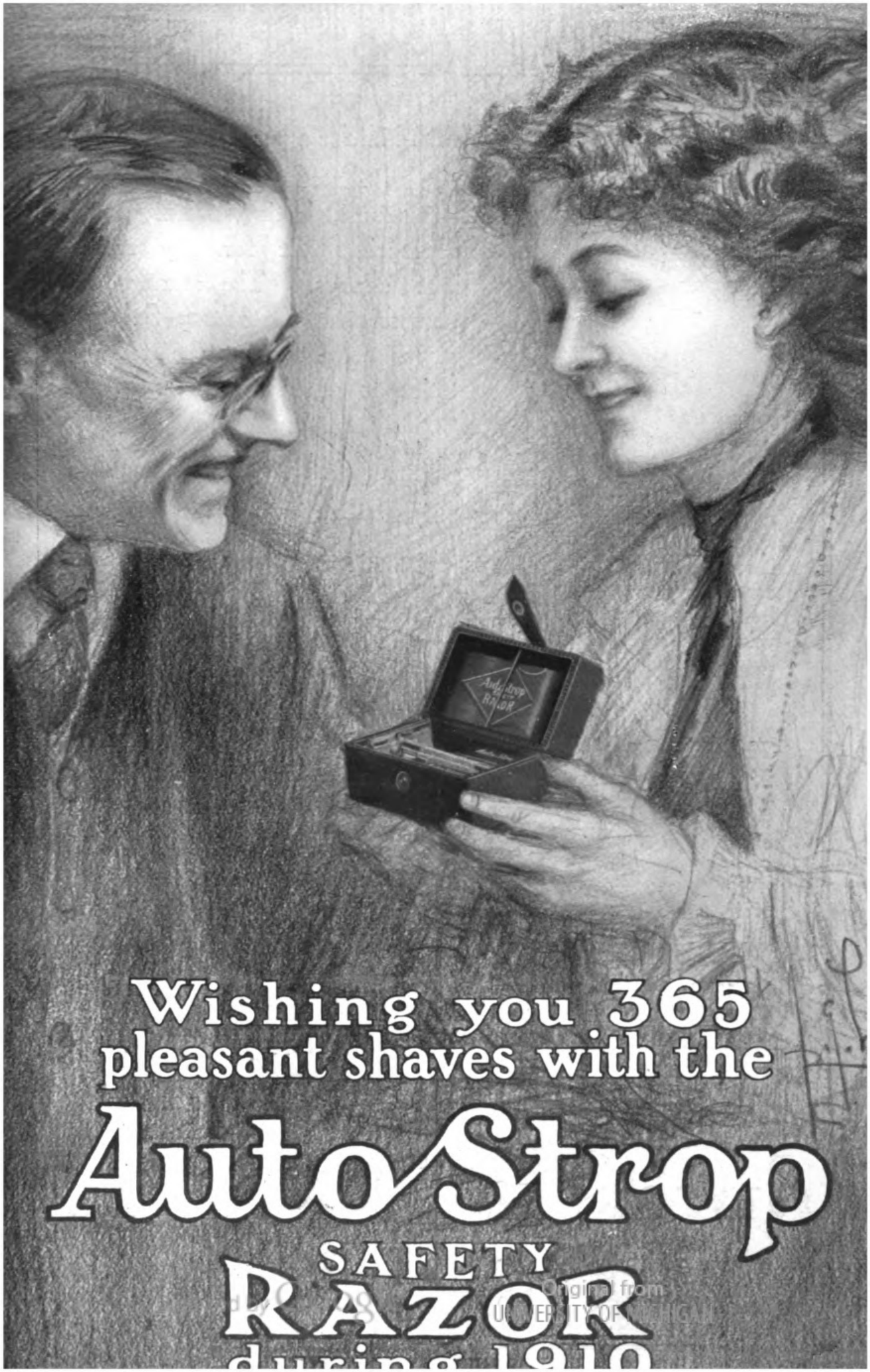
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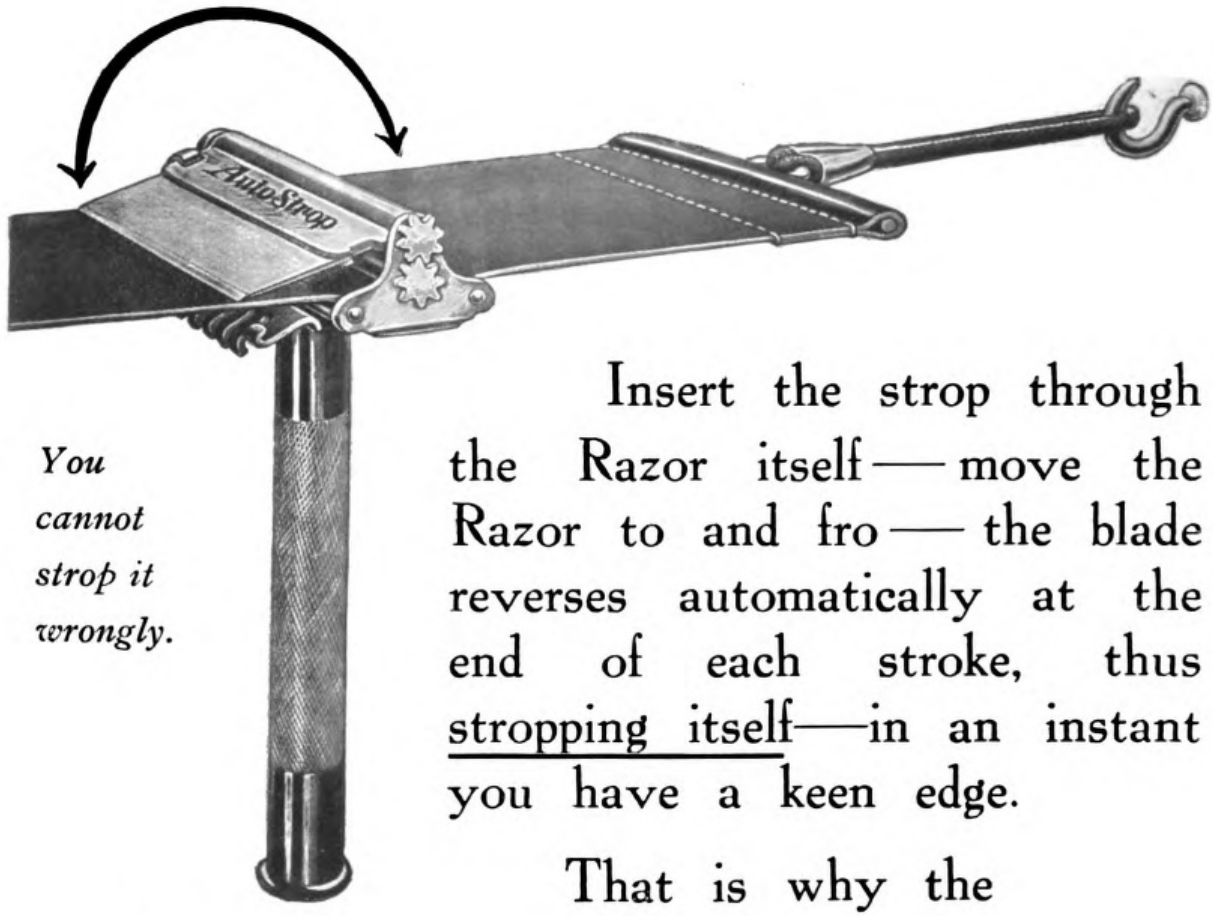
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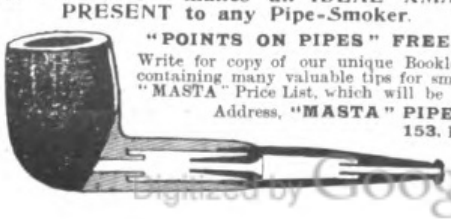
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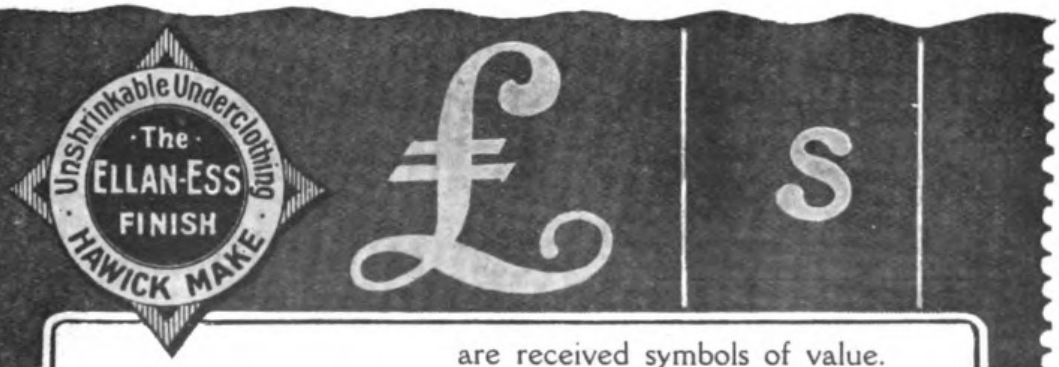
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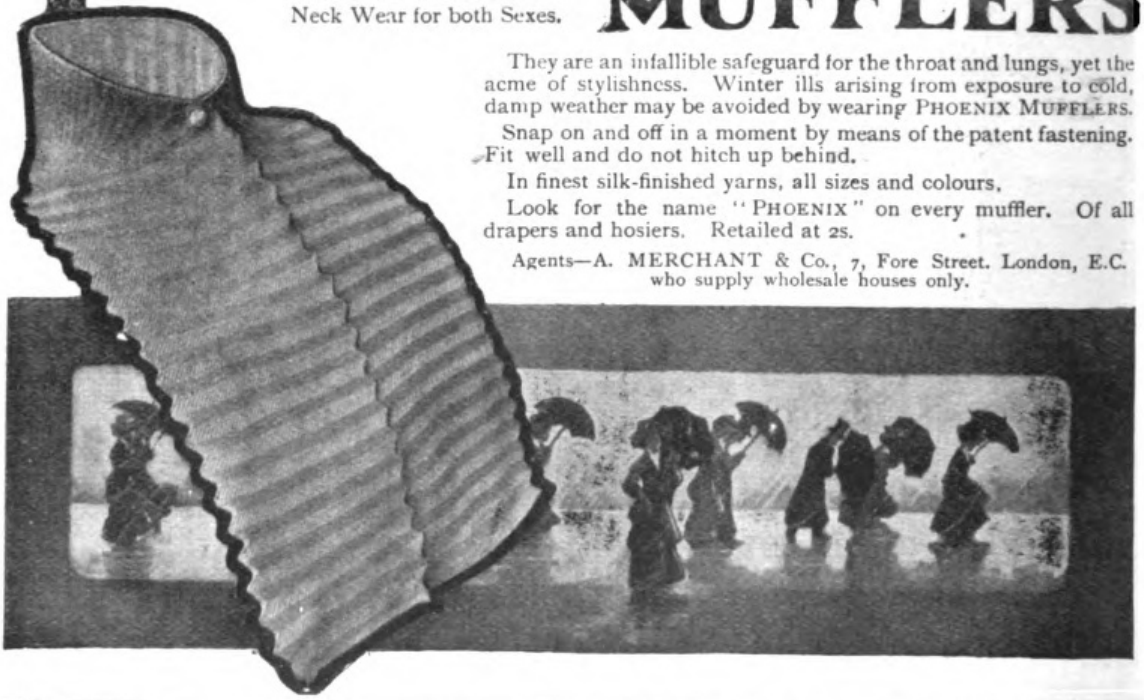
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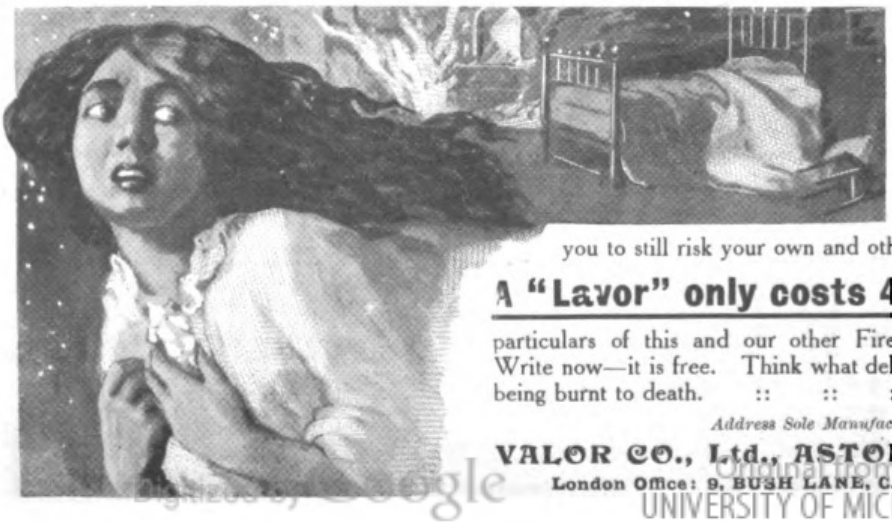


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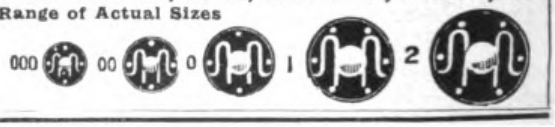
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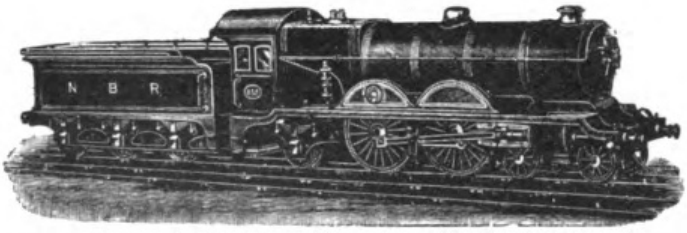
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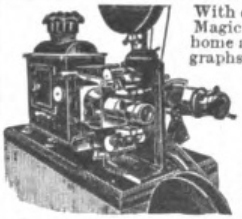
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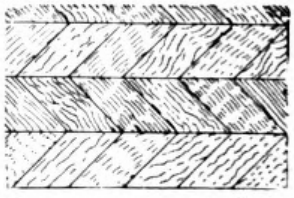
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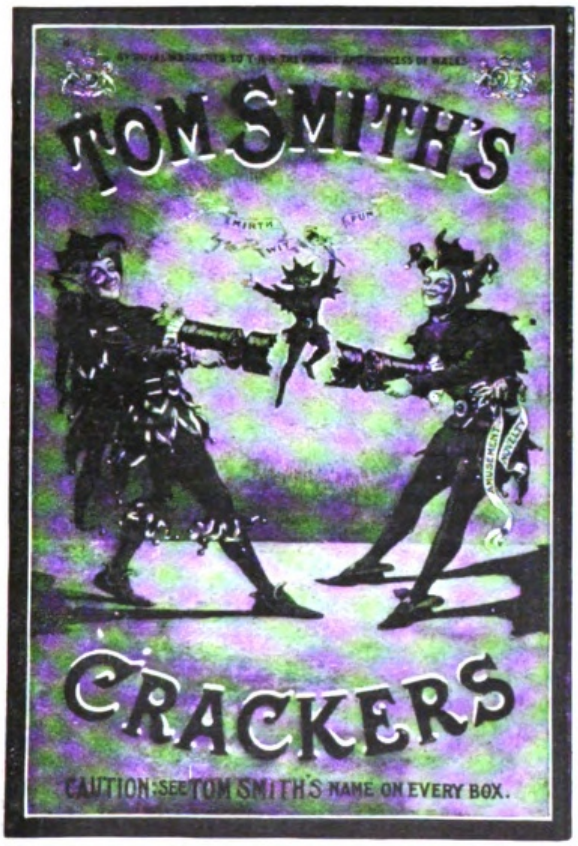


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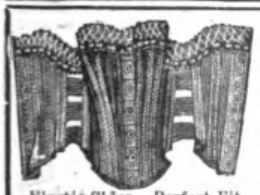
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A MESSAGE TO RHEUMATICS

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WHO does not know those grinding, unbearable pains of Rheumatism, Sciatica, or Lumbago? This common complaint knows no distinction of age, sex, or class.

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"In chronic and sub-acute forms of joint trouble, whether rheumatic, rheumatoid, or gouty," writes Dr. W. S. Hedley, "and in muscular conditions having a similar origin, the usefulness of electrical treatment seems to lie (1st) in the power of removing inflammatory products by the quickening of the circulation and dilatation of the blood vessels that follow localised applications; (2nd) in the stimulant and alterative effect upon general nutrition of generalised electrical applications."

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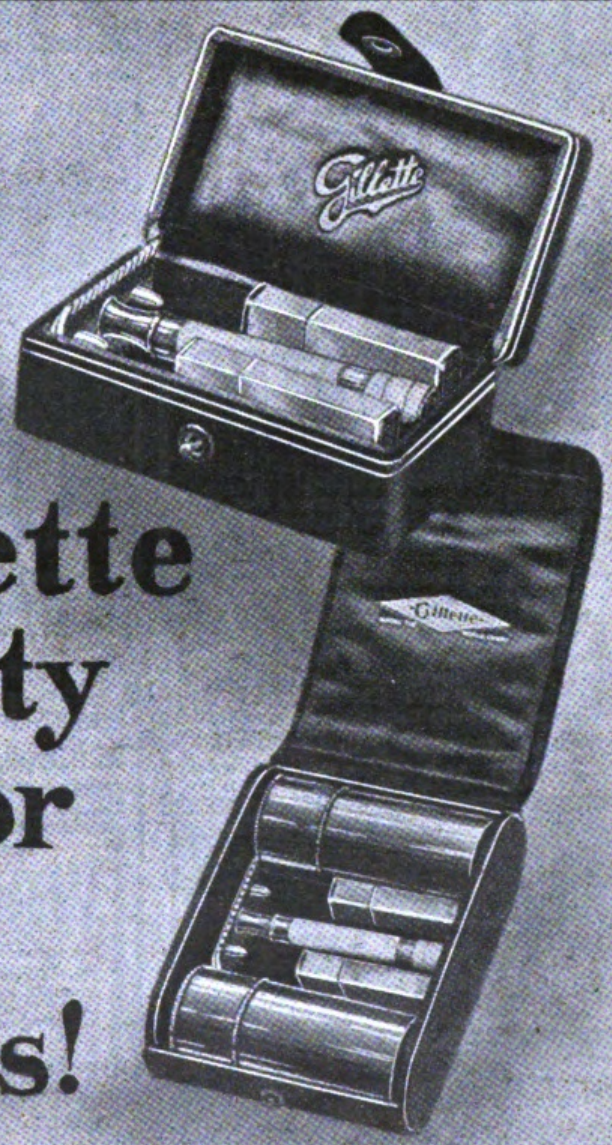
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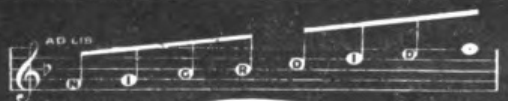
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Sizes (in yards) and Prices.

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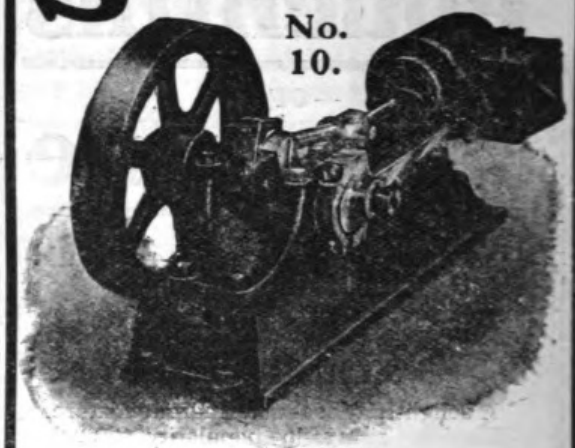
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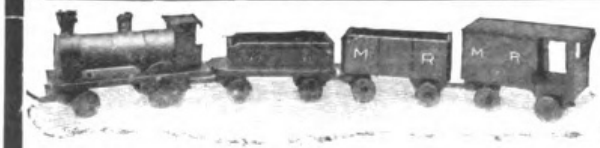
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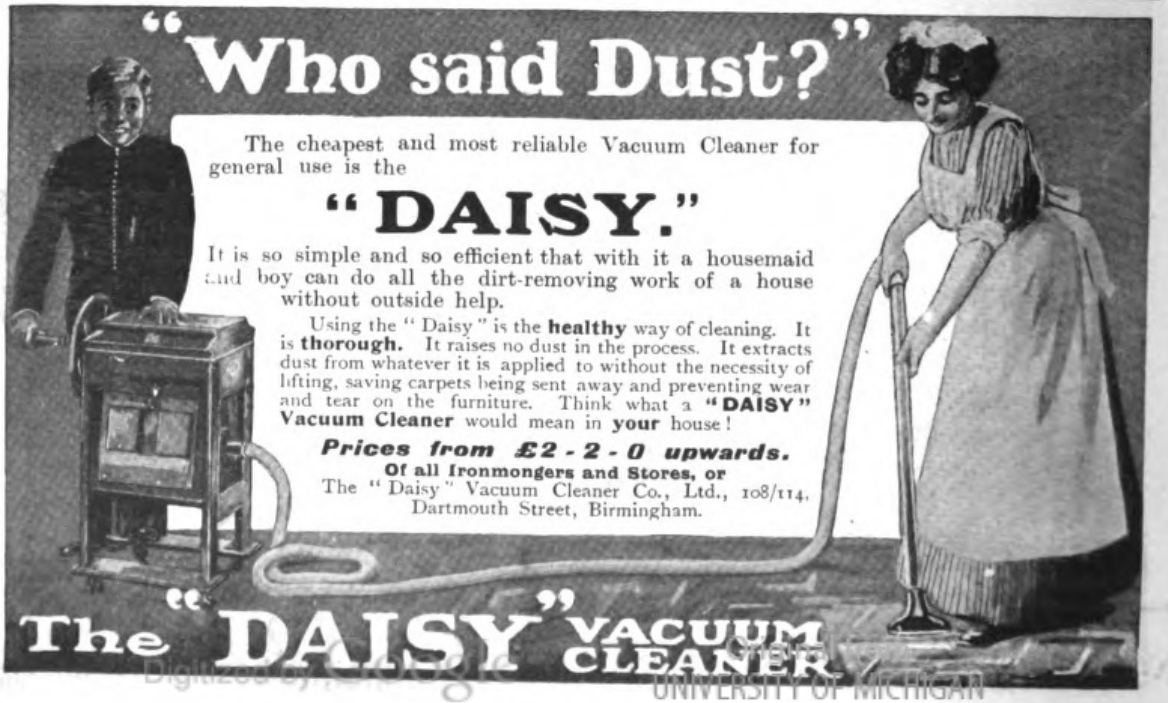
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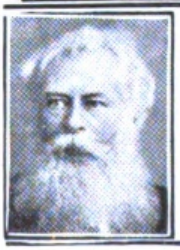


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Free Book and Free 14 days' Treatment for "Strand Magazine" readers.

If you are one of the thousands of much-enduring men and women who are unhealthily stout, or growing too stout, this article will bring new hope to you. If your appearance is marred by a double chin, or an ungainly bust, or a protruding abdomen, or any other disagreeable evidence of Obesity, here is an offer that will help you to remove the ugly defects in your physical appearance. If your health is threatened—as it must be—by superfluous flesh, which generally carries in its train gout, or rheumatism, or palpitation, or "fatty" heart, or some other serious ailment, read and profit by this advice from a famous Obesity Specialist.

MUCH that has appeared—and indeed continues to appear—in the press on the cause and treatment of Obesity is arrant nonsense, and would be laughed at by any trained and experienced Specialist.



A. GORDON WALLACE.

Obesity is a disease that is due to one cause and one cause only, viz: loss or misdirection of that Nerve Force which regulates and controls all the vital processes of the body, including that of tissue-building, and such a disease can only be cured safely and scientifically by a careful course of Individual Treatment, adapted to meet the particular and specific requirements of each individual case.

FAMOUS JOCKEY'S AWFUL FATE.

I might by rashly daring and unscrupulous methods reduce your weight by many pounds in a few days, but I could not do so without injuriously affecting your health, and perhaps even disturbing your mental balance. Jockeys, we know, by violent purgings and sweatings often reduce their weight by pounds in a few days, but at what a cost. They are left weak and emaciated, and everyone remembers the sad fate of the great Fred Archer, who committed suicide as the direct result of drastic methods of keeping his riding-weight down. Not only so, but such methods are futile for the ordinary man and woman, for the moment they cease the flesh accumulates again more rapidly than ever. It is different with my Treatment. Once normal, always normal, is the verdict after a course of my Treatment. I not only *make* you healthy, I *keep* you healthy. Many of my patients keep their names on my books for years after finishing the Treatment, simply that they may seek my advice and assistance at any moment, and many society people come to me regularly for Treatment at the end of every season

HUGENESS NOT HAPPINESS.

To those who are inclined to put on flesh too rapidly let me remind them that hugeness and happiness are far from being synonymous terms. It is a mistake to think that stout people are jolly, and all that. Stout people who seem jolly and happy are often truly miserable. They only wear the mask of cheerfulness, but they are never really cheerful, for they know their stoutness is injurious to their health and is a menace even to their life. Under my Treatment the too-stout are carefully and physiologically nursed back to normal proportions. The nerve force that gives us power and energy, and controls every vital function, is directed in proper channels, and a health balance of every function is attained and maintained.

Now to every reader of THE STRAND MAGAZINE who writes to me (enclosing 6d. Postal Order to cover cost of postage, packing, etc.) I will send:—

(I) A Free Copy of my 48-page Book, and
(II) Free 14 days' Trial of my Successful Treatment for Obesity.

Every stout person, and every person who is in danger of becoming too stout, should write for a copy. The following are some of the contents:—

1 DEFINITION OF OBESITY
2 THE RIGHT METHOD OF FAT REDUCTION
3 WRONG WAYS TO REDUCE WEIGHT
4 MY OWN TREATMENT
5 DANGERS OF TOO MUCH FLESH
6 MISPLACED CONGRATULATIONS
7 PECULIAR TO WOMENKIND
8 REDUCTION AT A REASONABLE RATE
9 OBESITY AND DOMESTIC UNHAPPINESS
10 NERVES THAT GROW WEAKER AND WEAKER
11 LIABILITY TO CONTAGIOUS DISEASES
12 INCREASED WILL-POWER
13 HEART DISEASE, GOUT AND RHEUMATISM
14 SYMPTOMS THAT ACCOMPANY OBESITY
15 MENACE TO HEALTH AND BEAUTY
16 OBESITY AND INSOMNIA
17 OBESITY AND LIVER TROUBLES
18 WARNINGS OF APOPLEXY
19 A TREATMENT THAT STRENGTHENS
20 NORMAL WEIGHT MAINTAINED

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This theory I have elaborated and fully explained in my book, "OBESITY'S CAUSE AND TREATMENT," 100,000 copies of which I have now received from my printers, and am prepared to distribute free, through the medium of the public press, together with free fourteen days' trial of my remarkably successful Treatment, and some interesting letters from former patients. Address your application (enclosing 6d. for postage, etc.) to A. GORDON WALLACE, 120, Cavendish House, Old Cavendish St., London, W.

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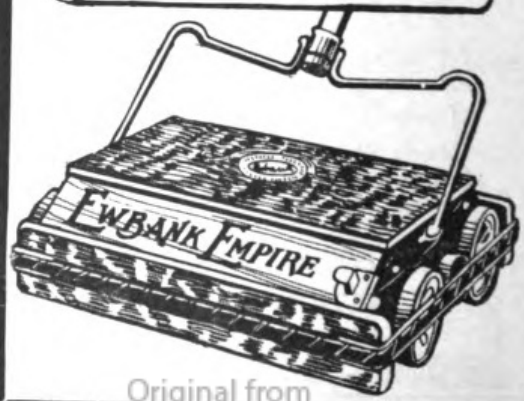
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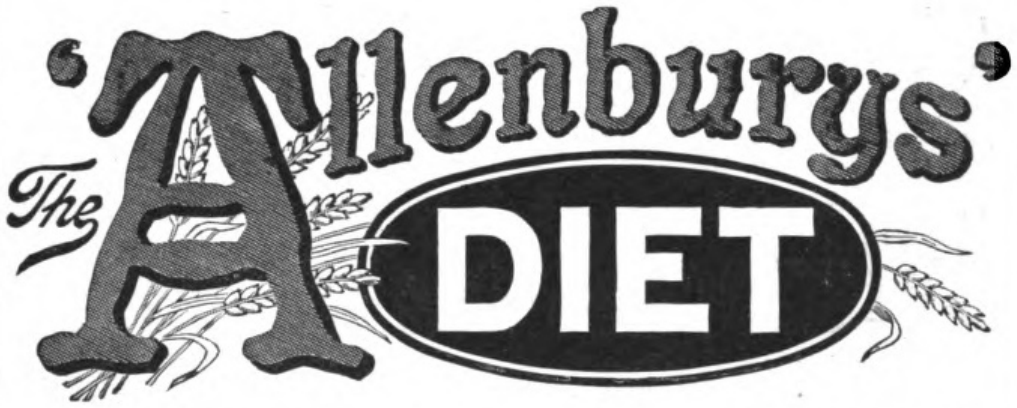
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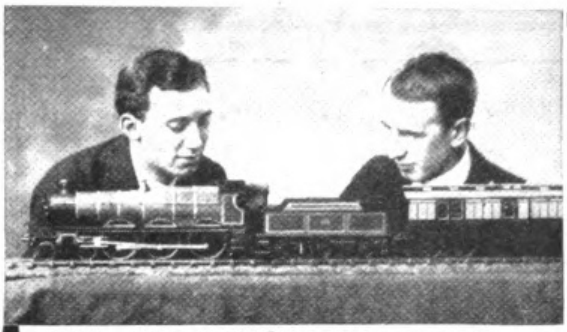
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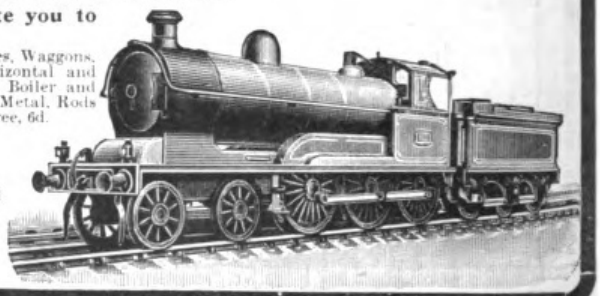
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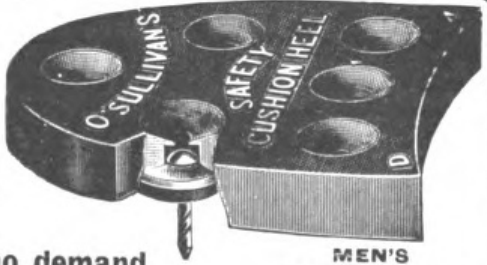
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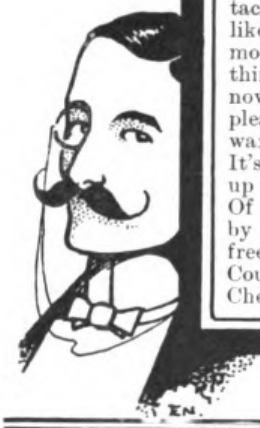
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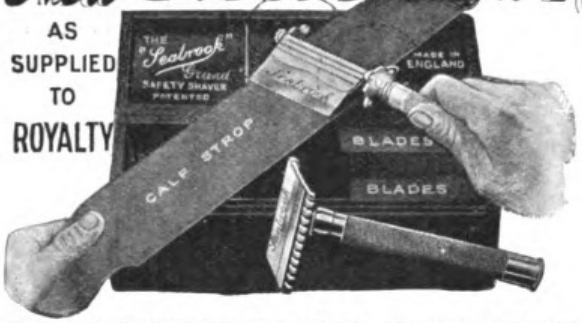
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SEABROOK BROS. (To avoid delay, put **Dept. I**) **32, 33, 34, Featherstone St., London, E.C.**

ELECTRICITY BOOK FREE,

Profusely Illustrated with Photos from Life. Write for it to-day.

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It explains how our wonderful inexpensive batteries cure you in your own home. Tells how Electricity treats disease by striking the root. How it removes the cause, then cures the disease to stay cured. How it builds up and nourishes wasted tissue, and shows how you can enjoy the famous electric baths without cost at home.



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This new book also illustrates the new Home Batteries (prices 9s. 6d. to £4 4s.); tells how we send a Battery for **10 DAYS' FREE TRIAL.** If you are run down or ailing, don't wait, **WRITE TO-DAY FOR OUR FREE BOOK.**

THE BRITISH ELECTRIC MEDICAL CO.,
1273, Byron House, Fleet St., London, E.C.

DIXON'S DOUBLE DIAMOND PORT

"David," said brother Ned.

"Sir," replied the butler.

"A magnum of DOUBLE DIAMOND, David, to drink the health of Mr. Linkinwater."

"Ha!" said brother Ned, first examining the cork and afterwards filling his glass, ... "this looks well, David."

"It ought to, sir," replied David. "You'd be troubled to find such a glass of wine as is our ***DOUBLE DIAMOND***, and that Mr. Linkinwater knows very well."—*Vide* CHARLES DICKENS.

"*Nicholas Nickleby*," Chap. xxxvii.

This Brand has been shipped without intermission for the last 100 years, and is the property of Morgan Brothers, London and Oporto.

To be obtained of all Wine Merchants and Grocers.

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This will prevent stains on the Tablecloth.



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THE PATENT STOP-DRIP

is made in best nickel-plate—a really neat little thing that is not unattractive on any table.

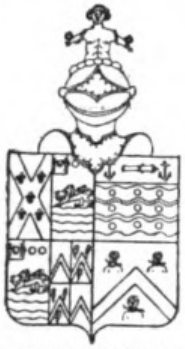


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Price 4½d. each. **To be obtained of all good Ironmongers.** If you cannot purchase in your district send Sixpenny Postal Order, and one will be posted direct from HUMPHRIES & LEDGER, 4, Kelsall Street, Leeds.

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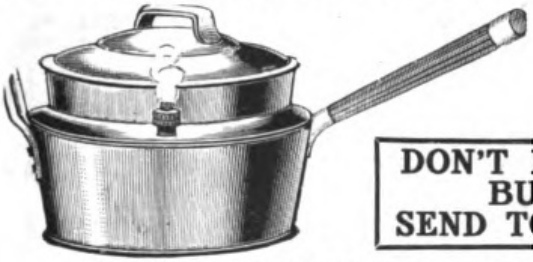
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BELONGS TO
DEAR OLD ENGLAND!



ARMS OF SIR JOHN HAWKINS.

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Sir John Hawkins was the Heroic Leader in that Memorable Campaign against the so-called "Invincible" Armada, and it has been left to his Direct Descendant to give to the World what is beyond dispute "England's Best Invention." This Invention stands before all others for its Manifold and Universal Utility, besides being more intimately connected with the Health and Wealth of Mankind than any other invention the World has yet produced.



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THIS WONDER-WORKING INVENTION.

Gets intensely hot (above 212 degrees), yet never burns the food. As it is self-acting, it requires no attention, and can be left for hours to "look after itself."

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The Ideal Cooker for Porridge, Milk, Milk Foods, Soups, Stews, Jellies, Custards, Sauces, Jam and Marmalade Making, Potted Meat, Meat Extracts. A Speciality for Invalid and Vegetarian Cookery.

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Better than Roast. The Boilerette browns meat. Fat eats like marrow. Lean so tender that it can be spread like potted meat, yet so firm that it can be thinly sliced. Very delicious as a cold joint.

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The Boilerette will make Tough Meat Dainty, Delicious, and Digestible, and Old and Cheap Fowls more Tender and Delicious than expensive Chickens cooked in the ordinary way.

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You simply put a complete dinner in the Boilerette, go right away and leave it to take care of itself. When you are ready to dine, it will be found beautifully cooked, ready to serve. Please note.—These Boilerettes can be left for hours without attention.

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THIS WONDERFUL COOKER IS EFFECTING WONDERFUL CURES!

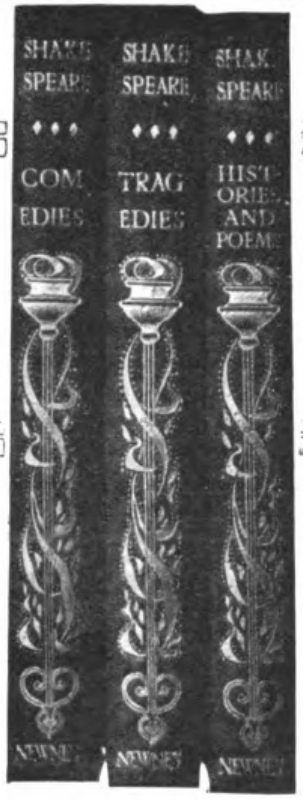
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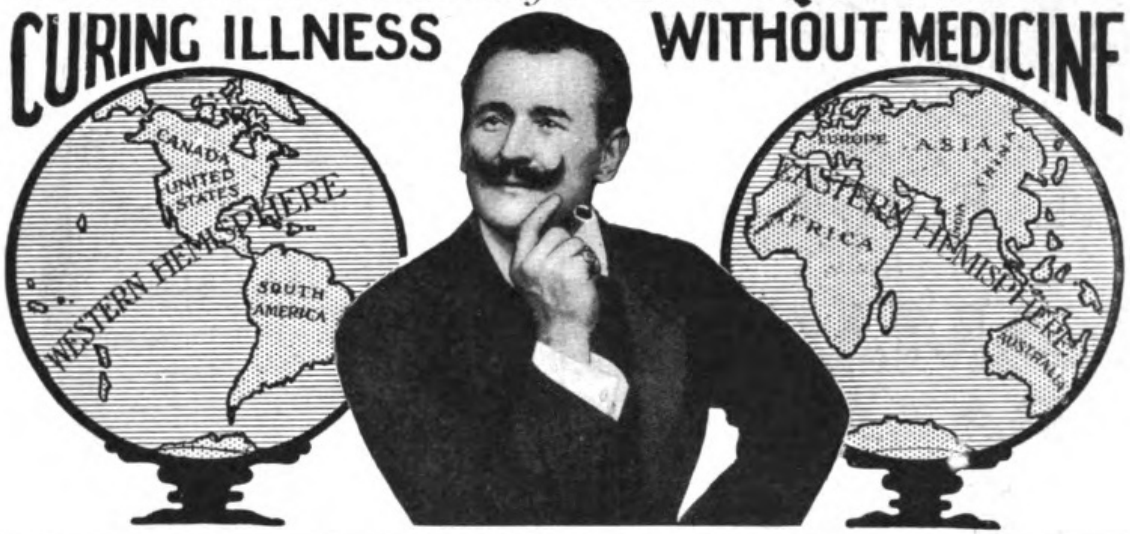
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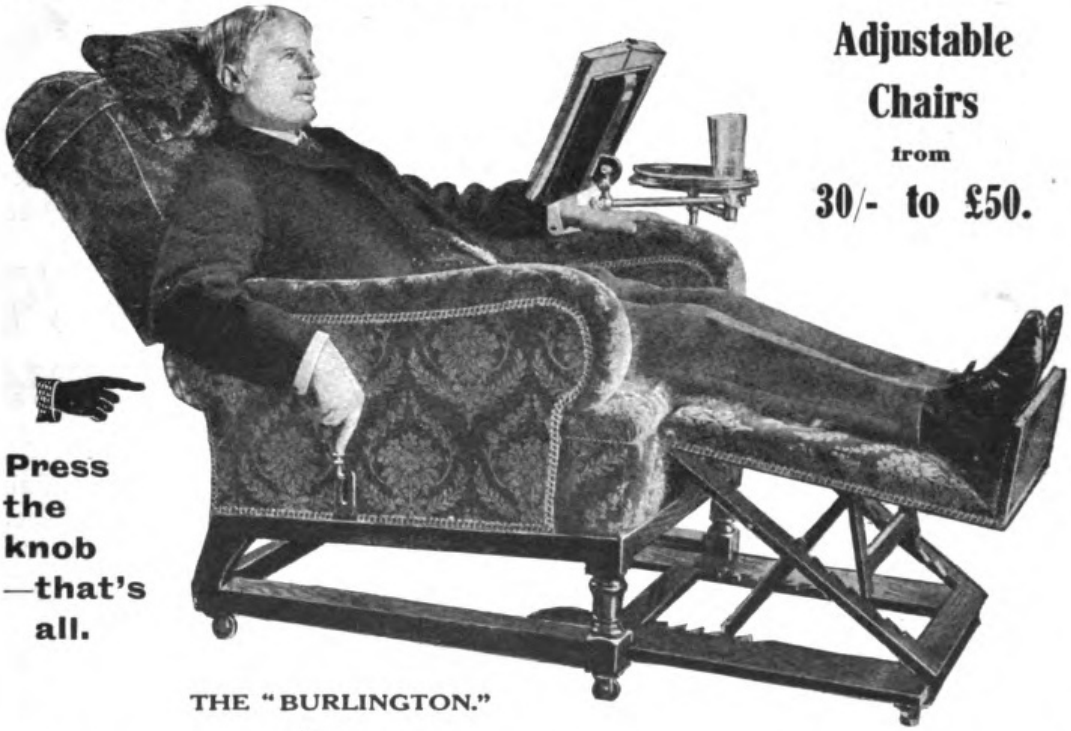


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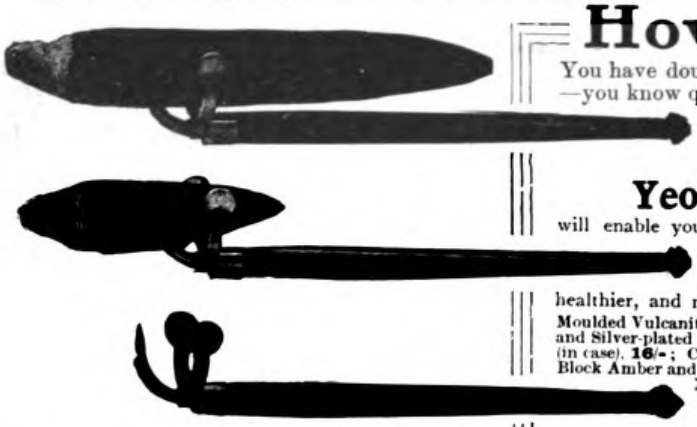
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Obtainable in all the best and most popular shapes, bent or straight.

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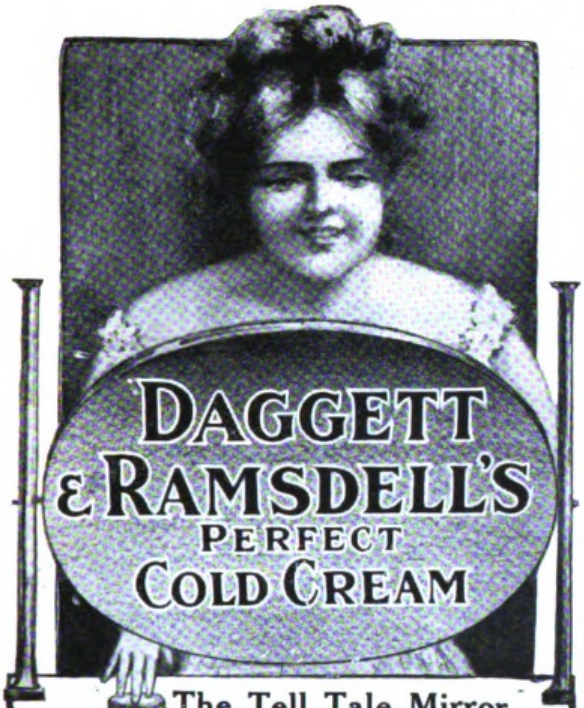
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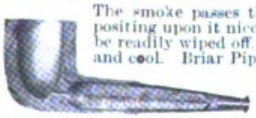
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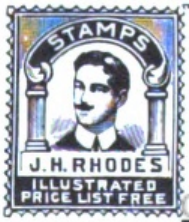
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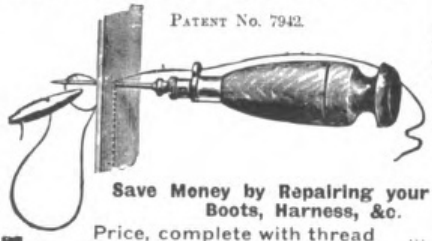
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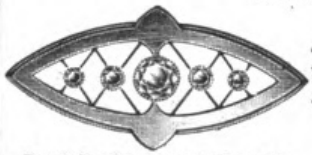
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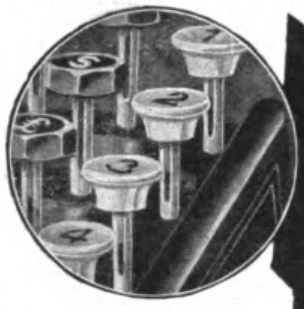
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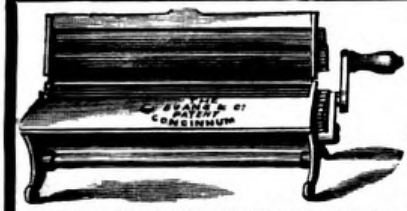
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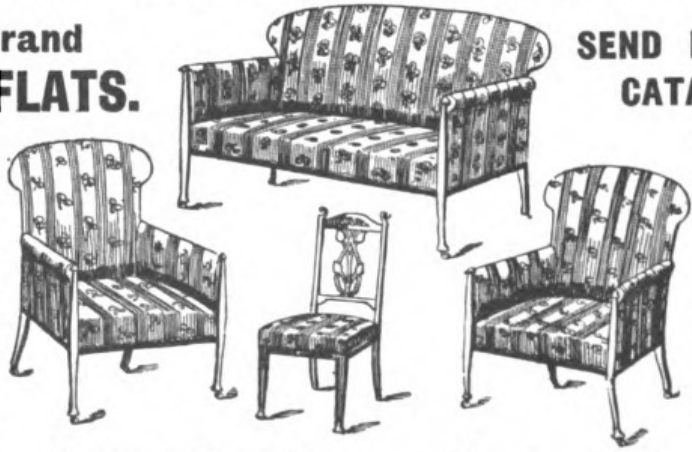
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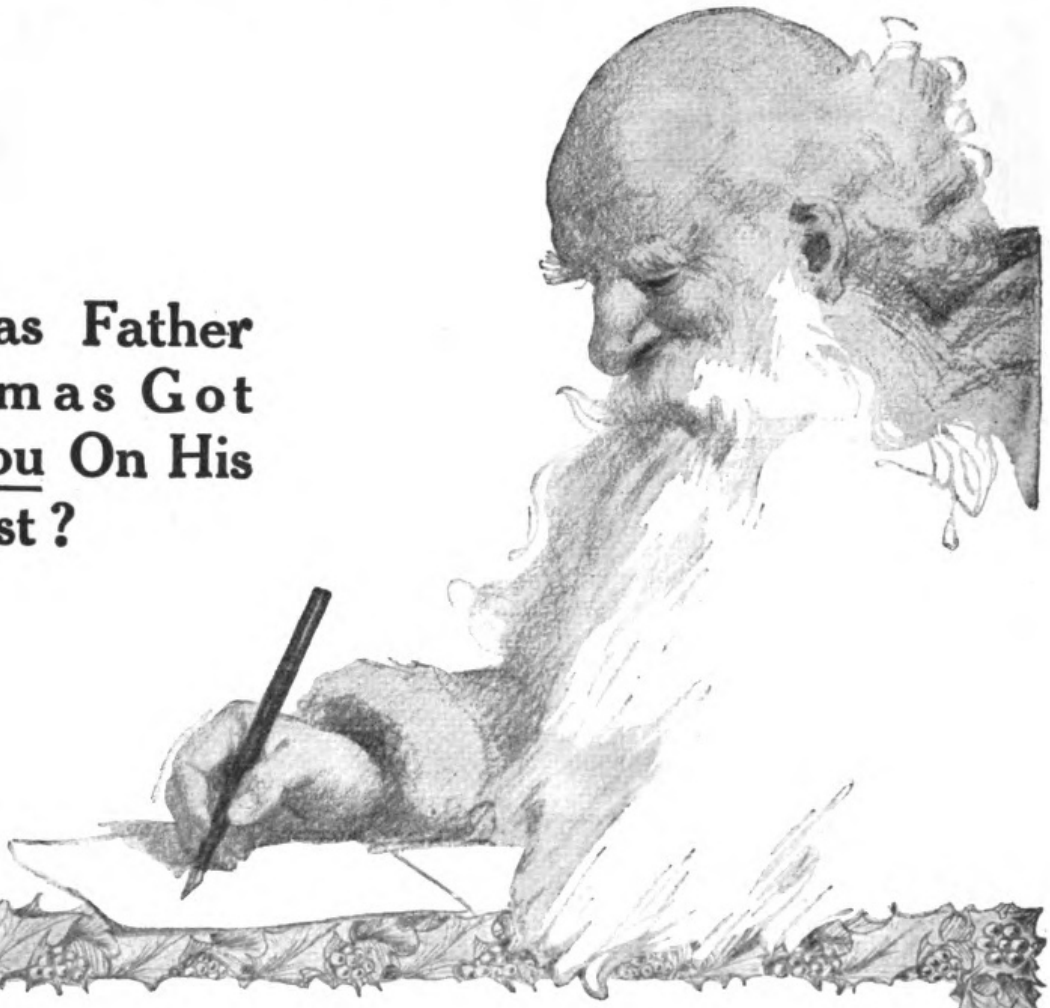
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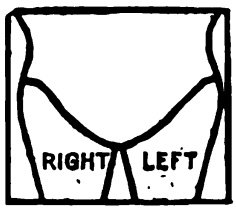
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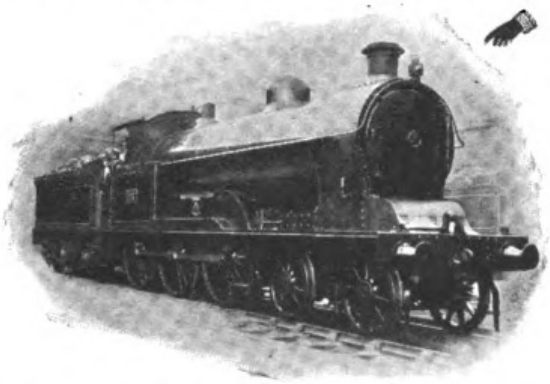
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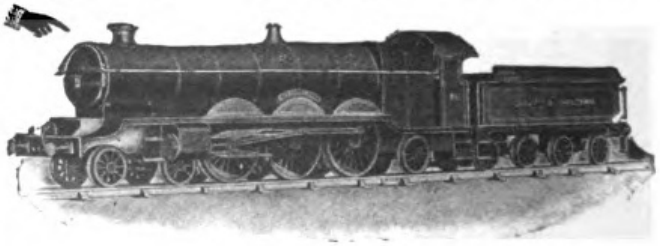
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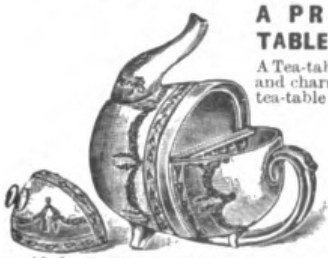
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THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

Contents for December, 1909.

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GRANTED that a man has an income now, which may cease or diminish during his old age, and is quite likely to stop altogether when he dies, it is an eminently sane and necessary thing to make some financial provision for the future of himself or of those dependent upon him. One puzzle that arises in this connection is whether the man is likely to want some money for his own old age, or only for his family in the event of his death. Perhaps the most likely thing is to want both. If he only provides for others he may fare badly himself when perhaps those who are now dependent upon him may have grown up and be able to look after themselves; if he chiefly regards his own future, the provision for his family in the event of his premature death is likely to be quite inadequate. Wherefore there is much attraction in a form of assurance that amply safeguards a man's family if he dies soon, while at the same time makes provision for himself if he lives long. This can be done by means of ordinary endowment assurance policies, which provide for the payment of the sum assured at the end of a certain number of years, or at death if previous. The drawback is that these policies are comparatively expensive, so that a given outlay for premiums each year makes somewhat scanty provision for a man's family in case he dies quite soon. It is perfectly possible, at a moderate rate of premium, to do well for others if death comes soon, and well for himself if life lasts long.

Safe All Ways.

As a matter of fact, a man seldom requires for his own use the entire amount assured under a policy which becomes payable at the end of a fixed endowment period; it will mostly answer his purpose perfectly well to receive this money by instalments. If he dies before the whole amount has been paid, the balance is paid forthwith to his estate. Thus, suppose a man of forty pays about £40 a year for a maximum period of twenty years, his heirs will receive £1,000 if he dies within that time, and, of course, no more premiums will have to be paid on the policy. On reaching the age of sixty the process of paying money ceases and that of receiving money begins. At the end of twenty years the life office sends him a cheque for £250; if he dies shortly after, his executors receive the balance of £750. Suppose he lives, and another five years go by, then on the due date the postman brings him another £250 from the life office, leaving £500 for his family if he dies, since £500 out of the £1,000 assured has been paid to the man himself. After yet another five years there comes a third cheque for £250, and there is a guarantee that he himself will receive a fourth cheque for £250 if he lives for five years more, or that his family will receive it if he dies meantime.

Making Assurance Doubly Sure.

Here, then, is an economical method which, at a very moderate rate of premium, makes good provision for others if a man dies soon, and good provision for himself if he lives long. Like all up-to-date assurance policies, this contract gives liberal and guaranteed surrender values in case of discontinuance. The man can either draw a specified amount in cash, or he can have benefits of the kinds originally contemplated in the policy, but for a reduced amount. Thus, if he has paid for ten years out of twenty, and wishes to pay no more, the benefits are exactly half what they would have been had he paid premiums for twenty years. No surrender values are given until three annual premiums have been paid, after which he is entitled to three-twentieths of the full benefits, and each additional premium paid secures another twentieth.

By increasing the premium which he pays by one shilling in the pound he can make assurance doubly sure, because in this case the policy provides that if he becomes incapacitated by accident, or bodily or mental disorder, from carrying on his business for one month or more the policy is continued in full force without his having to pay any premiums during the period of incapacity. This provision applies to permanent incapacity, as well as to temporary inability to work, provided the age at which premiums may be due does not exceed sixty-five. A man may pay a premium to-day and become permanently incapacitated to-morrow, and yet, while having to pay no more premiums, the full benefits of the policy are paid to his heirs or himself, as the case may be.

Correspondents desiring information on any form of Insurance should mark their envelopes "Insurance" and address "Strand Magazine," 12, Southampton Street, Strand, London. A stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed, and in the case of Life Insurance or Annuities the exact age of the proposer should be stated.

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MY LADY'S MIRROR. By Mrs. ROBERT E. NOBLE.

Seasonable Toilet Hints.

It is surprising how improvident women often are in their treatment of complexion and hands during inclement weather. The vagaries to which our climate is subject make it of supreme importance in matters that appertain to the toilet. Treatments for the complexion that bring about beneficial results when the weather is warm and equable may be quite inefficient, not to say detrimental, during a spell of intense cold.

Perhaps the most common pitfall during real cold is the temptation to sit over the fire, exposing hands and face to the injurious influence of direct heat. In a warm atmosphere that tends towards intense dryness the skin loses its natural moisture and quickly shrivels and wrinkles. If after exposure to a warm atmosphere the skin encounters cold outside air, a sudden reaction sets in, and this has the most unsatisfactory effect on the complexion. Very dry skin tends to fray and wrinkle, and particularly in winter, when the natural secretion of the skin is diminished, it is of supreme importance to nourish the skin with suitable creams containing constituents that act as lubricating agents.

An ideal massage cream can be applied to the face immediately before going out into the open air without fear of detection, provided that the cream is judiciously applied. It must be thoroughly rubbed in, and then any that is still apparent to a critical observer should be carefully removed.

The above treatment is suitable for frosty days, or for those days when an easterly wind prevails. For damp, moist days inclined to a fog of the white mist type, no oily substances should be placed on the skin. It would be advisable to thoroughly wash the face in soft warm water and to dry it in a very soft towel, but to leave the pores open and free to the action of the moist air. Soft rain, dew, and fine white mist act favourably on the skin and help to make it soft and clear.

Veils should be worn only in bitterly cold weather as a protection against cold. If worn on a damp day a veil gets moist and clings to the skin, chilling it and preventing the free access of fresh air to the pores. Also the moisture-laden air tends to condense in the veil, which thus becomes not only damp but also dirty, and in this condition most undesirable for close proximity to the skin.

Speaking generally, veils are not desirable. Many women find the meshes of the veil, whether fine or coarse, dazzle the eyes and produce eyestrain and headache. Besides, unless the veil is worn quite loose it rubs against the eyelids, and the friction may rub off or break the eyelashes.

Intense cold makes many women look pale and pinched. Instead of the glowing, rosy cheeks one naturally associates with frosty weather, the blood leaves the face, leaving it blanched and chilled-looking. Under these conditions brisk massage with a good cream will work wonders in restoring the circulation and so improving the blood flow to the face. Sometimes the reverse effect is due to cold. The skin burns and tingles and is suffused with a red hue that is too pronounced to be becoming, and when the red colour locates itself in the nose the effect is most unbecoming and ugly.

The treatment for this defect must be persistent to be effectual. The nose should be bathed in really hot water and the following lotion applied frequently. Fifteen grains of borax should be dissolved in half an ounce of mixed rose and orange waters. The fluid should be dabbed on the skin, and then left to dry on.

If the nose is red owing to internal congestion of the nostrils, special treatment is needed. A tablespoonful of salt dissolved in half a pint of warm water should be used as a lotion for syringing the nostrils. An inhaler or nasal douche must be used if the lotion is to reach the affected membranes adequately.

Many women find it most difficult during cold weather to keep the lips soft and supple. The use of glycerine alone is to be deprecated; it tends to make the lips dry and pale, and even if it heals fissures, its harmful effects are too obvious for its use to be advisable. If, as is not infrequently the case, the lower lip cracks deeply in the centre, it must be treated with particular care. A small bottle of flexible collodion must be invested in at a good chemist's, and the fluid applied with a fine camel's hair brush. For a few moments there will be intense smarting, but this is soon over, and with persistent treatment the lip will be healed in a few days.

Another question of interest during cold weather that is closely connected with the toilet is that of baths and bathing. During the months of fog and coal fires the pores of the skin become surprisingly dirty. Moreover, the heavier clothing worn for the sake of warmth tends to prevent the free escape of the natural moisture of the body. The daily tub, so refreshing in warm weather, is still an absolute necessity in the cold months. Whether it be taken hot or cold is matter for individual decision, and depends on the constitution.

In the majority of cases a warm bath is most refreshing and pleasant. The vigorous may follow it up with quick sponging with cold water and brisk friction with a loofah or flesh glove. Rubbing down with a moderately rough bath towel works wonders in improving the circulation and in putting to flight such discomforts as chilblains and cold feet and hands.

Those who suffer greatly with cold will find energetic friction of the body with a minute trace of pure olive oil most comforting. Of course, a mere trace must be used; not as much as would make the skin oily, but just enough to moisten the palm of the hand. It is a mistake to use toilet vinegar and eau de Cologne for the skin, particularly in cold weather. These liquids tend to dry and wrinkle the skin, leaving it old-looking and unattractive.

The question of diet is of great importance in cold weather. Certain foods serve as a protection against cold, and others are less useful in this respect. Plenty of fatty food, such as butter, cream, and suet, must be taken; cocoa in preference to tea, and warming foods such as porridge eaten in conjunction with others. A good deal of the ill-health of the winter and its accompanying ravages on the complexion is due to mistakes in diet. In extremely cold weather, half a glass of hot milk taken immediately before going out into the open air renders one less susceptible to cold and the influence of east wind and frost.

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The Garden in December.

By E. T. COOK, *Editor of "The Garden."*

DECEMBER is a busy month in the garden, but everything depends upon the weather as to the work that may be accomplished. The lawn, for instance, must be cared for in winter as well as in summer. For autumn and winter, as a dressing, good rotted manure should be used, but if the grass is inclined to be at all loose, or if moss is plentiful, a coating of soil is better. To obtain a close mat of fine grass, sea sand may be applied, but a little manure should be given afterwards. It is astonishing the quantity of soil that can be worked into a lawn in a short time. A layer of two or three inches may be disposed of. A good dressing for grass or light land is formed by the mud from an old pond or lake. If this is dried a little, and then spread over a lawn to a depth of three inches or so, it quickly works down into the grass. After a dressing, if any material has been applied, it should be kept well worked about, especially in dry weather, either by means of rakes or a chain harrow.

Strong weeds should be uprooted, not simply chopped off and the roots left to grow again. Numerous instruments may be obtained for the purpose, but as good as any is the Champion Daisy Lifter. This is a simple tool somewhat like a pair of tongs. When thrust into the ground it clasps the weed, and a slight twist pulls the offender clean out. A boy can stand up whilst he works the instrument, which is a great advantage over kneeling down, as is necessary when using many lawn weeders. For weeds that cannot be pulled out a dressing of one of the numerous lawn sands may be applied.

Where worms are to be destroyed the following preparation may be used: Mercuric chloride 10 parts, hydrochloric acid 5 parts, to 100 parts of water. Dilute at the rate of one pint to two gallons of water, and apply with a "rosed" watering-can on the evening of a damp day, but not after heavy rain. The following morning the worms will be found on the surface, when they may be raked up and buried.

October and November are considered, and rightly so, the months for planting bulbs, but they may be given into the care of mother earth at this season with every prospect of a beautiful display of flowers next spring. I have even planted daffodils in January and the bulbs have flowered the same year, not, of course, with the vigour of those put in during the autumn, but there were flowers. It is in the year following that the flowers appear in profusion, and unless the bulbs are in grass land they continue to prosper. Daffodils cannot be trusted to behave themselves properly in grass—at least, that is my experience—on a hot dry soil, as they quickly deteriorate, when all trace of them is lost. Only by yearly planting is it possible to maintain a display.

Bulbs of all kinds may be planted, but the sooner the better after these lines are in print. It is always a pleasure in the spring garden if an attempt is made to get away from the beaten track. It is not the beds only that require attention, but the fringes of woodland and shrubbery, or wherever some grateful shade is desired. The Spanish bluebells, for example, are very cheap in price, and as beautiful in form and colour as the flower we love so well in the spring-time of the year—the bluebell that veils woodland and shady meadow with beauty. They increase with years, and may even be used in the small garden near large cities.

Owing to the wet autumn, planting is in full progress, and before December has passed I hope the soil will have improved. It is a mistake to plant in what one may call "sticky" ground, which the roots never take to kindly; better far wait for a time for the soil to mellow and prove more suitable for the roots to roam in.

Violets are flowers one wishes always to have, and their sweet scent is appreciated during the winter months, but to obtain them it is necessary to give the plants plenty of air, otherwise decay will affect the leaves. Whenever the sun shines remove the lights, and close them during damp, misty, or foggy weather. It is often forgotten that cleanliness is one of the most important phases of plant culture under glass. Dirty glass prevents light reaching the plants, and this means damp, then decay, and wholesale failure. A house of flowers must be kept scrupulously clean.

A reader of these notes has asked me to name a few beautiful climbers for walls and fences. My choice would be taken from the following: Wistaria, honeysuckle, the spring-flowering Forsythia suspensa, a rambling shrub, graceful in growth and clothed with yellow bloom; clematises, of which one of the most charming is C. montana; C. Jackmani, with the flowers that are familiar to all who have even a slight acquaintance with climbing plants; the ivy called Emerald Green; roses; the Virginian creeper called Muralis; and a plant that is rarely seen in gardens, the winter sweet (Chimonanthus fragrans); this blooms in winter, when the flowers are easily seen on the little shoots; their colour is a clear soft yellow and the fragrance as sweet as that of the violet itself. I should like to see the winter sweet more popular in our gardens. Another uncommon shrub, but one that may be grown with ease against a wall, is Prunus triloba, the flowers of which are pink, produced in spring, and hide almost every part of the branches. It is a sea of pink colouring, and is one of the shrubs that give beauty to the Royal Gardens, Kew, in the early year.

Although it is December the time of seed-sowing is approaching, and many of my readers will, I am sure, be glad to know the names of the most beautiful sweet peas. The National Sweet Pea Society has just issued a list of the varieties that are considered the cream, and the names are as follows: White—Etta Dyke, Nora Unwin, and Dorothy Eckford. Crimson and Scarlet—The King, King Edward, and Queen Alexandra. Rose and Carmine—John Ingman, Marjorie Willis, and Prince of Wales. Yellow and Buff—Clara Curtis and James Grieve. Blue—A. J. Cook and Lord Nelson. Blush—Mrs. Hardcastle Sykes. Cerise—Chrissie Unwin and Coccinea. Pink—Countess Spencer and Prima Donna. Cream Pink—Constance Oliver, Mrs. H. Bell, and Queen of Spain. Orange Shades—Helen Lewis, St. George, and Miss Willmott. Lavender—Frank Dolby, Mr. C. Foster, and Lady G. Hamilton. Violet and Purple—Rosie Adams and Duke of Westminster. Magenta—Menie Christie. Mauve—The Marquis and Mrs. Walter Wright. Maroon and Bronze—Black Knight and Hannah Dale. Picotee-Edged—Elsie Herbert and Mrs. C. W. Breadmore. Striped and Fluted (with red and rose)—Aurora Spencer, Yankee, and Jessie Cuthbertson. Striped and Fluted (purple and blue)—Prince Olaf. Fancy—Sybil Eckford. Bi-colour—Mrs. Andrew Ireland and Jeannie Gordon. Marbled—Helen Pierce.

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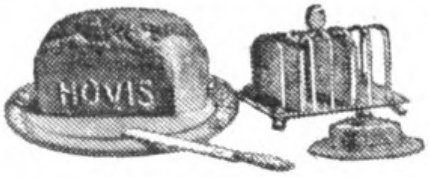
Appeal to Your Charity

For years the Editor of THE SUNDAY STRAND has assisted a few of the most worthy philanthropic societies that seek to aid the helpless and succour the needy. By the generosity of the readers of his own magazine substantial assistance has been given, and thousands of readers have made him their almoner. Now he appeals to the readers of **THE STRAND MAGAZINE** on behalf of

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Puts New Life into You.

BUCKS YOU UP

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Specially built from finest Waterproof Leathers (Black or Tan) to stand all the requirements of outdoor service, and give absolute comfort. Its high quality of material and workmanship ensure long and satisfactory wear.

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The Pioneer and Leader of the "Boots by Post" Trade.



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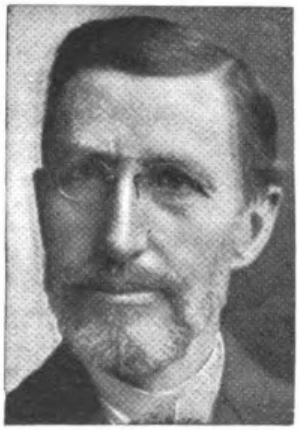
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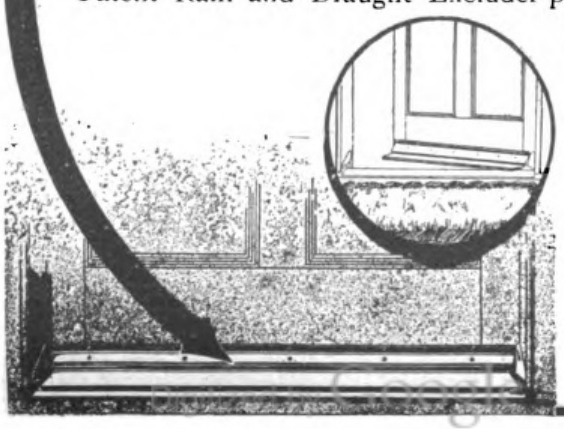


THIS stops rain and draught coming under the door.

Where you have doors under which rain beats, damaging linoleum, carpets, or rotting woodwork, obtain and fix without any delay a

Patent Rain and Draught Excluder.

Nothing could be more effective. Look at the illustrations here. You see in the small one how a tilting brass plate on the door laps over a triangular plate on the floor, so that when the door is closed (see large illustration) it is quite impossible for rain to beat under. Besides the comfort enjoyed by keeping draught out, the Patent Rain and Draught Excluder pays for itself again and again by the damage it prevents. Made in brass, supplied bright. Is an attractive door ornament.



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Measure the exact width between the door-posts and send it to us, stating whether hinges are on right or left side when standing outside door—door opening inwards. No alteration to door necessary. Can be fixed in ten minutes.

The prices are: All sizes up to 28in. long, 10/6 each; above 28in., 5d. per inch, or part of an inch, extra.

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A Safe, Effective, & Ever-Ready First-Aid.

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From the standpoint of speedy relief and absolute reliability, a better healing balm than Zam-Buk cannot be conceived. It subdues the pain and inflammation; and being a powerful antiseptic it also thoroughly destroys all dangerous microbes that might otherwise give rise to festering and suppuration; and thirdly, it heals—and heals perfectly—because of the richness and strength of the medicinal herbal essences absorbed into the damaged tissues directly Zam-Buk is applied to the skin.

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Mr. E. Sanger, 5, Exeter Terrace, Exeter Street, Salisbury, writes: "My little girl, Alice Maud, aged 3, cut and bruised her forehead. Dirt must have got into the open wound, for sores broke out on the child's face, scalp, and neck. You couldn't put your finger on a clear piece of skin. Doctors' and chemists' ointments did no good. At last a friend persuaded me to try Zam-Buk. This wonderful balm soon caused the sores to dry up and fall away. Alice's wonderful cure by Zam-Buk is the talk of the district."

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Zam-Buk

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THIS PENCIL :: :: NEVER REQUIRES SHARPENING, :: :: AND THE LEAD DOES NOT SLIP WHEN WRITING



(6 inches long when open).

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Sterling Silver 8/6

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Morocco Case supplied with the latter

The Pencil here illustrated is so constructed that it is impossible for the sliding section to slip while the Pencil is in use. As a Pencil it has no fault; as a specimen of Silver or Goldware it most certainly has no equal. Your Jeweller will be able to supply this Pencil, or show you other choice Gold and Silverware manufactured by MORDANS'

A REAL XMAS BOX

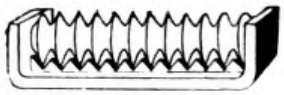


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FITTED WITH

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Wanklyn's Patent Turbine Striker.

Wanklyn's Patent Turbine Striker is a revolutionary metal match-box invention. Its advantages are obvious. The Wanklyn Patent Turbine Striker never wears smooth—a fault which quickly makes almost every other metal match-box useless. The Wanklyn Patent Turbine Striker rotates automatically, and cleans itself in the process. It can be used equally well in wet or dry weather, and is practically indestructible.

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Obtainable from Silversmiths and Jewellers, etc.

Send for descriptive literature concerning both the above and other inventions to

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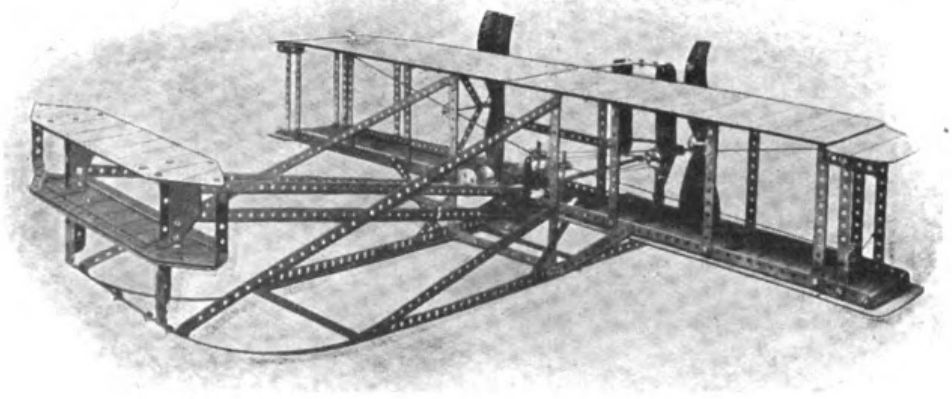
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British Manufacture



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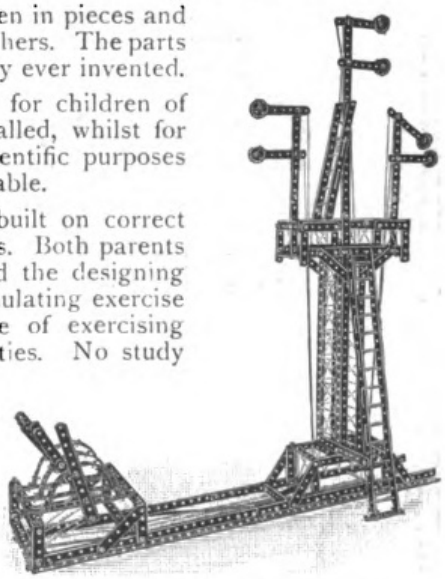
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As an amusement for children of all ages it is unrivalled, whilst for experimental and scientific purposes it is unique and valuable.

Every model is built on correct mechanical principles. Both parents and children will find the designing of new models a stimulating exercise and a pleasant mode of exercising their inventive faculties. No study is necessary.

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A REMARKABLE INVENTION

A Smart Town Boot that is Absolutely Damp-Proof and will not Squeak

A Wonderful New Process Applied to a High Grade Goodyear Welted Boot and sold under our Registered Trade Mark:

'FOOTSHAPE'

These boots are made on an entirely new principle and are different from any other boots on the market. They are Goodyear Welted and Stitched (hand-sewn principle), and the welt seam is fitted with the new patent "Dry-shod" rubber-feather. This renders the boots DAMP-PROOF AND NON-SQUEAKING. The wonderful efficacy of this new invention is creating quite a sensation in boot trade circles.

AN EXTRAORDINARY OFFER.—In order to further popularise the "Dry-Shod" process, we offer to send these boots Post free to any address in the United Kingdom on 14 days' approval for 14/6 (Foreign Postage Extra). Apart from the fact that they are Damp-proof, we unhesitatingly assert that the boots are honestly worth a guinea as compared with boots sold in the best London shops. We are CONFIDENT as to their value, and if you are not more than satisfied **we will buy them back at 14/6.** Therefore you take NO RISK.

Supplied only through the Post.

Beware of so called "Damp-proof" imitations, which are not made on the "Dry-Shod" Process.

DESCRIPTION.—No. 1689. Finest selected Box Calf Upper, whole golosh (no side seams), unbreakable jockey back strip, leather lined, straight toe-cap, golosh and facing punched as illustrated. Best English leather sole, specially selected. Goodyear welted and stitched. Best workmanship, superb finish. Built on the new "Dry shod" Patent process. Warranted damp-proof and non-squeaking.

The "Barratt" System of Sizes and Widths:

GENTLEMEN'S Damp-Proof "Footshape." Boots are made in eight different sizes: 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11 (size 12 1/- extra). Each size is made in four different widths. No. 3 width (for slender feet); No. 4 (medium); No. 5 (wide) No. 6 (ex. wide).

Altogether you have 32 different sizes and widths to select from.

HOW TO ORDER.—Fill in the attached Coupon, stating size (length), usually worn, then the width, according to the shape of your foot. If narrow, order No. 3 width; if medium, No. 4 width; if wide, No. 5 width; if extra wide No. 6 width. This is the simplest and easiest method.

If, however, you do not know what size you take either in length or width, send an old boot, or place your stockinged foot on a sheet of paper and draw an outline by passing a pencil round. The pencil must be kept close to the foot and held perfectly upright. Send the outline with your order, and from this we will select the proper size to fit you.



DAMP-PROOF and NON-SQUEAKING

The 'Dry-Shod" process applied to the "Footshape" meets the needs for a smart but reliable boot that is guaranteed imperious to wet. It is a remarkable fact that, with all the ingenuity brought to bear and the many improvements effected, never before has it been possible to make a light walking boot perfectly watertight. This we can now claim to have accomplished. The "Dry-Shod" patent process does not add to the weight of the boot—**but it keeps out the wet and it prevents squeaking.**

Price 14/6, Post Free.

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COUPON. **For Boots on Fourteen Days' Approval.** To T. W. BARRATT & Co., Ld., Sterling Works, Northptn

Please forward one pair of Patent Damp-proof Non-squeaking "Footshape" Boots No. 1689 Size..... Width..... For which I enclose Postal Order value 14/6 on condition that if not approved you will buy them back at 14/6.

Name.....

Address.....

Strand Mag, Dec. 1909. .....

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Thin women are quickly developed into commanding figures that excite wonderment and admiration.

A new and surprisingly effective home treatment has been discovered that enlarges the female bust at least six inches. Women who are not lacking in this respect will not be particularly interested, but those who by some unfortunate circumstance of health or occupation are deficient in this development will be very much fascinated by the peculiar prominence achieved by the treatment. It is called DIANO, and is controlled by the well-known ESPANOLA MEDICINE COMPANY. There is no doubt about the marvellous power of this new treatment to develop the bust to a gratifying extent. Any lady who wishes to know more about DIANO should send her name and address to the ESPANOLA MEDICINE COMPANY. They will send free, in plain sealed envelope, by post, a new "beauty book" they have just prepared, also photographs from life, showing the actual development induced, and a great number of testimonials from physicians, chemists, and prominent ladies, all commending the wonderful and remarkable power of DIANO to enlarge the bust, no matter how flat the chest may be. Do not fail to write at once. The beauty book and portraits will delight you. All you need to do is to send name and address, and a stamp to pay postage. All correspondence strictly confidential.

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These Foods are composed of the purest ingredients only. Their unique effects are due to the antiseptic properties of the foods of which the cakes are compounded. They aid digestion, keep dogs' skins and coats in fine condition, eradicate internal worms and parasites, and prevent the dogs smelling.

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"NO! SIR,

no amount of drugging will cure that headache of yours when it is due to a simple but prolific cause —a wrong-sized hat with pressures on the temples and back of your head while the sides are untouched.



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— The meaning of 'TWEEN,' sir? Well, it signifies **between sizes**, by introducing $\frac{1}{8}$ths in the measurements. When a hat is wrong both ways, short in length and too wide in width, it lacks the all important $\frac{1}{8}$ths—see? *Verb. sap.* Good day, sir."

THE Tween HAT REGISTERED
NEW FITTING

Agents in every town. If any difficulty apply to TWEEN HAT FACTORIES, DENTON, near MANCHESTER. The only firm in the world who make *half-sizes* in Hats.

Every hat bears this brand.

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Fell's Reducing Tablets

Registered by Government.

A REMARKABLE REMEDY that Reduces weight 28lb. a month

Every person who is suffering from too much fat can easily be reduced in weight by this new remarkable remedy that quickly removes all superfluous fat in either sex at the rate of 7lb a week

IT IS GUARANTEED TO REDUCE WEIGHT A POUND A DAY

without the slightest inconvenience. Do not be afraid of evil consequences. It is a vegetable treatment, is perfectly safe, and gives such a degree of comfort as to astonish those who have panted and perspired under the weight of excessive fat. It improves the breathing, gives the heart freedom, takes off the big stomach, enables the lungs to expand naturally, and you feel a hundred times better than the first day you try this wonderful HOME TREATMENT.

Lost 40lb. *Lady — writes:* **"Since taking your Tablets I am reduced in weight 40lb."**

FREE Just to prove how effective, pleasant, and safe this remedy is to reduce weight, we are sending free trials. If you want one send us your name and address, and two stamps to pay for postage. **It costs you nothing to try it.** Each box is sent in a plain sealed packet, with no advertisement on it to indicate what it contains. Correspondence strictly confidential. Address—

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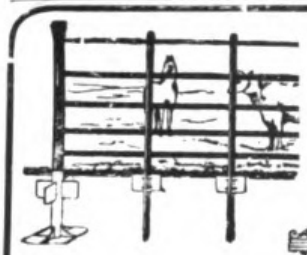
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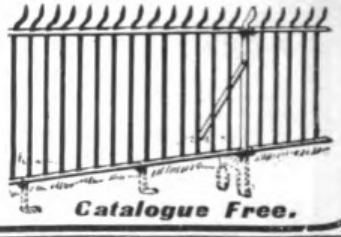
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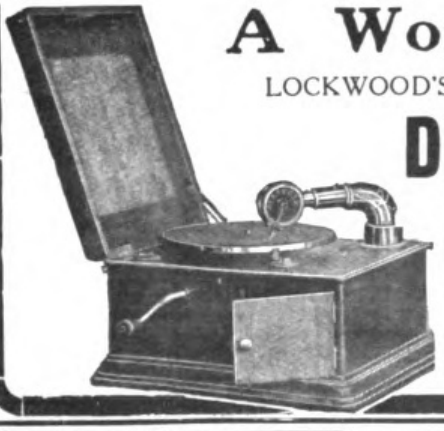


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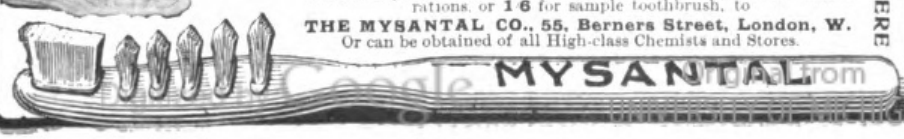
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